Painted by] "A KISS." [*Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A.*

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Pictures Preferred by Their Painters.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

IT is a moot point whether successful artists are good critics of their own pictures. They should certainly know when their own purpose has been well achieved; but the public, of course, to say nothing of the professional critics, forms its judgment irrespective of the artist's purpose. To what extent does the personal predilection of the painter harmonize with the declared taste of the public? With a view to obtain some answer to this interesting question I have interrogated a number of our leading artists as to the work of their brush which has pleased them most.

"If you ask me," said Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., as we chatted over a cigar, "which of my own pictures I *like* best, I shall possibly mention some trivial thing, with little intrinsic value, because of some pleasant associations which it may have for me personally. But if you ask me by which one picture I would soonest be represented I must reply, by my Academy picture of last year, 'The Baths of Caracalla.' But this choice, again, may be entirely due to my mental environment for the time being. If I were to ask which incident in English history you considered most interesting, you would probably mention some recent event which looms largely in your mind, because of the thoughts and feelings that are uppermost just now. Still, remembering this, it does seem to me that 'The Baths of Caracalla' does show the different sides to my art, does exhibit its best qualities at their best. I should like to have been represented by this picture at the Paris Exhibition instead of what I have there, but unfortunately this was not possible. The picture was bought by an American, and is now in the United States."

"Did you paint this picture after a recent visit to Rome, Sir Lawrence?"

"No; until my visit a short time ago I had not been in Rome for some years. I have seen the site of the Baths of Caracalla, but when I was there I had no idea of painting the picture. The picture, like much of my recent work, is a picture of ancient Rome as it was, and for this work of reconstruction I have had to get my information mainly from archæological drawings. I was occupied with the picture for two years, and when it came back to my studio from the Academy I found that it wanted some altering, and I worked at it again for some time with help of pencil-drawings and models."

Such alterations after the return of a picture from exhibition, Sir Lawrence explains *en passant*, are not very unusual with him. One of his pictures, as he relates, was radically altered as the result of a *Punch* caricature. This was "The Shrine of Venus"—or "the powder-and-puff picture," as Sir Lawrence calls it. As originally painted, a prominent feature on the canvas was a balustrade, and in the humour of *Punch* this became a switchback railway! The distinguished artist saw that there was point in the criticism, though humorous, and re-painted the picture as it was recently reproduced in this Magazine (Vol. XVIII., page 606).

"When in Rome, recently," said Sir Lawrence, reverting to the picture of his choice, "I took my daughter to see the site of the Baths of Caracalla. As soon as the ruin came into view she exclaimed that it recalled my picture perfectly. This was no little triumph for me, I can assure you."

As we found it impossible to obtain the consent of the owners of the copyright to the reproduction of "The Baths of Caracalla," Sir Lawrence kindly suggested "A Kiss" as "second-best" in his own estimation. This fine painting is here reproduced in the frontispiece opposite.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who received me by his London fireside in Melbury Road, Kensington, protested at the outset that he did not himself regard his pictures as works of art.

"I am a thinker," he declared, "who happens to use the brush instead of the pencil. The picture of my own, therefore, which I like best is that in which I believe I have been most successful in expressing my thought. This is, undoubtedly, 'Love and Life.' I have expressed my meaning, perhaps, best in this picture because this meaning is of the simplest—that love, by which, of course, I mean not physical passion, but altruism, tenderness, leads man to the highest life. I don't know whether this preference is shared by other people. I have never cared much for contemporary opinion, although of course I am always glad when I hear that any picture of mine has given pleasure."

Painted by] "LOVE AND LIFE." [*G. F. Watts, R.A.*

(By permission of F. Hollyer, 9, Pembroke Square, Kensington, owner of the Copyright.)

"Love and Life," which was painted in 1884–85, when Mr. Watts was sixty-eight, is one of the number of pictures which the artist presented to the nation and are to be seen at the Tate Gallery. The picture is thus described in the catalogue of this gallery:—

"Love, strong in his immortal youth, leads Life, a slight female figure, along the steep uphill path; with his broad wings he shelters her, that the winds of heaven may not visit her too roughly; violets spring where Love has trod, and as they ascend to the mountain-top the air becomes more and more golden. The implication is that, without the aid of Divine Love, fragile Human Life could not have power to ascend the steep path upward."

It was the good fortune of Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., to be able to send to the Paris Exhibition the picture by which he would have chosen to be represented at such a gathering of the world's art. This was "A Sailor's Sweetheart," exhibited at the Royal Academy five years ago.

"It was bought," said Mr. Stone, "by an Aberdeen gentleman, but the owner kindly allowed it to be shown in Paris. A few days ago I had a letter from a Parisian, who had seen it there, stating that he wished to buy the picture and would be glad to know my price. This rather surprised me, because I did not suppose that the work would be much to the taste of the Parisians, although engravings of several of my pictures sell largely, I believe, in various parts of the Continent."

I asked Mr. Stone for the story of "A Sailor's Sweetheart." But he replied, in effect, that the circumstances under which all his

pictures came into being were much the same.

"I never paint actual scenes nor actual people. As regards the scene, I may get hints from places as well as from books, but I have never yet come across an old garden, for instance, quite the same as I have painted. As regards the figures, for 'A Sailor's Sweetheart,' as for my other pictures, I had sittings from quite a number of different models. I would get one feature from the first, something else from the second, and so on. One girl sat to me for the colour of her hair, the second for the expression of the eyes, a third simply because the costume I had obtained for the picture fitted her best. In these respects I am quite different from such a painter as Stanhope Forbes, say, who paints graphic facts—and paints them admirably, let me add. In my method I am like a novelist who does not put portraits of his acquaintances into his books, but takes features from one or the other in making one character. But it is difficult to get people to understand this. If I looked about for living figures and real places to transfer bodily to my canvas I am afraid I should never find them. If I wanted to paint Don Quixote there would be sure to be a scarcity of thin models."

We talked in an ante-room overlooking Mr. Stone's pleasant garden in Melbury Road, Kensington, and on its walls were little original studies of nearly all his pictures, the memory of which the artist thus preserves. Looking at these I learn that "In Love" comes second in Mr. Stone's own estimation, whilst "Two's Company, Three's None," occupies the third place.

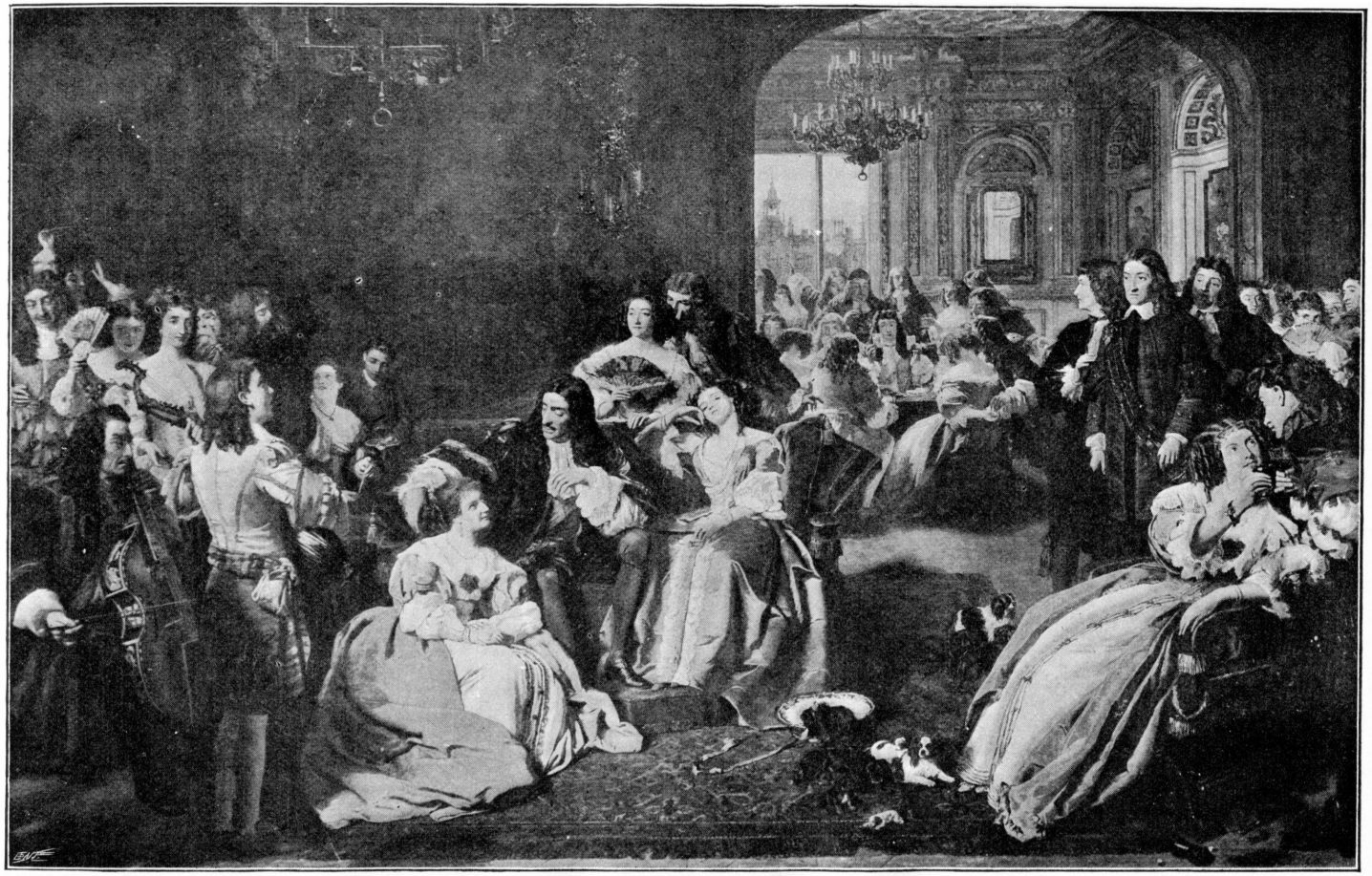
"'In Love,'" says Mr. Stone, "was an attempt to depict the old theme in what—for a picture—was rather a new phase, I fancy. I painted the lovers—or tried to do so—in what is perhaps the most interesting stage in the passion, the stage when both are fervid, but are neither quite sure of the other. 'In Love' was lately given by a Nottinghamshire gentleman—the original purchaser—to the Nottingham Municipal Gallery, where I hope it will keep its colour as well as it has done hitherto."

Painted by] "A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART." *[Marcus Stone, R.A.*

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W. Copyright, 1895, by Photographische Gesellschaft).

I suppose nine people out of ten would associate the name of Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., with "Derby Day" or "The Railway Station." But although engravings of both these famous pictures are to be seen in the drawing-room of Mr. Frith's house at Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, it is not of either of them that he speaks in reply to my inquiry.

"The picture of mine I like best is comparatively little known, having for its subject the Court of Charles II. It was suggested by a passage in Evelyn's 'Diary' describing the gaiety and dissipation which prevailed there till within a week of the King's death. It was



Painted by] "CHARLES THE SECOND'S LAST SUNDAY." [*W. P. Frith, R.A.*

(By permission of J. Griffith Dearden, Esq., Walcot Park, Stamford, owner of the Picture.)

exhibited at the Academy in 1864, and at the time attracted a good deal of attention. It was at first sold for 3,000 guineas, but it changed hands a few years ago, at a time of commercial depression, for little more than half that sum. The picture measured 6ft. in length."

"Was it a work which cost you much effort, Mr. Frith?"

"No, less than most of my pictures. I had at the outset a clear idea of what I intended doing, and no occasion arose for changing my plan. I remember that the idea pleased me very much at the time, and I have since always felt that this picture is about the best thing I have done. Since its first sale the work has never been exhibited, and I haven't seen it for many years. But I have still my original sketch, and this will give you some idea what it is like."

In this sketch Mr. Frith pointed out some of the historical figures grouped around the King who had but a week more to live—his brother James, the Duke of Monmouth, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Evelyn, and others. As he frankly avows, the introduction of two King Charles spaniels into the scene was a painter's licence, these dogs not coming into vogue until a long time after the Sovereigns whose name has been given to them.

"A remarkable incident," relates Mr. Frith, "happened in connection with this picture. I had some difficulty in getting a suitable model for the figure of Charles—none of the professional models who came to me was at all satisfactory. I was out walking one day near my studio when I passed a man who was extraordinarily like Charles II.: a broken-down gentleman he seemed to be, and he looked ill, just as I wanted the King in my picture to look. I entered into conversation with him, and he readily agreed to sit for my picture if I paid him to do so. The man gave me a good many sittings, until at last I told him that I should require him no longer. About a week later, in putting some finishing touches to the portrait of Charles, I thought I should like to have still another sitting, and so I went round to the address which the man had given me. 'Yes, you can see him,' said the landlady, 'but he is dead.' The poor fellow had died just a week after his last sitting."

"Charles the Second's Last Sunday" was painted in Mr. Frith's professional prime, during the period which produced also "Derby Day" and "The Railway Station." Mr. Frith is now on the retired list of the Royal Academy, like Mr. Watts, but, although eighty-one, he has contributed a picture this year to Burlington House. In 1899 he was represented by a canvas also relating to the "Merry Monarch," Charles II. and Lady Castlemain being the subject.

I met Sir William B. Richmond, R.A., just after he had renewed his acquaintance with a picture of his, painted in 1890–92, which had been lent by its owners, the Liverpool Corporation, for the annual exhibition of last year in the London Guildhall. Sir William's visit to the City Art Gallery had confirmed him in an impression he had already formed that "Venus and Anchises" was the best work he had done.

"An artist," Sir William remarks, "is the best critic of his own work a year or so after its completion. He always hates the work he is engaged upon—its faults are then so painfully obvious to him. But in a year or two he can take a saner and juster view of it, remembering the ideas with which the picture was painted, and realizing to what extent he has succeeded in giving them form and colour.

"Like every man's best work, I fancy, 'Venus and Anchises' suggested itself to me as the idea of a moment. But if the conception was easy the work itself cost me a great deal of pains—I was about two years painting it. But in painting as in poetry—you remember the lines of Keats referring to this—a spontaneous conception is the great thing."

Sir William added that the suggestion for the picture came from reading, as might be inferred from the fact that with its catalogue title he quotes these lines from Shelley's "Epipsychidion":—

Athwart that wintry wilderness of thorns
Flashed from her motion splendour like the morn's,
And from her presence life was radiated
Through the grey earth, and branches bare and dead;
So that her way was paved and roofed above
With flowers as soft as thoughts of budding love.

As regards the legendary subject of the picture, probably few who see it will remember that Venus is supposed to have visited Anchises, whose handsomeness was celebrated far and wide, on Mount Ida; that, at the capture of Troy, Anchises, then old and feeble, was borne out on Æneas's shoulders and died on the voyage to Italy, his death being commemorated for many years by the Trojans.

Sir William Richmond now resides in a pleasant, old-fashioned house on the borders of Hammersmith and Chiswick; but "Venus and Anchises" was painted in a studio in Holland Park Road. It was exhibited at

Painted by] "VENUS AND ANCHISES." [*Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.*

(Reproduced, by permission, from the Original Painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.)

the New Gallery in 1892, and was taken to Liverpool in the autumn of that year.

"I agree with the critics," said Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A., to me in the drawing-room of his house in Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, "in regarding 'The First Communion' as my best work. It was painted shortly after my election as an Associate in 1877. The picture was 10ft. high, and before my election I had not felt justified in painting so large a picture. The subject suggested itself to me in Brittany on seeing a procession of maidens such as usually takes place at the 'first communion'—which corresponds, of course, to our confirmation service in England. Some time afterwards I saw a similar procession at Dieppe, on their way from the church to a Calvary close to the harbour, and it at once occurred to me that the subject could be much more effectively treated with the harbour and the sea as background."

"Was the picture itself painted at Dieppe?"

"Well, I made all my studies for it there. I went over to the fishing quarter of Le Pollet and got the girls to pose for me by giving them a few francs—a local *belle* of the name of Francine being, I remember, very useful to me in finding my models for me. I painted the picture from these sketches in my London studio, which was then in St. John's Wood Road. It was sold before the opening of the Academy, and I renewed acquaintance with it recently at the Guildhall Loan Exhibition."

Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., I found, on calling at his residence in Avenue Road, Regent's Park, was not so certain which of his own pictures he preferred. He first mentioned "The Flight into Egypt," a big canvas measuring 12ft. in length, which, from want of room in his own house, had been warehoused since its exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1884. But although he evidently regarded this as the supreme effort of his brush, two other pictures had pleased him as much in the painting, "David and Bathsheba" and "The Ploughman and Shepherdess." The subject of the first was suggested to the artist by the late Sir Moses Montefiore, the picture being purchased by him on its completion, and hung in his well-known residence at Ramsgate. The second picture represents Mr. Goodall in the Tate Gallery, being purchased at the Royal Academy and presented to the nation by a number of subscribers in 1897.

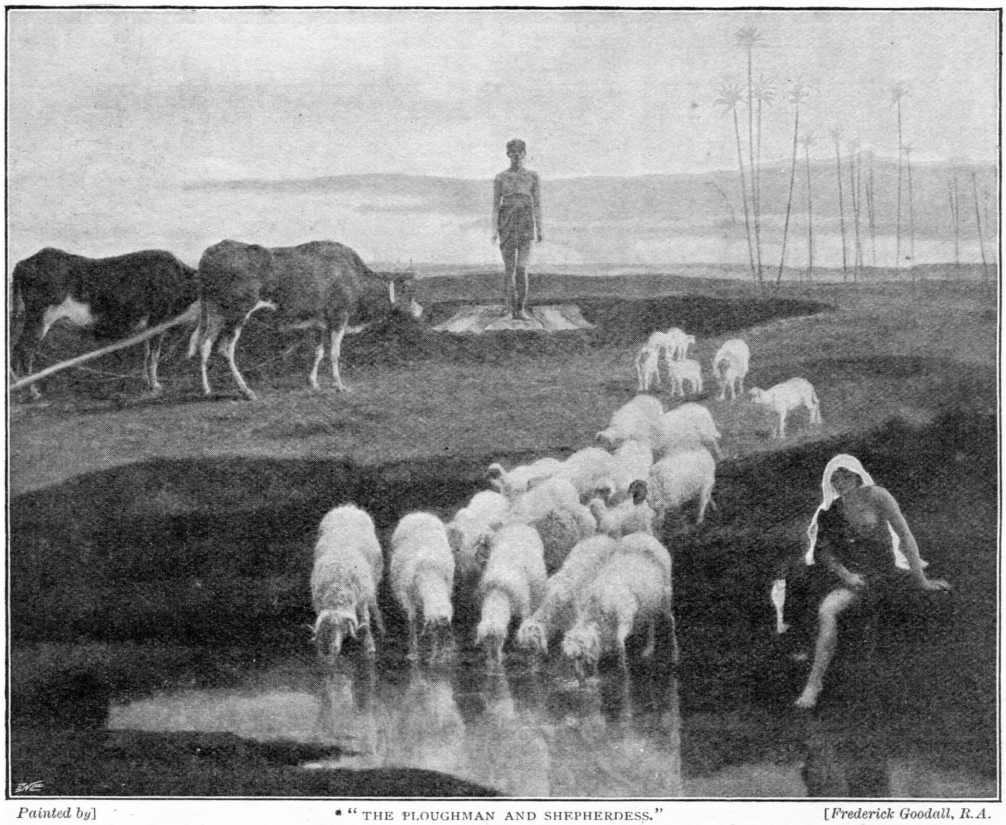
Finally, with Mrs. Goodall's kindly assistance, the artist's choice fell upon "The

Painted by] "THE FIRST COMMUNION." *[Phil Morris, A.R.A.*

(By permission of R. W. Butler, Esq.)

Ploughman and Shepherdess," the subject of which he explained to me as follows :—

"It is a pastoral scene such as is common to Lower Egypt. The shepherdess has met the shepherd at the drinking-pool, but at the moment of the encounter he is standing upon his praying carpet engaged in evening prayer, and while he is so occupied she dare not even look at him, and is sitting patiently by with her face turned away. I have seen



Painted by "THE PLOUGHMAN AND SHEPHERDESS." [*Frederick Goodall, R.A.*

(By permission of the Trustees of the National Gallery of British Art, Millbank.)

such an incident more than once in my Egyptian ramblings.

"The sheep, you will notice, are quite different from our European breeds. To make myself familiar with Egyptian sheep I imported a whole flock in 1884, and kept them on a farm at Harrow Weald, where I could constantly sketch them. But, unfortunately, with the greatest care they will not live long in our climate, and although a number lambed they have now all died off."

"What did you do for your models of the figures, Mr. Goodall?"

"Oh, I have any number of original sketches brought with me from Egypt from which to work, as you will see if you look around the walls, and there is no difficulty in getting models who are sufficiently dark-skinned in London. But I believe I was the first English artist to paint the Bedouin Arabs in their native *habitat*. They had never seen paints or paintings when I first went among them more than twenty years ago. It was hard work at first to induce them to allow me to sketch them, more especially the women. Of course, I had to ingratiate myself with plenty of *baksheesh*—presents of coffee, tobacco, and other things they most valued. After a time, when they were about to move their encampment, they would ask me to accompany them to their next halting-place, and I would consent on condition that I was allowed to paint any face I chose to pick out of the tribe."

Mr. Goodall received 2,000 guineas for "The Ploughman and Shepherdess," which is 7ft. in length. The fund for presenting it to the nation was started by Sir James Blyth, and several well-known South African millionaires were subscribers.

I found Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., one sunny Saturday afternoon hard at work in his London studio on his great scheme of mural decoration for the Public Library of Boston, U.S.A., painting from a fair model in costume, such as Tennyson might have described in "Idylls of the King." I was not surprised to hear that his preference was given to one of these pictures illustrating the "Quest of the Holy Grail."

"But I don't know how you can reproduce the picture," said Mr. Abbey, with a smile, "in THE STRAND MAGAZINE. It measures 33ft. on the wall of the Boston Library, and is about 8ft. high."

"It must represent a great amount of labour."

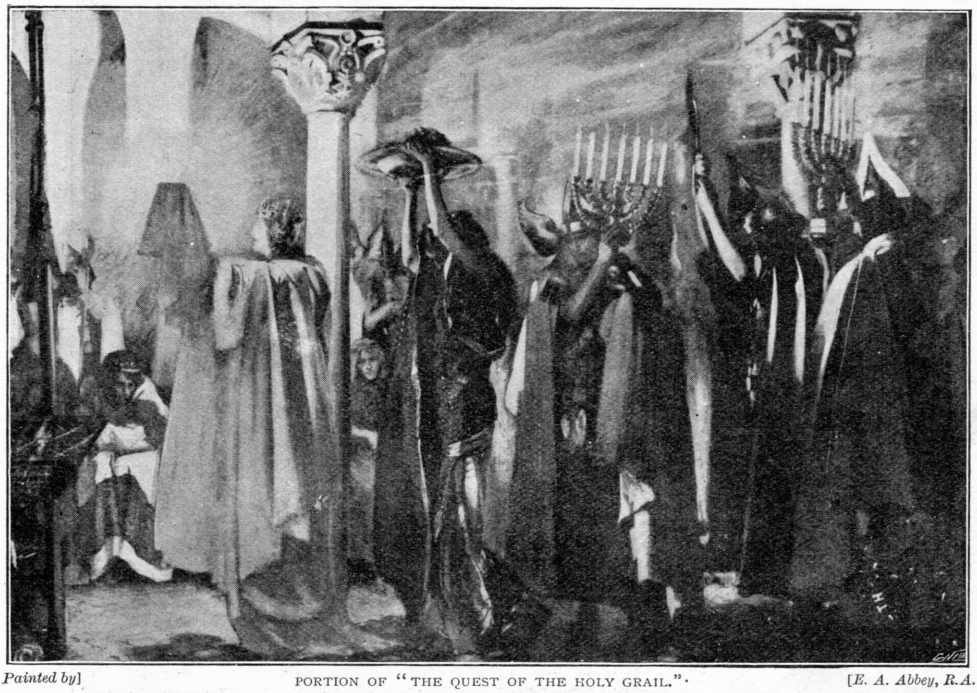
"Well, I believe it cost me more effort than anything else I have done; but, on the other hand, I have the satisfaction of thinking that in this picture I have best achieved my ideal. It was not exhibited at the Academy on account of its great size—they are crowded enough there for room already; but, as you may remember, it was shown at the Fine Art Society's rooms, in Conduit Street, just before being sent to Boston four or five years ago."

"What is the total size of the scheme of which this picture forms a part, Mr. Abbey?"

"I have to cover 180ft. altogether, the width, about 8ft., being uniform throughout, and this mechanical limitation adding somewhat to the difficulty of my task. I have now finished about half this space, and I have been engaged upon the work on and off for the last nine years. But I am happy to think that I am more than half-way through the undertaking, the planning and arrangement of the whole series of frescoes taking a good deal of time at the outset. 'The Grail Castle' is the largest of the series."

The distinguished artist — American by birth and British by adoption—then told me something about the circumstances in which this great work of his life was undertaken. He and his fellow-countryman, Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., were in Boston at the time the new Public Library was projected, and it was the happy thought of the architect that they should unite in the decoration of the building. A series of Shakespearean pictures was at first suggested to the artist, whose reputation rests mainly upon the realistic way in which he has transferred Shakespeare to canvas.

"But I proposed instead the legend of the Holy Grail. It had always been a matter of surprise to me that no painter had attempted to make adequate use of this, the first great romance of Christendom—of



Painted by] PORTION OF "THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL." *[E. A. Abbey, R.A.*

(Painting Copyright, 1895, by E. A. Abbey: From a Copley print, Copyright, 1897, by Curtis & Cameron.)

Painted by] "AT EVENING TIME THERE SHALL BE LIGHT." *[B. W. Leader, R.A.*

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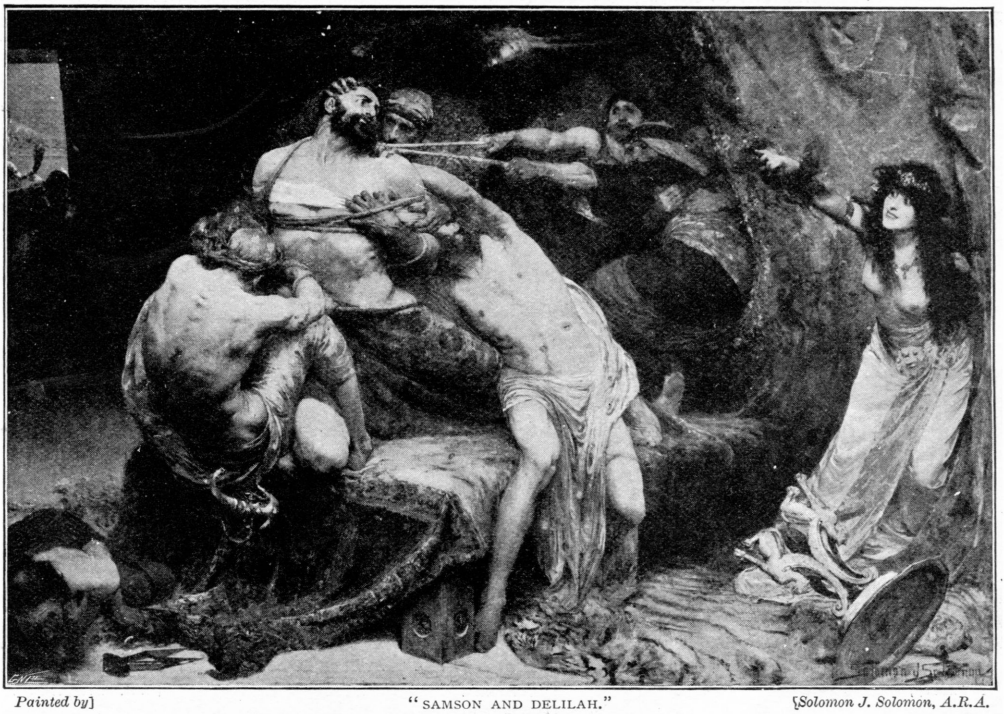
course, there have been numerous pictures of particular incidents, but no artistic treatment of the subject as a whole. Yet this legend, originating, I suppose, with the Welsh or Irish Celts, has spread in varying forms and phases to France, Germany, Scandinavia, and Spain. I have gone to all the different sources for my subjects, getting an idea from one author and a hint from the other, according to the way in which they lent themselves to artistic treatment. The library will be furnished with the whole story of the Holy Grail as it is told in my frescoes."

told me that his own favourite among his pictures was not a Surrey but a Worcestershire landscape, well known under the title "At Evening Time there shall be Light."

"As you know," said the famous landscape-painter, "Worcestershire is my native county, and the scene of this picture had been familiar to me since boyhood, a village called Whittington. The church has been much modernized, however, and I painted this with the assistance of a pencil sketch of the old church which was lent to me by a friend in the neighbourhood. Otherwise the picture is



Painted by] "SAMSON AND DELILAH." [*Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A.*
(Copyright.)

"The Grail Castle" was painted, like most of Mr. Abbey's work, chiefly at his country house, Morgan Hall, in Gloucestershire. "I can work so much better in the country," he remarks, "free from interruption or distraction. I spend only about four months of the year in town, taking my canvases back to Gloucestershire before the summer is over. My only trouble there is in obtaining sufficient variety in my models — for such pictures as 'The Grail Castle,' of course, I want a good many models."

In the course of a chat at the Arts Club, Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A., who had torn himself away from his beloved Surrey in June,

a fairly faithful presentment of the view from the back of Whittington Lodge, which was my residence until I came into Surrey about a dozen years ago. It was painted during the winter of 1882 and exhibited at the Academy that year."

"That picture has greatly pleased many people, Mr. Leader."

"Yes, I suppose it has been one of my most successful pictures as well as my own favourite. It led to my election as an A.R.A., and when exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1889 won for me a gold medal as well as the Legion of Honour. It was bought by Agnew before he had seen it, and when, on the break-up of Sir John Pender's collec-

tion, the picture came into the market recently, Mr. Arnold Morley gave 1,200 guineas for it. It has also sold very largely, I am told, as an engraving. I remember that when I first spoke of making an important picture out of this scene my wife tried strongly to dissuade me. She said that a churchyard in winter-time would make such a dismal subject, and she held to this opinion all the time that I was making my sketches. But somehow or other I always had a strong faith in this subject, and painting it was really a labour of love."

By way of supplement to this little piece of autobiography I may add that Mr. Leader, who is now in his seventieth year, exhibited his first picture, "Country Children Blowing Bubbles," at the Academy in 1854, and was delighted in selling it to an American visitor for £50.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., who had just returned to his house in Finchley Road from a round of country visits, had no hesitation in mentioning "Samson and Delilah" as the favourite child of his artistic imagination.

"The idea of the picture was with me for years. I made sketches for it even in my student days, and for a long time the picture was shaping itself in my mind. Yes, I put plenty of hard work, too, into the painting of it, although it is my experience that you can devote any amount of hard work to a canvas without getting what you want."

"Samson and Delilah" was Mr. Solomon's second important picture, "Cassandra" being his first. It was exhibited at the Academy in 1887, when the artist was twenty-seven, and did a great deal for Mr. Solomon's reputation, although it was some years later before he became A.R.A.

"The picture I am about to begin," was the smiling reply of Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., when I asked him which of his own pictures he liked best. "I am disposed to agree with that painter who said that the work he was about to start was the best, and the last he had finished was the worst picture in the world. Seriously, I have no reason for preferring any of my pictures except 'Scandal,' which led me to the Academy in 1876, although it was painted four years before."

Painted by] "SCANDAL." [*G. A. Storey, A.R.A.*
(Copyright.)

"Where was 'Scandal' painted, Mr. Storey?"

"Oh, in my London studio. The picture is almost entirely imaginative. The only real thing about the scene is the little garden view, with the trellis arch, which was taken from the Star and Garter at Richmond. The picture itself was suggested to me by my mother, who, in her later years, became very deaf, and was delighted if a neighbour would

drop in and talk to her through her ear-trumpet, giving her the gossip of the day."

"The picture of my own," said Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., "which has pleased me most—although I am afraid it hasn't the public — is 'The Vision at the Martyr's Well, Brittany.' When it was exhibited at the Academy in 1895 some people objected to it because they thought it 'Roman Catholic in idea,' while others considered that the picture pandered to superstition.

"I need not tell you that I had no thought of theology from first to last. The subject of the picture came to me when I was staying in Brittany. In one of the villages—I have for the moment forgotten its name — I saw a well, the water of which passes over some curious reddish stones, the streaks of colour being due, I suppose, to some mineral element. According to the local tradition, a village maiden who went to the well at twilight saw in a vision one of the Christian martyrs—it was in Pagan times, I suppose—at the well, and as she looked she saw the blood from the martyr's wounds trickle on to the stones, where these blood-stains have remained ever since, giving the well a holy name. Of course, it is sheer superstition; but, then, if you abolished superstition altogether, you would lose a good deal of the poetry and art of the world."

Painted by] "THE VISION AT THE MARTYR'S WELL, BRITTANY." *[G. H. Boughton, R.A.*

(Copyright.)

"Where is this picture, Mr. Boughton?"

"Well, it is now away on what may be called a provincial tour. I have lent it for several municipal exhibitions, and just now it is in the Leeds Art Gallery."

The First Men in the Moon.

By H. G. Wells.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ASTONISHING COMMUNICATION OF MR. JULIUS WENDIGEE.

WHEN I had finished my account of my return to the earth at Littlestone I wrote "The End," made a flourish, and threw my pen aside, fully believing that the whole story of the First Men in the Moon was done. Not only had I done this, but I had placed my manuscript in the hands of a literary agent, had permitted it to be sold, had seen the greater portion of it appear in The Strand Magazine, and was setting to work again upon the scenario of the play I had commenced at Lympne before I realized that the end was not yet. And then, following me from Amalfi to Algiers, there reached me (it is now about six weeks ago) one of the most astounding communications I have ever been fated to receive. Briefly, it informed me that Mr. Julius Wendigee, a Dutch electrician, who has been experimenting with certain apparatus akin to the apparatus used by Mr. Tesla in America, in the hope of discovering some method of communication with Mars, was receiving day by day a curiously fragmentary message in English, which was indisputably emanating from Mr. Cavor in the moon.

"ONE OF THE MOST ASTOUNDING COMMUNICATIONS."

At first I thought the thing was an elaborate practical joke by someone who had seen the manuscript of my narrative. I answered Mr. Wendigee jestingly, but he replied in a manner that put such suspicion altogether aside, and in a state of inconceivable excitement I hurried from Algiers to the little observatory upon the St. Gothard in which he was working. In the presence of his record and his appliances—and above all of the messages from Mr. Cavor that were coming to hand — my lingering doubts vanished. I decided at once to accept a proposal he made me to remain with him, assisting him to take down the record from day to day, and endeavouring with him to send a message back to the moon. Cavor, we learnt, was not only alive but free, in the midst of an almost inconceivable community of these ant-like beings, these ant-men, in the blue darkness of the lunar caves. He was lamed, it seemed, but otherwise in quite good health—in better health, he distinctly said, than he usually enjoyed on earth. He had had a fever, but it had left no bad effects. But curiously enough he seemed to be labouring under a conviction that I was either dead in the moon crater or lost in the deep of space.

His message began to be received by Mr. Wendigee when that gentleman was engaged in quite a different investigation. The reader will no doubt recall the little excitement that began the century, arising out of an announcement by Mr. Nikola Tesla, the American electrical celebrity, that he had received a message from Mars. His announcement renewed attention to a fact that had long been familiar to scientific people, namely: that from some unknown source in space, waves of electro-magnetic disturbance, entirely similar to those used by Signor Marconi for his wireless telegraphy, are constantly reaching the earth. Besides Mr. Tesla quite a number of other observers have been engaged in perfecting apparatus for receiving and recording these vibrations, though few would go so far as to consider them actual messages from some extra-terrestrial sender. Among that few, however, we must certainly count Mr. Wendigee. Ever since 1898 he had devoted himself almost entirely to this subject, and being a man of ample means he had erected an

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observatory on the flanks of Monte Rosa, in a position singularly adapted in every way for such observations.

My scientific attainments, I must admit, are not great, but so far as they enable me to judge, Mr. Wendigee's contrivances for detecting and recording any disturbances in the electro-magnetic conditions of space are singularly original and ingenious. And by a happy combination of circumstances they were set up and in operation about two months before Cavor made his first attempt to call up the earth. Consequently we have fragments of his communication even from the beginning. Unhappily, they are only fragments, and the most momentous of all the things that he had to tell humanity —the instructions, that is, for the making of Cavorite, if, indeed, he ever transmitted them—have throbbed themselves away unrecorded into space. We never succeeded in getting a response back to Cavor. He was unable to tell, therefore, what we had received or what we had missed; nor, indeed, did he certainly know that anyone on earth was really aware of his efforts to reach us. And the persistence he displayed in sending eighteen long descriptions of lunar affairs—as they would be if we had them complete—shows how much his mind must have turned back towards his native planet since he left it two years ago.

You can imagine how amazed Mr. Wendigee must have been when he discovered his record of electro-magnetic disturbances interlaced by Cavor's straightforward English. Mr. Wendigee knew nothing of our wild journey moonward, and suddenly—this English out of the void!

It is well the reader should understand the conditions under which it would seem these messages were sent. Somewhere within the moon Cavor certainly had access for a time to a considerable amount of electrical apparatus, and it would seem he rigged up—perhaps furtively—a transmitting arrangement of the Marconi type. This he was able to operate at irregular intervals: sometimes for only half an hour or so, sometimes for three or four hours at a stretch. At these times he transmitted his earthward message, regardless of the fact that the relative position of the moon and points upon the earth's surface is constantly altering. As a consequence of this and of the necessary imperfections of our recording instruments his communication comes and goes in our records in an extremely fitful manner; it becomes blurred; it "fades out" in a mysterious and altogether exasperating way. And added to this is the fact that he was not an expert operator; he had partly forgotten, or never completely mastered, the code in general use, and as he became fatigued he dropped words and misspelt in a curious manner.

Altogether we have probably lost quite half of the communications he made, and much we have is damaged, broken, and partly effaced. In the abstract that follows the reader must be prepared therefore for a considerable amount of break, hiatus, and change of topic. Mr. Wendigee and I are collaborating in a complete and annotated edition of the Cavor record, which we hope to publish, together with a detailed account of the instruments employed, beginning with the first volume in January next. That will be the full and scientific report, of which this is only the popular first transcript. But here we give at least sufficient to complete the story I have told, and to give the broad outlines of the state of that other world so near, so kin, and yet so dissimilar to our own.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN ABSTRACT OF THE SIX MESSAGES FIRST RECEIVED FROM MR. CAVOR.

THE two earlier messages of Mr. Cavor may very well be reserved for that larger volume. They simply tell with greater brevity and with a difference in several details that is interesting, but not of any vital importance, the bare facts of the making of the sphere and our departure from the world. Throughout, Cavor speaks of me as a man who is dead, but with a curious change of temper as he approaches our landing on the moon. "Poor Bedford," he says of me, and "this poor young man," and he blames himself for inducing a young man, "by no means well equipped for such adventures," to leave a planet "on which he was indisputably fitted to succeed" on so precarious a mission. I think he underrates the part my energy and practical capacity played in bringing about the realization of his theoretical sphere. "We arrived," he says, with no more account of our passage through space than if we had made a journey of common occurrence in a railway train.

And then he becomes increasingly unfair to me. Unfair, indeed, to an extent I should not have expected in a man trained in the search for truth. Looking back over my previously written account of these things I must insist that I have been altogether juster to Cavor than he has been to me. I

have extenuated little and suppressed nothing. But his account is :—

"It speedily became apparent that the entire strangeness of our circumstances and surroundings—great loss of weight, attenuated but highly oxygenated air, consequent exaggeration of the results of muscular effort, rapid development of weird plants from obscure spores, lurid sky—was exciting my companion unduly. On the moon his character seemed to deteriorate. He became impulsive, rash, and quarrelsome. In a little while his folly in devouring some gigantic vesicles and his consequent intoxication led to our capture by the Selenites—before we had had the slightest opportunity of properly observing their ways. . . ."

(He says, you observe, nothing of his own concession to these same "vesicles.")

And he goes on from that point to say that "We came to a difficult passage with them, and Bedford mistaking certain gestures of theirs "—pretty gestures they were !—"gave way to a panic violence. He ran amuck, killed three, and perforce I had to flee with him after the outrage. Subsequently we fought with a number who endeavoured to bar our way, and slew seven or eight more. It says much for the tolerance of these beings that on my recapture I was not instantly slain. We made our way to the exterior and separated in the crater of our arrival, to increase our chances of recovering our sphere. But presently I came upon a body of Selenites, led by two who were curiously different, even in form, from any of those we had seen hitherto, with larger heads and smaller bodies and much more elaborately wrapped about. And after evading them for some time I fell into a crevasse, cut my head rather badly and displaced my patella, and, finding crawling very painful, decided to surrender—if they would still permit me to do so. This they did, and, perceiving my helpless condition, carried me with them again into the moon. And of Bedford I have heard or seen nothing more, nor, so far as I can gather, has any Selenite. Either the night overtook him in the crater, or else, which is more probable, he found the sphere, and, desiring to steal a march upon me, made off with it—only, I fear, to find it uncontrollable, and to meet a more lingering fate in outer space."

And with that Cavor dismisses me and goes on to more interesting topics. I dislike the idea of seeming to use my position as his editor to deflect his story in my own interest, but I am obliged to protest here against the turn he gives these occurrences. He says nothing about that gasping message on the blood-stained paper in which he told, or attempted to tell, a very different story. The dignified self-surrender is an altogether new view of the affair that has come to him, I must insist, since he began to feel secure among the lunar people; and as for the "stealing a march" conception, I am quite willing to let the reader decide between us on what he has before him. I know I am not a model man—I have made no pretence to be. But am I *that?*

However, that is the sum of my wrongs. From this point I can edit Cavor with an untroubled mind, for he mentions me no more.

It would seem the Selenites who had come upon him carried him to some point in the interior down "a great shaft" by means of what he describes as "a sort of balloon." We gather from the rather confused passage in which he describes this, and from a number of chance allusions and hints in other and subsequent messages, that this "great shaft" is one of an enormous system of artificial shafts that run, each from what is called a lunar "crater," downwards for very nearly a hundred miles towards the central portion of our satellite. These shafts communicate by transverse tunnels, they throw out abyssmal caverns and expand into great globular places; the whole of the moon's substance for a hundred miles inward, indeed, is a mere sponge of rock. "Partly," says Cavor, "this sponginess is natural, but very largely it is due to the enormous industry of the Selenites in the past. The enormous circular mounds of the excavated rock and earth it is that form these great circles about the tunnels known to earthly astronomers (misled by a false analogy) as volcanoes."

It was down this shaft they took him, in this "sort of balloon" he speaks of, at first into an inky blackness and then into a region of continually increasing phosphorescence. Cavor's despatches show him to be curiously regardless of detail for a scientific man, but we gather that this light was due to the streams and cascades of water—"no doubt containing some phosphorescent organism"—that flowed ever more abundantly downward towards the Central Sea. And as he descended, he says, "The Selenites also became luminous." And at last far below him he saw as it were a lake of heatless fire, the waters of the Central Sea, glowing and eddying in strange perturbation, "like luminous blue milk that is just on the boil."

"This Lunar Sea," says Cavor, in a later passage, "is not a stagnant ocean; a solar tide sends it in a perpetual flow around the lunar axis, and strange storms and boilings and rushings of its waters occur, and at times cold winds and thunderings that ascend out of it into the busy ways of the great ant-hill above. It is only when the water is in motion that it gives out light; in its rare seasons of calm it is black. Commonly, when one sees it, its waters rise and fall in an oily swell, and flakes and big rafts of shining, bubbly foam drift with the sluggish, faintly-glowing current. The Selenites navigate its cavernous straits and lagoons in little shallow boats of a canoe-like shape; and even before my journey to the galleries about the Grand Lunar, who is Master of the Moon, I was permitted to make a brief excursion on its waters.

"A LAKE OF HEATLESS FIRE."

"The caverns and passages are naturally very tortuous. A large proportion of these ways are known only to expert pilots among the fishermen, and not infrequently Selenites are lost for ever in their labyrinths. In their remoter recesses, I am told, strange creatures lurk, some of them terrible and dangerous creatures that all the science of the moon has been unable to exterminate. There is particularly the Rapha, an inextricable mass of clutching tentacles that one hacks to pieces only to multiply; and the Tzee, a darting creature that is never seen, so subtly and suddenly does it slay. . . ."

He gives us a gleam of description.

"I was reminded on this excursion of what I have read of the Mammoth Caves; if only I had had a yellow flambeau instead of the pervading blue light, and a solid-looking boatman with an oar instead of a scuttle-faced Selenite working an engine at the back of the canoe, I could have imagined I had suddenly got back to earth. The rocks about us were very various, sometimes black, sometimes pale blue and veined, and once they flashed and glittered as though we had come into a mine of sapphires. And below one saw the ghostly phosphorescent fishes flash and vanish in the hardly less phosphorescent deep. Then, presently, a long ultramarine vista down the turgid stream of one of the channels of traffic, and a landing-stage, and then, perhaps, a glimpse up the enormous crowded shaft of one of the vertical ways.

"In one great place heavy with glistening stalactites a number of boats were fishing. We went alongside one of these and watched the long-armed fishing Selenites winding in a net. They were little, hunchbacked insects with very strong arms, short, bandy legs, and crinkled face-masks. As they pulled at it that net seemed the heaviest thing I had come upon in the moon; it was loaded with weights—no doubt of gold—and it took a

"THE FISH IN THE NET CAME UP LIKE A BLUE MOONRISE."

long time to draw, for in those waters the larger and more edible fish lurk deep. The fish in the net came up like a blue moonrise—a blaze of darting, tossing blue.

"Among their catch was a many-tentaculate, evil-eyed black thing, ferociously active, whose appearance they greeted with shrieks and twitters, and which with quick, nervous movements they hacked to pieces by means of little hatchets. All its dissevered limbs continued to lash and writhe in a vicious manner. Afterwards when fever had hold of me I dreamt again and again of that bitter, furious creature rising so vigorous and active out of the unknown sea. It was the most active and malignant thing of all the living creatures I have yet seen in this world inside the moon . . . . .

"The surface of this sea must be very nearly two hundred miles (if not more) below the level of the moon's exterior; all the cities of the moon lie, I learnt, immediately above this Central Sea, in such cavernous spaces and artificial galleries as I have described, and they communicate with the exterior by enormous vertical shafts which open invariably in what are called by earthly astronomers the 'craters' of the moon. The lid covering one such aperture I had already seen during the wanderings that had preceded my capture.

"Upon the condition of the less central portion of the moon I have not yet arrived at very precise knowledge. There is an enormous system of caverns in which the mooncalves shelter during the night; and there are abattoirs and the like—in one of these it was that I and Bedford fought with the Selenite butchers—and I have since seen balloons laden with meat descending out of the upper dark. I have as yet scarcely learnt as much of these things as a Zulu in London would learn about the British corn supplies in the same time. It is clear, however, that these vertical shafts and the vegetation of the surface must play an essential *rôle* in ventilating and keeping fresh the atmosphere of the moon. At one time, and particularly on my first emergence from my prison, there was certainly a cold wind blowing *down* the shaft, and later there was a kind of sirocco upward that corresponded with my fever. For at the end of about three weeks I fell ill of an indefinable sort of fever, and in spite of sleep and the quinine tabloids that very fortunately I had brought in my pocket, I remained ill and fretting miserably, almost to

the time when I was taken into the palace of the Grand Lunar, who is Master of the Moon.

"I will not dilate on the wretchedness of my condition," he remarks, "during those days of ill-health." And he goes on with great amplitude with details I omit here. "My temperature," he concludes, "kept abnormally high for a long time, and I lost all desire for food. I had stagnant waking intervals, and sleep tormented by dreams, and at one phase I was, I remember, so weak as to be earth-sick and almost hysterical. I longed almost intolerably for colour to break the everlasting blue. . . ."

He reverts again presently to the topic of this sponge caught lunar atmosphere. I am told by astronomers and physicists that all he tells is in absolute accordance with what was already known of the moon's condition. Had earthly astronomers had the courage and imagination to push home a bold induction, says Mr. Wendigee, they might have foretold almost everything that Cavor has to say of the general structure of the moon. They know now pretty certainly that moon and earth are not so much satellite and primary as smaller and greater sisters, made out of one mass, and consequently made of the same material. And since the density of the moon is only three-fifths that of the earth, there can be nothing for it but that she is hollowed out by a great system of caverns. There was no necessity, said Sir Jabez Flap, F.R.S., that most entertaining exponent of the facetious side of the stars, that we should ever have gone to the moon to find out such easy inferences, and points the pun with an allusion to Gruyère, but he certainly might have announced his knowledge of the hollowness of the moon before. And if the moon is hollow, then the apparent absence of air and water is, of course, quite easily explained. The sea lies within at the bottom of the caverns, and the air travels through the great sponge of galleries, in accordance with simple physical laws. The caverns of the moon, on the whole, are very windy places. As the sunlight comes round the moon the air in the outer galleries on that side is heated, its pressure increases, some flows out on the exterior and mingles with the evaporating air of the craters (where the plants remove its carbonic acid), while the greater portion flows round through the galleries to replace the shrinking air of the cooling side that the sunlight has left. There is, therefore, a constant eastward breeze in the air of the outer galleries, and an up-flow during the lunar day up the shafts, complicated, of course, very greatly by the varying shape of the galleries and the ingenious contrivances of the Selenite mind. . . .

CHAPTER XXIV.

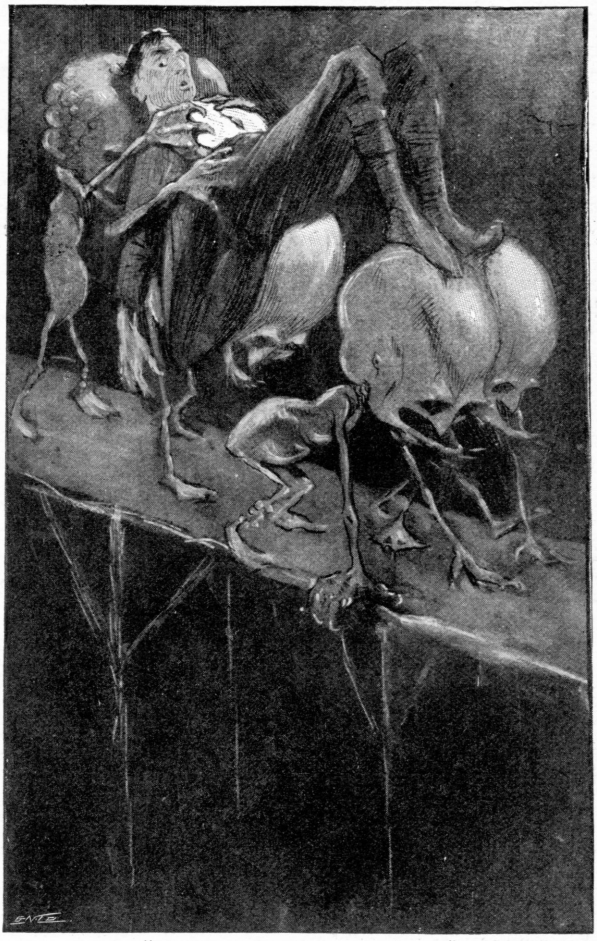
THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SELENITES.

THE messages of Cavor from the sixth up to the sixteenth are for the most part so much broken, and they abound so in repetitions, that they scarcely form a consecutive narrative. They will be given in full, of course, in the scientific report, but here it will be far more convenient to continue simply to abstract and quote as in the former chapter. We have subjected every word to a keen critical scrutiny, and my own brief memories and impressions of lunar things have been of inestimable help in interpreting what would otherwise have been impenetrably dark. And, naturally, as living beings our interest centres far more upon the strange community of lunar insects in which he is living, it would seem, as an honoured guest than upon the mere physical condition of their world.

I have already made it clear, I think, that the Selenites I saw resembled man in maintaining the erect attitude and in having four limbs, and I have compared the general appearance of their heads and the jointing of their limbs to that of insects. I have mentioned, too, the peculiar consequence of the smaller gravitation of the moon on their fragile slightness. Cavor confirms me upon all these points. He calls them "animals," though of course they fall under no division of the classification of earthly creatures, and he points out "the insect type of anatomy had, fortunately for men, never exceeded a relatively very small size on earth." The largest terrestrial insects, living or extinct, do not, as a matter of fact, measure 6in. in length; "but here, against the lesser gravitation of the moon, a creature certainly as much an insect as vertebrate seems to have been able to attain to human and ultra-human dimensions."

He does not mention the ant, but throughout his allusions the ant is continually being brought before my mind, in its sleepless activity, in its intelligence and social organization, in its structure, and more particularly in the fact that it displays, in addition to the two forms, the male and the female form, that almost all other animals possess, a number of other sexless creatures, workers, soldiers, and the like, differing from one another in structure, character, power, and use, and yet all members of the same species.

For these Selenites have a great variety of forms. Of course these Selenites are not only colossally greater in size than ants, but also, in Cavor's opinion, in respect to intelligence, morality, and social wisdom are they colossally greater than men. And instead of the four or five different forms of ant that are found there are almost innumerably different forms of Selenite. I have endeavoured to indicate the very considerable difference observable in such Selenites of the outer crust as I happened to encounter; the differences in size, hue, and shape were certainly as wide as the differences between the most widely-separated races of men. But such differences as I saw fade absolutely to nothing in comparison with the huge distinctions of which Cavor tells. It would seem the exterior Selenites I saw were, indeed, mostly of one colour and occupation — mooncalf herds, butchers, fleshers, and the like. But within the moon, practically unsuspected by me, there are, it seems, a number of other sorts of Selenite, differing in size, differing in form, differing in power and appearance, and yet not different species of creatures, but only different forms of one species. The moon is, indeed, a sort of vast ant-hill, only, instead of there being only four or five sorts of ant, worker, soldier, winged male, queen, and slave, there are many hundred different sorts of Selenite, and almost every gradation between one sort and another.



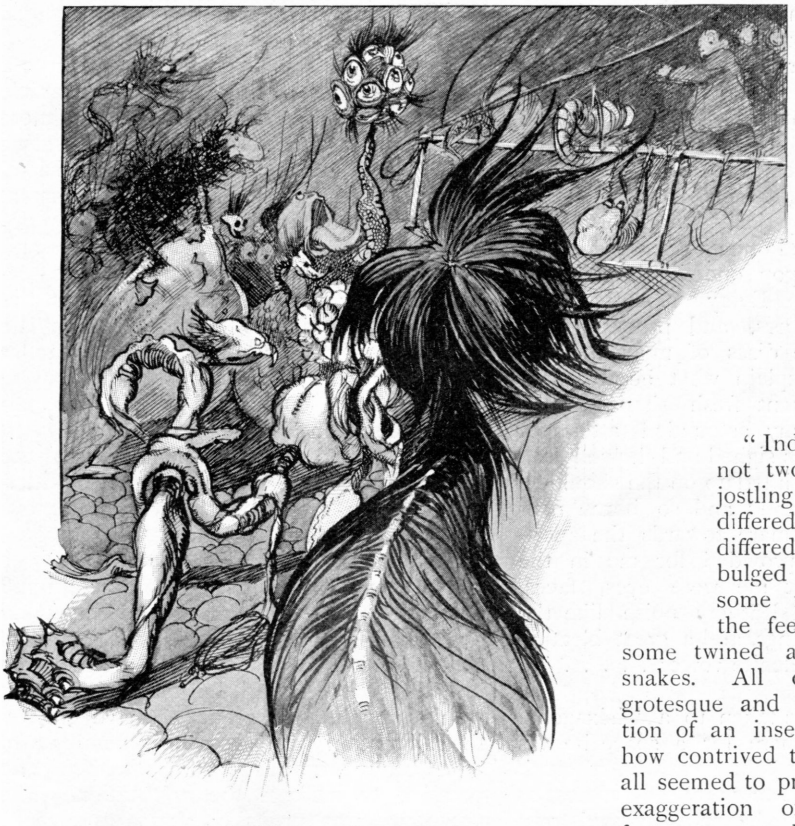
"THEY CARRIED HIM INTO DARKNESS."

It would seem the discovery came upon Cavor very speedily. I infer rather than learn from his narrative that he was captured by the mooncalf herds under the direction of those other Selenites who "have larger braincases (heads ?) and very much shorter legs." Finding he would not walk even under the goad, they carried him into darkness, crossed a narrow, plank-like bridge that may have been the identical bridge I had refused, and put him down in something that must have seemed at first to be some sort of lift. This was the balloon—it had certainly been absolutely invisible to us in the darkness—and what had seemed to me a mere plank-walking into the void was really, no doubt, the passage of the gangway. In this he descended towards constantly more luminous strata of the moon. At first they descended in silence—save for the twitterings of the Selenites — and then into a stir of windy movement. In a little while the profound blackness had made his eyes so sensitive that he began to see more and more of the things about him, and at last the vague took shape.

"Conceive an enormous cylindrical space," says Cavor in his seventh message, "a quarter of a mile across, perhaps; very dimly lit at first and then bright, with big platforms twisting down its sides in a spiral that vanishes at last below in a blue profundity; and lit even more brightly—one could not tell how or why. Think of the well of the very largest spiral staircase or lift-shaft that you have ever looked down, and magnify that by a hundred.

Imagine it at twilight seen through blue glass. Imagine yourself looking down that; only imagine also that you feel extraordinarily light and have got rid of any giddy feeling you might have on earth, and you will have the first conditions of my impression. Round this enormous shaft imagine a broad gallery running in a much steeper spiral than would be credible on earth, and forming a steep road protected from the gulf only by a little parapet that vanishes at last in perspective a couple of miles below.

"Looking up, I saw the very fellow of the downward vision; it had, of course, the effect of looking into a very steep cone. A wind was blowing down the shaft, and far above I



"IT WAS AN INCREDIBLE CROWD."

fancy I heard, growing fainter and fainter, the bellowing of the mooncalves that were being driven down again from their evening pasturage on the exterior. And up and down the spiral galleries were scattered numerous moon people, pallid, faintly self-luminous insects, regarding our appearance or busied on unknown errands.

"Either I fancied it or a flake of snow came drifting swiftly down on the icy breeze. And then, falling like a snowflake, a little figure, a little man-insect clinging to a parachute, drove down very swiftly towards the central places of the moon.

"The big-headed Selenite sitting beside me, seeing me move my head with the gesture of one who saw, pointed with his trunk-like 'hand' and indicated a sort of jetty coming into sight very far below: a little landing-stage, as it were, hanging into the void. As it swept up towards us our pace diminished very rapidly, and in a few moments as it seemed we were abreast of it and at rest. A mooring-rope was flung and grasped, and I found myself pulled down to a level with a great crowd of Selenites, who jostled to see me.

"It was an incredible crowd. Suddenly and violently there was forced upon my attention the vast amount of difference there is amongst these beings of the moon.

"Indeed, there seemed not two alike in all that jostling multitude. They differed in shape, they differed in size! Some bulged and overhung, some ran about among the feet of their fellows, some twined and interlaced like snakes. All of them had a grotesque and disquieting suggestion of an insect that has somehow contrived to mock humanity; all seemed to present an incredible exaggeration of some particular feature: one had a vast right fore-limb, an enormous antennal arm, as it were; one seemed all leg, poised, as it were, on stilts; another protruded an enormous nose-like organ beside a sharply speculative eye that made him startlingly human until one saw his expressionless mouth. One has seen punchinellos made of lobster claws—he was like that. The strange and (except for the want of mandibles and

palps) most insect-like head of the mooncalf-minders underwent astounding transformations: here it was broad and low, here high and narrow; here its vacuous brow was drawn out into horns and strange features; here it was whiskered and divided, and there with a grotesquely human profile. There were several brain-cases distended like bladders to a huge size. The eyes, too, were strangely varied, some quite elephantine in their small alertness, some huge pits of darkness. There were amazing forms with heads reduced to microscopic proportions and blobby bodies; and fantastic, flimsy things that existed it would seem only as a basis for vast, white-rimmed, glaring eyes. And oddest of all, as it seemed to me for the moment, two or three of these weird inhabitants of a subterranean world, a world sheltered by innumerable miles of rock from sun or rain, *carried umbrellas* in their tentaculate hands!—real terrestrial-looking umbrellas! And then I thought of the parachutist I had watched descend.

"These moon people behaved exactly as a human crowd might have done in similar circumstances: they jostled and thrust one another, they shoved one another aside, they even clambered upon one another to get a glimpse of me. Every moment they increased in numbers, and pressed more urgently upon the discs of my ushers"—Cavor does not explain what he means by this—"every moment fresh shapes forced themselves upon my astounded attention. And presently I was signed and helped into a sort of litter, and lifted up on the shoulders of strong-armed bearers and so borne over this seething nightmare towards the apartments that were provided for me in the moon. All about me were eyes, faces, masks, tentacles, a leathery noise like the rustling of beetle wings, and a great bleating and twittering of Selenite voices . . . . . "

We gather he was taken to a "hexagonal apartment," and there for a space he was confined. Afterwards he was given a much more considerable liberty; indeed, almost as much freedom as one has in a civilized town on earth. And it would appear that the mysterious being who is the ruler and master of the moon appointed two Selenites "with large heads" to guard and study him, and to establish whatever mental communications were possible with him. And, amazing and incredible as it may seem, these two creatures, these fantastic men-insects, these beings of another world, were presently communicating with Cavor by means of terrestrial speech.

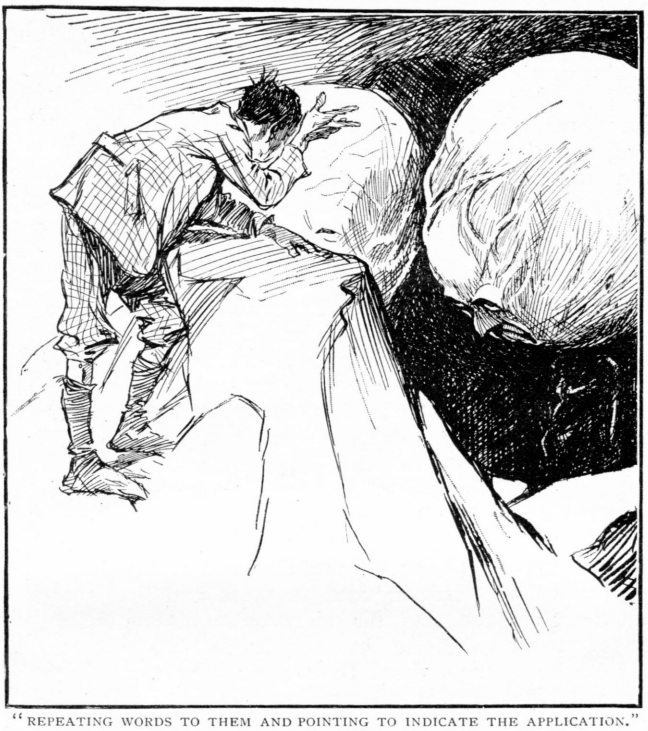
Cavor speaks of them as Phi-oo and Tsi-puff. Phi-oo, he says, was about 5ft. high; he had small, slender legs about 18in. long, and slight feet of the common lunar pattern. On these balanced a little body, throbbing with the pulsations of his heart. He had long, soft, many-jointed arms ending in a tentacled grip, and his neck was many-jointed in the usual way, but exceptionally short and thick. His head, says Cavor—apparently alluding to some previous description that has gone astray in space—"is of the common lunar type, but strangely modified. The mouth has the usual expressionless gape, but it is unusually small and pointing downward, and the mask is reduced to the size of a large flat nose-flap. On either side are the little hen-like eyes.

The rest of the head is distended into a huge globe, and the chitinous leathery cuticle of the mooncalf herds thins out to a mere membrane, through which the pulsating brain movements are distinctly visible. He is a creature, indeed, with a tremendously hypertrophied brain, and with the rest of his organism both relatively and absolutely dwarfed."

In another passage Cavor compares the back view of him to Atlas supporting the world. Tsi-puff, it seems, was a very similar insect, but his "face" was drawn out to a considerable length, and, the brain hypertrophy being in different regions, his head was not round but pear-shaped, with the stalk downward. There were also litter-carriers, lop-sided beings with enormous shoulders, very spidery ushers, and a squat foot attendant in Cavor's retinue.

The manner in which Phi-oo and Tsi-puff attacked the problem of speech was fairly obvious. They came into this "hexagonal cell" in which Cavor was confined, and began imitating every sound he made, beginning with a cough. He seems to have grasped their intention with great quickness, and to have begun repeating words to them and pointing to indicate the application. The procedure was probably always the same. Phi-oo would attend to Cavor for a space, then point also and say the word he had heard.

The first word he mastered was "man," and the second "Mooney"—which Cavor on the spur of the moment seems to have used instead of "Selenite" for the moon race. As soon as Phi-oo was assured of the meaning of a word he repeated it to



"REPEATING WORDS TO THEM AND POINTING TO INDICATE THE APPLICATION."

Tsi-puff, who remembered it infallibly. They mastered over one hundred English nouns at their first session.

Subsequently it seems they brought an artist with them to assist the work of explanation with sketches and diagrams—Cavor's drawings being rather crude. He was, says Cavor, "a being with an active arm and an arresting eye," and he seemed to draw with incredible swiftness.

The eleventh message is undoubtedly only a fragment of a longer communication. After some broken sentences, the record of which is unintelligible, it goes on :—

"But it will interest only linguists, and delay me too long, to give the details of the series of intent parleys of which these were the beginning, and, indeed, I very much doubt if I could give in anything like the proper order all the twistings and turnings that we made in our pursuit of mutual comprehension. Verbs were soon plain sailing—at least, such active verbs as I could express by drawings ; some adjectives were easy, but when it came to abstract nouns, to prepositions, and the sort of hackneyed figures of speech by means of which so much is expressed on earth, it was like diving in cork jackets. Indeed, these difficulties were insurmountable until to the sixth lesson came a fourth assistant, a being with a huge, football-shaped head, whose *forte* was clearly the pursuit of intricate analogy. He entered in a preoccupied manner, stumbling against a stool, and the difficulties that arose had to be presented to him with a certain amount of clamour and hitting and pricking before they reached his apprehension. But once he was involved his penetration was amazing. Whenever there came a need of thinking beyond Phi-oo's by no means limited scope, this prolate-headed person was in request, but he invariably told the conclusion to Tsi-puff, in order that it might be remembered ; Tsi-puff was ever the arsenal for facts. And so we advanced again.

"It seemed long and yet brief — a matter of days before I was positively talking with these insects of the moon. Of course, at first it was an intercourse infinitely tedious and exasperating, but imperceptibly it has grown to comprehension. And my patience has grown to meet its limitations. Phi-oo it is who does all the talking. He does it with a vast amount of meditative provisional 'M'm—M'm,' and he has caught up one or two phrases, 'If I may say,' 'If you understand,' and beads all his speech with them.

"Thus he would discourse. Imagine him explaining his artist.

"'M'm—M'm—he—if I may say—draw. Eat little—drink little—draw. Love draw. No other thing. Hate all who not draw like him. Angry. Hate all who draw like him better. Hate most people. Hate all who not think all world for to draw. Angry. M'm. All things mean nothing to him—only draw. He like you. . . . . if you understand . . . . New thing to draw. Ugly—striking. Eh?

"'He'—turning to Tsi-puff—'love remember words. Remember wonderful more than any. Think no, draw no—remember. Say'—here he referred to his gifted assistant for a word—'histories—all things. He hear once—say ever.'

"It is more wonderful to me than I ever dreamt that anything ever could be again to hear these extraordinary creatures—for even

familiarity fails to weaken the inhuman effect of their appearance—continually piping a nearer approach to coherent earthly speech, asking questions, giving answers. I feel that I am casting back to the fable-hearing period of childhood again when the ant and the grasshopper talked together and the bee judged between them. . . ."

And while these linguistic exercises were going on Cavor seems to have experienced a considerable relaxation of his confinement. The first dread and distrust our unfortunate conflict aroused was being, he says, "continually effaced by the deliberate rationality of all I do." . . . . "I am now able to come and go as I please, or I am restricted only for my own good. So it is I have been able to get at this apparatus, and, assisted by a happy find among the material that is littered in this enormous store-cave, I have contrived to dispatch these messages. So far not the slightest attempt has been made to interfere with me in this, though I have made it quite clear to Phi-oo that I am signalling to the earth.

"'You talk to other?' he asked, watching me.

"'Others,' said I.

"'Others,' he said. 'Oh, yes. Men?'

"And I went on transmitting."

Cavor was continually making corrections in his previous accounts of the Selenites as fresh facts flowed in upon him to modify his conclusions, and accordingly one gives the quotations that follow with a certain amount of reservation. They are quoted from the ninth, thirteenth, and sixteenth messages, and, altogether vague and fragmentary as they are, they probably give as complete a picture of the social life of this strange community as mankind can now hope to have for many generations.

"In the moon," says Cavor, "every citizen knows his place. He is born to that place, and the elaborate discipline of training and education and surgery he undergoes fits him at last so completely to it that he has neither ideas nor organs for any purpose beyond it. 'Why should he?' Phi-oo would ask. If, for example, a Selenite is destined to be a mathematician, his teachers and trainers set out at once to that end. They check any incipient disposition to other pursuits, they encourage his mathematical bias with a perfect psychological skill. His brain grows, or at least the mathematical faculties of his brain grow, and the rest of him only so much as is necessary to sustain this essential part of him. At last, save for rest and food, his one delight lies in the exercise and display of his faculty, his one interest in its application, his sole society with other specialists in his own line. His brain grows continually larger, at least so far as the portions engaging in mathematics are concerned; they bulge ever larger and seem to suck all life and vigour from the rest of his frame. His limbs shrivel, his heart and digestive organs diminish, his insect face is hidden under its bulging contours. His voice becomes a mere squeak for the stating of formulæ; he seems deaf to all but properly enunciated problems. The faculty of laughter, save for the sudden discovery of some paradox, is lost to him; his deepest emotion is the evolution of a novel computation. And so he attains his end.

"Or, again, a Selenite appointed to be a minder of mooncalves is from his earliest years induced to think and live mooncalf, to find his pleasure in mooncalf lore, his exercise in their tending and pursuit. He is trained to become wiry and active, his eye is indurated to the tight wrappings, the angular contours that constitute a 'smart mooncalfishness.' He takes at last no interest in the deeper part of the moon; he regards all Selenites not equally versed in mooncalves with indifference, derision, or hostility. His thoughts are of mooncalf pastures, and his dialect an accomplished mooncalf technique. So also he loves his work, and discharges in perfect happiness the duty that justifies his being. And so it is with all sorts and conditions of Selenites—each is a perfect unit in a world machine . . .

"These beings with big heads, to whom the intellectual labours fall, form a sort of aristocracy in this strange society, and at the head of them, quintessential of the moon, is that marvellous gigantic ganglion the Grand Lunar, into whose presence I am finally to come. The unlimited development of the minds of the intellectual class is rendered possible by the absence of any bony skull in the lunar anatomy, that strange box of bone that clamps about the developing brain of man, imperiously insisting 'thus far and no farther' to all his possibilities. They fall into three main classes differing greatly in influence and respect. There are the administrators of whom Phi-oo was one, Selenites of considerable initiative and versatility, responsible each for a certain cubic content of the moon's bulk; the experts like the football-headed thinker who are trained to

perform certain special operations; and the erudite who are the repositories of all knowledge. To this latter class belongs Tsi-puff, the first lunar professor of terrestrial languages. With regard to these latter it is a curious little thing to note that the unlimited growth of the lunar brain has rendered unnecessary the invention of all those mechanical aids to brain work which have distinguished the career of man. There are no books, no records of any sort, no libraries or inscriptions. All knowledge is stored in distended brains much as the honey-ants of Texas store honey in their distended abdomens. The lunar Somerset House and the lunar British Museum Library are collections of living brains. . . .

"The less specialized administrators, I note, do for the most part take a very lively interest in me whenever they encounter me. They will come out of the way and stare at me and ask questions to which Phi-oo will reply. I see them going hither and thither with a retinue of bearers, attendants, shouters, parachute-carriers, and so forth—queer groups to see. The experts for the most part ignore me completely, even as they ignore each other, or notice me only to begin a clamorous exhibition of their distinctive skill. The erudite for the most part are rapt in an impervious and apoplectic complacency from which only a denial of their erudition can rouse them. Usually they are led about by little watchers and attendants, and often there are small and active-looking creatures, small females usually, that I am inclined to think are a sort of wife to them; but some of the profounder scholars are altogether too great for locomotion, and are carried from place to place in a sort of sedan tub, wabbling jellies of knowledge that enlist my respectful astonishment. I have just passed one in coming to this place where I am permitted to amuse myself with these electrical toys, a vast, shaven, shaky head, bald and thin-skinned, carried on his grotesque stretcher. In front and behind came his bearers, and curious, almost trumpet-faced, news disseminators shrieked his fame.

"I have already mentioned the retinues that accompanied most of the intellectuals: ushers, bearers, valets, extraneous tentacles and muscles as it were, to replace the abortive physical powers of these hypertrophied minds. Porters almost invariably accompany them. There are also extremely swift messengers with spider-like legs, and 'hands' for grasping parachutes, and attendants with vocal organs that could well-nigh wake the dead. Apart from their controlling intelligence these subordinates are as inert and helpless as umbrellas in a stand. They exist only in relation to the orders they have to obey, the duties they have to perform.

"WABBLING JELLIES OF KNOWLEDGE."

"The bulk of these insects, however, who go to and fro upon the spiral ways, who fill the ascending balloons and drop past me clinging to flimsy parachutes, are, I gather, of the operative class. 'Machine hands,' indeed, some of these are in actual nature—it is no figure of speech, the single tentacle of the mooncalf herd is replaced by huge single or paired bunches of three, or five, or seven digits for clawing, lifting, guiding, the rest of them no more than necessary subordinate appendages to these important parts. Some, who I suppose deal with bell-striking

mechanisms, have enormous, rabbit-like ears just behind the eyes; some whose work lies in delicate chemical operations project a vast olfactory organ; others again have flat feet for treadles with anchylozed joints; and others—who I have been told are glass-blowers—seem mere lung-bellows. But every one of these common Selenites I have seen at work is exquisitely adapted to the social need it meets. Fine work is done by fined-down workers amazingly dwarfed and neat. Some I could hold on the palm of my hand. There is even a sort of turnspit Selenite, very common, whose duty and only delight it is to supply the motive power for various small appliances. And to rule over these things and order any erring tendency there might be in some aberrant nature are the finest muscular beings I have seen in the moon, a sort of lunar police, who must have been trained from their earliest years to give a perfect respect and obedience to the swollen heads.

"The making of these various sorts of operative must be a very curious and interesting process. I am still very much in the dark about it, but quite recently I came upon a number of young Selenites confined in jars from which only the fore-limbs protruded, who were being compressed to become machine-minders of a special sort. The extended 'hand' in this highly developed system of technical education is stimulated by irritants and nourished by injection while the rest of the body is starved. Phi-oo, unless I misunderstood him, explained that in the earlier stages these queer little creatures are apt to display signs of suffering in their various cramped situations, but they easily become indurated to their lot; and he took me on to where a number of flexible-limbed messengers were being drawn out and broken in. It is quite unreasonable, I know, but these glimpses of the educational methods of these beings has affected me disagreeably. I hope, however, that may pass off and I may be able to see more of this aspect of this wonderful social order. That wretched-looking hand sticking out of its jar seemed to have a sort of limp appeal for lost possibilities; it haunts me still, although, of course, it is really in the end a far more humane proceeding than our earthly method of leaving children to grow into human beings, and then making machines of them.

"Quite recently, too—I think it was on the eleventh or twelfth visit I made to this apparatus—I had a curious light upon the lives of these operatives. I was being guided through a short cut hither instead of going down the spiral and by the quays of the Central Sea. From the devious windings of a long, dark gallery we emerged into a vast, low cavern, pervaded by an earthy smell, and rather brightly lit. The light came from a tumultuous growth of livid fungoid shapes—some indeed singularly like our terrestrial mushrooms, but standing as high or higher than a man.

"'Mooneys eat these?" said I to Phi-oo.

"'Yes, food.'

"'Goodness me!' I cried, 'what's that?'

"My eye had just caught the figure of an exceptionally big and ungainly Selenite lying motionless among the stems, face downward. We stopped.

"'Dead?' I asked. (For as yet I have seen no dead in the moon, and I have grown curious.)

"'*No!*' exclaimed Phi-oo. 'Him—worker—no work to do. Get little drink then—make sleep—till we him want. What good him wake, eh? No want him walking about.'

"'There's another!' cried I.

"And indeed all that huge extent of mushroom ground was, I found, peppered with these prostrate figures sleeping under an opiate until the moon had need of them. There were scores of them of all sorts, and we were able to turn over some of them, and examine them more precisely than I had been able to do previously. They breathed noisily at my doing so, but did not wake. One I remember very distinctly: he left a strong impression, I think, because some trick of the light and of his attitude was strongly suggestive of a drawn-up human figure. His fore-limbs were long, delicate tentacles—he was some kind of refined manipulator—and the pose of his slumber suggested a submissive suffering. No doubt it was quite a mistake for me to interpret his expression in that way, but I did. And as Phi-oo rolled him over into the darkness among the livid fleshiness again I felt a distinctly unpleasant sensation, although as he rolled the insect in him was confessed.

"It simply illustrates the unthinking way in which one acquires habits of thought and feeling. To drug the worker one does not want and toss him aside is surely far better than to expel him from his factory to wander starving in the streets. In every complicated social community there is necessarily a certain intermittency in the occupation of all specialized labour, and in this way the trouble of an unemployed problem is altogether anticipated. And yet, so unreasonable

are even scientifically trained minds, I still do not like the memory of those prostrate forms amidst those quiet, luminous arcades of fleshy growth, and I avoid that short cut in spite of the inconveniences of its longer, more noisy, and more crowded alternative.

"My alternative route takes me round by a huge, shadowy cavern, very crowded and clamorous, and here it is I see peering out of the hexagonal openings of a sort of honeycomb wall, or parading a large open space behind, or selecting the toys and amulets made to please them by the acephalic dainty-fingered jewellers who work in kennels below, the mothers of the moon-world—the queen bees, as it were, of the hive. They are noble-looking beings, fantastically and sometimes quite beautifully adorned, with a proud carriage and, save for their mouths, almost microscopic heads.

"Of the condition of the moon sexes, marrying and giving in marriage, and of birth and so forth among the Selenites, I have as yet been able to learn very little. With the steady progress of Phi-oo in English, however, my ignorance will no doubt as steadily disappear. I am of opinion that as with the ants and bees there is a large majority of the members in this community of the neuter sex. Of course on earth in our cities there are now many who never live that life of parentage which is the natural life of man. Here, as with the ants, this thing has become a normal condition of the race, and the whole of such replacement as is necessary falls upon this special and by no means numerous class of matrons, the mothers of the moon-world, large and stately beings beautifully fitted to bear the larval Selenite. Unless I misunderstand an explanation of Phi-oo's, they are absolutely incapable of cherishing the young they bring into the moon; periods of foolish indulgence alternate with moods of aggressive violence, and as soon as possible the little creatures, who are quite soft and flabby and pale coloured, are transferred to the charge of a variety of celibate females, women "workers" as it were, who in some cases possess brains of almost masculine dimensions."

"HIS ATTITUDE WAS STRONGLY SUGGESTIVE OF A DRAWN-UP HUMAN FIGURE."

Just at this point, unhappily, this message broke off. Fragmentary and tantalizing as the matter constituting this chapter is, it does nevertheless give a vague, broad impression of an altogether strange and wonderful world — a world with which our own must now prepare to reckon very speedily. This intermittent trickle of messages, this whispering of a record needle in the darkness of the mountain slopes, is the first warning of such a change in human conditions as mankind has scarcely imagined heretofore. In that planet there are new elements, new appliances, new traditions, an overwhelming avalanche of new ideas, a strange race with whom we must inevitably struggle for mastery — gold as common as iron or wood. . . . .

(*To be concluded.*)

His Majesty's Patent Office.

By John Mills.

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new.
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.
Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.—Tennyson.

CHANCERY LANE, that lively thoroughfare between High Holborn and Fleet Street, is about equally divided between students and practitioners of the law on the one hand and patent agents on the other.

Here come the great army of inventors from the four corners of the earth, who hover about His Majesty's Patent Office like vultures over a dead carcass; and the patent specification, till recently clothed in blue, is the one thing ever present in most offices round about Chancery Lane. I fancy many of those constantly engaged in poring over and trying to unravel the mysteries contained in these blue-books will sometimes themselves feel blue.

As you enter the hall the inevitable sentry, with his peaked cap and blue frock-coat labelled "Patent Office," bars the way. This good old retainer knows every man in the building, and refers you at once to Room No. X Y Z, and the floor where the person sought may be found. If you happen to be lucky, the object of search may turn up quickly; but likely enough you will ramble for a while on a wild-goose chase along the wrong corridor and jump a time or two, like an escaped lunatic, out of the frying-pan into the fire. There is an air of bustling activity about the place. Decently clad, cheerful, and well-nourished officials, agents, or inventors constantly traverse the corridors, ascend and descend the great staircase, and pass in and out at the hall door; as often as not they carry in their hands the blue-clad specification which, in effect, they have individually married, so to speak, taken it for better and for worse with all its imperfections; for it is to them the way to wealth, whether the path be long or short, straight or crooked, pleasant or nauseating.

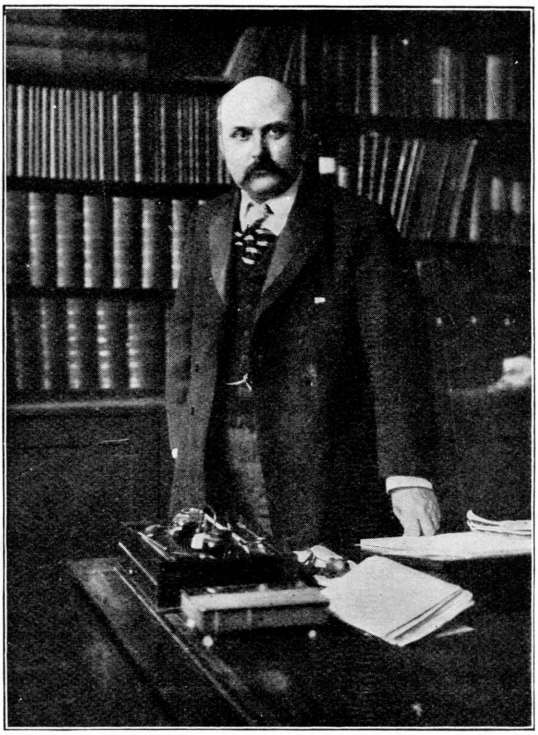
Mr. C. N. Dalton, Comptroller of the Patent Office.
From a Photo. by J. Russell & Sons.

Evelyn, in his diary, August 6th, 1657, says: "I went to see Colonel Blount, who showed me the application of the 'way-wiser' to a coach, exactly measuring the miles, and showing them by an index as we went on. It had three circles, one pointing to the number of rods, another to the miles, by ten to 1,000, with all the subdivisions of quarters; very pretty and useful."

I cannot here trace fully the many stages by means of which the present system of granting patents grew, as the result of efforts to eliminate the unjust monopolies granted in past times to favourites of the King for services rendered in connection with the Royal cause. A manuscript calendar of patents used to be kept at the old Patent Office in Quality Court, and it contained a record of grants from the year 1617 down to 1851; these have been printed at a cost of £90,000, and copies from 1617 to date may be had in the sales department. In 1884 the *Illustrated Journal of Patents* was founded; it contains only brief descriptions of the essential features of inventions with just enough illustration to elucidate the text, so that when a person wishes to know if an idea is novel, he can find out by searching this journal in about one-tenth the time it would take if the full specifications were individually consulted.

All applications for patents must be made in English, and no models are required to demonstrate that the invention is workable. Provisional protection can be obtained for nine months at a cost of £1, and at the end of that time the complete specification will require a stamp, value £3. Every patent is granted for the term of fourteen years from the date of application, subject to the

payment of the prescribed annual fees, which, for the ten instalments, amount to £95, but the annual fee gives an inventor a chance, at reasonable cost, of experimenting as to whether his novelty will succeed. Any person who represents that an article sold by him is a patented article when no patent has been granted for it is liable for every offence on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding £5. The Patent Office does not undertake to give legal advice or opinions on any subject connected with patent law, which, like other laws, is left to the interpretation of professional men. The patent laws of this country make no provision for an official search as regards novelty, and, consequently, British patents are taken out at the risk of applicants, who are expected to cause a search to be made as to the novelty of their inventions either before they make, or before they complete, their applications. It is left to every person to protect his rights by opposition or otherwise. A patent is granted upon an application which passes the prescribed stages and is unopposed, whether the invention be novel or not.



MR. HATFIELD, CHIEF EXAMINER OF PATENTS.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

Every application for a patent passes through known hands, and its progress is always capable of being followed, so that it could be traced at any instant to the care of the particular official attending to it. Inventors who come to the Patent Office are generally ignorant of what has gone before, and are often quite unfamiliar with the subject they are trying to improve. Sometimes by referring applicants to the illustrated abridgments they are obliged to go sadly away, though possibly still unconvinced that their ideas are old. Ladies, too, often worry the officials over patent ornaments or dress attachments.

Mr. Cornelius Neale Dalton, C.B., the Comptroller, frequently holds a court within the office to hear oppositions to the grants of patents. He sits on a rostrum, and the opposing parties are disposed on opposite sides with a barrier between them! Kick my idea, kick me, is a point on which the inventor is rather sensitive, and the barrier is sometimes useful for preventing too close an embrace when the discussions become somewhat lively and the prospects bid fair to afford a prize-ring display where cool arbitration only is intended. This court is a most useful institution, and saves large sums which might be otherwise wasted in litigation. Where a case at law might cost £300, the Comptroller, with his wide experience and the staff of experts in the office to assist him, can decide a case for as many pence, and so avoid a suit at law.

I do not regard the Patent Office as a perfect national institution as it exists at present, but it is infinitely better than it was twenty years ago, and there is a never-flagging zeal among its chiefs to approximate nearer and nearer the ideal stage. Compared with what Dickens called the "Circumlocution Office," it is changed indeed. In his "Poor Man's Tale of a Patent," Dickens gives us a vivid picture of the time and trouble and expense involved in getting a patent through. He says: "Look at the Home Secretary, the Attorney-General, the Patent Office, the Engrossing Clerk, the Lord Chancellor, the Privy Seal, the Clerk of the Patents, the Lord Chancellor's Purse-Bearer, the Clerk of the Hanaper, the Deputy Clerk of the Hanaper, the Deputy Sealer, and the Deputy Chaff-Wax. No man in England could get a patent for an india-rubber band, or an iron hoop, without feeing all of them. Some of

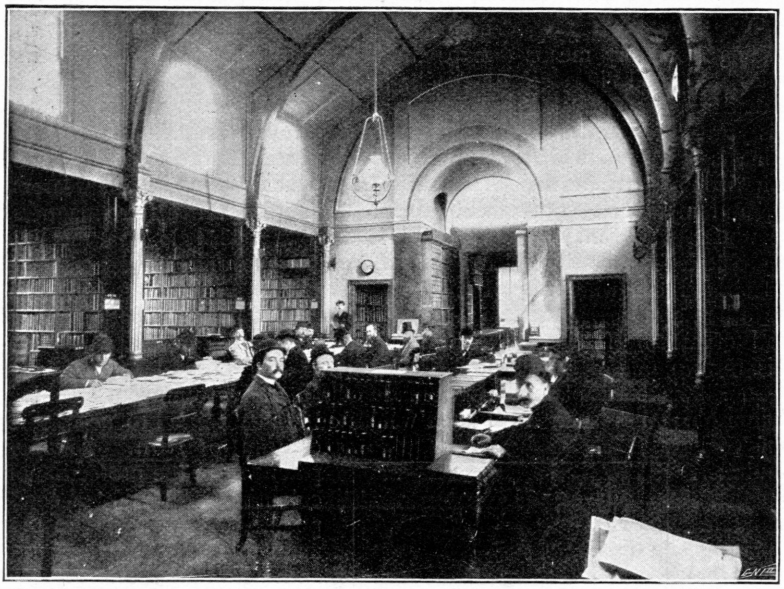
them, over and over again. I went through thirty-five stages. I began with the Queen upon the Throne. I ended with the Deputy Chaff-Wax. Note. I should like to see the Deputy Chaff-Wax. Is it a man, or what is it? What I had to tell, I have told. I have wrote it down. I hope it's plain. Not so much in the handwriting (though nothing to boast of there) as in the sense of it. I will now conclude with Thomas Joy. Thomas said to me, when we parted, 'John, if the laws of this country were as honest as they ought to be, you would have come to London, registered an exact description and drawing of your invention, paid half a crown or so for doing of it, and therein and thereby have got your patent.' My opinion is the same as Thomas Joy. Further, in William Butcher's delivering 'that the whole gang of Hanapers and Chaff-Waxes must be done away with, and that England has been chaffed and waxed sufficient,' I agree." At that time the officials were rather indifferent. Mr. Barnacle, junior, found those young gentlemen singeing their knees and gaping their weary way on to four o'clock. Inquirers were met with the answer: "Look here. Upon my soul, you mustn't come into the place saying you want to know, you know."

THE OLD PATENT OFFICE LIBRARY—NICKNAMED "THE DRAIN-PIPE." *From a Caricature.*

Applications for patents contrary to general law are refused; as, for example, those relating to gambling and to adulteration for purposes of deception, such as making milk to look like cream, or making the automatic machine give back the coin as well as the goods at certain intervals unknown to the purchaser. An inventor may take out a patent for almost any purpose imaginable, and it is therefore a great problem to classify such a higgledy-piggledy collection of subjects, so as to be convenient for reference, coming in as they do at the rate of about 30,000 annually, or 100 per day. The kernel, however, is taken out of each specification by the abridger, and they are roughly divided into 146 classes of illustrated volumes handy for searching rapidly, as they are as nearly as practicable kept up to date. It has been suggested to further subdivide these classified volumes into 7 multiplied by 146, or 1,022! At the end of last year there were about 340,000 British specifications of patents, ranging from the year 1617 to 1900. The number of applications for patents during the year 1897 was 30,936, as compared with 30,194 in 1896 and 25,065 in 1895.

Although the number of patents applied for illustrates the progress of inventive activity, it does not afford any reliable criterion as to the number which arrive at maturity. Out of the 30,194 in 1896, for example, only 13,360 were completed, the rest being allowed to lapse after the nine months' protection. In one hundred years 650,123 patents were granted in the United States. France comes next with 308,558; England, 278,000; Belgium, 154,155; Germany, 126,114; Austria-Hungary, 82,933; Canada, 65,510; Italy, 49,990. Thomas A. Edison, with 727 patents, is, perhaps, the most prolific of inventors. There are about forty other inventors each of whom has upwards of one hundred patents to his credit. Of 25,786 applications for patents in this country in 1899, 15,340 were from England and Wales, 3,022 the United States, 2,921 Germany, 1,116 Scotland, 1,031 France, 431 Austria, 396 Ireland, 208 Belgium, 163 Canada, 137 Switzerland, 125 Russia, and 112 Italy. No other country contributed as many as one hundred.

The staff of skilled examiners of patent specifications includes men with special knowledge of almost every branch of applied science, so that inventions upon being filed are relegated for attention to persons having the necessary competence for dealing with particular cases. There are also several



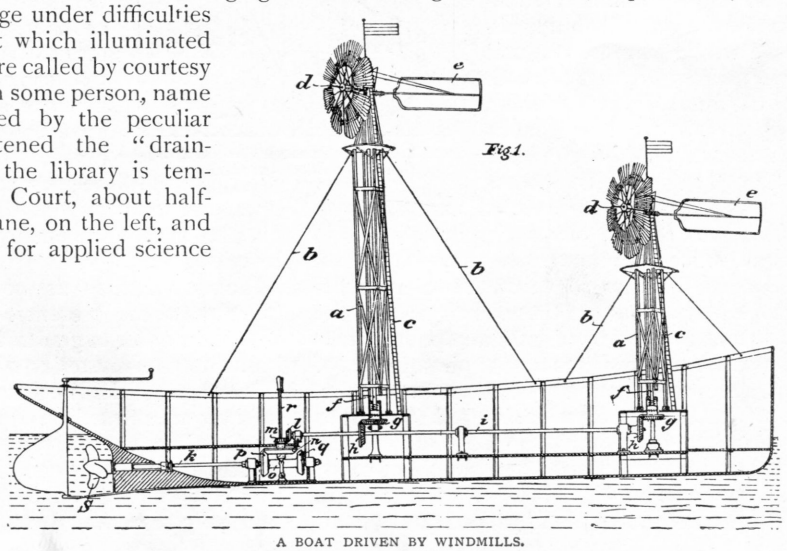
From a] THE PRESENT PATENT OFFICE LIBRARY. *[Photograph.*

barristers in the office, and to one of these I am indebted for much friendly assistance in preparing this article.

For a study in the evolution of libraries the Patent Office affords an interesting object-lesson. This most useful auxiliary to the numerous searchers after novelty began its career in a sort of tunnel in the old building which was pulled down a couple of years ago to make room for the fine new library buildings now approaching completion. A long table ran down the middle of the tunnel, and it was a rather comical scene to see the readers in varied attitudes rummaging about after knowledge under difficulties in the artificial light which illuminated that peculiar structure called by courtesy the library, but which some person, name not recorded, tickled by the peculiar phenomenon, christened the "drain-pipe." At present the library is temporarily at Bishop's Court, about half-way up Chancery Lane, on the left, and as a working library for applied science and all that concerns invention there is nothing in London to compare with it. All departments of technical science and industry are represented; text-books and periodicals and proceedings of learned societies for each subject are arranged so that the reader can locate himself near the literature he wishes to study, and open access is granted to practically all the library contains. Pens, ink, blotting-paper, and note-paper are supplied free and without stint, so that a reader may enter the library empty-handed and leave it with a complete essay in his possession, and then go to the A.B.C. or B.T.T. round the corner for a refreshing cup of tea, feeling that he can afford it.

"An age is known by its inventions," says an old writer. If he meant by this that an age is great in proportion as its inventions are numerous, then he would have reckoned the present one great indeed. The variety of patents is endless, ranging from pins to flying machines and Keeley motors.

Some of the specifications are very curious. There is a machine for washing and peeling potatoes, a workman's dinner-can with a never-cooling food-warmer, a pie-funnel, and

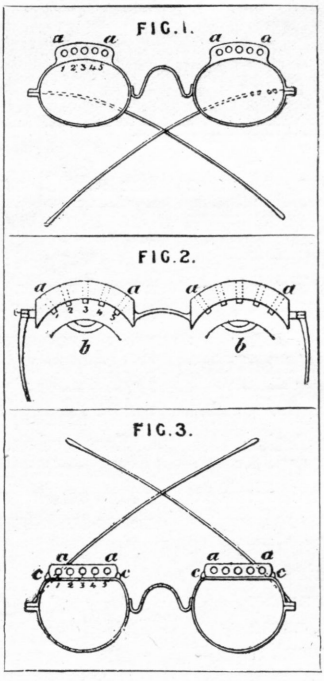


A BOAT DRIVEN BY WINDMILLS.

crust supporter combined; and all kinds of domestic appliances.

A patent for propelling boats by means of windmills embodies a good idea if it could only be made to work. A pair of windmills is arranged upon a vessel with hollow masts through which vertical shafts drive a horizontal shaft in the hull by bevel gearing, and motion is communicated to gearing wheels which may be connected by a sliding clutch for propelling in either direction, and should one windmill rotate faster than the other, and make the boat spin round instead of moving forward, the second windmill is thrown out of gear. The preceding illustration will make this plain. Considering that a battleship takes such a tremendous amount of coal to keep it alive, the Admiralty might take a hint from this; or, if they cannot maintain equilibrium by thus placing the prime mover at the top, they might succeed better by putting the fleet on telescopic stilts adjustable as to depth of sea, and let them wade.

Lecturers, clergymen, and lawyers whose memory may sometimes be rather treacherous will appreciate the genius of the inventor of the microphotoscope, of which we reproduce his own plans. It consists of a pair of spectacles, or eye-glasses, with one or a number of minute photographs arranged in or along the rim. The minute photographs are placed behind suitable magnifying glasses, and are so arranged that the eyes of the wearer may see either one or all the photographs without moving the spectacles. They may be photographs of written or printed matter, maps, views, landscapes, or any group of objects from which a photograph may be taken. Some of the uses to which the microphotoscope may be put are the following: For the student, the series of minute photographs along the rim might consist of photographs of an epitomized grammar, history, geography, etc. As the rims can be changed so often as new microphotographs can be obtained, the student would be spared the trouble of carrying books about with him. A lecturer might have lecture notes photographed and placed in the rims of his spectacles; a lawyer his briefs, a clergyman his sermons, a tourist maps and views of the country he is travelling through, a shop-keeper a ready-reckoner, a doctor formulæ, a musician whole pieces of music, and a detective criminals wanted.



THE MICROPHOTOSCOPE, OR READY-REFERENCE SPECTACLES.

Acrobats are invited to use a patent shoe, soled with iron, which will enable the wearers, with the aid of powerful electro-magnets, to walk head downwards along a metallic ceiling like so many overgrown insects. A Paris invention is for making imitation damask by coating the linen or cotton fabric with celluloid and impressing patterns upon it. From Vienna comes the idea of a coffin-cover made of a material to prevent crushing by the weight of the earth, and to accelerate decomposition. Another patent is for the protection of colouring matters by a compound which rejoices in the name of Nitro-alphylide-anthraquinone. In the year 1599 a grant was made to Captain Thomas Hayes for making of instruments of war for ten years. It was a military "hold-all" to contain a spade, a mattock, a hatchet, a saw, and not omitting an anvil and fourteen days' victuals. There is a proviso that the requirements of the Crown shall be supplied. In 1604 the patentee notified his intention to present the above invention to the Crown, offering the Master of the Ordnance £2,000 if he could get the invention introduced into the southern counties.

During the Civil War an inventor applied for a patent for a plough and cannon combined. The handles were to be guns, so that if the ploughman were attacked he wheeled about, fired his gun, and, if the enemy fled, went on with his ploughing.

Tommy Atkins is not ignored by the inventor of the present time, who comes to his aid in order to gradually and easily initiate him into the mysteries of military art. For this purpose the necessary instructions to infantry are printed on a pocket-handkerchief so that the attention of the user may be constantly directed to the details of the rifle printed thereon; the trumpet-calls are musically represented, and drawings illustra-

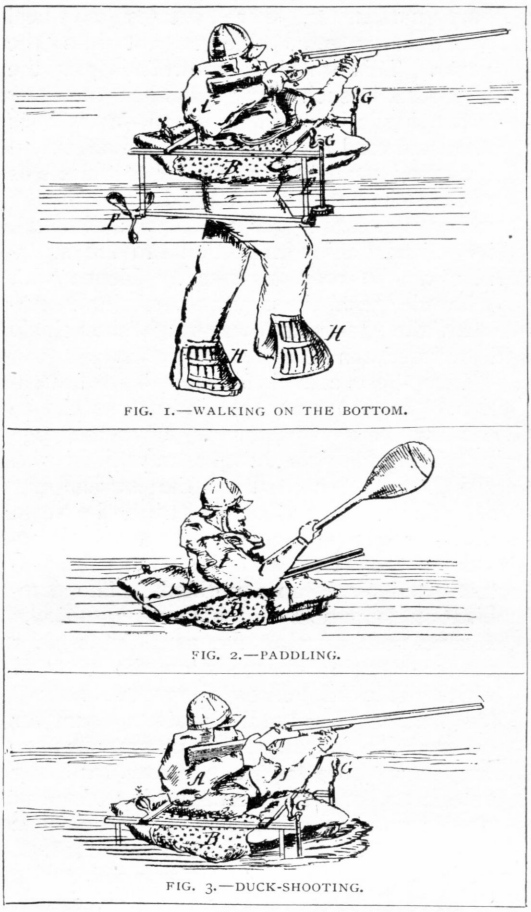


FIG. 1.—WALKING ON THE BOTTOM.

FIG. 2.—PADDLING.

FIG. 3.—DUCK-SHOOTING.

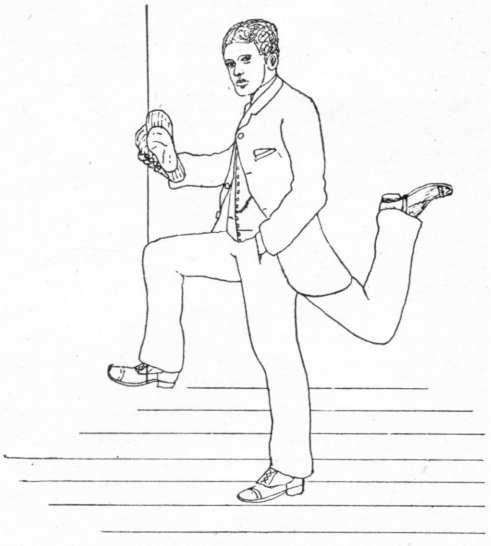
AN INGENIOUS DRESS FOR DUCK-SHOOTING.

tive of the attitude to be taken up or precautions to be observed by the soldier when left to his own resources are presented with printed instructions around the outer margin of the handkerchief. Getting gold from wheat by exchange at so many sovereigns per ton is plausible enough, but one inventor cuts up the wheat straw into fine square snips, and puts them in a jar of ordinary cold water. Allowing the steep to remain quiet for ten hours at a temperature of 59deg. Fah., he then strains off the liquor into a shallow pan, allows it to stand for twenty-four hours, and afterwards catches up the skim, allows it to dry, "so getting some results of films of gold."

A rather jolly and exhilarating contrivance for sportsmen consists of a waterproof dress with a buoy or float to encircle the waist of the wearer. As will be seen from the annexed drawings, within the buoy are fitted two separate tight chambers of india-rubber cloth for protection in case of collision and to maintain steadiness in the water as in the case of a boat. The body, floated waist-high, can be urged forward by a screw propeller, and on the float is fitted an apparatus like enlarged duck-feet for working like a small pair of oars or paddles. Four persons, as well as the operator, can be supported on the float without overbalancing it. "For duck-shooting, where the use of a boat would disturb the birds, the dress or apparatus would enable the sportsman to approach almost insensibly, carrying his gun horizontally fixed on to the float by suitable fittings which protect the gun. This dress or apparatus is also adapted for use in deep-sea fishing, crossing rivers, navigating, and exploring purposes."

One of the most curious ideas I have come across is that of an inventor of "hair-scent extract." The scent or smell of the hair of healthy females possessing good digestion is said to possess energizing and animating influences, and is advantageous to the health. He makes an extract from human hair by means of milk and sugar and adds a small quantity of the purest alcohol. The resulting liquid is added in drops to water used in the preparation of viands, etc.

Another queer invention (here depicted) is designed to enable a person photographed to resemble the arms of the Isle of Man (three legs), by fixing to the person a third artificial leg



A DEVICE TO ENABLE THE USER TO RESEMBLE THE MANX ARMS.

behind. It is either strapped to the person, hooked on by hooks or springs, or supported independently as a separate article of furniture, against which the "sitter" rests or presses. "This photographic studio appliance will be found to have a limited use in acting, and possibly other trades and professions besides photography—in fact, anywhere where the human figure can be advantageously made to mimic the Manx arms."

Volcanoes, those ulcerations of the earth's crust which vomit liquid fire, are, according to one inventor, to be harnessed and applied to useful purposes. The volcanic heat is to be drawn into receptacles provided with tubes for distribution to public and private buildings, even to great distances; the invention may be applied to heating baths, drying-rooms, and for distilling water. The water of marshes is to be purified by distillation, and "to condense it more quickly, ice-houses may be added to the centres." Really!

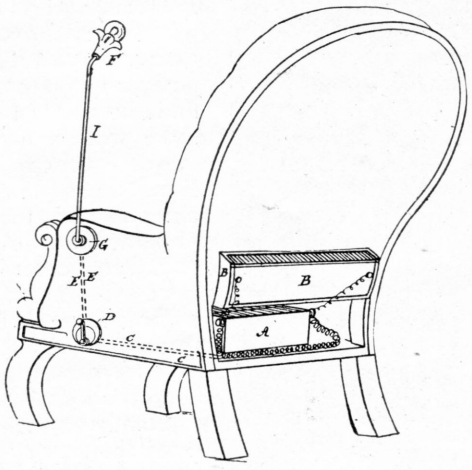
Children come in for a treat by way of what the inventor calls "Confectionery Jewellery." The object is to prevent all such mischiefs as the swallowing of hard materials used in the manufacture of jewellery by discarding such substances as coral, jet, glass, and metal, and replacing them by confectionery. Necklaces, brooches, earrings, and bracelets in the young wearer's untiring fingers and accommodating mouth will reduce the chances of harmful accidents, "and besides this, the pleasure derived from the wearing a pretty ornament will be supplemented by the satisfaction of enjoying a sweetmeat afterwards."

To devise an instrument able to record automatically not only the distance travelled by a bicycle or other vehicle, but also the various directions followed during the journey and the hills ascended or descended, would be by many people pronounced impossible. However, a little piece of apparatus called the "pathometer" has been invented which claims to do all these things. The record of distance travelled, of course, presents no difficulties. The record of directions is not so simple, but, as might be expected, it is obtained by means of a compass. As to ascents and declines, the problem is solved by a pendulum. The pathometer is fixed to the frame of the vehicle in such a way that this pendulum is free to move to and fro in the line of travel. Against the recording tape, which is carried on a drum that is rotated as the bicycle moves by the action of a "kicker" as in an ordinary cyclometer, there presses a wheel with sharp teeth, able to cut into the paper. This wheel is controlled from the pendulum in such a way that when the latter is hanging in its middle position—as it does when the road is quite level—the line cut in the tape is straight and parallel to the edges of the strip, but when the pendulum is swung forwards or backwards the line is diagonal, its obliquity being proportional to the steepness of the road traversed. Hence with a knowledge of the constants of the instrument the gradients over which the vehicle has passed can be easily calculated.

Lamp-posts come in for a fair share of attention. In one case the inventor seeks to connect them with drains. Over the cage containing the light there are trays filled with disinfectants, so that as the sewage gas ascends through the lamp-post into the warm chamber chemical action with the disinfectants is facilitated, and the previously contaminated air escapes purified. The combination lamp-post and hydrant consists of a lamp-post carrying the usual lantern for gas or electric lighting, upon the glass of which the word "Fire" shows out in bold red letters. The usual fire-alarm drum for either electric or telegraphic communication, coupling-up hose for fire purposes, for filling water-carts, and for street-flushing, draw-off tap for use on cab-ranks, or for domestic water supply in time of frost are attached.

An artificial leg and foot which will enable a mutilated person to walk is a desideratum. The novelty consists in the foot being mainly a hollow india-rubber chamber which is inflated in the same way as is a bicycle tyre. The skeleton of the foot, so to speak, is of wood, and contains within it a rubber-faced joint which permits movements like those which take place at the ankle. A pair of rubber pneumatic pads surround the stump itself, so that no undue pressure is exerted on the tissues. It is said that a person who had undergone amputation of both legs below the knee, and who was wearing two of these limbs, although having little or no command over the knee-joint, was yet able to walk fairly well, and to go up and down stairs safely.

A mechanical duck that does everything except lay eggs has been invented by a Frenchman. The bird goes waddling in search of food and picks up seeds. These pass into its stomach through a series of triturations, and accomplish a process of digestion. It is said to be impossible to distinguish this duck from a living one. It

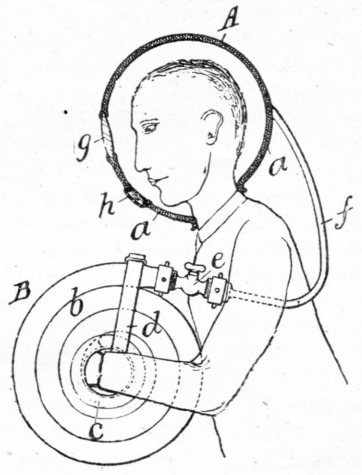


A CHAIR WHICH GENERATES ITS OWN ELECTRIC LIGHT.

splashes about in the water, flaps its wings, and quacks most realistically. The amphibious tricycle is also of French origin. It is constructed entirely of aluminium, with the exception of the chain and certain other parts, which require the use of steel. The wheels have enormous inflated rubber tyres, which make each wheel a watertight float, buoying up the machine on the water. The tricycle can be used indiscriminately on land or sea, and, although it does not run very rapidly, it may be of considerable use in special cases. It weighs but 66lb., and sinks, when fully loaded, to a depth of only 1ft.

You may have incandescent lamps combined with your easy chair, sofa, and bed. A secondary or primary battery is arranged under, or within, or at the back of any piece of movable furniture, and an adjustable bracket supports the incandescent lamp, to which the current is led by wires. If you like a drop of whisky always handy and do not desire to publish the fact, you may have it in an ornamental covering made so as to entirely conceal the flask from observation, and at the same time admit of ready access to its contents. For example, you can keep it on your shelves or desk in the form of a book labelled "Legal Decisions, Vol. I." There are trap-doors at the top to let out the neck of the flask, when raised by the finger through an aperture at the bottom. We give illustrations of both these ingenious devices.

For the use of miners, more especially, one inventor makes a coiled tube containing compressed air and carried like a lady's muff, handy for regulating a supply of fresh air to persons in a poisoned atmosphere. The idea will be easily understood from the illustration. A hood which fits over the head is connected with this reservoir, and thus only pure air is breathed. Means are adopted for letting out the impure air, and also a window for seeing through the hood.



A MUFF WHICH SUPPLIES FRESH AIR.

FIG.1.

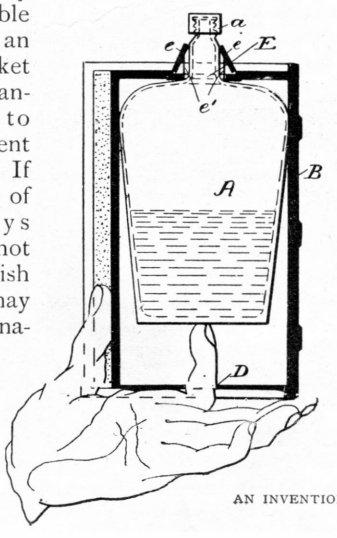
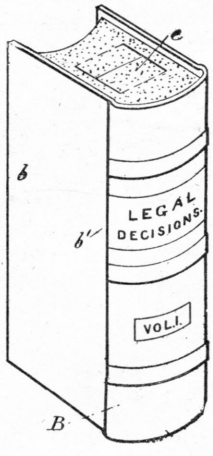


FIG.2.



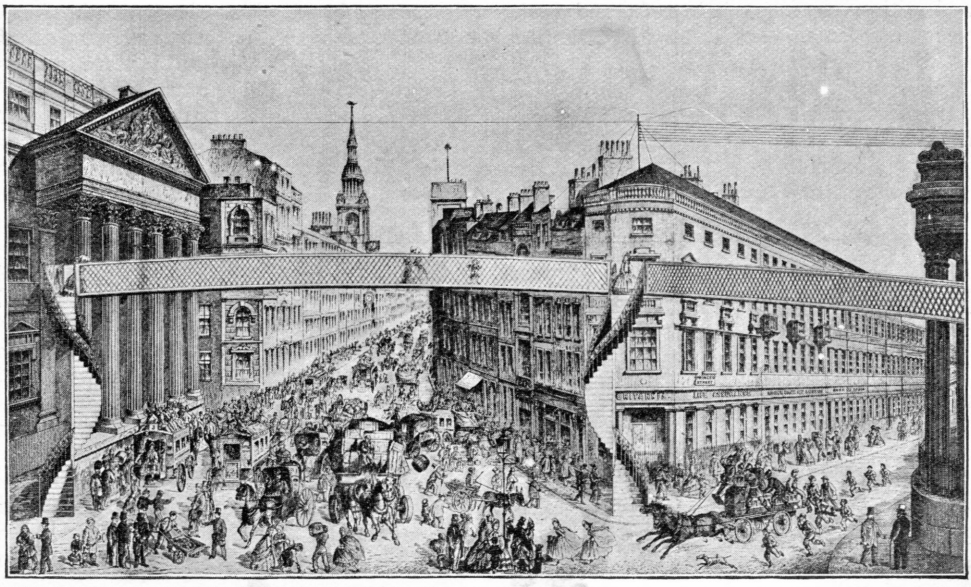
AN INVENTION FOR RENDERING THE LAW LESS DRY.

The largest specification of an invention ever presented at the Patent Office is next shown side by side with an ordinary specification. There are 104 large sheets of most elaborate drawings, and enough descriptive letterpress to fill an ordinary book. I have selected one

THE LARGEST SPECIFICATION EVER PRESENTED, SIDE BY SIDE WITH AN ORDINARY SPECIFICATION.

sheet as a sample of the industry of the inventor. It is a foot-bridge representing a means of crossing from the Mansion House to the Bank of England, but it is, of course, intended to apply equally well to any other crowded thoroughfare..

Kant, the philosopher, said that probably no really new idea ever occurs to anyone. .It is more than likely that among all the millions upon millions of untold ages every conceivable idea has presented itself to someone or another, and Macaulay says: "Truth is discovered by the highest minds a little before it becomes manifest to the multitude. This is the extent of their superiority. They are the first to catch and reflect a light which, without their assistance, must, in a short time, be visible to those who lie far beneath them." Nevertheless, invention and the development of machinery constitute the most striking feature of the century just closed. Imagination, it is true, has constantly anticipated the slow advance of science, and although we may smile at those writers who would endow mechanism with consciousness, "there are machines that have stomachs of their own, and consume the food themselves." I will close this article with a quotation from George Eliot in "Theophrastus Such": "What I would ask you is, to show me why . . . . there should not at length be a machine of such high mechanical and chemical powers that it would find and assimilate the material to supply its own waste, and then, by a further evolution of internal molecular movements, reproduce itself by some process of fission or budding." And so the speculative thinker shoots ahead of the workaday inventor.



ONE OF THE DRAWINGS FROM THE LARGEST SPECIFICATION—A FOOTBRIDGE FROM THE MANSION HOUSE TO THE BANK.

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

"I CAME to England to marry an earl, if not a duke," said Sybil Fleetwood, "and I hope you won't try to dissuade me." The girl looked at Lancaster over her fan, and her grey eyes lighted with fun. "All my friends—that is, my rich friends—have married Englishmen with titles, and Poppa says he supposes I had better do the same. Not that he loves your English aristocracy; he likes men who do something for themselves in the world instead of living on their ancestors; but it's the thing for an American girl to annex a peer and——"

"I'd given you credit for more originality," said Lancaster.

"Oh, I've plenty of the aboriginal savage in me, I assure you," the girl laughed. "I wish sometimes that we could go back to the days of marriage by capture. I should like a man to do something to win me: something that other men couldn't do!"

The young man was looking at her piquant profile, and she, glancing up, could not fail to understand the message in his eyes. Miss Fleetwood blushed, although she was not ignorant of his feelings. She and Brooke Lancaster, the brilliant young inventor and man of science, were very good friends, and he would cheerfully have been a great deal more if the girl could but be induced to listen to him seriously. Since the American heiress and her father came to London a few months before they had moved in much the same set. Attracted at first by her beauty, amused by her American frankness, these feelings had quickly developed into others much deeper and stronger, and Lancaster was fathoms deep in love for the first time in his busy, strenuous life.

"You see," Sybil went on, with a little embarrassment, and playing with a diamond bangle, "it's one's duty to make oneself envied at home. Ah! Here's Lord Weybridge"; and with a nod and a smile she walked away with the new-comer.

There was a cloud on Brooke Lancaster's clever face as he looked after the couple, who took a few turns in the waltz that was being played by the Blue Hungarians, and then strolled off together to the conservatory. To believe that the girl was heartless would be to give up his belief in life and goodness; he was certain that she was only masking her finer qualities under an affectation of frivolity; but he recognised at the same time the real temptation that stood behind the girl's laughing words, and he knew the Earl of Weybridge too well not to grudge him a wife less sweet than Sybil. "She lets *that* fellow

put his arm round her waist! If she only knew him as we men know him!" was his bitter thought as he moved away to the smoking-room.

He had lighted a cigarette and was watching the blue rings float upwards, when a hand was laid upon his sleeve, and turning, he saw the shrewd, wrinkled face of Mr. Fleetwood looking into his. "Not quite up to the mark to-night?" suggested the American. "Nothing wrong with that motor of yours, eh?"

"Oh, the motor's all right," answered Lancaster, with a smile; "the best motor in the world, though maybe it's not the best taste for me to say so. It's not the motor that worries me."

Brooke Lancaster's new motor, the latest child of his versatile brain, had more than once formed the subject of discussion with the American, who was himself the president of a company recently floated to introduce a new motor which, the Yankees declared, was to beat every other out of the field. "My hated rival," the elder man had jokingly dubbed the young Englishman, and they had had many good-humoured arguments as to the merits of their respective inventions.

"Look here," said the American, suddenly, after a moment's silence. "You want to marry my daughter, don't you?"

"I want her more than anything in the world," was the quiet answer.

"And you haven't much hope of her, eh?"

"Not as much as I should like to have," Lancaster gave him back with the elder man's own coolness, wondering what he was leading up to in this abrupt way.

"Well, she likes you. If you had a handle to your name she'd take you like a shot. Or, if you could pull off some big thing, and 'win her by capture,' as she'd put it. Well, you haven't the handle; but I'll give you a straight tip and a chance for the other thing. You say your motor-car is going to be the fastest thing on wheels, and if it is, why, the inventor's bound to be a big man before long, and a mighty rich one. Prove that you can do what you boast you can, and you shall have my girl. I'll guarantee that she'll go in for that test, and give herself as the prize if she's fairly won."

"What do you mean?" asked Lancaster, flushing a little.

"Syb and I are going to Paris to-morrow," said old Fleetwood, "and Lord Weybridge is going with us. I shouldn't wonder if he meant to propose for the seventh time—and that's supposed to be lucky, eh? We travel by Newhaven and Dieppe, as Syb hates the dull journey from Calais. See us off at Victoria, go to Newhaven on your motor, get across the Channel with it as you can, and be on the station to welcome us in Paris. It's a race between the railways and your motor. If you come out on top I'll believe in you, and I'll believe in your motor. What's more, if Syb don't love you already, she's the sort of girl to adore a man who makes such a dash to get her, and succeeds."

"Thank you," said Lancaster, shortly. "Yes, I'll try it. But that means I must be off now."

They shook hands, and Brooke walked away. He scarcely saw the crowd of dancers in the ball-room, but he lingered a moment looking wistfully towards the conservatory, then turned and sought his hostess. He wanted to be alone to think. He murmured "Delightful evening," added something about "Going on somewhere," and passed from the brilliantly lighted house to the quiet of Grosvenor Square. He walked a very few yards slowly, then quickened his steps and went in the direction of Piccadilly, where he stopped at the door of an exclusive club and sent in his name to his rich friend, Lionel Dacre. By good luck Dacre was in, and a few moments later the two were in a snug corner of the smoking-room, where Lancaster poured out his remarkable story of old Fleetwood's eccentric offer.

Dacre gave a low whistle. "Can you do it?" he asked.

"I've said I will, but I don't know. You see, I finished the motor only a week ago and I can't tell what it will do, because I've not yet been able to put it to a thorough test. The stupid restrictions on speed in this country have prevented me getting the best out of her. I meant to go to France this week and test the car on the good roads there; now I shall have an opportunity. But to beat express trains on a long run when they are on level rails and have no trouble about steering, while I have to contend with gradients and traffic, and with such a prize as the reward—it's enough to break a man's nerve. I'll have a good try though, for I believe it would catch Sybil's fancy; and she does like me. In one thing, Dacre, you can help me; in fact, without you I'm done. I want the loan of your turbine yacht. You know they won't carry a motor-car across the Channel on the ordinary day passenger-boats; you have to send them by cargo-boat, and that puts me

out of the running at once. But if you can take me over in your yacht——"

"My dear fellow, I'm only too happy. Don't call it *my* yacht."

"You've bought it; but for your encouragement I should never have got through the worry of designing and building it."

"What was my money against your brains? I believe that in the *Whim* you've struck as original an idea as you have in your new motor. You know the yacht's engines have not been fully tested either since you built them for me. But to-morrow we'll put to the test your two latest inventions—the turbine and the motor. Lucky the yacht's at Newhaven. I'll go to Charing Cross to-night and wire to them to have steam up to-morrow; and I'll run down by an early train myself to have her alongside and ready when you come."

"Dacre, you're a brick!" Lancaster grasped his friend's hand. "Now I must go, for I want to be up with the sun to overhaul the car and get everything ready. *Au revoir*, then, till Newhaven quay, with the steam up, ready to slip off the moment I arrive—say about 11.30."

"Count on me," was Dacre's answer. Lancaster walked sharply towards his lodgings in South Audley Street. In crossing the road a brougham, rapidly driven, nearly ran over him. He leaped aside; and the glare of a street lamp, shining into the carriage, showed him the sulky eyes and the heavy chin of Lord Weybridge.

"Now, why on earth has *he* left the dance so early?" pondered Lancaster. "Half an hour ago he was with *her* in the conservatory; there are at least ten more dances; yet here he is, tearing home at half-past one in the morning. Can she have refused him?" His heart beat fast at the thought; and when the earliest rays of the sun waked him soon after five he was dreaming confusedly of a party in mid-Channel, with a turbine grinding out music while Sybil and Lord Weybridge danced on the waves.

The famous young inventor was above all a practical man, and to that he owed much of his success. Jumping briskly out of bed he tubbed and walked to his workshop in a neighbouring street. He was in a state of high excitement as he thought of all that this day might hold; but the tension of his nerves only made him more energetic and resolute. He let himself into the silent workshop, where the duties of the day did not begin until nine o'clock. He went to the partitioned space where stood the car propelled by his new rotary motor, and patted the pneumatic tyres of the wooden wheels. He felt for the motor-car that was to carry him in the race for his love much as the rider feels for his horse; and he whispered to it, urging it to do its best for him; then, reddening at his own sentimentality, he flung off his coat, got into his overalls, and began a systematic examination of the car.

It was but a rough wooden box on wheels, splashed with the mud of the last trip, with common leather cushions and no attempts at decoration or upholstery. The carriage did not matter; it was the motor which was important. It revolutionized all ideas of motor construction. By a flash of genius the inventor had overcome one of the greatest difficulties in the building of internal explosion motors—the water-cooling. His design was on a

"WHEELING SHARPLY, HE FACED BLAIR."

totally new plan—a motor that turned as it propelled the car, and in turning kept itself cool. No more water-tanks; no more leaking pipes, cumbersome radiators, and pumps that failed to act just when they were most wanted. The idea was audacious; he had worked at it for two years; now it was perfect, and the great test was to be made to-day.

He lifted out the bottom boards of the car, exposing to view the engine. Then he went over every part; unscrewing pieces, cleaning them with petrol, oiling them with specially selected oil. He lay on the top of the car, he crawled under it; he felt the bearings, examined the gear-wheels, tested the voltage of the electric accumulators, and adjusted the trembler of the magnetic coil. He took out and cleaned each one of the four sparking-plugs, and noted the length and "fatness" of the spark. Finally, he filled the petrol reservoir from an iron tank, straining the volatile liquid through a fine wire sieve, that no grit might get in to clog the carburettor; filled the self-acting oil-cups with the finest lubricating oil, and wiped every part of the mechanism with a piece of dry cotton waste. Then he took the starting-handle, gave a turn or two, and the motor leaped into active, impetuous life, buzzing with a rhythmical hum like the purring of a great dynamo. Lancaster hung over his invention with somewhat the pride of a mother who hangs over the cradle of her first-born. He listened to the beat of the pistons, watched the lifting and falling of the valves, noted the gentle "puff, puff" of the exhaust. All was well and he stopped the engine. Then, as he fell back to take a more comprehensive glance at the car, he cannoned against someone who had just turned the corner of the partition. Wheeling sharply, he faced Blair, his favourite mechanic, the man who knew more about the new rotary motor than anyone except its inventor.

Blair had been coming in like a cat. He went white and red as his master looked at him. "You're early this morning," remarked Lancaster.

"Yes, sir," said Blair. "Fact is, sir, I had a bad dream, and thought I'd come to the workshop and have a look round. Never thought I should find you here, sir."

"I daresay not. I didn't sleep well, either." Then quickly he told Blair of the expedition that was planned for the day, said that his services would be required on the trip, and, bidding him get his breakfast and return in an hour, Lancaster locked the workshop door and went back to his rooms.

The boat-train for Newhaven leaves Victoria Station at ten in the morning. Ten minutes before that hour Lancaster guided his car into the station-yard and drew up by the departure platform, leaving his mechanic in the car. At the door of a first-class compartment he found Mr. Fleetwood and his daughter.

"So good of you to turn up to see us off," said Sybil. "We meet at St. Lazare again to-night, don't we?" There was no hint in her voice that the occasion was an exceptional one; no suggestion that the appointment for that evening in Paris was not as sure as if he were travelling by the same train. Lancaster looked in her baffling eyes and smiled. "I hope to be there in time to see your train arrive," said he, calmly. At this instant Lord Weybridge bustled up with an armful of papers, acknowledging, with a chilly nod, the presence of his rival. The guard blew his whistle, the engine screamed, old Fleetwood gave his whimsical challenging look, Miss Fleetwood smiled, with brilliant eyes and flushed cheeks, and the train was slipping out of the station.

Lancaster turned and walked out to the motor-car. His lips were set in a straight line, his chin advanced a little, which was a trick of his when there was important business afoot. He took his place at the steering-wheel, and started the car on the lowest speed—five miles an hour. A crowd had gathered round the odd-looking carriage, with its unfinished body; and as it glided into the street some chaffing cries went after it. But Lancaster did not hear; his eyes were on the road. To put the car at high speed through the traffic of London was impossible. He had to wind in and out among cabs, waggons, bicycles; he had to be on the look-out for officious policemen ready to swear he was going eighteen miles an hour when he was going eight. But in Vauxhall Bridge Road he slipped in the second speed, and the car darted forward at fifteen miles an hour. Already he was crossing the Thames, with a long run through the suburbs of Brixton and Streatham before anything like a free road was to be had. Sixty miles lay before him, accomplished by the train in an hour and a half. With a clear road he would have backed himself against the train; but while he dodged in and out among the traffic, shaving tram-cars, slipping in front of vehicles when he could, falling behind when a collision would be the result of pushing on, he realized with bitterness that he must surely be beaten

in this the first stage of the race. Could he pick up on the second? He dared not think of that now; but with a firm hand on the steering-wheel, and a ready foot controlling the friction clutch and brake, he rushed on through Brixton, and once past it, and in the clearer road by Streatham, he slipped in the third speed. Like a greyhound the car leaped forward, increasing in a few yards from fifteen to thirty miles an hour. It was risky. People stopped to stare after him, and some shouted. On reaching Croydon he had to slow down to the "legal limit," a sedate twelve miles an hour, but beyond he quickened the pace again. By Purley he swung to the left, quitting the main Brighton road, and running for the steep ascent to Caterham. At last he was leaving London behind and the open country lay beyond.

"PEOPLE STOPPED TO STARE AFTER HIM."

The car took the Caterham Hill on the third speed, and on the more level ground he applied the fourth. Like a horse answering to the spur the car quickened with a rush to its full normal speed of forty-five miles an hour; but, as the cunning jockey keeps a little in reserve, so Lancaster could call on his engine for a still greater effort by advancing the "sparking" of the motor. He and Blair crammed their caps close down on their heads, as the air swept by their ears like a cataract. Lancaster was reckless now. He meant to make up for the time lost in the streets of London. No one could check him. If a constable saw him flying lightning-like through the country and telegraphed on to have him stopped at a farther point, who was going to carry out the order? So he pushed over a little lever on the steering-post and the four pistons throbbed a yet quicker beat. It was nearly sixty miles an hour, faster than the boat-train ran at any part of its journey. A pillar of dust swirled behind him; farms and fields shot by like pictures in a cinematograph. Down the long slope to East Grinstead the pace was nearer seventy than sixty miles an hour, but he had to slow down to go through the streets of the town. Then on again, over open, undulating country, through Maresfield and Uckfield to sleepy Lewes, where caution was necessary, and he had to slow down to twelve miles, after the wild rush from Caterham. Quitting Lewes, there was a winding road, with rough, uneven surface to Newhaven Harbour, and here it was not safe to travel at anything higher than thirty miles an hour.

As Lancaster brought the car to a stop alongside the quay at Newhaven he looked at his watch. He had been exactly two hours from Victoria Station, and the boat had left for Dieppe half an hour ago! He had come at an average speed of thirty miles an hour. It was a feat, considering that for mile after mile, through London and its long suburbs, through towns and villages, he had had to slow down to the legal limit. He saw Dacre's yacht lying alongside the quay, and next moment the owner himself was coming to meet him.

"Grand!" ejaculated Dacre, seizing his hand; "the boat left just on time; she's been gone only half an hour. We can overtake her yet, and be in Dieppe before her. I've had a sling arranged to lift the car on board, and steam's up."

"Don't trouble about the sling," replied Lancaster; "there's no time for that. I'll drive the car on board."

"But, my dear fellow, the tide's low, and the descent's so steep that it will not be safe."

"That's all right, old fellow. I have brakes that will hold the car on any incline. Tell them to lay some planks on board, will you?"

Hastily Dacre gave directions to the men who were waiting to work the derrick. Broad planks were laid down sloping to the deck of the yacht below. Lancaster mounted into the car and drove her to the edge of the quay, Blair following. The descent looked perilously steep, and the spectators held their breath as the dusty car began to go slowly downwards. It seemed impossible that the brakes could hold her on that fearful gradient, but she crept down like a living thing, and when she came to rest on the deck a cheer went up in recognition of the pluck of the performance. Five minutes later the yacht had cast off and was steaming for the harbour mouth.

The *Whim* was the only pleasure craft in the world fitted with Lancaster's new turbine engines. It had been Dacre's pride to further his friend's ambitions, and when the Admiralty, with their usual caution, had declined to adopt the young inventor's design, Dacre had begged him to fit the engines into a new yacht of his own, declaring that they would astonish the world. When the motor-car had been secured on deck the two went below to look at the turbines. One of Lancaster's men, trained by him, was in charge, and grinned appreciatively as he pointed to the dial marking the number of revolutions. "Fastest craft afloat, sir," he called into the inventor's ear. She cut the water with the swiftness of a torpedo-catcher, throwing up behind her a great curving wave. In front of them, when the friends went on deck again, they could see the *Arundel*, the fast boat of the Brighton line, steaming full speed to France; but her pace was sluggish compared with that of her pursuer. The engineers had orders to get all they could out of the motors, and it was clear that the Channel greyhound was being rapidly overhauled.

With their glasses Dacre and Lancaster, standing on the bridge of the *Whim*, could see that everyone on the *Arundel* had turned to look at the strange craft that came flying after them. With every revolution of her propellers the *Whim* gained many yards, and within the hour of starting from Newhaven they were within hailing distance. All the passengers were crowding to the gunwale to examine the craft that could so easily out-steam one of the swiftest of the Channel boats. Now the two ships were abreast, scarce fifty yards of green water separating them; and, standing out from the crowd of faces, the only one that Lancaster saw was the fair face of Sybil Fleetwood.

"Do you see them?" asked Dacre. "She's there, with old Fleetwood on one side of her and Weybridge on the other. They seem to be looking at us. Yes, by Jove; she's waving a handkerchief. I almost think I can see her blushing, and I'm certain that Weybridge is green."

But the lover had seen the girl before his friend had, and kept his eyes fixed on hers until they faded with the rapidly-increasing distance. The time he had lost on the run from London to Newhaven was being gloriously made up now, and his heart beat with hope that he might yet win the race. The *Whim* was steaming at least half as fast again as the *Arundel*, and it was little more than a momentary glimpse that Lancaster had of the face that was all the world to him; but that one look, the sight of the girl's excitement, was like wine in his veins. At luncheon he could hardly eat, though his friend pressed him to keep up his strength for the ordeal before him; and he was restless until he could get on deck again and look for the chalk cliffs of Dieppe. All that was to be seen of the *Arundel* was a long flag of smoke lying along the horizon.

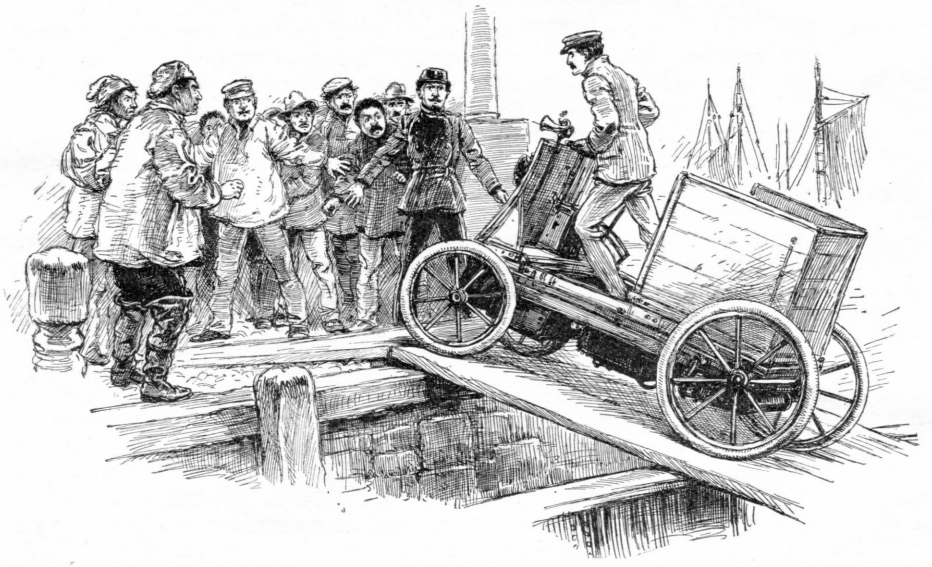
Dieppe Harbour was made by the *Whim* in two and a half hours from Newhaven; they had therefore gained a full hour and a half upon the other ship. The tide was low, and when the yacht was berthed alongside the quay Lancaster called again for planks to be put in position that he might drive the car up the improvised gangway and on to French soil. He strode over to the car to superintend the unlashing of it, and his quick eye saw a thing that turned him pale. He stooped, snatched a pair of pliers from the tool-box, and seized something that projected from the smooth surface of the huge tyre on one of the driving-wheels. With a wrench he drew out a long nail; a whistle of air followed, and the huge tyre slowly deflated.

The moment the yacht had touched the quay Blair had been sent on shore to buy a good supply of "benzo-moteur," a special French preparation of petrol, of an extremely volatile character. With this Lancaster intended to refill his petrol-tank for the journey to Paris; and as he stood frowning at the nail which he had just pulled out Blair appeared on the edge of the quay above.

His face went grey, and he hastened on board with a tin of "essence" under each arm. "Good gracious, sir," he cried when he saw the nail, "it must have been lying on the ground at Newhaven. What a mercy it didn't happen on the road, when we was going sixty miles an hour, and how fortunate that you found it now, sir, before we started!"

Lancaster called for the lifting-jack, had the car raised, the tyre taken off, and a spare one that he carried for such an emergency put into its place, and blown up with the foot-pump. It was a delay of a quarter of an hour; but every instant was precious now, with a run of a hundred miles to Paris.

"Shall I fill up with the new stuff, sir?" asked Blair, beginning to unscrew the tap of the petrol-tank; but his master told him to wait until they got on land, saying he could do that while the Customs formalities were being settled; and then, to the amazement of the *douaniers* and loafers on the quay, he drove the car ashore up the steep incline, as he had driven it down at Newhaven.



"HE DROVE THE CAR ASHORE UP THE STEEP INCLINE."

Lancaster was ready for the Custom-house. He supplied in an instant the weight of the car, with its distinguishing marks, and had ready in his pocket-book the precise sum that was payable as duty for bringing the car into France. He whispered to the clerk of the *douane* that he wished to start at the earliest possible moment for Paris, and pressed a *louis* into his hand. This expedited matters; in less than ten minutes the papers were drawn out and handed to him. All was ready. Dacre grasped his friend's hand and wished him luck; Lancaster was in his place in the car, and Blair was wielding the starting-handle. But the motor would not start. Again and again Blair gave the necessary initial impetus; but there was no explosion in the cylinders; the motor remained inert. Lancaster jumped down and examined the taps and valves. Five minutes had been wasted, and he could find nothing wrong. This time he took the starting-handle himself, but with no better result. What could be the cause of this unexpected *contretemps?* Carefully he followed every inch of the electric wire, in case the insulating material might be worn away by friction and "short-circuiting" be taking place. But all was in perfect order. Perhaps the valves, or one of them, was foul. Yet that could hardly be, as they had been right that morning in London, and the run since had been comparatively short. A quarter of an hour was gone. At this rate he should lose the advantage he had gained over the *Arundel*, and should have to start on equal terms with the express train to Paris. He began to feel a sinking of the heart. Blair made all kinds of suggestions, and recommended that each valve should be examined. He had already begun to unscrew one of the inlet valves, when Lancaster told him to stop. He could not believe that anything was wrong with the motor which he had himself put in order that

morning. Therefore, the non-starting must be due to something that had happened later. Perhaps the "essence." No sooner did the thought frame itself than he opened the tap and smelt at the spirit. Then he seized a small measure which he carried with him, let some of the spirit fall into it, and held it up to the light. It gave off scarcely any appreciable vapour.

"Is this the stuff I told you to get?" he demanded of Blair.

"The same, sir."

"Then it's been adulterated." Lancaster took the densimeter from its case and let it float in the spirit. Dacre and the *douaniers* had gathered round. Everyone felt that some game was being played to which they had no clue; so fierce did the Englishman look, so shame-faced the mechanic. The instrument showed that the spirit was largely mixed with water; for driving a motor-car it was worthless. But for the course of reasoning that led Lancaster to think of the "essence," but for his complete confidence in his own work of the morning, he might have wasted an hour and more in taking to pieces the eight valves of the four cylinders. Now he had fathomed the mischief. He called for a bucket, opened the tap, and let all the stuff run out of the petrol-tank. Then he examined the spare tins of the "benzo-moteur" that he was going to carry with him; saw that the orifices were properly sealed; tested the contents of each tin, nevertheless, with his densimeter, and not till then filled up the tank again with his own hands. With one turn of the starting-handle the motor now leaped into activity. Dacre breathed a great sigh of relief. He was very fond of Lancaster, and could not bear to see him fail. With a wave of the hand Lancaster steered for the gates that led from the quay into the town of Dieppe, Blair leaped to his place beside him, and the third part of the race was begun. But nearly three-quarters of an hour had been lost of the advantage the *Whim* had gained.

Lancaster knew well the shortest road to Paris, knew what turns to take to avoid the terrible *pavé* which is heart-breaking to the automobilist. With a wind whistling about his ears he drove the car smartly through the streets of Dieppe away to the country beyond. The roads were broad and gently undulating; and once clear of the town he increased the speed to its full extent. The car flew over the smooth surfaces of the French roads. He met few vehicles, and was able to keep to his break-neck pace for one kilomètre after another. He sped through endless apple-orchards, shot out suddenly on to the edge of a plateau with a great view below him, and found himself rushing down a long, winding hill to the embowered town of Neufchâtel. Then up a hill and on with the speed of an express, slacking only to pass through villages lying far apart, to Forges les Eaux. Again the lover's hopes were high.

To Gournay he made splendid time and rattled on to Gisors, where came his first mistake. Instead of turning to the left before the railway crossing he kept straight on, only realizing his error when he saw stretch before him in a long, undulating line that disappeared at the horizon a terrible extent of *pavé*. To attempt to traverse it meant delay, if not accident; to lose time by retracing his steps to Gisors, and there get on the right road, was maddening. Perhaps there might be some by-road on which, by a détour, he might avoid the *pavé*. He saw a man working in a field—the only living figure in the whole wide landscape. Stopping the car and jumping down he ran to talk to the peasant. No; there was nothing for it, he was told, but to return to Gisors. He was striding back to the car when he heard an exclamation from Blair, who, leaning out, stared down at the near wheels. The man turned a frightened face on his master, and to his dismay the inventor saw a great rent in the tyre of one of the steering-wheels.

"It was that sharp stone there, sir, that cut it," said the man. Lancaster looked gloomily at the tyre, noted the clean cut of the gash, picked up the stone that Blair had pointed out, and felt its edge. Then a terrible suspicion flashed into his mind. He fixed his eyes on the face of the mechanic, and read guilt there.

"Get down," commanded the master, grimly. The man obeyed, standing before him in the road. "Farther away; clear of the car," he ordered again; then the inventor set desperately to work alone, lifted the automobile, took off the tyre, and put on the only remaining spare one. Now, if there were to be another puncture, it would be more serious—a case of repairing, not replacing. When he had finished he started the motor and turned the car. He had not looked at Blair, but the mechanic came running forward.

"Oh, sir, forgive me!" he cried. "I was tempted! I'm sorry now. You have always been good to me."

Lancaster's heart was hot within him; yet

"THERE WAS NOTHING FOR IT, HE WAS TOLD, BUT TO RETURN TO GISORS."

he looked coldly at his favourite workman. The very meanness of the fellow forbade that he should explode in anger.

"How much were you to get?" he asked, quietly.

"A hundred pounds," was the low answer.

Lancaster started the car, and Blair came running after, calling out to him to stop, saying that he would tell everything, begging not to be left behind. His master did not listen. He put on the second speed, then the third and fourth, and was racing back to Gisors. As he flashed through the landscape more than one mystery grew clear: Blair's early visit to the workshop, the nail in the tyre, the watered essence. The traitor had been bribed to prevent the winning of the race, it was not difficult to guess by whom.

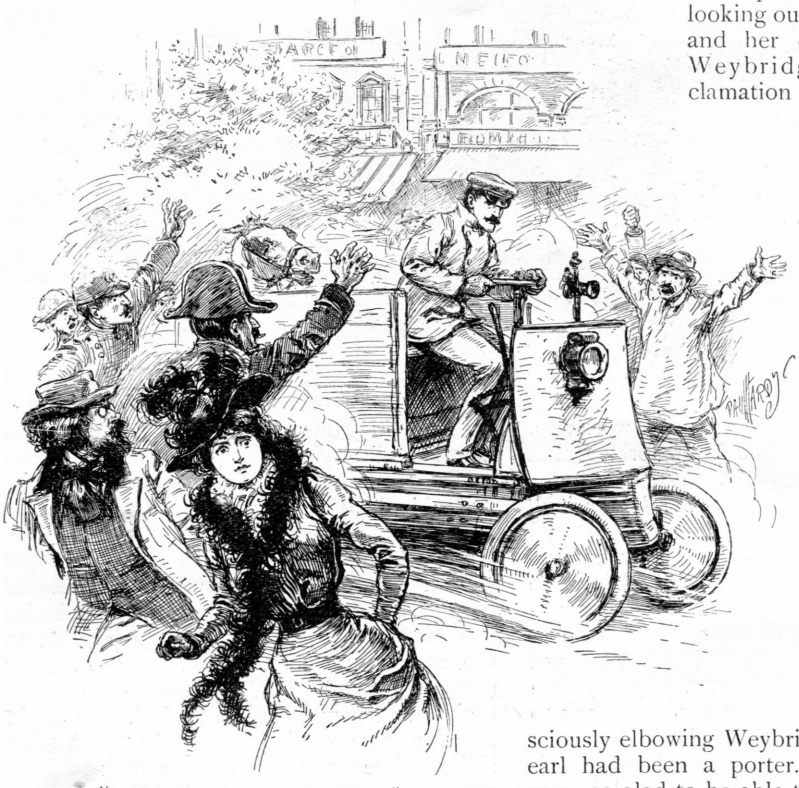
At Gisors there was a delay of five minutes because the railway-gate was shut; then there was a long sweep to the right to Meru, necessary to avoid the *pavé*. For the first time since he left Dieppe Lancaster looked at his watch and made a calculation. Fate favouring him, he might yet be in Paris in time; but a storm was blowing up, with black clouds that meant rain and greasy roads, and side-slip—greatest peril of all to a quick-travelling automobile. He drove with one glance on the road, the next at the sky.

Presently the storm broke, with lashing rain that nearly blinded him. The dust was turned to mud. Lancaster had not abated speed; and shortly, without an instant's warning, the car skidded, sliding bodily, broadside on, across the road. With a jerk of the steering-wheel the driver managed to right it before it ran into a ditch; but it was a warning that he dared not disobey, and he dropped to a lower speed. Unless he could keep up his pace the contest was over. With tense muscles and eyes searching the roadway he sped on south towards Pontoise and the Seine. In a village a policeman leaped into the road and signalled him to stop; but Lancaster was blind and deaf.

At last, the suburbs of Paris; and the road lay through Maisons Lafitte to the barrier at Porte Maillot. If the policeman had telegraphed on to have him stopped he might be robbed of victory just as it was in his grasp. So, as he approached the great iron gates which mark the limits of Paris he slowed down almost to walking pace. A long line of country carts and other vehicles was moving through, stopping to submit to the examination of the *octroi* officers. But another gate was half open, and Lancaster took the desperate resolve to dash through it. A delay here would mean defeat, and, even if the police were not on the look-out, the measuring of the "essence" he carried in his tank, the formality of paying duty and getting a receipt, would cost him the quarter-hour which meant the difference between success and failure. Suddenly he turned out of the line of vehicles, put on speed, and steered for the gate. A policeman saw and made a rush, but the car shot through as the gate clanged. There was a flutter among the clustering officials; somebody shouted an order; then a glance over his shoulder told Lancaster that a policeman had mounted a bicycle and started in pursuit.

To the Englishman Paris was as familiar

as London, and he steered straight for St. Lazare Station, his face grim and set. The traffic was thick, the roads greasy, and more than once the car went waltzing out of its course in a way that threatened collision or upset. Policemen held up their white bâtons in signal to stop; people cried after him; while one courageous *gendarme* made as though he would leap into the car and effect an arrest; but his heart must have failed at the last moment, for he sprang aside as the car swept by. No time now to look at clock or watch. It was a question of moments. As to what might happen afterwards Lancaster did not care, so that he won the prize. Followed by a shouting crowd the Englishman steered his car into the courtyard of the station, leaped from it, and darted upstairs, his heart pounding in his ears, a mist before his eyes.



"IT WAS A QUESTION OF MOMENTS."

A train was just puffing up. What train? That was the question. Had the boat-train come and gone? or—— As he pushed on the ticket-collector would have stopped him at the barrier. Mechanically Lancaster felt for a coin and thrust it into the man's hand. It was a sovereign. He was allowed to push his way through. The train was slowing down now, the passengers beginning to descend. Lancaster's eyes were strained in their eager search.

At this instant the door of a first-class compartment almost in front of him was thrown open, though the train was not yet stationary. Lord Weybridge, more active than ever before in his forty-five years, sprang out hopefully, surveying the platform. "Not here!" Lancaster heard him exclaim.

But Sybil Fleetwood was standing in the open door, her father looking out over her shoulder; and her eyes were not for Weybridge. With an exclamation that sounded like joy she pointed to a tall figure in a leather coat, grey with rain-streaked dust. The train had stopped and Lancaster hurried forward, his peaked cap in his hand.

There was a sensation of choking in his throat, yet he managed to speak as quietly as if they were in a ball-room and he was asking for a dance.

"How do you do?" he asked, unconsciously elbowing Weybridge aside, as if the earl had been a porter. "So glad to see you; so glad to be able to welcome you."

Sybil gave him her hand and let him help her to descend. "And I'm glad to see *you*," she said, with emphasis meant for him to understand. He pressed the gloved fingers, and they answered the pressure. Eyes spoke what lips could not say; and then a *gendarme* laid a heavy hand on Lancaster's shoulder.

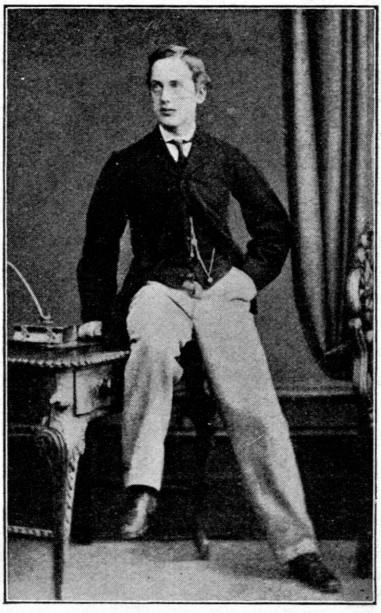
"I arrest you for evading the *octroi* and for furious driving," he announced in French.

The Englishman turned upon him. "That's all right, my dear fellow," said he, with a beaming smile.

Lord Rosebery's Turf Successes.

By Arthur F. Meyrick.

OF Lord Rosebery's many biographers few have ever dealt at any great length with his remarkable turf successes. Most of us know that his mother, Lady Stanhope, married the Duke of Cleveland; but it may not be generally known that as a sportsman he inherits his love for horse-racing from the Clevelands. But one has to only turn up the pages of an old "Weatherby's" to find that, among many victories, one of his lordship's relatives won the St. Leger of 1831 with a colt called Chorister, which beat two dozen starters.



LORD ROSEBERY AT ETON.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.

Lord Rosebery's love of sport early developed itself; indeed, apart from his strong liking for horse-racing, his Eton companions soon saw his keenness for all manly pastimes. Lord Rosebery was at Eton in 1864 and the two following years, and I am indebted to his lordship for the accompanying photographs of his college days and turf career.

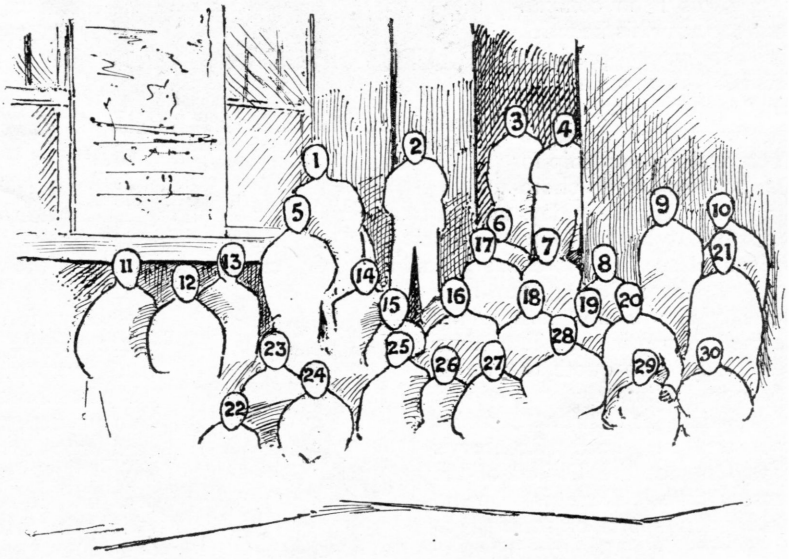
Oxford to his lordship was a sort of "go as you please." There was a smart sporting set there during the three years "he was up," and racing seemed more in his line than real study. To quote the words of one intimately acquainted with him at Christ Church: "Oxford in Lord Rosebery's days was not the Oxford of the present time. There is now no Bullingdon sports or running to Aylesbury or Moreton chases; indeed, so far as district horse-racing is concerned, not only have the Port Meadow races long since been done away with, but the last has also been seen of those pleasant 'grinds.'" The "Bullingdon" referred to was a sporting club, and I am here allowed to reproduce a most interesting photograph of a group of its members at that date. Of Lord Rosebery's Oxford companions there were in the hard riding division Mr. C. S. Newton, Lord Melgund, who used to take the assumed name of "Mr. Rolly," and Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir William Milner, Earl of Ilchester, Sir George Chetwynd, Lord Lansdowne, Major L. Rolleston (wounded in South Africa, but since appointed on the Yeomanry Commission), and Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins, who, like Mr. Newton, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and Sir George Chetwynd, is at the present day a prominent member of the National Hunt Committee. Apart from those with keen interests in hunting and racing, the "key" to the photograph of the Bullingdon Club further shows many eminent names of Lord Rosebery's contemporaries at Oxford.

LORD ROSEBERY AT OXFORD.
From a Photo. by Mayall.
(By permission of the Proprietors of *Baily's Magazine*.)

It will be seen that Lord Rosebery forms a conspicuous figure of the Bullingdon group, the photograph of which was taken at Christ Church; but their club ground, where its members used "to sport," was a little way out of Oxford—in fact, was held on the same ground upon which the barracks now stand. One who knew it well tells me that all the men of highest social standing belonged to the club, and they used to dine about three times a year in a barn,

From a Photo. by] A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE BULLINGDON CLUB IN 1869. *[Hills & Saunders.*

lent by the owner of the ground. Festive cricket (although many good cricketers played) and horse races were the chief amusements, and it was here that the "Dark Blues" got fit for their battles at Aylesbury with Cambridge. Oxford riders were more numerous than those of Cambridge, but the latter was not far behind Oxford, for Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, a sort of Dick Christian, came over to Aylesbury in that era. It is true that Lord Rosebery never "sported silk" himself, but he took more than ordinary interest in these competitions; in fact, he ran several steeplechasers with varied success. It was at Aylesbury, one of the finest natural steeplechase courses in the kingdom, that the two Universities had most of their



A KEY TO THE BULLINGDON CLUB GROUP.

1 H. Tollemache, 2 Lord Rosebery, 3 A. Wilson, 4 J. H. Mossop, 5 Lord R. Churchill, 6 Sir A. W. Neeld, 7 Sir G. Chetwynd, 8 R. S. Fellowes, 9 H. T. Stourton, 10 R. Towneley, 11 C. C. Cotes, 12 L. Rolleston, 13 C. S. Edwards, 14 Hon. G. C. Dawnay, 15 L. Micklem, 16 Earl of Ilchester, 17 A. H. Edwards, 18 F. G. Vyner, 19 Sir W. Milner, 20 W. A. Cardwell, 21 Lord Robartes, 22 Col. Kenyon-Slaney, 23 Hon. R. C. Grosvenor, 24 C. H. Poole, 25 A. H. Gordon, 26 Hon. W. T. Kenyon, 27 I. St. J. Frederick, 28 R. F. Maitland, 29 General Pole-Carew, 30 Hon. H. E. Butler.

fun. Mr. C. S. Newton was the first man to ride and win for his lordship. He had the honour of wearing the delicate racing livery, and no more appropriate set of colours are registered at Old Burlington Street. The rose and primrose hoops are a pretty combination, as compared with the pink and black stripe and cap of the Marquis of Cleveland. The rose and primrose is an amalgamation of Lord Rosebery's family names, and it was in 1869 that Mr. C. S. Newton first put them on to ride in a steeplechase confined to Oxford undergraduates, decided at Moreton in the Marsh. It was, too, a lucky start for Lord Rosebery. His horse, Tipperary Boy, and Mr. Newton, came in second; but Reveller, the winner, was subsequently found not qualified to run, and thus did Lord Rosebery win his first race.

It has often been asked whether his lordship ever presented otherwise than his present clean-shaven and studious appearance; but *Baily* of 1870, as will be seen from the photographs on page 49, decides the point.

MR. J. M. RICHARDSON.
From a Painting.

MR. C. S. NEWTON.
From a Photo. by Guzzenheim.

The Moreton contest took place in February, 1869, but on the 18th of March of the same year a match was run, which excited considerable interest, between the late Sir William Milner and Lord Rosebery over two miles and a half of the Aylesbury country for £25 a side. Lord Rosebery was represented by The Fawn, the mount of Mr. Newton, and Mr. Richardson rode Cora Pearl for Sir William. Odds of 6 to 4 were freely betted on Lord Rosebery's mare, and the match, Mr. Newton tells me, was made overnight and strengthened the second day's card. I well recollect Mr. "Dick" Fowler, of Broughton, weighing out the two undergraduates. Few could then have anticipated that Mr. Richardson would subsequently turn out the rider of two Grand National winners, or that Mr. Newton would eventually take so prominent a part in the welfare of the National Hunt. The only thing that marred the affair was the rain. Mr. Richardson recollects this, too. He writes: "What a drenching Charlie Newton and myself got riding as fine a run race as you could wish to see, and I just won by a neck." Mr. Newton, also trusting to memory for over thirty years, says: "Mr. Richardson and myself lay close together all the way, and Sir William Milner's mare just stayed the longer and won by three parts of a length. The going was very deep." It was a most sportsmanlike affair, and perhaps inspired Lord Rosebery a few years later to indulge in so many similar contests on the flat, for in the autumn of the same year (1869) as The Fawn was beaten at Aylesbury, in a match for £200 a side at Newmarket he successfully engaged a horse called Ladas against Badsworth. This was perhaps more memorable than the said steeplechase, for at Newmarket the betting was even between the pair, the verdict was a head, and it was won by the first horse Lord Rosebery ever ran in the Derby. Subsequently his lordship was most successful in single-handed contests with Controversy, Touchet, Mars, and others.

Before leaving Oxford Lord Rosebery sold his steeplechasers and took a trip abroad with the late Marquis of Bute, but he was soon home again and began to race under the Jockey Club rules. He was very much in earnest. He had purchased the Lambton colt, Ladas, with a view to Epsom. The horse had not been beaten as a two-year-old, and expectation ran high during the spring that the colt would carry out one of his lordship's much-talked-of Eton wishes and win the Derby. But Pretender won for Sir Robert Jardine, and Ladas was unplaced.

Eagerly as he started flat racing, it may not be generally known that his lordship soon afterward very nearly gave up the pursuit. This was owing to a horse he owned called Mavela. At Stockton (1869) in a small race Mavela started a warm favourite, but he cut up so badly that a writer in the sporting Press, making comment on the event, touched the proud spirit and dignity of his lordship. Indeed, he took the matter as an insult, and at once declared he would "sell off," and it was common talk that Lord Rosebery's turf career had early ended. Eventually, however, the newspaper retracted the uncalled-for remarks, but it was some months before he could be persuaded by his friends to reconsider his determination.

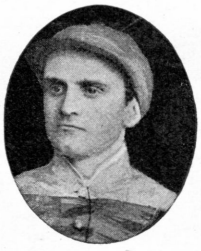
The first Ladas having failed, Lord Rosebery was again making an effort at Epsom in 1876. In this year he held three original Derby nominations of his own. Neither, however, ran, but Lord Rosebery relied on All Heart, a half-brother to Doncaster, which had cost a good deal of money as a yearling. Kisber won the race; All Heart was last, except three others who walked in with the crowd. But previous to All Heart, Lord Rosebery nearly won his first Derby with Couronne de Fer, a colt he purchased from the late Mr. Padwick. He was second to George Frederick. In 1879, a moderate year, in which Sir Bevys won, "the rose and primrose" was placed on Visconti. Then, two years later, Town Moor, another yearling purchase, was third to Iroquois and Peregrine. It was just at this period that his lordship owned the smartest filly that ever carried his colours, called Kermesse.

MR. JAMES DOVER.
From a Photo. by Lombardi & Co., Brighton.

MR. ROBERT PECK.
From a Photo. by Kingham, Bedford.

Before the second Ladas had achieved the height of Lord Rosebery's ambition the subject of this memoir had not been idle in other races of interest. Harking back to 1873, he had won the Gimcrack Stakes at York with Padoroshna, the City and Suburban with Aldrich and Roysterer, the July Stakes with Levant, the Lincolnshire Handicap first with Controversy and then with Touchet, the Cambridgshire with La Merveille, the Chester Cup with Prudhomme, the Ascot Stakes with Ridotto, and the Northumberland Plate with Snail, who also won the Liverpool Cup after a desperate finish with Petrarch. Controversy also won this event; again, too, there was Vista in the Great Metropolitan at Epsom the same week as Roysterer won "the City," and she also won the Great Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster in 1883, the year Lord Rosebery won his first classic race, the Oaks, with Bonny Jean. Then came a blank of about ten years, caused by a most regrettable family loss and a spell of politics which led up to his lordship's office of Prime Minister. But Markham and Griffiths had kept the stud up at Mentmore, and Illuminata in the meantime had produced the great Ladas. As a two-year-old he was never beaten, and, with the exception of the afternoon when Persimmon won the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, his first Derby, such a scene on Epsom Downs never occurred as when Lord Rosebery, as Prime Minister, walked to the weighing-room door at the side of the hero who had just won for him the ambition of his Eton days. It is still green in my memory, that pale face by the side of Hampton's third Derby winner as he entered the little saddling inclosure; what a volley of cheers; what a raising of hats; what excitement beyond words! It was, I venture to say, the proudest moment of his lordship's life. But as the old adage says, "It never rains but it pours." Sir Visto did the same thing the very next season to Ladas. Expectations of success were great in 1897 with Velasquez and Chelandry, for if the latter won the One Thousand Guineas, Limasol stopped the way in the Oaks and Galtee More beat her in the St. Leger. It was Mr. Gubbins's colt that also prevented Velasquez from winning both the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby. In 1899 Tom Cringle's Ascot Stakes victory was the chief event won for Lord Rosebery, and a worse season was that of 1900, for the popular jacket on only one occasion first caught the judge's eye.

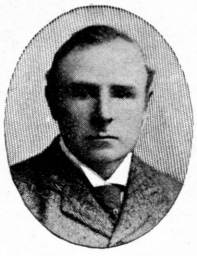
ROBERT I'ANSON.
From a Photo. by J. Robinson & Sons.



H. CONSTABLE.
From a Photograph.

In a career extending over some thirty-three years Lord Rosebery in attaining so many successes may be said to have employed the best of talent. In his many chops and changes he has had some seven or eight trainers, and I am unable to count the number of jockeys who have assisted him in his efforts. When he purchased

the first Ladas—he bred the second—the late James Dover became his lordship's trainer, and held the post from 1868 to 1876, when the horses were removed from that quaintly-built village of East Ilsley to Russley. The late Mr. Dover was in the zenith of his fame when he took charge of Lord Rosebery's racers, Lord Lyon and Achievement having earned a great reputation for the Ilsley stable. But Dover did very little for Lord Rosebery until 1874, when Aldrich won the City and Suburban. Controversy was also one of Dover's best early cards; the horse could stay fairly well, and he was most useful in the matches already referred to. Controversy won three, but the one over which Dover became more delighted was that run at Ascot. Well do I recollect the excitement it caused. It was one of those old-fashioned affairs, that arose out of a runaway victory of Lowlander on the first day of the meeting. The wagering between the pair was very heavy, and Lowlander, who was giving weight away to Controversy, was the favourite at 6 to 4 on. A close contest had been eagerly anticipated, but such did not prove to be the case; the mile and a quarter was too far for Lowlander, and he was beaten a couple of lengths.



JOSEPH CANNON.
From a Photo. by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.

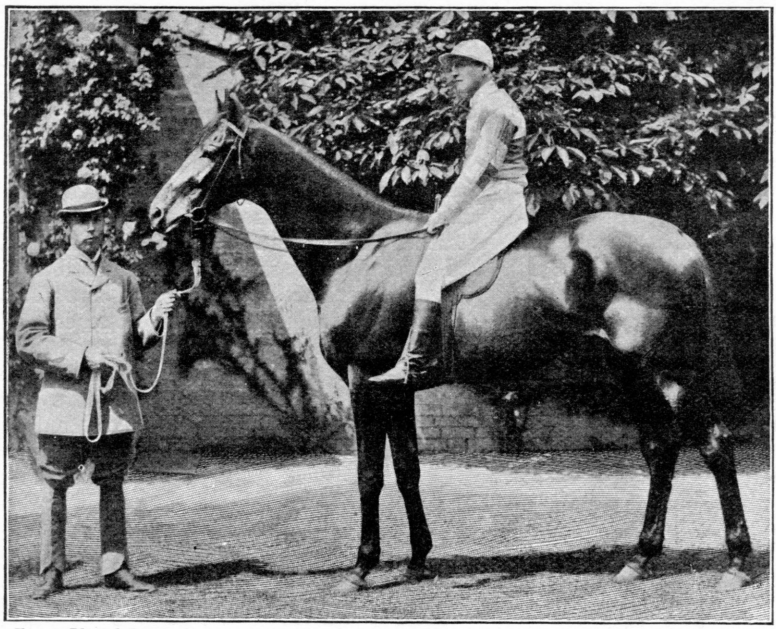
TOM CANNON.
From a Photo. by Debenham & Gould, Bournemouth.

S. LOATES.
From a Photo. by Hailey, Newmarket.

After Lord Rosebery's horses left East Ilsley, Dover had many good racers under his charge, and of these Bruce was the unluckiest horse to have been beaten at Epsom in Shotover's Derby. Bruce's picture hangs on the walls of the Ilsley home, where also are pictures of Achievement and Lord Lyon; but when once paying Dover a visit there I have no recollection of having seen any souvenir to commemorate Lord Rosebery's connection with the stable. The late Mr. James Dover died some years ago, and a granite monument in the little churchyard on the hill above his late home and stables marks the career of a genial trainer and one of the old school.

Lord Rosebery's horses in training were in the same county when in 1877, 1878, and 1879 they were with Mr. Robert Peck, who rendered Russley famous with such as Bend Or and his sire Doncaster, and it cannot be said that he did badly in large handicaps during the three years he trained for Lord Rosebery. In 1877 the first important races he won for his lordship were the New Stakes at Ascot and the victory of Snail over Petrarch at Liverpool already referred to, but the next year was not an important one. Attached to it there was a deal of ill-luck, and particularly so in the autumn, when Lord Rosebery respectively ran second and third for the Cambridgeshire with Touchet and La Merveille, the pair falling against one of the horses of the century in Isonomy. The money lost here was however recovered in the spring and autumn of 1879, for Touchet won the Lincoln Handicap, La Merveille the Cambridgeshire, and Ridotto the Ascot Stakes. The end here came between Lord Rosebery and Mr. Peck, and Robert I'Anson at Epsom took charge of the horses; Constable, as at Ilsley and Russley, being first jockey to the stable. Constable was a quiet, unassuming, and good-natured man, and a special favourite of both Lord and Lady Rosebery; indeed, during his illness, which terminated fatally, her ladyship was a frequent visitor at Constable's home hard by The Durdans. Constable was a bright-eyed, intelligent jockey, and although he always finished with a slack rein and in a style different to that of Archer or the Cannons, he could always keep a horse straight. Constable's name is to be found enrolled among many of the earlier of Lord Rosebery's turf victories.

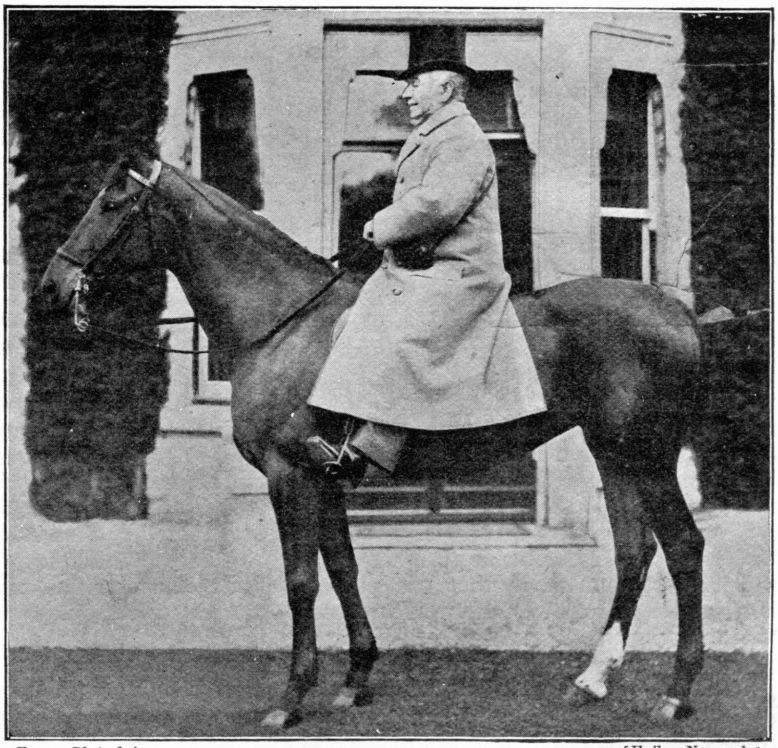
While Mr. Peck trained some of his lordship's horses at Russley, Robert I'Anson had others at Epsom, and when at The Durdans Lord Rosebery often used to take his morning breather to the Downs to see the horses at work. I'Anson had many good racers and jumpers under his care besides those of Lord Rosebery, and it is not a little curious that he trained both Hampton and Illuminata, the sire and dam of Ladas, the Derby winner. Besides Illuminata, who only won one race for Lord



From a Photo. by] JOHN WATTS (ON LADAS) AND MR. FELIX LEACH. *[Hailey, Newmarket.*

Rosebery, and Hampton, who then belonged to Mr. Harvey, I'Anson had also noted horses like the National winner, Austerlitz, Touchet, Charles I., and Bacchus under his care. He gave up training after his severe accident at Sandown Park in 1881. It may not be generally known that I'Anson was born on the Marquis of Waterford's estate, at Waterford, in 1850, had his first ride in 1861, and his first win three years later at the now defunct Harrow meeting. As a jockey over fences and hurdles he had few if any equals, and now he is one of the chief officials at Sandown. His second son, born May 12th, 1879, I may mention, was named Archibald Philip after Lord Rosebery, who stood as his godfather.

From Epsom his lordship, as a training quarter, tried Newmarket, where he engaged Joseph Cannon as his private trainer, and from 1881 to 1883 he had great success. Constable's health failing him, Tom Cannon was in possession of the riding, and he achieved feats upon Kermesse for the stable. Both the Cannons were born in Eton town, and it is the opinion of brother Tom that Kermesse was the best racer of Lord Rosebery's he ever crossed. This good filly was not bred at Mentmore, but at Blankney, and Lord



From a Photo. by] MR. MATTHEW DAWSON. *[Hailey, Newmarket.*

Rosebery purchased her as a yearling. She won all the chief two-year-old races in 1881. Other good racers which Cannon prepared for Lord Rosebery were Prudhomme, Vista, the dam of Sir Visto, Roysterer, and the Oaks victress Bonny Jean. A clever and able trainer is Joseph Cannon, and a fine horseman was Tom. But Danebury has always been the home of good jockeys. Besides young Tom, there are Mornington, Kempton, and a still younger brother, and we have had riders like Watts, S. Loates, Brown, and others emanating from the Hampshire stable; and of this party Watts won Lord Rosebery his first classic race—the Oaks—on Bonny Jean. The only Derby winner Tom Cannon ever rode was Shotover, and if you ask "Joe" his greatest feat he will probably tell you it occurred in 1876, when on Regal, after an exciting contest, he defeated Congress in the National by a neck.

CHARLES WOOD.
From a Photo. by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

H. CUSTANCE.
From a Photo. by W. H. Mason, Brighton.

TOM CHALONER.
From a Photograph.
(By permission of the Proprietors of *Baily's Magazine.*)

GEORGE FORDHAM.
From a Photo. by W. H. Mason, Brighton.

During the ten years' retirement of Lord Rosebery, Matthew Dawson had given up training, and had gone to live at Exning, but on his lordship's return to turf affairs he persuaded Mr. Dawson to take a few of the Mentmore bred ones, and he was at once rewarded by having Ladas. Mr. Dawson naturally came in for a host of congratulations from his lordship and his many friends. Ladas as a two-year-old, in the hands of A. White, won all his four races; but Watts was engaged for the three-year-old contests, and won the Guineas and the Derby on him. The praises of Mr. Dawson have too often been sung to need enumerating here, and it requires no words from my pen to eulogize the feats of a man who had trained twenty-eight classic winners, this number including eight Derbies, five Oaks, and half-a-dozen St. Legers. Matthew Dawson's four years with Lord Rosebery saw a second Derby and a St. Leger winner in Sir Visto, and ill-health compelled Mr. Dawson to seek assistance, first from Mr. Felix Leach and then from Mr. Walters, jun. Mr. Leach's association with Derby winners is somewhat remarkable. He looked after Melton; he broke in Ayrshire and Sir Visto; he took Ladas to Epsom, and was with Richard Marsh at Egerton Lodge when Persimmon scored his great victory for our present King Edward VII. Mr. Leach, who is standing at the head of Ladas, with Watts in the saddle, in the portrait I reproduce, has, to use his own words, been among horses all his life, and he is, at the time of writing, preparing Orchid, a son of Orme, one of the winter fancies for the recent Derby. Mr. Leach was in partnership with Mr. Dawson at the time of the veteran's death.

It was in 1896 that Mr. Walters, jun., took charge of the horses, and he had a real good time that year with Velasquez and Chelandry. When Velasquez made his first and victorious *début* in the New Stakes at Ascot, Lord Rosebery, I recollect, narrowly eyeing the colt after his success, turned to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild and made some remarks suggestive that he might turn out better than Ladas. But both Velasquez and Chelandry were unlucky to have been born in the same year as Galtee More, for Mr. Gubbins's colt defeated the former in the Middle Park Plate, Guineas, and Derby, while the Irishman also disposed of Chelandry for the St. Leger. The expectations formed of Velasquez were not realized, but he did better next season, when Charles Wood became jockey to Lord Rosebery's stable, and at the end of 1898 the horses were transferred to that well-known rider, who has established a nice house and stables at Jevington, in Sussex.

Velasquez, Wood tells me, was the best horse he has ever ridden for Lord Rosebery, and he seems a bit disheartened that the stock of Ladas has not turned out so well as anticipated. But, then, there is plenty of time for an improvement in matters, for I do not believe in the report that Lord Rosebery intends to altogether retire from a sport which so long has afforded him so much enjoyment.

Again looking back over Lord Rosebery's racing career, it will be seen that most of our best jockeys, besides those already named, have had the honour of wearing the rose and primrose jacket. It was Custance who rode the unplaced Ladas in Pretender's Derby; it was the late Tom Chaloner, the rider of Macaroni, who steered the horse in his match with Badsworth; again he piloted Padoroshna in the Gimcrack Stakes of 1876. Then I recollect among other events Fordham wearing the colours on Levant in the July Stakes at Newmarket. These jockeys whose portraits are here reproduced from photographs when at their best all earned Derby honours. Fordham is in the colours of the late Mr. Drewitt, to whom he served his apprenticeship; Custance in the puce and lilac sleeves; and Tom Chaloner in the late Mr. R. C. Naylor's livery, which he wore on Macaroni. For the latter's portrait I am indebted to his widow, and mother of the brothers training now at Newmarket. Mrs. Chaloner is very keen on the now much-discussed subject of race-riding. In a letter to me she says: "I ill compare the new school to the old," and as regards her husband, she thinks for judgment of pace, patience, hands, coolness of head, and conduct of a race he had no superiors, and boldly asserts in her postscript: "No American would have beaten him."

A. WHITE.
From a Photo. by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.

T. LOATES.
From a Photo. by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.

MR. GRIFFITHS.
From a Photo. by W. F. Piggott, Leighton Buzzard.

As a portrait and autograph of the late Fred Archer so recently appeared in THE STRAND MAGAZINE in an article on the Prince of Wales and his jockeys, it is not necessary to repeat it here, but he often rode for Lord Rosebery and won him the only important cup he was ever successful in — that was on Controversy at York in 1876. Finally I may mention that, of other riders, C. Morbey for his lordship carried off the City and Suburban on Aldrich in 1874 and the Northumberland Plate on Snail in 1876; Luke the Shrewsbury Handicap of 1879 on Rhidorroch; Lemaire the Chester Cup of 1882 on Prudhomme; Gallon the City and Suburban of 1883 on Roysterer; Fagan the Royal Hunt Cup, 1896, on Quarrel; and S. Loates, besides the Derby and St. Leger on Sir Visto, steered Vista, the latter's dam, to victory both in the Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom and the Great Yorkshire Handicap at York. Watts is here depicted on Ladas, taken shortly after the Derby. He is the only jockey who can boast of having won the Derby for a King and a Premier. T. Loates's best successes in Lord Rosebery's colours were on Chelandry in the Woodcote and Velasquez in the New Stakes. As a two-year-old A. White steered Ladas in four victorious races. He rode the horse in his trial, which took place in the presence of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Dawson, and White was engaged by his lordship to ride for the season. His lordship in making presents to his racing employés mostly forwards cheques, and White received over £400 in presents for his services in 1893.

In a great and honourable career like that of Lord Rosebery a trainer and jockey mostly come in for all the praise bestowed when the horses are running, and especially so when they are winning; but it is very few folks who turn a thought to the man who has reared and weaned the stock on which hundreds and hundreds of pounds depend. In the early days the anxiety of the stud groom is as great as that of the trainer later on, the jockey coming in, perhaps, for the least liability. Mr. Griffiths at Mentmore, the home of Lord Rosebery's young stock, no doubt has his times of trouble, but he is a man of much experience and enjoys the fullest confidence of Lord Rosebery. Mr. Griffiths was born in 1846, and went to The Durdans as stud groom in 1878, but on the death of Mr. Markham he took charge of the Mentmore stud. Mr. Griffiths is of opinion that Ladas is the best race-horse ever owned by Lord Rosebery.

As I have already stated, Lord Rosebery's career has been an extended one, starting in 1868; but, not including hurdle races and steeplechases, his successes on the flat have been very marked; the best year being 1896, when eighteen races ran to the value of £20,592.

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. Jacobs.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR the next month or two Master Hardy's existence was brightened by the efforts of an elderly steward who made no secret of his intentions of putting an end to it. Mr. Wilks at first placed great reliance on the saw that "it is the early bird that catches the worm," but lost faith in it when he found that it made no provision for cases in which the worm leaning from its bedroom window addressed spirited remonstrances to the bird on the subject of its personal appearance.

To the anxious inquiries of Miss Nugent, Mr. Wilks replied that he was biding his time. Every delay, he hinted, made it worse for Master Hardy when the day of retribution should dawn, and although she pleaded earnestly for a little on account he was unable to meet her wishes. Before that day came, however, Captain Nugent heard of the proceedings, and after a painful interview with the steward, during which the latter's failings by no means escaped attention, confined him to the house.

"MR. WILKS REPLIED THAT HE WAS BIDING HIS TIME."

An excellent reason for absenting himself from school was thus denied to Master Hardy; but it has been well said that when one door closes another opens, and to his great satisfaction the old servant, who had been in poor health for some time, suddenly took to her bed and required his undivided attention.

He treated her at first with patent medicines purchased at the chemist's, a doctor being regarded by both of them as a piece of unnecessary extravagance; but in spite of four infallible remedies she got steadily worse. Then a doctor was called in, and by the time Captain Hardy returned home she had made a partial recovery, but was clearly incapable of further work. She left in a cab to accept a home with a niece, leaving the captain confronted with a problem which he had seen growing for some time past.

"I can't make up my mind what to do with you," he observed, regarding his son.

"I'm very comfortable," was the reply.

"You're too comfortable," said his father. "You're running wild. It's just as well poor old Martha has gone; it has brought things to a head."

"We could have somebody else," suggested his son.

The captain shook his head. "I'll give up the house and send you to London to your Aunt Mary," he said, slowly; "she doesn't know you, and once I'm at sea and the house given up, she won't be able to send you back."

Master Hardy, who was much averse to leaving Sunwich and had heard accounts of the lady in question which referred principally to her strength of mind, made tender inquiries concerning his father's comfort while ashore.

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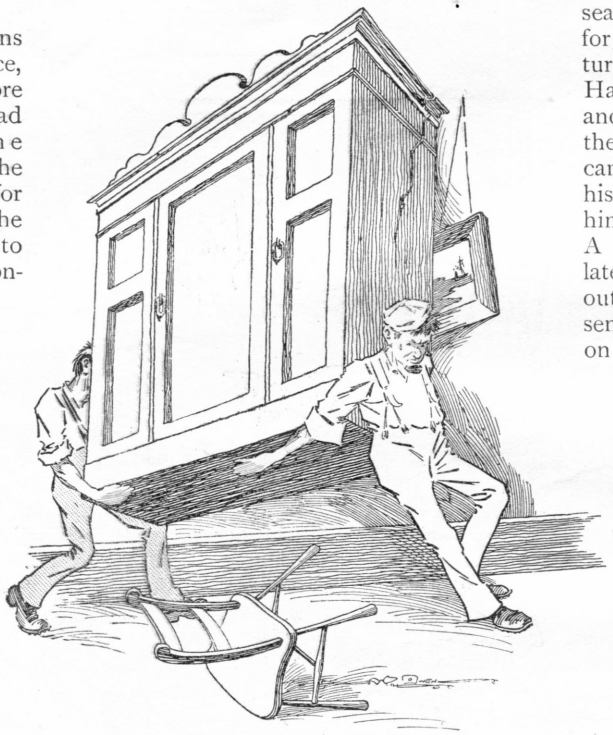
"I'll take rooms," was the reply, "and I shall spend as much time as I can with you in London. You want looking after, my son; I've heard all about you."

His son, without inquiring as to the nature of the information, denied it at once upon principle; he also alluded darkly to his education, and shook his head over the effects of a change at such a critical period of his existence.

"And you talk too much for your age," was his father's comment when he had finished. "A year or two with your aunt ought to make a nice boy of you; there's plenty of room for improvement."

He put his plans in hand at once, and a week before he sailed again had disposed of the house. Some of the furniture he kept for himself; but the bulk of it went to his sister as conscience-money.

Master Hardy, in very low spirits, watched it taken away. Big men in hob-nailed boots ran noisily up the bare stairs, and came down slowly, steering large pieces of furniture through narrow passages, and using much vain repetition when they found their hands acting as fenders. The wardrobe, a piece of furniture which had been built for larger premises, was a particularly hard nut to crack, but they succeeded at last—in three places.



"A PARTICULARLY HARD NUT."

A few of his intimates came down to see the last of him, and Miss Nugent, who in some feminine fashion regarded the move as a triumph for her family, passed by several times. It might have been chance, it might have been design, but the boy could not help noticing that when the piano, the wardrobe, and other fine pieces were being placed in the van, she was at the other end of the road, a position from which such curios as a broken washstand or a two-legged chair never failed to entice her.

It was over at last. The second van had disappeared, and nothing was left but a litter of straw and paper. The front door stood open and revealed desolation. Miss Nugent came to the gate and stared in superciliously.

"I'm glad you're going," she said, frankly.

Master Hardy scarcely noticed her. One of his friends who concealed strong business instincts beneath a sentimental exterior had suggested souvenirs and given him a spectacle-glass said to have belonged to Henry VIII., and he was busy searching his pockets for an adequate return. Then Captain Hardy came up, and first going over the empty house, came out and bade his son accompany him to the station. A minute or two later and they were out of sight; the sentimentalist stood on the curb gloating over a newly-acquired penknife, and Miss Nugent, after being strongly reproved by him for curiosity, paced slowly home with her head in the air.

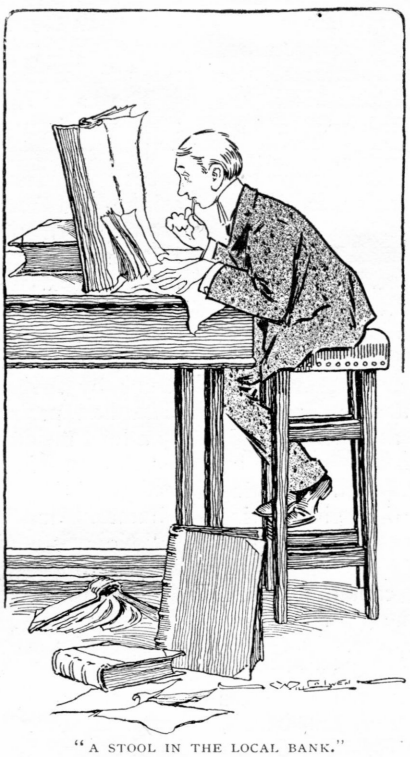
Sunwich made no stir over the departure of one of its youthful citizens. Indeed, it lacked not those who would have cheerfully parted with two or three hundred more. The boy was quite chilled by the tameness of his exit, and for years afterwards the desolate appearance of the platform as the train steamed out occurred to him with an odd sense of discomfort. In all Sunwich there was only one person who grieved over his departure, and he, after keeping his memory green for two years, wrote off fivepence as a bad debt and dismissed him from his thoughts.

Two months after the *Conqueror* had

sailed again Captain Nugent obtained command of a steamer sailing between London and the Chinese ports. From the gratified lips of Mr. Wilks Sunwich heard of this new craft, the particular glory of which appeared to be the luxurious appointments of the steward's quarters. Language indeed failed Mr. Wilks in describing it, and, pressed for details, he could only murmur disjointedly of satin-wood, polished brass, and crimson velvet.

Jack Nugent hailed his father's departure with joy. They had seen a great deal of each other during the latter's prolonged stay ashore, and neither had risen in the other's estimation in consequence. He became enthusiastic over the sea as a profession for fathers, and gave himself some airs over acquaintances less fortunately placed. In the first flush of liberty he took to staying away from school, the education thus lost being only partially atoned for by a grown-up style of composition engendered by dictating excuses to the easy-going Mrs. Kingdom.

At seventeen he learnt, somewhat to his surprise, that his education was finished. His father provided the information and, simply as a matter of form, consulted him as to his views for the future. It was an important thing to decide upon at short notice, but he was equal to it, and, having suggested gold-digging as the only profession he cared for, was promptly provided by the incensed captain with a stool in the local bank.



"A STOOL IN THE LOCAL BANK."

He occupied it for three weeks, a period of time which coincided to a day with his father's leave ashore. He left behind him his initials cut deeply in the lid of his desk, a miscellaneous collection of cheap fiction, and a few experiments in book-keeping which the manager ultimately solved with red ink and a ruler.

A slight uneasiness as to the wisdom of his proceedings occurred to him just before his father's return, but he comforted himself and Kate with the undeniable truth that after all the captain couldn't eat him. He was afraid, however, that the latter would be displeased, and, with a constitutional objection to unpleasantness, he contrived to be out when he returned, leaving to Mrs. Kingdom the task of breaking the news.

The captain's reply was brief and to the point. He asked his son whether he would like to go to sea, and upon receiving a decided answer in the negative, at once took steps to send him there. In two days he had procured him an outfit, and within a week Jack Nugent, greatly to his own surprise, was on the way to Melbourne as apprentice on the barque *Silver Stream.*

He liked it even less than the bank. The monotony of the sea was appalling to a youth of his tastes, and the fact that the skipper, a man who never spoke except to find fault, was almost loquacious with him failed to afford him any satisfaction. He liked the mates no better than the skipper, and having said as much one day to the second officer, had no reason afterwards to modify his opinions. He lived a life apart, and except for the cook, another martyr to fault-finding, had no society.

In these uncongenial circumstances the new apprentice worked for four months as he had never believed it possible he could work. He was annoyed both at the extent and the variety of his tasks, the work of an A.B. being gratuitously included in his curriculum. The end of the voyage found him desperate, and after a hasty consultation with the cook they deserted together and went up-country.

Letters, dealing mainly with the ideas and adventures of the cook, reached Sunwich at

irregular intervals, and were eagerly perused by Mrs. Kingdom and Kate, but the captain forbade all mention of him. Then they ceased altogether, and after a year or two of unbroken silence Mrs. Kingdom asserted herself, and a photograph in her possession, the only one extant, exposing the missing Jack in petticoats and sash, suddenly appeared on the drawing-room mantelpiece.

The captain stared, but made no comment. Disappointed in his son, he turned for consolation to his daughter, noting with some concern the unaccountable changes which that young lady underwent during his absences. He noticed a difference after every voyage. He left behind him on one occasion a nice trim little girl, and returned to find a creature all legs and arms. He returned again and found the arms less obnoxious and the legs hidden by a long skirt; and as he complained in secret astonishment to his sister, she had developed a motherly manner in her dealings with him which was almost unbearable.

"She'll grow out of it soon," said Mrs. Kingdom; "you wait and see."

The captain growled and waited, and found his sister's prognostications partly fulfilled. The exuberance of Miss Nugent's manner was certainly modified by time, but she developed instead a quiet, unassuming habit of authority which he liked as little.

"She gets made such a fuss of, it's no wonder," said Mrs. Kingdom, with a satisfied smile. "I never heard of a girl getting as much attention as she does; it's a wonder her head isn't turned."

"Eh!" said the startled captain; "she'd better not let me see anything of it."

"Just so," said Mrs. Kingdom.

The captain dwelt on these words and kept his eyes open, and, owing to his daughter's benevolent efforts on his behalf, had them fully occupied. He went to sea firmly convinced that she would do something foolish in the matrimonial line, the glowing terms in which he had overheard her describing the charms of the new postman to Mrs. Kingdom filling him with the direst forebodings.

It was his last voyage. An unexpected windfall from an almost forgotten uncle and his own investments had placed him in a position of modest comfort, and just before Miss Nugent reached her twentieth birthday he resolved to spend his declining days ashore and give her those advantages of parental attention from which she had been so long debarred.

Mr. Wilks, to the inconsolable grief of his shipmates, left with him. He had been for nearly a couple of years in receipt of an annuity purchased for him under the will of his mother, and his defection left a gap never to be filled among comrades who had for some time regarded him in the light of an improved drinking fountain.

CHAPTER V.

On a fine afternoon, some two months after his release from the toils of the sea, Captain Nugent sat in the special parlour of the Goblets. The old inn offers hospitality to all, but one parlour has by ancient tradition and the exercise of self-restraint and proper feeling been from time immemorial reserved for the *élite* of the town.

The captain, confident in the security of these unwritten regulations, conversed freely with his peers. He had been moved to speech by the utter absence of discipline ashore, and from that had wandered to the growing evil of revolutionary ideas at sea. His remarks were much applauded, and two brother-captains listened with grave respect to a disquisition on the wrongs of shipmasters ensuing on the fancied rights of sailor-men, the only discordant note being struck by the harbour-master, a man whose ideas had probably been insidiously sapped by a long residence ashore.

"A man before the mast," said the latter, fortifying his moral courage with whisky, "is a human being."

"Nobody denies it," said Captain Nugent, looking round.

One captain agreed with him.

"Why don't they act like it, then?" demanded the other.

Nugent and the first captain, struck by the remark, thought they had perhaps been too hasty in their admission, and waited for number two to continue. They eyed him with silent encouragement.

"Why don't they act like it, then?" repeated number two, who, being a man of few ideas, was not disposed to waste them.

Captain Nugent and his friend turned to the harbour-master to see how he would meet this poser.

"They mostly do," he replied, sturdily. "Treat a seaman well, and he'll treat you well."

This was rank heresy, and moreover seemed to imply something. Captain Nugent wondered dismally whether life ashore would infect him with the same opinions.

"What about that man of mine who threw a belaying-pin at me?" he demanded.

The harbour-master quailed at the challenge. The obvious retort was offensive.

"I shall carry the mark with me to my grave," added the captain, as a further inducement to him to reply.

"I hope that you'll carry it a long time," said the harbour-master, gracefully.

"Here, look here, Hall!" expostulated captain number two, starting up.

"It's all right, Cooper," said Nugent.

clothes. In the midst of an impressive silence he set his glass upon the table and, taking a chair, drew a small clay pipe from his pocket.

Aghast at the intrusion, the quartette conferred with their eyes, a language which is perhaps only successful in love. Captain Cooper, who was usually moved to speech by externals, was the first to speak.

"You've got a sty coming on your eye, Hall," he remarked.

"I daresay."

"A DIVERSION WAS CREATED BY THE ENTRANCE OF A NEW ARRIVAL."

"It's all right," said captain number one, and in a rash moment undertook to explain. In five minutes he had clouded Captain Cooper's intellect for the afternoon.

He was still busy with his self-imposed task when a diversion was created by the entrance of a new arrival. A short, stout man stood for a moment with the handle of the door in his hand, and then came in, carefully bearing before him a glass of gin and water. It was the first time he had set foot there, and all understood that by this intrusion Mr. Daniel Kybird sought to place sea-captains and other dignitaries on a footing with the keepers of slop-shops and dealers in old

"If anybody's got a needle——" said the captain, who loved minor operations.

Nobody heeded him except the harbour-master, and he muttered something about beams and motes, which the captain failed to understand. The others were glaring darkly at Mr. Kybird, who had taken up a newspaper and was busy perusing it.

"Are you looking for anybody?" demanded Captain Nugent, at last.

"No," said Mr. Kybird, looking at him over the top of his paper.

"What have you come here for, then?" inquired the captain.

"I come 'ere to drink two o' gin cold,"

returned Mr. Kybird, with a dignity befitting occupation.

"Well, suppose you drink it somewhere else," suggested the captain.

Mr. Kybird had another supposition to offer. "Suppose I don't?" he remarked. "I'm a respectable British tradesman, and my money is as good as yours. I've as much right to be here as you 'ave. I've never done anything I'm ashamed of!"

"And you never will," said Captain Cooper's friend, grimly, "not if you live to be a hundred."

Mr. Kybird looked surprised at the tribute. "Thankee," he said, gratefully.

"Well, we don't want you here," said Captain Nugent. "We prefer your room to your company."

Mr. Kybird leaned back in his chair and twisted his blunt features into an expression of withering contempt. Then he took up a glass and drank, and discovered too late that in the excitement of the moment he had made free with the speaker's whisky.

"HE STEPPED ACROSS THE ROAD TO HIS EMPORIUM."

"Don't apologize," interrupted the captain; "it's soon remedied."

He took the glass up gingerly and flung it with a crash into the fireplace. Then he rang the bell.

"I've smashed a dirty glass," he said, as the barman entered. "How much?"

The man told him, and the captain, after a few stern remarks about privacy and harpies, left the room with his friends, leaving the speechless Mr. Kybird gazing at the broken glass and returning evasive replies to the inquiries of the curious Charles.

He finished his gin and water slowly. For months he had been screwing up his courage to carry that room by assault, and this was the result. He had been insulted almost in the very face of Charles, a youth whose reputation as a gossip was second to none in Sunwich.

"Do you know what I should do if I was you?" said that worthy, as he entered the room again and swept up the broken glass.

"I do not," said Mr. Kybird, with lofty indifference.

"I shouldn't come 'ere again, that's what I should do," said Charles, frankly. "Next time he'll throw *you* in the fireplace."

"Ho," said the heated Mr. Kybird. "Ho, will he? I'd like to see 'im. I'll make 'im sorry for this afore I've done with 'im. I'll learn 'im to insult a respectable British tradesman. I'll show him who's who."

"What'll you do?" inquired the other.

"Never you mind," said Mr. Kybird, who was not in a position to satisfy his curiosity—"never you mind. You go and get on with your work, Charles, and p'r'aps by the time your moustache 'as grown big enough to be seen, you'll 'ear something."

"I 'eard something the other day," said the barman, musingly; "about you it was, but I wouldn't believe it."

"Wot was it?" demanded the other.

"Nothing much," replied Charles, standing with his hand on the door-knob, "but I wouldn't believe it of you; I said I couldn't."

"Wot—was—it?" insisted Mr. Kybird

"Why, they said you once gave a man a fair price for a pair of trousers," said the barman, indignantly.

He closed the door behind him softly, and Mr. Kybird, after a brief pause, opened it

again and, more softly still, quitted the precincts of the Goblets, and stepped across the road to his emporium.

Captain Nugent, in happy ignorance of the dark designs of the wardrobe dealer, had also gone home. He was only just beginning to realize the comparative unimportance of a retired shipmaster, and the knowledge was a source of considerable annoyance to him. No deferential mates listened respectfully to his instructions, no sturdy seamen ran to execute his commands or trembled mutinously at his wrath. The only person in the wide world who stood in awe of him was the general servant Bella, and she made no attempt to conceal her satisfaction at the attention excited by her shortcomings.

He paused a moment at the gate and then, walking slowly up to the door, gave it the knock of a master. A full minute passing, he knocked again, remembering with some misgivings his stern instructions of the day before that the door was to be attended by the servant and by nobody else. He had seen Miss Nugent sitting at the window as he passed it, but in the circumstances the fact gave him no comfort. A third knock was followed by a fourth, and then a distressed voice upstairs was heard calling wildly upon the name of Bella.

At the fifth knock the house shook, and a red-faced maid with her shoulders veiled in a large damp towel passed hastily down the staircase and, slipping the catch, passed more hastily still upstairs again, affording the indignant captain a glimpse of a short striped skirt as it turned the landing.

"Is there any management at all in this house?" he inquired, as he entered the room.

"Bella was dressing," said Miss Nugent, calmly, "and you gave orders yesterday that nobody else was to open the door."

"Nobody else when she's available," qualified her father, eyeing her sharply. "When I give orders I expect people to use their common sense. Why isn't my tea ready? It's five o'clock."

"The clock's twenty minutes fast," said Kate.

"Who's been meddling with it?" demanded her father, verifying the fact by his watch.

Miss Nugent shook her head. "It's gained that since you regulated it last night," she said, with a smile.

The captain threw himself into an easy-chair, and with one eye on the clock waited until, at five minutes to the hour by the right time, a clatter of crockery sounded from the kitchen, and Bella, still damp, came in with the tray. Her eye was also on the clock, and she smirked weakly in the captain's direction as she saw that she was at least two minutes ahead of time. At a minute to the hour the teapot itself was on the tray, and the heavy breathing of the handmaiden in the kitchen was audible to all.

"Punctual to the minute, John," said Mrs. Kingdom, as she took her seat at the tray. "It's wonderful how that girl has improved since you've been at home. She isn't like the same girl."

She raised the teapot and, after pouring out a little of the contents, put it down again and gave it another two minutes. At the end of that time, the colour being of the same unsatisfactory paleness, she set the pot down and was about to raise the lid when an avalanche burst into the room and, emptying some tea into the pot from a canister-lid, beat a hasty retreat.

"Good tea and well-trained servants," muttered the captain to his plate. "What more can a man want?"

Mrs. Kingdom coughed and passed his cup; Miss Nugent, who possessed a healthy appetite, serenely attacked her bread and butter; conversation languished.

"I suppose you've heard the news, John?" said his sister.

"I daresay I have," was the reply.

"Strange he should come back after all these years," said Mrs. Kingdom; "though, to be sure, I don't know why he shouldn't. It's his native place, and his father lives here."

"Who are you talking about?" inquired the captain.

"Why, James Hardy," replied his sister. "I thought you said you had heard. He's coming back to Sunwich and going into partnership with old Swann, the shipbroker. A very good thing for him, I should think."

"I'm not interested in the doings of the Hardys," said the captain, gruffly.

"I'm sure I'm not," said his sister, defensively.

Captain Nugent proceeded with his meal in silence. His hatred of Hardy had not been lessened by the success which had attended that gentleman's career, and was not likely to be improved by the well-being of Hardy junior. He passed his cup up for some more tea, and, with a furtive glance at the photograph on the mantelpiece, wondered what had happened to his own son.

"I don't suppose I should know him if I saw him," continued Mrs. Kingdom, address-

ing a respectable old arm-chair; "London is sure to have changed him."

"Is this water-cress?" inquired the captain, looking up from his plate.

"Yes. Why?" said Mrs. Kingdom.

"I only wanted information," said her brother, as he deposited the salad in question in the slop-basin.

Mrs. Kingdom, with a resigned expression, tried to catch her niece's eye and caught the captain's instead. Miss Nugent happening to glance up saw her fascinated by the basilisk glare of the master of the house.

"Some more tea, please," she said.

Her aunt took her cup, and in gratitude for the diversion picked out the largest lumps of sugar in the basin.

"London changes so many people," mused the persevering lady, stirring her tea. "I've noticed it before. Why it is I can't say, but the fact remains. It seems to improve them altogether. I daresay that young Hardy——"

"Will you understand that I won't have the Hardys mentioned in my house?" said the captain, looking up. "I'm not interested in their business, and I will not have it discussed here."

"As you please, John," said his sister, drawing herself up; "it's your house and you are master here. I'm sure I don't want to discuss them. Nothing was farther from my thoughts. You understand what your father says, Kate?"

"Perfectly," said Miss Nugent. "When the desire to talk about the Hardys becomes irresistible we must go for a walk."

The captain turned in his chair and regarded his daughter steadily. She met his gaze with calm affection.

"I wish you were a boy," he growled.

"You're the only man in Sunwich who wishes that," said Miss Nugent, complacently, "and I don't believe you mean it. If you'll come a little closer I'll put my head on your shoulder and convert you."

"Kate!" said Mrs. Kingdom, reprovingly.

"And, talking about heads," said Miss Nugent, briskly, "reminds me that I want a new hat. You needn't look like that; good-looking daughters always come expensive."

She moved her chair a couple of inches in his direction and smiled alluringly. The captain shifted uneasily; prudence counselled flight, but dignity forbade it. He stared hard at Mrs. Kingdom, and a smile of rare appreciation on that lady's face endeavoured to fade slowly and naturally into another expression. The chair came nearer.

"Don't be foolish," said the captain, gruffly.

The chair came still nearer until at last it touched his, and then Miss Nugent, with a sigh of exaggerated content, allowed her head to sink gracefully on his shoulder.

"Most comfortable shoulder in Sunwich," she murmured; "come and try the other, aunt, and perhaps you'll get a new bonnet."

Mrs. Kingdom hastened to reassure her brother. She would almost as soon have thought of putting her head on the block. At the same time it was quite evident that she was taking a mild joy in his discomfiture and eagerly awaiting further developments.

"'MOST COMFORTABLE SHOULDER IN SUNWICH,' SHE MURMURED."

"When you are tired of this childish behaviour, miss," said the captain, stiffly——

There was a pause. "Kate!" said Mrs. Kingdom, in tones of mild reproof, "how can you?"

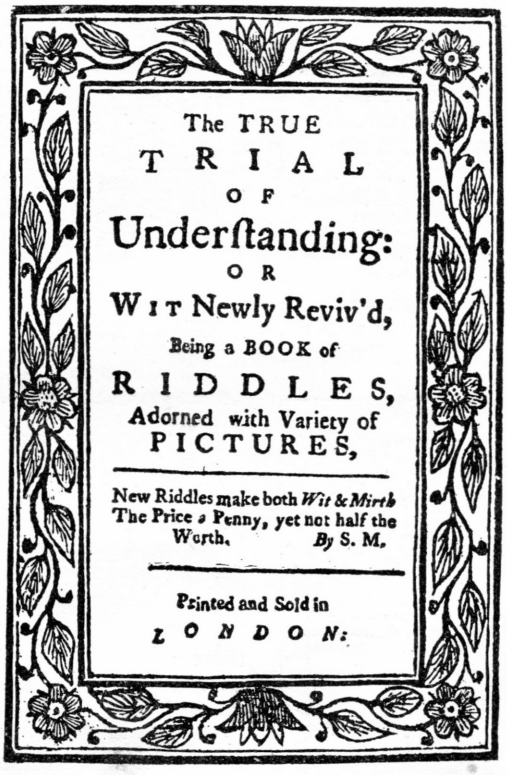
"Very good," said the captain, "we'll see who gets tired of it first. I'm in no hurry."

A delicate but unmistakable snore rose from his shoulder in reply.

(To be continued.)

Some Old Riddle-Books.

"WHEN is a jar not a door? When it's partly open." We forget who it was, bored with the repetition of the venerable conundrum, who took refuge in this perversion; and we never knew who invented the original. But this latter malefactor is dead now, and no earthly punishment is possible beyond the perversion perpetrated by the less dangerous criminal. It is sad to realize that once on a time that pitiful, doleful thing, the average conundrum, was regarded as the true essence of wit, and was handed down through generations who were always ready for it with a fresh grin. And our great - grandfathers were not fools; on the contrary, some of them might have taught a trifle or two of wisdom to some of us — even the youngest of us—had circumstances permitted of a personal meeting. But their conundrums and their riddles! But, there, let us not crow too loudly. For some of those same saddening questions have come down to us, and it has even been said (though we refuse to believe it) that books of conundrums have been bought quite recently.



To attempt to trace riddles to an origin would be an impossible task, and no part of our present intention. Riddles have been ever since man has been. But the farther back we go, the duller the riddles seem —by the dimness of distance, probably. And, indeed, if we go but to the beginning of the last century they seem dull enough. About that time was published: "The Puzzle; being a choice collection of conundrums." There were 500 conundrums in this book—*but no answers.* The publisher was a smart man. To get the answer it was necessary to buy another book: "The Nuts Cracked," which was made up of answers and nothing else. But really, if one but dipped into the pages, there was little temptation to buy either. "Why is a picture like a member of Parliament? Because it is a representative"; and, "Why is a well like a lock? Because it has a spring." These are specimens of the conundrums, and neither is particularly inspiriting.

We give the title-page of a book of illustrated riddles published about this time: "The True Trial of Understanding." You may observe a couplet by way of motto, to which the author with natural pride has placed his initials, whereby we learn that the lines are "By S. M." When you have read the couplet you will wonder that the poet did not give his whole name, and, perhaps, for the sake of literature, you will be sorry.

We proceed to extract a few of the riddles from this book, in facsimile. Here you have answer and all, with an illustration thrown in for each riddle—a beautiful illustration, as anybody may see. The question is always in verse, but the answer is plain prose. The first we give is from page 4. The verse is a bit out of repair, and the feet seem to have got out of some lines and squeezed into others, where the poetry very naturally tumbles over them, and falls rather flat. But

(4)

Q. The greateſt travellers that e'er were known
By ſea and land were mighty archers twain;
No armor proof, or fenced walls of ſtone,
Could turn their arrows, bulwarks were in vain
Thro' princes courts, and kingdoms far and near,
As well in foreign parts as Chriſtendom,
Theſe travellers their weary ſteps then ſteer,
But to the deſerts ſeldom come.

A. 'Tis Death and Cupid, whoſe Arrows pierce thro' the walls of Braſs, or ſtrong Armour in all Courts and Kingdoms in the habitable world

it is capital poetry for the price (the book cost at first a few pence only, though it is worth more now), and it is easier to understand than many more expensive qualities. But the picture is the interesting thing. It represents Death and Cupid and an Isosceles Triangle. The Isosceles Triangle isn't in the conundrum—it is given away as a supplement. At that time, it will be observed, Death not only struck people down with his arrows (that thing *is* an arrow, not an anchor), but he also dug their graves. (The other thing is a spade.) This was only fair. Nowadays we have to pay regular gravediggers. As for Cupid—but, there, look at him.

The "Two Calves and an Ape" riddle was a favourite one, and it reappears in various forms in many old riddle-books. The legend can be read in our facsimile, and again the picture is a handsome one. Nobody could blame the unfortunate husband for flying from a wife with such a pair of hands as those; nor could wonder at his dropping his hat and wig as he went. It is a noble wig, of majestic proportions—unless it is a nubbly boulder hurled after the fugitive by the fair pursuer.

Next we have a riddle expressed in four lines, in the second of which a touch of Kailyard dialect saves the whole thing from falling ruinously out of rhyme. It is a thin and weakly puzzle on the whole, but the hog is all right in the picture, and anything but

Q. Two Calves and an Ape
They made their eſcape
From one that was worſe than a ſpright;
They travell'd together
In all ſorts of weather,
But often were put in a fright.

A. *'Tis a Man flying from his ſcolding wife; the two calves and an Ape ſignify the calves of the Legs and the Nape of his Neck, which by travelling was expos'd to the Weather.*

Q. To the green wood
Full oft it hath gang'd,
Yet yields us no good,
'Till decently hang'd.

A. *It is a Hog fattened with Acorns, which makes good Bacon when hanged a drying.*

thin. His tail curls elegantly, and with his opposite extremity he sniffs at a lusty oak tree, nearly 3ft. high, bearing three acorns about the size of turnips, as well as several distinct leaves. The sagacious animal is cautiously judging the strength of the trunk before climbing its giddy height in search of those acorns.

Now we have the whole of page 12, with two riddles and their sumptuous engravings complete. It is intended as no disrespect to the author of the verses when we say that the main interest of this page lies in the pictures. In the top one the sun, disguised as a sweep's broom, frowns discontentedly on the agricultural proceedings below. An undertaker's horse, of undue corpulence, peeps slily over its shoulder and winks at a dilapidated lump of garden fence. A

hatless rustic (or a piece of one) stands at the rear of this piece of fence, and from the answer to the riddle you gather that he intends using it as a plough. But the obese steed in front is wiser, and he winks again—with the other eye. Then below we have Samson slaying a thousand men with the ass's jawbone. Samson has forgotten his hat—it seems a pretty general fashion in this book—but his wig is all right, and though he is a bit knock-kneed, his broad-skirted,

(12)

Q. To ease men of their care,
I do both rend and tear
Their mother's bowels ſtill:
Yet tho' I do,
There are but few
That ſeem to take it ill.

A. *'Tis a Plough, which breaks up the bowels of the Earth for the ſowing of Corn.*

Q. I liv'd and dy'd: then after death,
Bereav'd ſome hundreds of their breath,
Aſſiſted by a man of grief,
To whom it yielded ſome relief.

A. *'Tis* Sampſon's *Jawbone of an Aſs, with which he ſlew a thouſand Men, and was relieved himſelf by water ſpringing from the ſame, when he was thirſty.*

eighteenth-century coat is well supplied with buttons, as, indeed, is that of the Philistine at present being operated on. Samson whangs this person merrily over the head with his weapon (which certainly looks *rather* like a fox's tail), cordially shaking hands with him the while. This seems a little inconsistent, but the Philistine doesn't seem to mind, and looks casually out of the picture as though he found the performance rather dull. A second Philistine is waiting his turn just behind, reclining comfortably so as not to disturb his full-bottomed wig. The other

By ſparks of lawn fine
I am luſtily drawn,
But not in a chariot or coach:
I fly in a word
More ſwift than a bird,
That does the green foreſt approach.

A. *An Arrow drawn in a Bow by a Gentleman Archer.*

998 Philistines are not visible; probably they have been finished off and buried out of hand. But from the two remaining we may learn many interesting lessons as to the costume and habits and wigs of the early Philistines, to say nothing of Samson himself.

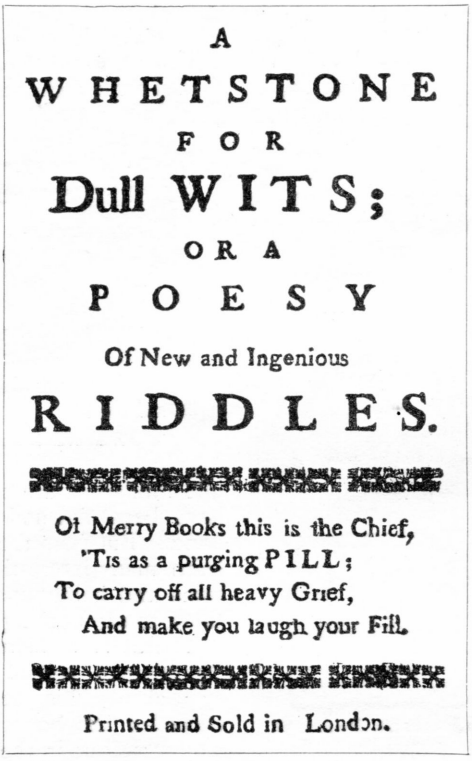
There is a picture in this book of a "gentleman archer." Probably by way of symbolizing his social distinction he is accorded the honour of a hat—an honour almost unique in the volume. He plants his legs very deep in the ground—half-way to the knee almost—and shoots valiantly at five rush-leaves—shoots standing full a yard and a half away, to give the rush-leaves a fair chance. His bow is of the Cupid pattern, and his arrow of the death design, as already exhibited in the "greatest travellers'" riddle on page 4. A view of the Needles rocks is to be perceived in the background, though you may consider them trees without extra charge.

In the "Mermaid" riddle we have another

Q. A viſage fair,
And voice is rare,
Affording pleaſant charms;
Which is with us
Moſt ominous,
Preſaging future harms.

A. *A Mermaid, which betokens deſtruction to Mariners.*

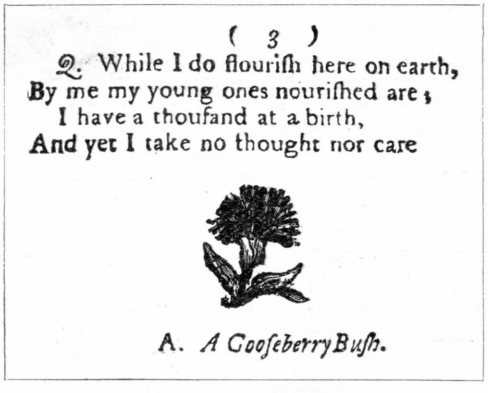
aspect of the Needles rocks, attractively embellished with drooping snowdrops (or perhaps the vegetables are wild oats) and surrounded by a pleasingly regular wavy sea, nicely crimped. Balanced dexterously on the top of the sea is the mermaid, doing something to her hair, but with poor success. The sea is much more neatly combed. Still, the mermaid curls her tail elegantly, and lets the floral ornament at the end droop gracefully downward. The "voice is rare" we are unable to judge of, but we cheerfully hope that it is an improvement on the "visage fair" and the "pleasant charms." Still, nobody can point the finger of scorn at the looking-glass, or the fan, or the frying-pan, or whatever it is.


A
WHETSTONE
FOR
Dull WITS;
OR A
POESY
Of New and Ingenious
RIDDLES.

Ot Merry Books this is the Chief,
'Tis as a purging PILL;
To carry off all heavy Grief,
And make you laugh your Fill.

Printed and Sold in London.

Now let us consider another riddle-book, of about the same period—"A Whetstone for Dull Wits; or, a Poesy of New and Ingenious Riddles." There is a verse on the title-page of this book too, but the poet has not signed it this time. Here again most of the merriment is thrown in as an extra, and belongs to the pictures. On page 3, for instance, the riddle about the gooseberry-bush is scarcely brilliant, and the rhymes are in a ruinous state. But the picture redeems all.

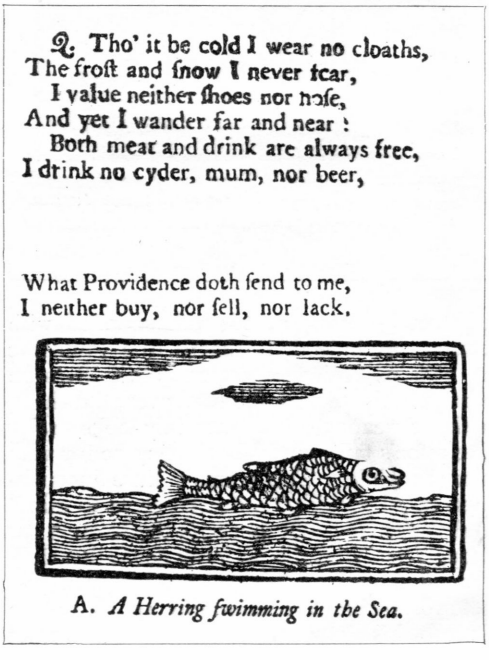

(3)

Q. While I do flouriſh here on earth,
By me my young ones nouriſhed are;
I have a thouſand at a birth,
And yet I take no thought nor care

A. *A Cooſeberry Buſh.*

Nobody ever saw such a gooseberry-bush before. Some even now may be disposed to call it a head of clover, or a chrysanthemum blossom, or a carnation, or a thistle-head, or a feather duster, or something of that sort; but that is mere prejudice. It may have been a carnation or a mop originally, but when the woodcut had served its turn, and the printer needed an illustration of a gooseberry-bush and couldn't find it, the thistle-head or cauliflower immediately became a gooseberry-bush, and has remained so to this day; a notable example of vegetable evolution.

Next there is the "Herring" riddle. The supplementary puzzle here is to find where some of the rhymes have got to. "Beer" and "lack" do *not* rhyme, according to the arbitrary rules usually observed. Was it a


Q. Tho' it be cold I wear no cloaths,
The froſt and ſnow I never fear,
I value neither ſhoes nor hoſe,
And yet I wander far and near:
Both meat and drink are always free,
I drink no cyder, mum, nor beer,

What Providence doth ſend to me,
I neither buy, nor ſell, nor lack.

A. *A Herring ſwimming in the Sea.*

subtle dodge of the poet's to catch the publisher's eye, and hint to him his lamentable lack of beer, and of the wherewithal to buy it? At any rate, the herring is plain enough, though the hypercritical might object that it is swimming *on* the sea rather than in it. But the sea is very nicely combed out, like the mermaid's sea in the other book, and after looking at the picture nobody will need to be told the reason of the slang expression that dubs a bloater a "crocodile."

Q. I have a head, but ne'er an eye,
I have no legs, but wings to fly;
When on an errand I am ſent,
I cleave the very element.

A. *A Sculler's Boat, the water's the Element, the Scullers are the wings.*

A page or two farther in the book we find the "Boat" riddle. Here we observe that the sea is coarser, and not nearly so well combed. Perhaps that is why it is referred to in the verse as the "very element." If it had only been the "rather" element it might have been more regular in its habits. For "scullers" in the second line of the answer, one should read "sculls"; though in the picture the weapon of propulsion seems rather to be one of the flexible laths used by harlequins. But there is merit in the representation of the jolly young waterman, and nobody can fail to recognise the boat as what is technically known as a "trim-built wherry."

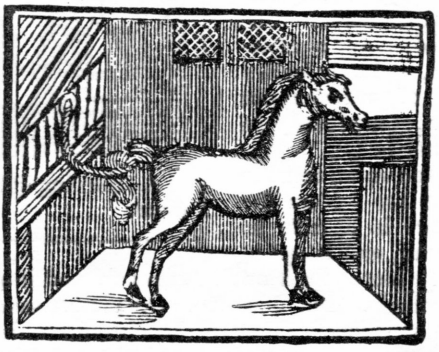
Later we arrive at the "Pillory" riddle.

Q. Promotion lately was beſtow'd
Upona perſon mean and ſmall;
Then many perſons to him flow'd,
Yet he return'd no thanks at all;
But yet their hands were ready ſtill,
To help him with their kind good-will.

A. *It is a Man pelted in the Pillory.*

Here the poetry is of superior workmanship. The rhymes nobody can impugn, and the lines are almost free from lameness—just a trifle stiff in the joints, perhaps, but no more. Observe the fine imagery of the third line. "Many persons to him flow'd." "Flow'd" is admirable. In the picture three gentlemen are about to fling things at the victim, but they all obligingly stop and pose in position for the artist to draw the picture. The victim himself also composes his features, and looks as pleasant as possible while his portrait is being taken. A gentleman with no arms finds it difficult to fling anything on his own account, so leans against the side of the picture for safety (having only one leg).

Q. There was a ſight near Charing Croſs,
A creature almoſt like a horſe;
But when I came the beaſt to ſee,
The head was where the Tail ſhould be.



A. *A Mare tied with her tail to the Manger.*

We have rather a famous puzzle in the next we reproduce. A well-known "sell" show at fairs, down to quite recent times, was the "wonderful horse, with his head where his tail ought to be." The innocent who parted with their pennies were presented to a very

ordinary sort of quadruped, with its tail turned to a corn-bin. Being thus made wise, they said nothing to their friends outside, except to persuade them also to pay their pennies and be sold, which was very grateful of them, and good business for the showman. The mare in the present example is with difficulty repressing a very excusable smile. She stands nobly to attention, and only lacks a pair of rockers to put her completely in character.

(12)

Q. As I walked thro' the ſtreets,
It was near twelve o'clock at night;
Two all in black I chanc'd to meet,
Their eyes like flaming fire bright
They paſſed by, nothing ſaid,
Therefore I was not much afraid.

A. *Two long lighted Links carried along the Street.*

And so we come to page 12. Here the poetry is a trifle irregular, and is apt to cause hiccoughs if one attempts to read it off trippingly. But once more the picture saves the situation. Observe the cheerful whiteness of the gloomy night, and the easy nonchalance wherewith the two linkmen brandish their flaming torches. Neither of them is swinging a leg of mutton round on a string, as inconsiderate persons have supposed; nor are they about to batter each other with knobby clubs, as other superficial students are apt to imagine. They are simply lighting up that black night with flaming links, and with so much success as to whiten the sky as though it had been lime-washed.

The next riddle gives us a bright and airy view of Thames Street, on an early morning, when three misguided fiddlers spoiled their own rest and that of a bridegroom by fiddling in a vague hope of eleemosynary drinks. Every right-minded person will be delighted to know that they did not get those drinks, though regretful to find no mention of a brick or a bootjack; either of which articles might with propriety have been contributed by the

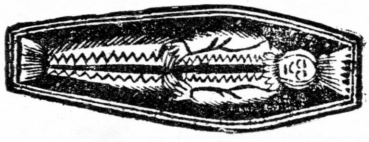
Q. Three men near the flowing Thames,
Much pains and labour they did take;
They did both ſcratch and claw their wems
Until their very hearts did ache.

It is as true as e'er was told,
Therefore this Riddle now unfold.

A. *Three Fidlers in Thames-Street, who played up a bridegroom in the Morning, who gave them nothing to drink.*

Q. Full forty years I once did live,
And oftentimes I food did give;
Yet all that time I did not roam
So much as half a mile from home;
But I liv'd free from care and ſtrife,
'Till at laſt I loſt my life.

Expound this Riddle out of hand,
The owner hath no houſe nor land.



A *The ſuits of Crape beſtowed upon a deceaſed Body; the Houſe is the Coffin, the Land is the Grave and he knoweth not that he poſſeſſes either.*

neighbours. It will be observed that all three fiddlers are left-handed. This may account for a certain perversity of habit, and some unreasonableness of expectation; but it does not excuse the supine endurance of the bridegroom, nor the disgracefully mountainous state of the public street wherein the fiddlers stand.

Q. I ſaw five birds all in a cage,
Each bird had but one ſingle wing,
They were an hundred years of age:
And yet fly and ſweetly ſing,
The wonder did my mind poſſeſs,
Wheu I beheld her age and ſtrength:
Beſides, as near as I can gueſs,
Their tails were thirty feet in length.

A. A Peel of Bells in a Steeple.

The lugubrious merriment of this "Merry Book" (*vide* title-page) is carried on fittingly in the next riddle we print, cheerfully illustrated with a picture of a discontented-looking corpse in a coffin. One can sympathize even with a corpse unwillingly associated with such a dull and clumsy riddle, and truly, to be shoved into the middle of such a doleful performance on a page of public print might bring a discontented scowl to the brow of the most naturally genial corpse; to say nothing of the unnecessarily aggravating flower-pot hat. The first four lines of the verse seem to be an extremely obscure, muddled, and misinformed allusion to the silkworm.

Perhaps the next riddle is the best of the lot in conception. The five birds in a cage, each with one wing, each bird a hundred years old, and with a tail 30ft. long, is no bad trope for a peal of bells in a steeple, and rather poetical in its way. The verse staggers a bit, it is true, but that is an external detail. Pleasant reflections, too, are to be got out of the picture. There are the bells, about to clang all at once, and standing upside down, meanwhile, like a row of penny ices on a board. Certainly the tails do not seem to be altogether 30ft. long, but there are considerations of space, as the editor says. They seem a worthy, respectable row of men, these ringers, though not strikingly handsome, and one trusts that when the bells *do* swing right side up they will miss their heads by a little, hopeless as the chance seems.

(23)

Q. At once I am in France and Spain,
And likewiſe many nations more,
While I am in my gloomy reign,
I give the world a mighty ſtore.

A. *The* S U N.

After the bells we have the sun, as it appears on the fire-office plates. It is a healthy-looking, well-fed sun, with a nose like the ace of clubs, a dimpled chin, a pious smile, and a rebellious head of hair. But the riddle is uncommonly poor and flat, even among the other poor and flat riddles.

IN HONOUR BOUND

By Mrs. Newman.

Author of "Too Late," "The Last of the Haddons," etc., etc.

"IT seems the only thing left me to do, unless——No, that would be a way of slipping out of it at her expense not open to my father's son. I might as well tell her at once that she has been too ready to take my words seriously. There is but one course for me to take now—the only course any honourable man in such a position could take—and this must be sent," Roland Grafton was telling himself. He put the letter, as to the sending of which he had been debating with himself, with two or three others he had written into envelopes, addressed them, and left them on the table ready for the post-bag.

He sat gazing straight before him in a grave, spiritless way, different enough from what might be looked for in a man who had just written a love-letter offering himself and all he possessed to a young and beautiful girl. No mean possessions, and no mean personality. A young man of about eight-and-twenty, fine-looking, healthy in mind and body; the only son of his house, and endowed with an old family name and large property, which had been carefully nursed for him during a long minority after his father's death.

"Well, I'm not the first man who has drifted into matrimony in this easy, irresponsible fashion, I suppose. Sitting out in a conservatory after supper, the perfume of flowers and the melody of one's favourite Strauss in the air; real admiration for a beautiful face, a few soft nothings, and there you are! Not precisely one's ideal to be making love to a pair of blue eyes, a well-shaped mouth, and the rest of it, instead of the woman; but ideals are out of date, and how little I know of her, after all! She may possess every virtue under the sun for aught I know. She is certainly beautiful, and I think—yes, amiable. Beautiful *and* amiable! What on earth more would you have, Roland Grafton?" a little uncomfortably conscious the while that there was, in fact, something else—an indefinable something that he had hoped for, or at any rate dreamed of, which seemed lacking.

Pushing his chair back from the library table, he rose and went towards the great oriel window having an outlook upon grass terraces, well-kept gardens and park beyond, with old trees massed about it here and there, stretching in wide sweeps and undulations down to where a church spire indicated the position of a town in the distance.

His hands thrust deep into his pockets, he stood gazing at the scene so familiar, yet ever varying with the season's changes, and always equally attractive in his eyes. It was steeped just now in July sunshine.

"Will she come to feel as I do about all

this ; or will it have to be a house in town, and the best part of the year spent away from here? Will she allow the mother to go to the jointure house, or——?"

He turned, went quickly towards the table, caught up the letter, and was about to tear it across and consign it to the waste-paper basket, but once more hesitated, and after another moment threw it on to the table again.

"No ; it has gone too far! At any rate, she must have thought it had when she used my Christian name and asked me to call her Margaret, whispering those parting words: 'You will write ; I shall hear from you to-morrow!' No girl would speak in that way if she did not think matters had gone pretty far. There must have seemed more in my tone and manner than I thought there was. Yes ; she has a right to expect that letter, and it must go, come what may. I'll send it by a groom. He can easily go there and back in a couple of hours or so, and I shall know all the sooner whether it is to be 'Yes' or 'No.'"

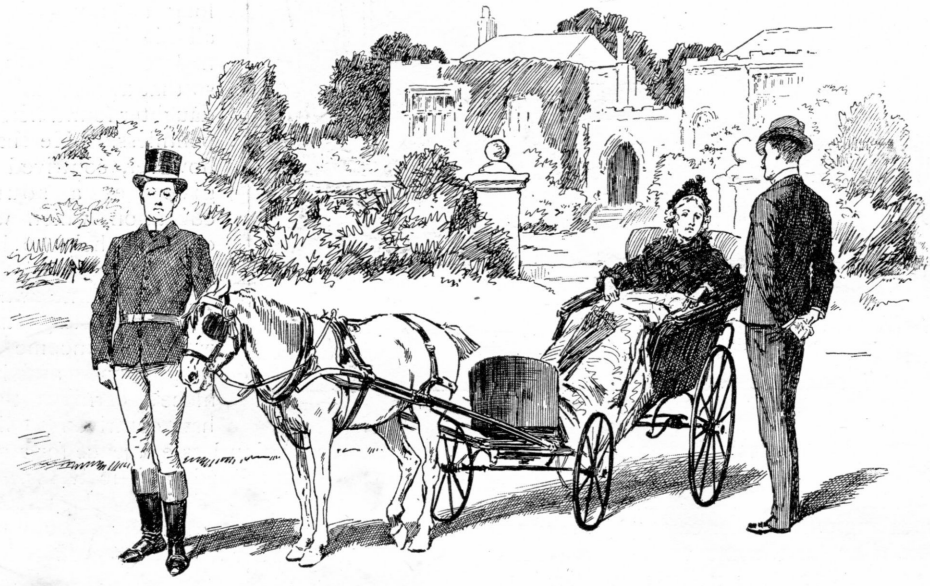
He rang the bell, and bade the man who obeyed the summons "Tell James to saddle the mare, ride over to Wellends with this letter, and wait for an answer." After a moment's thought he added, to avoid making the errand too much like a special one: "These two others can be left in the town as he goes through."

The letter sent beyond recall, he strove to get used to the thought of what might be expected to follow.

"Shall I tell the mother? Not yet, I think—not until I get the reply. I have half a mind to go over to lunch with the Hargraves, and get through the time that way. She would hardly come before four o'clock," conscious that the restlessness he felt arose chiefly from the desire to have the matter settled one way or the other. His impatience was certainly not that of an ardent lover.

As he walked down the drive he came upon his mother, who had been some time an invalid, taking her morning airing in a pony-chaise.

"I am going to walk over to the Hargraves, mother, and shall probably lunch there. Don't wait for me."



"I AM GOING TO WALK OVER TO THE HARGRAVES, MOTHER."

"Very well. My kind regards, and say I am hoping to see some of them here soon." With a smiling, half-questioning look up into his face she added, "Effie was to return yesterday, was she not?"

He saw that the hint he had given his mother that morning at the breakfast-table had had its effect in the way of setting her mind at work as to who the *fiancée* was to be, and that his going over to the Hargraves just after the return of the daughter had seemed to point to the conclusion that she was the favoured one.

"Oh, to-day, was it? I had forgotten," he replied in a tone that showed his mother he was heart-whole so far as Effie Hargraves was concerned.

"Be sure to ask Mrs. Hargraves to drive over soon, Roland."

"All right, mother."

He walked on a few steps, then halted, and, after a few moments' hesitation, went back to where his mother sat watching him with tender pride.

Quite aware that there would be no going on until the young master was out of sight the groom stood motionless by the pony's head.

"MISS BOURNE AND HER NIECE."

"Mother," began Roland, bending down and speaking only for her ears, "I think you will probably have some visitors this afternoon, and, if you are a little surprised at what comes of it, you will not, I hope, disapprove, since it is for my—happiness."

Quick to note his momentary hesitation before the last word, she looked up with tender anxiety into his face as she replied:—

"You may be sure I am more desirous of that than of anything in the world besides, Roland. But am I not to hear any more?"

"Later on, mother. It would take too long to go into explanations now." He gave her a reassuring smile and went on again.

"Well got over, so far," he was thinking, as he turned from the drive and struck across the park towards the east lodge, in the opposite direction to that leading to the town. "The mother will be in some degree prepared now, and I shall not have to explain further until the matter is settled."

About half a mile from the park-gate, in the high road near the entrance to the town, there was a row of small cottages. In the little parlour of one of these, to which not all the dainty care bestowed upon it could give the appearance of more than decent poverty, sat Miss Bourne, a spinster of middle age, and her niece, a girl of about eighteen. The elder woman was engaged in darning a much-worn tablecloth, sighing now and again over some newly discovered weak place, and the niece in copying a piece of music.

The sister and daughter of a solicitor who had lived in the town, and had been so long an invalid that all his little property had dwindled away, so that at his death his daughter found herself penniless. He had, however, contrived to give her a sound education, which was of good help to her now.

Miss Bourne owned the small cottage, and with her income of forty pounds and her niece's earnings they had contrived to live so far. It was a colourless existence for a girl of eighteen, with refined, artistic tastes and keen, intellectual appreciation. She felt the dreary monotony of her life all the more from the fact that her aunt was no companion in the way of sharing her tastes. It told much in the young girl's favour that her aunt was quite unaware anything was lacking. Miss Bourne was under the impression that they were admirably suited to each other, her niece finding her as companionable as she believed herself to be.

"We really must contrive to get a couple of new tablecloths soon, Margaret," said her aunt, with a little sigh.

"And I have set my heart on a frock for Molly. We can manage both out of the quarter's money due from the Watsons, auntie."

"But I wanted you to have a new hat for the summer, Margaret, and it is July already.

It behoves us to make as good an appearance as we can. You must not forget your grandfather was a Mordaunt, you know."

There was a half-smile upon the young girl's lips. She was in no danger of forgetting what she was so frequently reminded of.

At that moment the small servant, who came in to help clean at the cottage two or three times a week, entered the room, carrying a letter between a not very clean finger and thumb.

"This is for you, miss. A groom brought it, and said it was from the Hall."

"From the Hall?" said Miss Bourne, looking up from her work, almost as much surprised as Molly herself; repeating, as the maid went out of the room, "A note from the Hall, Margaret?"

"Yes; from Sir Roland, Aunt Mary. He promised to give one of the gardeners directions to bring some palms and flowers for the platform of the schoolroom to-morrow night. I told him they would help to brighten the room, and he has written about that, I suppose"; the colour rushing to her cheeks, and her fingers closing tightly over the letter, as she rose and went towards the window.

"Very kind of him, I am sure, dear," said Miss Bourne, bending over her work again. "Does he know you are going to sing?"

No reply. Margaret was gazing down at the address with guilty consciousness of the deep interest which any word from Roland Grafton had for her. As she stood with the morning light streaming in upon her, tall, slight, with reflective grey eyes, and the hint of well-controlled power in her delicately-curved mouth and chin, she looked capable of arousing, as well as feeling, interest in others.

She glanced round at her aunt and, a little relieved to see that her attention was fixed upon the darning again, opened the envelope. It was courteous to write to her, but it would, of course, be only the few words which might be expected from one such as Sir Roland to tell her he had given the promised directions for the plants to be sent to the schoolroom.

As she unfolded the letter she saw that it contained much more than the two or three lines she had expected to find—a letter carried on to the third page.

At sight of the first words the colour died out of her cheeks, then flamed hotly into them again. There was an expression of bewildered surprise in her eyes, and her breath came in short, hurried gasps as she read:—

"DEAR MARGARET,—After our conversation the other night you will be expecting this, and you will, I trust, pardon any shortcomings in the manner of it when I tell you it is the first letter of the kind I have written. Will you be my wife, Margaret? I do not find it easy to write about myself, but this much I can say in all sincerity: if you will accept me, I will do my utmost to make your life a happy one. Myself, and all I possess, will be devoted to your service. If you can regard this favourably will you, remembering that my mother is an invalid, waive the conventionalities and come over to see her this afternoon—you and your shadow, as we call her? My mother will be expecting you, and you will be welcomed as my future wife should be.—Yours, ROLAND GRAFTON."

Margaret stood gazing down at the words in dumb amazement for a few moments, hardly able to realize this great happiness had come to her. She caught up the envelope that had fallen to her feet. Yes, it was addressed to her. It was evidently intended for her.

"What does he say, Margaret? Is he going to send the plants?" asked Miss Bourne, beginning to wonder at her niece's continued silence. Then, looking towards her and noticing the change of expression in her face, she added: "Can he not send the flowers? Those gardeners are so unwilling. Nothing unpleasant, I hope?" rising as she spoke and going towards her niece.

Unpleasant! Margaret turned her eyes towards her aunt's anxious face and gave a little laugh, which ended in a sob.

"I thought you said it was from Sir Roland," went on Miss Bourne, wondering what he could have written to affect her niece in that extraordinary way. Never before had she seen such an expression as that in the young girl's face. Tears, smiles, blushes—what did it mean?

"Yes, it is from him; but, it is so different from anything I could have imagined it would be, Aunt Mary."

"Let me read it, Margaret?" curiously.

The young girl's hand tightened over the letter. Other eyes rest upon it, her first love-letter, and from Roland Grafton! But she presently had herself under control and, remembering what was due to her aunt, quietly replied: "Sir Roland has asked me to be his wife, Aunt Mary."

It was Miss Bourne's turn to be amazed. "His wife!" she ejaculated. "Made you an offer, do you mean—are you sure? Sir Roland Grafton!"

"WHAT DOES HE SAY, MARGARET?"

"Yes."

"My dear Margaret, what wonderful good fortune! You are, of course, worthy of the best and greatest in the land—but, really, you know——!"

"It does seem wonderful he should choose me," gently put in the young girl.

"To think of your being in the best society in the county—mistress at the Hall—after the difficulty we have had to get on from day to day without being in debt."

"To think of his choosing *me*, Aunt Mary," a little shrinking from the tone of her aunt's congratulations.

"And, good gracious me, Margaret; you will be Lady Grafton," said the elder lady, far from seeing what was in the girl's mind.

"Don't, Aunt Mary."

Miss Bourne looked a little puzzled. "Are you to write or is he coming here, my dear?"

"He asks me to go with you to see his mother. She naturally wishes to see me; but she is an invalid and never goes anywhere, you know. Fortunately for me she is a good woman—everyone says she is; and since her son has chosen me she may not be inclined to make objections on the score of my lack of fortune or position"; adding with a half-smile, as she saw the words forming upon her aunt's lips, "She may not even have heard of the great Mordaunt, much less of our being descended from him."

Miss Bourne looked a little grave. She had always felt that her niece was not sufficiently appreciative of her descent on her mother's side, and the tone of her allusion to her grandfather now was not in the best taste, to say the least. It was not, however, the time to point this out.

"You will go, of course, Margaret?"

"I think—yes—if we were inclined to stand upon our dignity, we could not do so with an invalid—and under the circumstances. It is better we should go, if you don't mind, Aunt Mary?"

"Oh, not at all," replied Miss Bourne, striving to speak in a matter-of-course tone, as though a visit to the Hall were an ordinary occurrence. "Since Sir Roland wishes it, we certainly ought to go, but—if we had only a little more time to prepare! We might do up your hat, Margaret"; hastily folding up her work, as she added: "That little white feather, and a velvet bow, and——"

"No. No, thank you, I would rather not. You see, it matters so little, aunty. Since he has chosen me, it must be for myself, I suppose"; turning aside to lift the letter to her lips. "His mother knows what my position is, and she will not expect to see me attired in the latest fashion."

"He must have been a great deal impressed by what he saw of you, my dear. He has often seen you about the town, I daresay; and he was talking to you for some time at the schools the other day, was he not?"

"Not for very long. He happened to come in while I was trying over the song I am to sing to-morrow, and we said a few words about the bareness of the room and the difficulty of being entertaining with such depressing surroundings. I told him he

might—I think I said he ought to—help us more than he has done. If he could get up a good hearty laugh for us he would be invaluable, or he might at least send us flowers. Talking of flowers led to quoting the old poets and challenging each other's memories about——" There was a soft smile in her eyes as she dwelt for a few moments upon the remembrance; then she presently went on: "It was only an exchange of ideas, but some people seem to have the power to bring out the best in one, do they not?"

"He must at any rate have thought a great deal of what you said," replied the elder woman, still more than a little surprised at the young girl's quiet reception of the wonderful good fortune that had come to her. But she was presently seized with a sudden fear lest her niece might have some foolish scruples about not caring for him sufficiently, or something of that kind, which might cause her to refuse him. Margaret had always been a little different from other girls in her way of looking at things.

Rather anxiously she went on; "Most girls would think themselves highly honoured by such an offer. Dear Margaret, do you think you can come to care for him?"

Come to care for him! The young girl turned her eyes upon her aunt's kindly, anxious face, and once more broke into a little laugh. Come to care for him—Roland Grafton! Was there another man in all the world to be compared with him? Ah, well; her aunt did not, of course, know how it was with her. She had kept her secret so far, and now perhaps the time was coming when there would be no necessity for further concealment.

Roland Grafton had tried to persuade himself that should Margaret Chetwynd accept him, their married life would be, if not the best that could be conceived of, at any rate of the average kind. No sooner had that letter been sent off than he began to have grave doubts as to whether marriage with her would be even of the average kind for him, attached as he was to the old home, and unaccustomed to find attractions elsewhere; while she was constantly in society, and would perhaps take it as a matter of course that when they were not in town the house would be full of people with whom he would have little in common.

He had made but a short stay at the Hargraves. Feeling, in his present state of mind, quite incapable of keeping up the ordinary topics of conversation, he had merely given his mother's message and left before luncheon.

Captain Hargrave, with whom he was on intimate terms, the two having been together at Eton and Oxford, walked with him as far as the park-gates. A few jesting words from him, which Grafton afterwards believed had been spoken with intention, not only confirmed his fears that he had too hastily committed himself, but had opened his eyes to something he had not before suspected.

"They say you were sitting out in the conservatory with the all too charming Miss Chetwynd, at the Lawrences' ball the other night, old man. I know you can take care of yourself, but it seems to have got about that, failing the bigger title the old woman and she have been trying so hard to net, it is going to be you."

"Who says it?" curtly replied Grafton, reddening.

"Oh, don't take it that way. Of course, I know you have your wits about you, and are not to be so easily caught. As to who set the ball rolling, I think it was the too lovely one herself. With the best intentions that way, she had not the old woman's skill in diplomacy, and told her dearest friend, who told our dearest friend, who naturally told us, all in the strictest confidence, that you stood next to Lord Saletoun on the list."

Grafton had himself better in hand now, and made some indefinite reply, which the other took to be a parting jest, as the two shook hands at the gate.

He turned into the wood at the lower end of the park and roamed restlessly about in troubled thought. Hargrave's words had struck home. "I must take the consequences of that half-hour's fooling, I suppose. There will be no escape for me now," he was moodily telling himself.

Worse than all this, by one of those strange contrarieties of mind not to be easily explained, he was beginning to see something else—something to which it would have been better for his peace to remain blind. The difference between Margaret Chetwynd and the girl who had the courage to remind him of his responsibilities and to take him to task for not having sufficiently considered them! How vivid now was his remembrance of the expression of those grey eyes as they bravely met his when she told him that he ought not to need such a reminder.

Yes; he recognised too late that he loved another woman as he could never have loved the one to whom he was pledged, and for whom his present feeling was becoming little short of aversion.

"But if it is too late, why should I torment

"THEY SAY YOU WERE SITTING OUT IN THE CONSERVATORY WITH THE ALL TOO CHARMING MISS CHETWYND."

myself by bemoaning the inevitable?" he was presently telling himself, turning away from the haunting memory. "I have asked Margaret Chetwynd to be my wife; and if she chooses to accept me I am in honour bound to act so that she misses nothing. Fortunately," he added, a little grimly, "she does not seem to be exacting in the matter of love-making—a very little of that goes a long way."

He bared his head with a farewell benediction to the woman he had lost; then, turning into the open, walked across the park towards the house with firm steps and set lips. If she were coming—and he dared not now hope that she was not—she would have arrived by this time.

"Any visitors, Grant?" he inquired, hoping for a negative reply, of a servant, as he opened the inner door and entered the hall.

"Two ladies, sir."

Grafton drew a deep breath. "In the drawing-room?"

"In the morning-room, sir."

Not to give himself another moment for hesitation, Grafton hurriedly crossed the hall and entered the morning-room. He had taken but two steps into the room when he suddenly stopped, his eyes dilating with astonishment. Was it a trick of the senses?

No. The face that had so persistently presented itself to his mental vision during the last two hours: the girl he loved—he knew now that it was love—sitting there with his mother and her aunt! The three turned smiling faces towards him as he entered.

How had it happened—what had brought it about?

With a tremulous smile upon her lips Margaret Bourne half rose and extended her hand, then it fell to her side, and she sat down again, the soft colour that had suffused her cheeks fading out of them. Why was he looking at her in that way? she was asking herself. It seemed almost as though he had not expected to see her there! What did it mean?

Still in a whirl of astonishment, he advanced and shook hands with the aunt and niece, contriving to say a few conventional words.

"You told me I might expect visitors, Roland," smilingly said his mother. "It was very kind of Miss Bourne to come to see an invalid; and I have already discovered that Miss Margaret and I have some tastes in common," laying her hand gently upon that of the young girl seated by her side, and looking up meaningly into her son's face.

Lady Grafton had at first been not a little surprised when the aunt and niece had been ushered into the room, but she had very quickly arrived at the conclusion that these were the visitors her son had told her to expect. Why had he not been more explicit with her? True, he had said she would be

surprised, and had appealed to her good feeling; but it would have made things so much easier for her, and indeed for them all, had she been better prepared.

There was, however, but one course open to her, as a woman of gentle breeding and mistress of the house. The visitors were received with kindly courtesy, and, as they pleasantly exchanged the first few words, she was quick to recognise that if the aunt was somewhat nervous and ill at ease, the niece, who was in a much more trying position, bore herself with the quiet self-possession of a lady. And how earnest and true she seemed — how intelligent, and simple, and strong—in comparison with the assertive type of girl with no reverence for anything, or the foolish one with nothing but her pretty face to depend upon.

Nor was Margaret Bourne entirely unknown to her so far as report went. She had heard of the young girl's devotion to her father during his long illness, and of the brave, cheerful way in which she had set to work to earn her daily bread after his death.

Suddenly she had thought she understood her son's motive in asking them to go there in that way. Ah, yes; that of course was what Roland had meant. He had chosen this young girl for his wife, and had wished his mother to see her in order to come to an unprejudiced judgment about her. He had trusted that she would win her way to his mother's heart, and she already more than half satisfied Lady Grafton's somewhat exigeant taste.

He might have done better, perhaps, judging from the conventional point of view, but that was not hers. She was no slave to mere conventionality. It would not be Helen Grafton who would put obstacles in the way. Rather was she conscious of a feeling of relief after dreading a revelation so different. What would it have been if Roland's choice had fallen upon Miss Chetwynd?—who, she was obliged to acknowledge to herself, possessed almost everything that could be desired, with the exception of a heart.

But how was it that Roland had not seen what her opinion was, as she meant him to do by the tone and manner with which she greeted him? He was generally so quick to read her thoughts, but now he seemed confused and unlike himself.

She turned to the visitors, talking pleasantly on with them, and presently gave her son another opportunity for joining in.

"Miss Bourne says she sketches sometimes, Roland, and I have just been telling her she must take the view from the west terrace that people think so much of."

"It makes a pretty picture."

Pretty! She looked at him in some surprise. It was unlike him to jerk out a sentence in that way, and have no more to say. There was, too, she noticed, a difference in Margaret Bourne since his entrance. "What does it mean?" she asked herself, beginning to feel that there was something in the situation which she did not quite comprehend. To say something—the silence was becoming somewhat awkward and oppressive, each regarding the others with what seemed to be anxious expectation—she recommenced.

"I received a note from Miss Chetwynd just after luncheon, inclosing one for you, Roland. She says you must have put a note, which you sent her this morning, into the wrong envelope. It could not have been meant for her. Here it is," offering it to him.

He hurriedly took it and crushed it up in his hand, reddening to the temples. No need to take it from the envelope which had been carefully closed. He saw at once what had happened.

Another saw!

Margaret Bourne's eyes were downcast, and she sat white and still and crushed by the blow which had fallen upon her. She had received the offer intended for another, and had accepted it all too readily by going there! However long she might live, no trouble could come to her bringing with it such humiliation as this.

How to get away? How to say the few words that had to be said in the right way? Not for a moment did it occur to her to attempt to shield herself by making things appear what they were not. Rising to take leave, she said, in a voice that sounded strange to her own ears:—

"Yes, there has been a mistake. I got the wrong letter and—I ought not to be here. Allow me to apologize, Lady Grafton, for the intrusion. I am more than sorry that——"

"You got the letter you ought to have," hurriedly put in Roland, "and you are in your right place here, if you will honour us."

He meant that he would sacrifice himself for her. Allow him to do that? Ah, no! It was for her to act, and so to act that there could be no misunderstanding her.

"You are generous, Sir Roland. But I cannot take advantage of such generosity—I

"YES, THERE HAS BEEN A MISTAKE."

will not! I too have made a mistake, and I prefer to take the consequences."

Her aunt had also risen, and was looking anxiously from one to the other. Although not so quick as her niece to recognise exactly what had occurred, she saw that it would involve a return to their old life of poverty and drudgery again. Her efforts to accept the situation with the dignity proper to a Mordaunt, notwithstanding, she had some difficulty in keeping back her tears. But in her loyalty to her niece she said: "Oh, yes; we prefer to take the consequences."

"You must not go!" ejaculated Roland. Turning anxiously towards his mother, he added: "Say a word for me, mother! You know me, and you will believe me when I say that my future happiness depends on my winning Miss Bourne for my wife."

Lady Grafton laid her hand upon the young girl's arm and was about to speak, when Margaret quietly repeated:—

"It cannot be. There must not be another mistake—in justice to Miss Chetwynd, there must not."

Miss Chetwynd! Lady Grafton understood it all now. She glanced again at the note that had been written to her and inclosed with that to her son, and her face brightened with a smile. Yes; that young woman had herself cut the knot for them.

"Miss Chetwynd gave me some good news, Roland. She says she has promised to be the wife of Lord Saletoun."

A wonderful change came into his face, and his bearing became that of one who had been suddenly relieved of a great burden.

"That is grand news, indeed, mother!" Turning towards Margaret, he went on with almost boyish eagerness, for the first time addressing her by her Christian name: "You are not going, Margaret; do you think we will let you go—now? There is much to say—to be explained. And—yes, I want to show you the view and—the flowers. It is of the *greatest* importance that you should yourself choose the plants and flowers for the school concert to-morrow night, you know," endeavouring to look into her eyes, downcast but not in humiliation now.

"Oh, yes, pray give us the pleasure," as earnestly put in Lady Grafton. "I, too, have something to say, Margaret. I must try to prove to you that my son's happiness will be mine." To the aunt she added, "Pray sit down, Miss Bourne; they will be bringing in tea, and you really must stay."

They could no longer demur; and when, later on, Roland induced Margaret to accompany him to the conservatories to "look at the flowers," he made his confession.

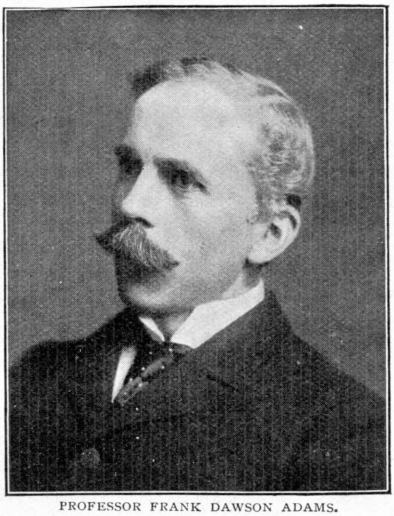
She could not be, and did not affect to be, blind to the fact that his offer to the other Margaret had been made solely because he felt in honour bound to make it. For the rest, she was the happiest girl in the three kingdoms.

The Flow of Rocks.

AN IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC THEORY PROVED TRUE.

By Frederick T. C. Langdon.

IT is a well-known scientific theory, and one of great and far-reaching importance, that the solid rocks of which the earth consists become, under the enormous heat and pressure of the interior, semi-liquid and mobile, so that they may be said to flow like treacle. This astounding fact, long suspected, but never before demonstrated, has been proved at last by Professor Frank Dawson Adams, M.Sc.Ph.D., F.G.S., Logan Professor in Geology at McGill University, Montreal. With machinery especially constructed for applying tremendous pressures, even up to ninety tons per square inch, during periods varying from fifteen minutes to 128 days, Professor Adams has squeezed columns of marble until the molecules have slipped and twisted, separated and reunited, changing entirely the granular appearance of the structure, while weakening it but comparatively little.



PROFESSOR FRANK DAWSON ADAMS.
From a Photograph.

These experiments have clearly shown why the rocky strata of the earth are so irregular, why they are rent asunder by earthquakes, why mountains have taken shape, why some of the greatest of geographical changes have occurred. It is a far cry from the flow of liquids to the flow of rocks, but Professor Adams's experiments have demonstrated that the one resembles the other; that rock-structure under extreme pressure seeks relief along the lines of least resistance and flows in those lines, just as it is known that liquids flow.

A drop of rain-water on a window-pane moves downward through a zig-zag course, the deviations being due to tiny causes in the shape of bits of dust, imperfections in the glass, etc. That drop of water follows the line of least resistance. A mass of rock deep in the world-crust, pressed down upon by countless tons of like material, seeks to get away from the overpowering force and moves—infinitely slow though the motion be—along paths of the smallest opposition. The cases are parallel. Immense masses of rock strata are thus moved during inconceivable periods of time, being slowly forced along beneath the surface of the globe, or projected outside in the form of mountains or hills. When the "overhang" weight of the hard-pressed strata becomes too great for the cohesive force of the molecular structure there is a toppling, a settling towards the centre of gravity, a rupture at the "fulcrum," and then an earthquake.

Although these complicated bendings and twistings have long been recognised by geologists, there has been much discussion as to the way in which this "flow" has taken place and a wide divergence of opinion. In some quarters the process has been considered as purely mechanical; in others the possibilities of solution and redeposition of material were taken into the equation. With so much opportunity for doubt the problem was one which might be elucidated by experiments upon rock movements—if movements could be induced in rocks under known conditions. And if the results thus artificially obtained corresponded with the structures of deformed rocks found in Nature, a great deal might be learned not only about the character of the movements, but also about the conditions necessary to produce those movements.

It is almost universally agreed among geologists that there are three principal factors needful to bring about those conditions to which, in the deep parts of the earth, rock structure is subjected, and that these conditions are: First, tremendous pressure; second, high temperature; third, percolating waters.

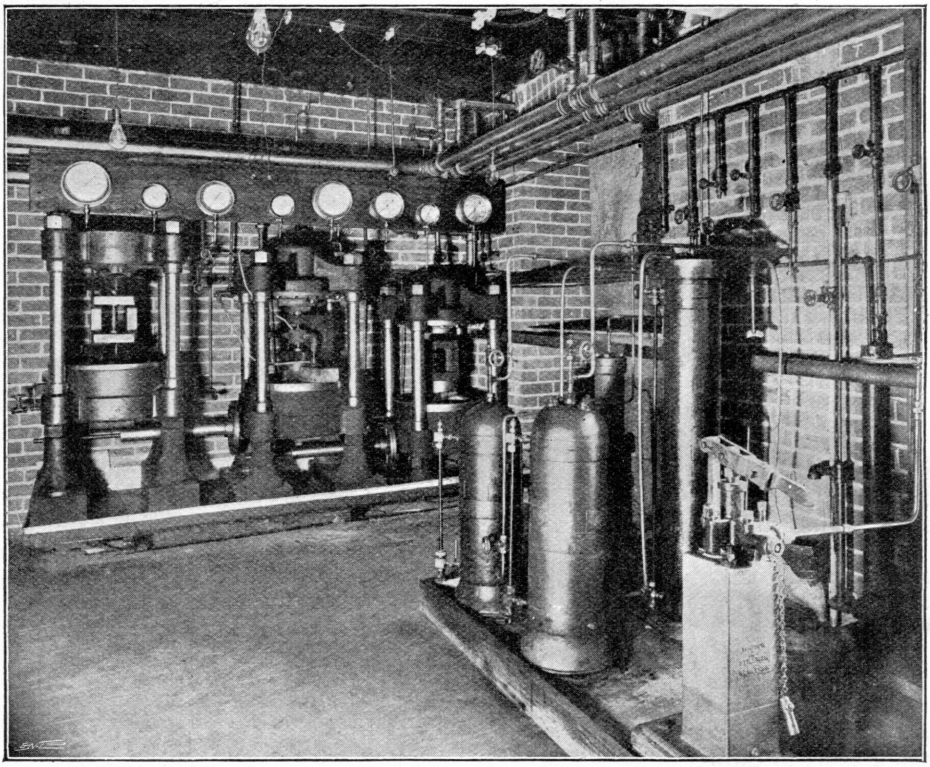
As regards the question of pressure, let it be said that mere cubic compression does not result in a flowing motion, although it may effect a change in the molecular structure of the rock. That the mass may have movement, a differential pressure is necessary; and

to obtain this differential pressure under the conditions prescribed, inventive genius must needs get to work. In the evolution of a proper machine for his experiments Professor Adams was aided by Professor John T. Nicholson, D.Sc., M.Inst.C.E. The studies were conducted in the Mining Building at McGill University.

That the interesting way in which the experiments were carried on may be clearly explained for readers of THE STRAND it will be advisable to begin with a description of the preparation of the blocks of pure Carrara marble used in the tests, and gradually to lead up to the machinery with which the squeezing is accomplished. To subject the marble to a differential pressure it was sought to inclose it in some metal with a greater elasticity than the marble, but at the same time ductile to a considerable degree. Heavy tubes of wrought-iron were adopted. These were formed after the plan used in making big guns, by wrapping thin strips of Low Moor iron about a soft iron bar, welding each strip in succession, and finally boring out the core. The consequent tube of Low Moor iron was one-fourth of an inch thick, with the fibres of the metal running around the tube instead of parallel to its long axis.

Small columns of marble, varying in diameter from eight-hundredths of an inch to one inch, and about one and five-hundredths of an inch long, were accurately fashioned and polished on a lathe. Then the Low Moor tube was fitted about the marble, both the column itself and the interior of the tube being tapered very slightly, and so contrived that the marble would pass only half-way into the tube when cool. The tube, being subjected to expansion through the agency of heat, increased in diameter enough to allow the marble to pass completely into it, leaving at either end about an inch and a quarter of the tube free. When the tube cooled a uniform contact between the metal and the rock was obtained.

The subject was then in readiness for the next step. Into either end of the tube containing the marble column was inserted an accurately fitting plug or piston of steel, and



PLANT AT MCGILL UNIVERSITY, WHERE THE FLOW OF ROCK WAS DEMONSTRATED.

The machine on the extreme left of the photograph is ready to make a "cold dry crush"; the machine in the middle is ready to make a "hot dry crush" (the asbestos packing which would be wrapped about it to keep in the heat being removed); and the machine on the right is prepared for a "hot wet crush."

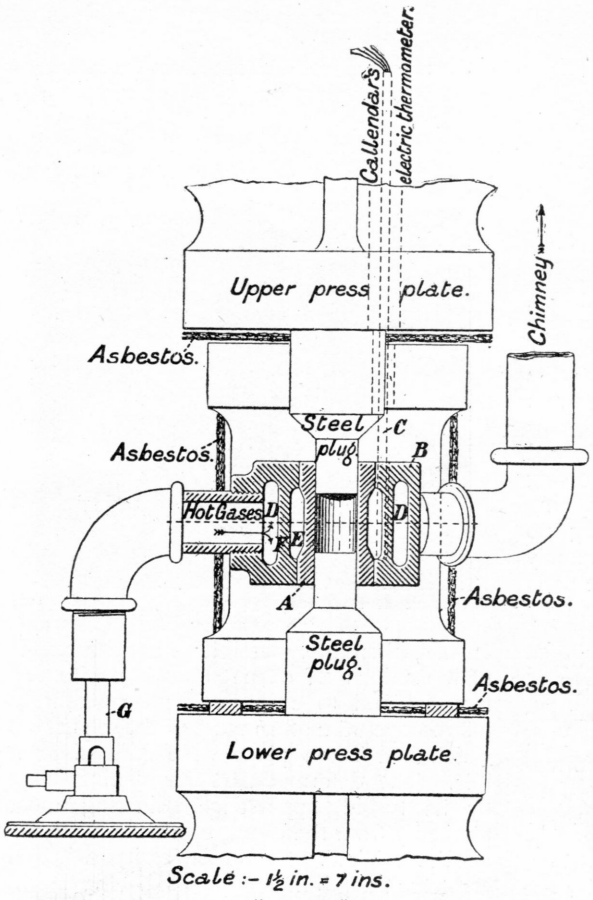


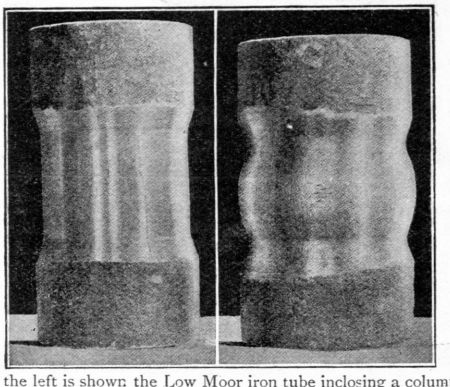
DIAGRAM OF THE "HOT DRY" CRUSHING PRESS.

A. Tube inclosing column of Carrara marble. B. Cast-iron jacket bored to receive tube. C. Place for insertion of a Callendar's platinum resistance thermometer. D. Channel for circulation of hot gases. E. Air space, into which thermometer bulb projects. F. Wall separating gas space from air space. G. Gas pipe.

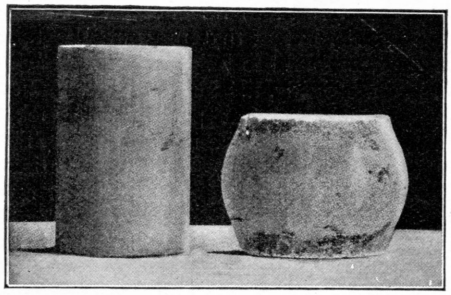
pressure was applied by means of these. This pressure — and a most extraordinary pressure, too — was brought about by a powerful double hydraulic "intensifier" press, by means of which (in earlier experiments when water from the city mains was used) forces as high as 13,000 atmospheres were exerted on the marble, which forces were easily regulated and maintained at a constant value for months at a time, if needed.

Having learned that columns of marble, 1in. in diameter and 1½in. high, were crushed at from 11,430lb. to 12,026lb. to the square inch, the column in its wrought-iron casing was placed in the squeezing machine and pressure applied gradually, the extreme diameter of the tube being accurately measured at frequent intervals. Until a pressure of 18,000lb. to the square inch was reached (varying slightly with the thickness of the tube) no effect was noticeable, but at that pressure the tube was found to bulge slowly and symmetrically, the bulge being confined solely to that part of the jacket surrounding the marble plug. The distension was permitted to continue until the tube showed signs of rupture, when the pressure was removed. The marble was submitted to pressure under the following four conditions: (*a*) At the ordinary temperature in the absence of moisture (cold dry crush). (*b*) At 300deg. Centigrade in the absence of moisture (hot dry crush). (*c*) At 400deg. Centigrade in the absence of moisture (hot dry crush). (*d*) At 300deg. Centigrade in the presence of moisture (hot wet crush).

On columns of marble at the ordinary temperature eight experiments were made in the absence of moisture, the rate at which pressure was applied varying in different cases, and the consequent malformation being in some cases extremely slow and in others more rapid, the extremes being ten minutes and sixty-four days in those particular cases. On the completion of the experiments a narrow cutter in a milling machine was used to slit the tube longitudinally along two opposite lines. The marble was found to be still firm and compact, and so to cling to the two now distinct sides of the jacket that mechanical aid in the shape of wedges was necessary to tear them asunder, and even then the marble was split through the vertical axis. So firmly did the deformed half-



At the left is shown the Low Moor iron tube inclosing a column of Carrara marble ready to be placed in the machine. On the right is the same tube after having been slowly deformed during a period of sixty-four days.

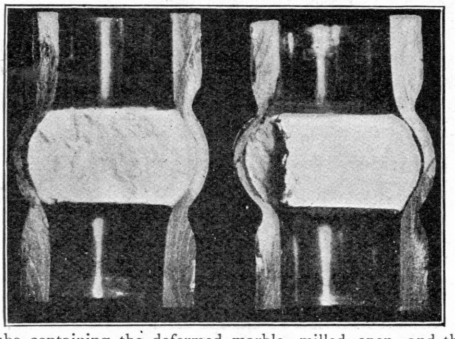


On the right is the piece of deformed marble after removal from its jacket. On the left is a column of marble of the dimensions its partner originally possessed.

columns then cling to the halves of the jacket that a vice had to be used to set them free.

While compact and firm, the squeezed marble differs from the original in possessing a dead-white, chalky hue, the glistening cleavage surfaces of the calcite being no longer visible. This difference is extremely well shown in certain cases where some parts of the original marble remain unaltered by the pressure.

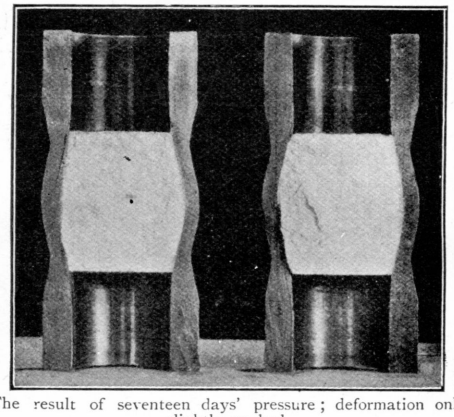
That the strength of the rock might be tested, three of the half-columns obtained in different experiments after the manner described above were selected. The first of these, which had undergone a slow deformation extending through a period of sixty-four days, gave way under a load of 5,350lb. per square inch; the second, compressed for one and a half hours, broke down under a pressure of two tons per square inch; and the third, which had been squeezed but fifteen



Tube containing the deformed marble, milled open, and the marble split in two as described. In this particular case the marble column was reduced one-half its original height in four hours.

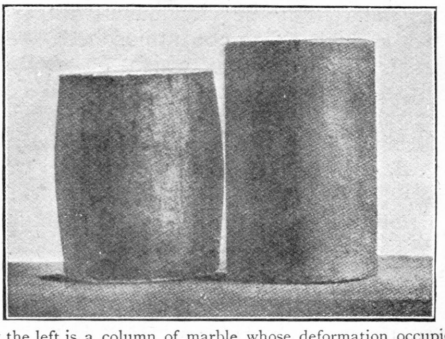
minutes, crushed under 2,776lb. So that, in spite of allowances made for variance in shape of specimens tested, the marble after deformation is weaker than the original rock, for it has been previously mentioned that columns of marble such as were tested in the way described above exhibited originally a crushing weight of between 11,430lb. and 12,026lb. to the square inch. Hence when deformation is conducted slowly the resultant rock is stronger than when deformation is rapid.

As has been said, some portions of the tested marble columns were found unaltered.



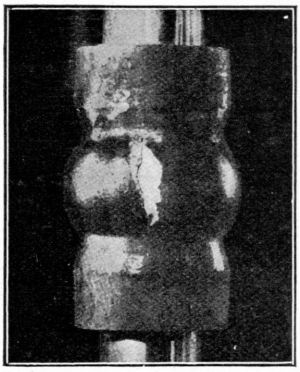
The result of seventeen days' pressure; deformation only slightly marked.

It was, therefore, possible to get thin proximal sections of changed and unchanged material and to examine them beneath the microscope, when the nature of the movement which had taken place was clearly discernible. The deformed part was distinguished by its turbid appearance, differing most markedly from the clear, transparent mosaic of the original. This turbidity was of greatest strength along a series of reticulating lines running through the sections, which lines, when highly magnified, are seen to consist of bands of tiny calcite granules. The calcite individuals along these lines—the "lines of shearing"—have broken down, moved past one another, and come to be compactly massed after the movement ceased. The resultant structure is identical with that seen in the felspar of many gneisses.



At the left is a column of marble whose deformation occupied 124 days, during which a temperature of 300deg. Centigrade was maintained. The column at the right represents the original size of the other.

Professor Adams next experimented with the effects of heat, and after putting the marble into the machine (supplied with suitable apparatus for the generation of heat) he learned that the crushing load of the column deformed under those conditions was equal to 10,652lb. per square inch. So that, while marble deformed under the influence of great heat is not quite as strong as the original rock, it is, to say the least, very strong.



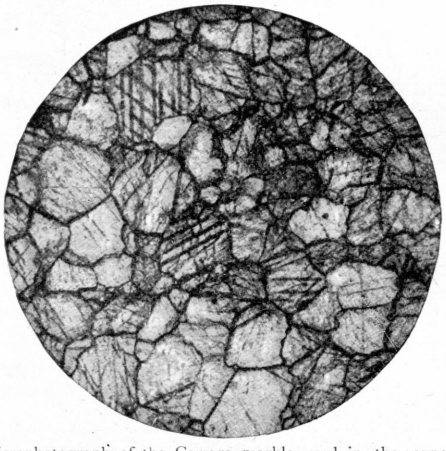
In this case the pressure on the marble was continued so long and the deformation carried so far that the moving marble within rent asunder the metal jacket inclosing it.

The third factor which it was believed might have an influence on rock formation —moisture—was next considered, and yet another modification of the machine was needful. For sixty-four days water was forced through the marble column at a pressure of 460lb. to the square inch. The column was heated to 300deg. Centigrade. Under these conditions the marble yielded by molecular slipping, but the deformed column was found actually to be slightly stronger than an unchanged bit of the original rock. The structure was identical with that developed at 300deg. Centigrade without the presence of moisture. Water therefore did not affect the character of the deformation. The remarkable strength of the modified rock may have been due, however, to an infinitesimal deposition of calcium carbonate along very minute cracks or fissures.

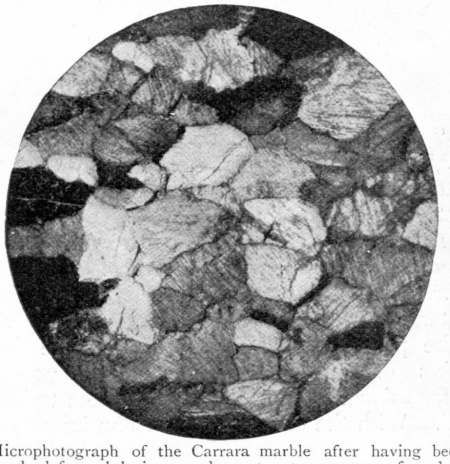
All of which leads up to a most interesting and, at the same time, a most astonishing fact; namely, that an examination of marble deformed at a temperature of 300deg. Centigrade, or better at 460deg., indicated an internal molecular motion precisely identical with that observed in metals changed by impact or compression. The agreement between the two is so close that the term "flow" is as correctly applied to the movements of marble under the conditions of pressure, previously described, as it is to the movement which takes place in a button of gold, for example, when squeezed in a vice, or in a rod of iron when jammed between rollers.

That it might be known definitely whether the structures shown by artificially malformed marbles were to be found in Nature's contorted crust, a series of forty-two specimens of marbles and limestones from various portions of the globe were chosen and examined with the minutest care. Of these, sixteen showed structures like those in the artificially deformed rock, and the movements of the granules had been absolutely identical with those superinduced in the Carrara marble. In six other cases there was a greater or less resemblance, and in the remaining twenty specimens the structure was different.

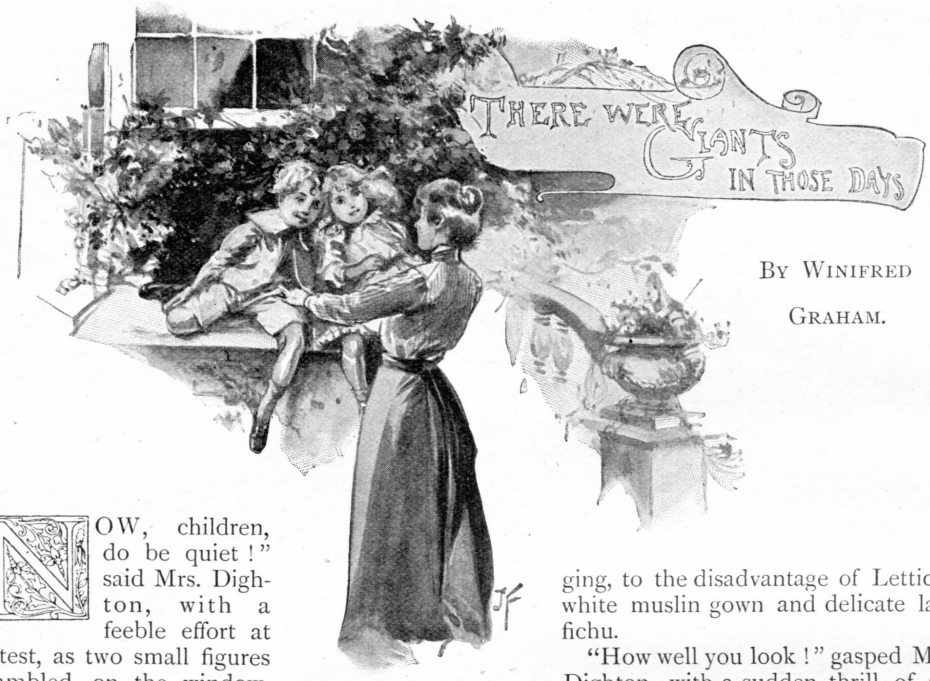
It is believed from the results of other experiments now being carried out, but not yet completed, that similar movements can be induced in granite and other harder crystalline rocks.



Microphotograph of the Carrara marble used in the experiments. The rock as found in Nature. The individual grains have very nearly the same diameter in every direction, although differing somewhat in size among themselves.



Microphotograph of the Carrara marble after having been slowly deformed during 124 days at a temperature of 300deg. Centigrade. The individual grains can be seen to be flattened in a horizontal direction.



By Winifred Graham.

"NOW, children, do be quiet!" said Mrs. Dighton, with a feeble effort at protest, as two small figures scrambled on the window-sill, framing their fair heads in a bower of blossoms.

Roses encircled every window in Hume Cottage—roses strong, healthy, sweet as the pink-cheeked twins, Jack and Millicent.

Jack looked round with beaming blue eyes, while anxious maternal fingers clutched his linen coat and Millicent's white frock.

"We can't very well be quiet to-day, you see," he said, half penitently, yet with no intention of reforming, "because Aunt Lettice is coming to stay."

A visit from Aunt Lettice proved always an event in the lives of the twins. Lettice, Mrs. Dighton's youngest and only unmarried sister, was well known in London society as "the pretty Miss Leith." Many were the offers of marriage this fastidious young person declined, enjoying her freedom to the full. With the children she was an immense favourite, owing to an indomitable spirit of fun which ruled her happy young life.

"I see the carriage coming," cried Millicent, tossing herself forward. "Look, it's turned the corner, and Aunt Lettice is driving the ponies."

The twins sprang down from their perilous perch, racing each other to the flower-laden entrance, in which warm greetings became the order of the day, much kissing and hugging, to the disadvantage of Lettice's white muslin gown and delicate lace fichu.

"How well you look!" gasped Mrs. Dighton, with a sudden thrill of admiration. She had always considered her sister pretty, but somehow Lettice seemed changed. The former prettiness had developed into beauty; her eyes possessed a new sparkle, her face an enchanting blush; her whole manner spoke mysteriously of inward happiness and contentment. On the other hand, Mrs. Dighton bore signs of worry and depression. Directly they were alone Lettice asked if anything were the matter.

"We had such a shock about this house," said Mrs. Dighton. "You know how dearly I love the little place; the children were born here, and it is associated with the happiest years of my married life. Well, we grew to look upon it as our own, never dreaming that the lease would not be renewed. But, alas! we built our hopes on sand! The landlord, Sir Charles Carrick, has suddenly taken it into his head to make a private steeplechase course on this very ground. The fields all round us are admirably adapted for his purpose. So poor little Hume Cottage, with its lovely flower garden and exquisite views, is to be laid low—destroyed—for a whim. Sir Charles cares nothing about this neighbourhood. Colbrand Castle lies empty from year to year; if he spares a week of his valuable time to the old place he considers his duties fully completed. The steeple-

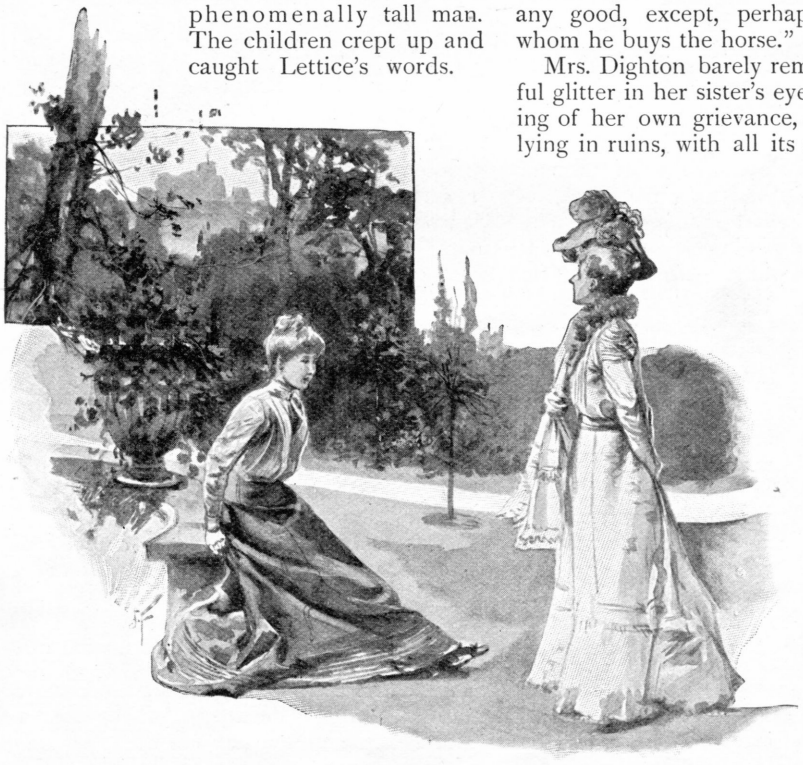
chase course will be of little use to him. Hume Cottage means a great deal to us."

"What sort of a man is Sir Charles?" asked Lettice.

"My dear, I have never met him, but I think he must be a horrible creature. It is a standing disgrace the way he neglects his property. His tenants are in the direst poverty; it would be far better if he let Colbrand Castle than allowed the estate to run to rack and ruin."

"Perhaps he is thoughtless; perhaps it has never struck him that his duty lies here," said Lettice. "After all, you know, it would be lonely for an unmarried man to live by himself in that gloomy old giant's house."

Lettice glanced towards the grey castle—just visible through the trees. In olden times a most powerful race of giants were supposed to have inhabited the great Colbrand mansion. The doors were built tremendously high for the convenience of the gigantic owners, while horrible tales of cannibalism and crime still clung to the place. Children's bones had been found beneath the cellars, and fierce spikes remained on the walls as evidences of past torture. It seemed fitting that the present owner should be a phenomenally tall man. The children crept up and caught Lettice's words.



"I CAN FIND NO EXCUSE FOR SIR CHARLES'S NEGLECT."

"She is talking about the giant," whispered Jack, putting his finger to his lip to silence Millicent.

"I can find no excuse for Sir Charles's neglect," declared Mrs. Dighton, emphatically. "If only his younger brother were in his shoes things would be very different. The brother is a steady married man, most charitable, and ambitious for the country's good. I can only hope rumour may prove right, and that he will soon take the place of Sir Charles, who, I hear, is drinking himself to death as fast as he can. All the poor people would welcome the change."

Lettice had grown suddenly pale; her calm eyes flashed and darkened, like a black squall passing over the blue of the summer sea.

"How unfair to say such things without knowing!" she exclaimed, hotly. "Rumour always jumps at unkind conclusions, and is generally wrong. I am sure Sir Charles cannot be a drunkard. I—I have met friends of his. As to his never coming down here, he is expected at the castle this very day. Your coachman told me on my way from the station."

"Probably he is coming for one night just to look at a horse. His visit won't do anybody any good, except, perhaps, the man from whom he buys the horse."

Mrs. Dighton barely remarked the resentful glitter in her sister's eyes. She was thinking of her own grievance, of Hume Cottage lying in ruins, with all its sweet associations for ever dead. She mournfully contemplated the destruction of the honeysuckle porch, the wooden steps with their banisters of clematis, the roof tiled with Virginia creeper and purple wistaria, round which the bees loved to gather. All the sweetness laid low, converted into a burial ground of bricks and mortar, crushing the stately Madonna lilies,

the bold hollyhocks, and beaming sunflowers. To Mrs. Dighton the mere idea of such a massacre seemed little less than a crime.

The children, overhearing the conversation, wandered away dolefully hand in hand, even their light young hearts saddened at the thought of losing their summer home.

"You heard what mother said?" whispered Millicent, resting her chin against the surface of a venerable sundial.

"Yes; if the giant died what a good thing it would be! But I don't believe giants ever die; they have to be killed."

"I wonder what he is like!" sighed Millicent, kicking the moss off the base of the sundial with her small, square-toed shoes.

"Oh! I know all about him," replied Jack, with pride. "He grows nine inches every month, and is stronger than forty men all put together. He has only one eye, right in the middle of his forehead. He has set that eye upon our house, Millicent, and some day soon he is coming to tear it all down. Mother is very unhappy; I wish I could make it all right for her. I asked father to go and kill the giant, but he only laughed. I think it was just a little unkind of him to laugh, when mother minded so much."

Millicent shook her yellow curls in nodding approval.

"Your name is Jack," she murmured, enigmatically.

"Well, I know that!" replied the boy.

"Jack dug a deep pit, and put grass and gravel over it—the giant fell into the pit! That was Jack the Giant-Killer." Her voice sank. She fancied the giant poppies were listening, and that they might be mysteriously in communication with the wicked owner of Colbrand Castle.

A strange light came over the boy's face, yet the sun had hidden itself behind a tall copper beech. He took his little sister by the hand and made her sit down amongst the daisies.

Side by side under the sundial the two small figures remained in long and earnest conversation; Millicent with her bare legs crossed, her socks sunk to her ankles.

The boy's cheeks were red as the crimson ramblers which showered their brilliance over a dead tree-stump. Every now and again the children would pause, a reign of short, breathless silence taking up the thread of eager, anxious talk.

As the sun sank they rose, looking towards the red sky.

"I think we might go now," said Jack.

Millicent placed her tiny fingers on his arm.

"We sha'n't be seen in the twilight," she whispered, confidently, as they crept under the shadow of the box-hedge to the little garden-gate leading to the fields.

"THE TWO SMALL FIGURES REMAINED IN LONG AND EARNEST CONVERSATION."

The twins spoke little as they marched steadily in the direction of Colbrand Castle; they felt it was not an occasion for speech.

Jack's face wore a very determined expression, and he hustled Millicent along ruthlessly whenever her short strides showed signs of lagging.

As they neared the giant's domain their hearts beat fiercely; the picturesque surroundings became part of a weird dream, a fairy land invented by imaginative minds, wherein lurked spirits and hideous monsters.

A gasp of long-drawn tension escaped

them as, turning into the castle grounds, the handsome stone mansion broke upon their view, silhouetted against the sky-line in a summer sunset.

A noble castle this, built of cut stone, with colonnaded wings on either side, the parapets formed of open stonework, and the colonnades furnished with rustic seats. The wide doorway stood open, looking to the children like the entrance to a tomb—a cave of dead men's bones and terrors innumerable.

Millicent shivered slightly. She clutched Jack's arm.

"You are not frightened!" he said. It was more an assurance than a question.

"Oh, no; not at all, thank you," replied Millicent, with chattering teeth.

"I hope you understand," continued Jack, "that I am only doing this for mother's sake, and all the poor people who are oppressed by the giant. I don't want to kill him at all myself; in fact, it is rather unpleasant. You won't forget that, Millicent?"

"No," she whispered, "I won't forget. It has got to be done."

"I think we had better walk straight into the castle; it would be no good trying to storm it from outside—we haven't enough hands."

Millicent agreed as she looked down at her minute fingers, very grubby from their wanderings through the moss of the sundial.

Side by side the juvenile warriors passed between two cannons, relics of the Crimea, through the great doorway to a lofty square hall.

How dead and desolate the place looked with the evening shadows creeping through a stained-glass window, making patterns on the walls covered with a bewildering collection of weapons, from a blunderbuss to an assegai. Above the high door in big bold letters an inscription was carved:—

"There were giants on the earth in those days."

Jack read the intelligence, but made no allusion to it; he fancied Millicent seemed somewhat nervous.

"I don't think the giant will be very big," he told her, cheerfully, glancing up at the ceiling, which looked a long way off to Millicent.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Oh! because he could not live in this house if he were like the giant who put his feet on two mountains and then stooped to drink from a stream in the valley between."

"No," said Millicent, and the thought brought comfort to her soul.

"Come along, we had better look for him; it's no good wasting our time," declared Jack.

Now that they were actually within the walls of this "Castle Perilous" the would-be giant-killer recollected he was not very clear about his plans.

It had sounded easy enough as they wove wild schemes of conquest under the sundial in the peaceful garden. A thousand splendid ideas and brilliant suggestions made this pilgrimage to the giant's domain a delightfully thrilling and noble undertaking. The elements of romance, founded upon childish folk-lore and nursery tales, inflamed their hearts, set pulses beating, quickened zeal. Now the cold mists of reality crept over Jack's ambitious dream and made Millicent remember she had foregone her tea.

Slowly the little besieging party advanced, walking with noiseless tread across the thick carpet, Jack leading the way to another high door on the opposite side of the inner hall. The door stood ajar—very softly Jack pushed it open, and two pairs of curious blue eyes peered cautiously into the room. A long, low apartment, lighted by three windows with a western aspect, through which could be seen the crimson sky, radiant with the glories of an exquisite sunset, a sea of flaming carmine, streaked by lines of darkest velvet, piercing grey, plume-like masses of cloud.

In the big bow window, lying back between the arms of a great chair, with eyes closed and feet propped up on a handsome buhl table, lay the giant himself! At his side a pile of newspapers indicated that he had been reading. A silver cigar-box stood open; evidently the giant was not above a human weakness for the Goddess Nicotina.

Jack grasped Millicent's shoulder convulsively; his heart beat like a steam-engine, but his courage ran high. "See," he whispered, "the giant is asleep; what luck! That's always the time to kill a giant, you know."

Millicent steadied herself against an old Musherbyah screen which once ornamented a Cairo harem, her bare knees shaking and her anxious gaze cast in the direction of the sleeping monster.

She had expected a hideous apparition, and lo! the creature's hair was curly—auburn; his profile showed classically chiselled features. Millicent saw something attractive in his very pose—the abandonment of a tall, loose-limbed figure under the refining influence of sleep.

As she looked the woman's heart in that

baby frame softened and quailed. She forgot the ennobling instincts which had driven Jack to the castle on his murderous errand; forgot that Hume Cottage, her mother's happiness, and the well-being of the poor hung in the balance. The giant must be saved from destruction—the giant with the fair moustache and curly head.

"I know what we will do," said Jack. "Give me your sash, and I'll creep up and tie it round his neck. Then we will each take one end, and pull just as hard as ever we can till his head falls off!"

The mere idea filled Millicent with unspeakable horror. Pushing Jack aside, she rushed frantically across the room, flinging herself with a cry of warning upon the man's powerful chest.

"Wake up!—wake up!—wake up!" she cried three times in her shrill, small voice, shaking the lapel of his coat vigorously. Sir Charles Carrick started so violently that he sent her tumbling on the floor; then he rubbed his eyes, uncertain if he were still dreaming, and stared round.

"OH! MILLICENT, YOU HAVE SPOILT EVERYTHING!"

What he saw certainly perplexed him.

A tiny white figure with a frightened face, in a crumpled heap on the rug; a crestfallen boy, helping the thing in socks to rise, and muttering reproachfully:—

"Oh! Millicent, you have spoilt everything!"

At last, fully convinced he was awake, the Lord of the Manor stopped blinking his eyes and addressed the intruders.

"How do you do?" he said, simply, holding out a big hand to these strange guests. "What on earth are you playing at?"

His calm tone reassured Millicent, who had been dangerously near tears. She advanced timidly, offering her chubby fingers in return for the giant's proffered palm. By way of introduction she whispered in a grave undertone, nodding towards her brother:—

"That's Jack the Giant-Killer!"

Sir Charles controlled a smile.

"Oh! I see; you've come to explore the giant's house?"

"No," she explained, "we didn't care one bit about the house, but we thought you were much, much bigger, and only wore one eye in the middle of your forehead, so Jack decided to kill you."

"Really! Now, that's very interesting," replied the giant, good-humouredly, as he lifted Millicent on his knee; "very interesting indeed! But why a poor beggar should be killed because he has only one eye, I can't imagine. Of course, I know I am very ignorant, and I should be much obliged if you would tell me——"

Jack came forward with words of wisdom to save the situation.

"Millicent has muddled it all up," he said. "The eye did not matter, but if I had killed the giant everybody would have been so pleased, especially mother."

"Mother must be a charming person!" said Sir Charles.

"Yes, she's just a dear!" murmured Jack, enthusiastically. "Millicent and I would do anything for her—wouldn't we, Millicent?"

Millicent signified approval by emphatically nodding.

"But why should your mother desire my destruction?"

The giant put the question kindly, a puzzled expression on his brow.

With the sincerity of childhood, Jack hastened to explain.

"You see, it was this way," he said. "Mother was telling my aunt that if you died your brother would come to the castle, which would be so much better for everybody, because he's good and thinks about the poor people. Your tenants are not a bit happy; their houses are tumbling down, 'pig-sties' father calls them—the houses, I mean. Of course a giant can't understand what it's like to live in a pig-sty."

Jack spoke innocently, his searching gaze riveted upon Sir Charles, his little hands thrust in the pockets of his linen coat.

The giant fidgeted uneasily and pulled at his big moustache, then he turned his eyes away, staring through the open window.

The wonders of an after-glow painted the sky innumerable colours. Sheaths of rays shot up from the vanished sun, but Sir Charles was not looking at the glory.

For the moment his mind travelled back to the old school-days, when he was always in disgrace while his brother Maurice carried off the good-conduct prizes. Maurice, the poseur, the would-be saint, had made for himself the motto: "Thou shalt not be found out," and kept to it with the utmost rigour.

Millicent, adopting the enemy's knee for an arm-chair, leant comfortably against Sir Charles's broad chest.

"It is a pity you are going to take our house away," she said. "You don't know what lovely mud-puddings we make where the tadpoles live! It is right at the end of the garden; the rushes grow all round the pond. We found Moses there. Somebody had thrown him in the water, and he mewed dreadfully. We named him 'Moses' because of the rushes, and it was Sunday, too. Are you friendly with cats? We love them very much. I can't think what Moses will do, because he is very fond of the house, and cats simply can't bear new places. I was wondering if you could leave just a little bit of the yard, enough for a few kittens to live in. Oh, and I do hope you won't come before my birthday; you see, we couldn't have a party if we were moving—could we, Jack?"

"No," replied the boy.

"It is a pity," continued Millicent, dangling her sunburnt legs and heaving a deep sigh. "Jack and I won't ever love another garden quite so much. We heard you had decided to tear everything down, and that is why we expected you to be bigger. You'll have to get some other giants to help you—the trees are very tall."

"IT WAS REALLY RATHER CRUEL OF YOU TO WANT TO KILL ME!"

"Why do you think I want to tear down your home?" he asked, gently.

"Oh! because you are going to ride races," put in Jack. "Mother called it 'a whim,' but father said it was a steeplechase course, and I am sure he knew."

Light broke over the giant's groping senses.

"I see, I see; you live at Hume Cottage, and they have a pretty bad opinion of me there, eh? But it was really rather cruel of you to want to kill me!"

"I did not want to, really, a bit," Jack confessed, half-ashamed of the admission. "I told Millicent I was only doing it for mother's sake; you see, mother cried when she heard you were going to destroy our house. She thinks you will die, because you drink such a lot; she doesn't understand that giants can drink whole rivers!"

Sir Charles for the first time broke into a hearty peal of laughter. The disastrous revelation as to his moral character flowing thus glibly from the tongue of a child amused him by its very falsity.

"It is funny, isn't it?" said Jack, joining in the laugh, and mistaking its real significance.

"Aunt Lettice said people were very unkind to jump at—at——what did she call it, Jack?" asked Millicent.

"Conclusions."

"Yes, conclusions," echoed the small voice, and looks of pride were exchanged at mastering the long word.

"Aunt *Lettice*, did you say?" The giant spoke excitedly, sitting bolt upright in his chair, a strange expression lighting his eyes. A moment ago he had been lazily enjoying the slaughter of his own reputation; now he looked both eager and anxious. The children were not slow to notice the change.

"Yes, dear Aunt Lettice, she's so beautiful! We like her best when her hair hangs down at night, then we call her 'Golden Hair,' and Millicent thinks the plaits are fairy ladders. Aunt Lettice came to-day; we were awfully glad!"

"Is her name Lettice Leith?" asked Sir Charles, and his voice trembled. Jack nodded.

There was a pause. The twins stared at him curiously. For the moment he seemed to have forgotten their presence, as he drew a letter from his pocket and re-read its contents.

"I am so sorry at your having to go into the country on business," the letter ran. "It will indeed be dull and boring all alone in that great castle; no wonder the place depresses you. As you have to be away for two or three days I think it would be better to carefully guard our secret till your return. Then you must come to dinner, and have a long talk with my 'stern parent'—I am sure you will like him, and I have not the faintest doubt that he will like you! Your wail at being called to Warwickshire would have made me quite sad, but I've thought of a surprise for you (rather a nice surprise, I am conceited enough to tell myself). Prepare for the unexpected, but don't expect too much!"

So Lettice's presence at Hume Cottage must be the surprise! He, then, was her sister's landlord, about to lay low her sister's home, while evil rumour sported with his name.

Sir Charles looked down at his future nephew and niece with a new interest, involuntarily bending to kiss Millicent's hair. In colour and texture it was like Lettice's.

"Come," he said, "I will take you home. Let us go to Aunt Lettice."

"Do you know her?" asked Jack.

The giant smiled. He gave each of the children a hand, and, trotting beside him, they passed out to the dusky garden. The faint rays of glory above were just fading in mist, while the thinnest crescent moon floated between two crimson clouds, like a disembodied spirit.

As they walked towards Hume Cottage he drew them on to talk of Lettice.

"She spoke up for you," said the boy. "I heard her, but I don't think she told mother you were her friend. Of course a person would have to be nice about a friend, whatever he did, even if he destroyed ever so many houses."

"What did Aunt Lettice say?" asked Sir Charles. Jack thought a moment.

"She called it 'unfair'; she supposed people talked without knowing, and that perhaps you were only thoughtless. Mother mentioned the word 'duty' more than once, but I can't remember all; you see, I was planning to go to the castle myself."

"Yet, after you had found the giant, you let him live! But never mind, old boy, I won't lay a finger on Hume Cottage, in gratitude to you for sparing my life."

"Oh! that *is* good news!" said his young assassin; "only it was really Millicent's doing, because she woke you up."

"Then how am I to repay Millicent?"

The little girl looked up at him with wide, trustful eyes.

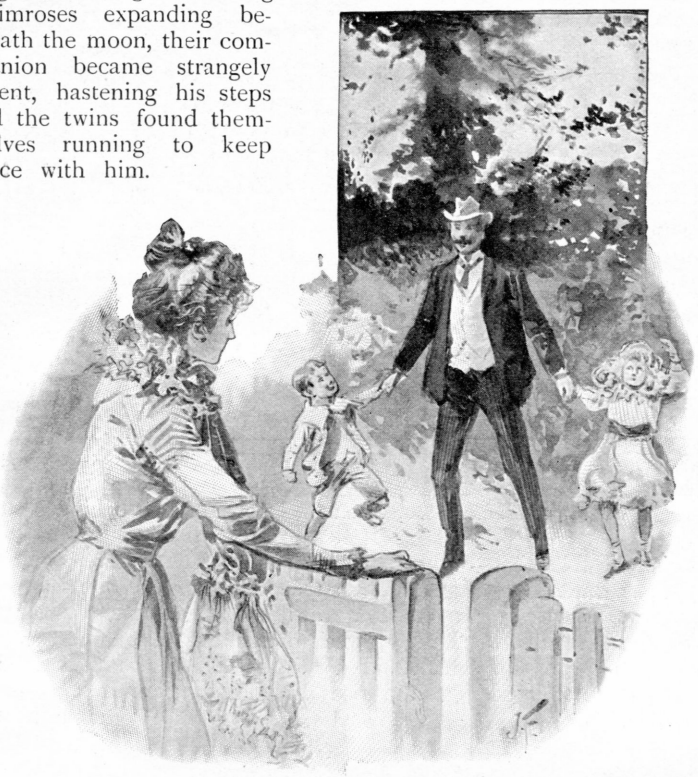
"Make the pigsties a little less piggy," she said.

The unselfish request touched him. He patted her on the head.

"All right," he murmured, gazing fondly at the tiny philanthropist; "I daresay Aunt Lettice will help me. I am going to ask her to stay at the Castle. Perhaps she may like it so much she will want to live there altogether."

This seemed a very strange remark, but the children did not like to disbelieve, for the giant had won their respect; they were even getting a little fond of him.

As they neared Hume Cottage, with its rosebuds closing for the night and languid evening primroses expanding beneath the moon, their companion became strangely silent, hastening his steps till the twins found themselves running to keep pace with him.



"SOMEBODY OPENED THE GARDEN-GATE."

Somebody opened the garden-gate and came towards them with a bright smile—a girlish figure clad in white.

The children's hands were suddenly released, and the giant bade them run indoors in a voice they dared not disregard.

With swift steps they bounded up the clematis staircase, seeking their mother breathlessly.

"We've been to the castle," they cried, "but we didn't kill the giant, and he's going to let us stay here, and Aunt Lettice is to see to the poor people's pigsties. Won't that be lovely? And—and—he is outside in the garden with her, because they are great friends. If she likes the castle she is to live in it always."

The twins spoke rapidly—both together, till the stream of words became incoherent, and were only stayed by the welcome sight of nursery tea awaiting the truants' return.

Meanwhile the giant laughed to think he ever called the country "depressing" — as he and Lettice discussed their future in the sweetly-scented garden.

"You told me not to expect too much. I could hardly have expected this," he whispered, drawing her to his arms. "Those children burst upon me in a fairy-tale spirit, and I can still fancy myself treading enchanted ground! Perhaps they were purposely sent to teach me my duty; they certainly fulfilled their mission. We will build up the old place together, darling. If I had known you sooner I should have been a better man."

But Lettice did not believe this. In the eyes of love there can exist no "better" for the ideal already enthroned upon a pinnacle of perfection. So the idle moments drifted and became precious.

Jack, peeping out at the starlit garden, whispered as he caught the glimmer of a white dress under the beech tree:—

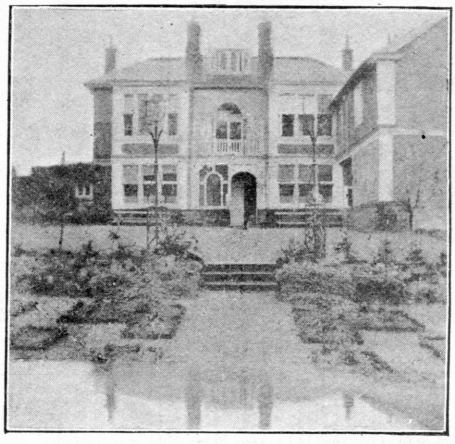
"Doesn't she look like a fairy princess, Millicent? I believe they are going to 'live happy ever after!'"

"It's very queer, isn't it?" answered Millicent. "I think I should like to marry a giant!"

With this startling assertion she toddled off to bed.

Natural Optical Illusions.

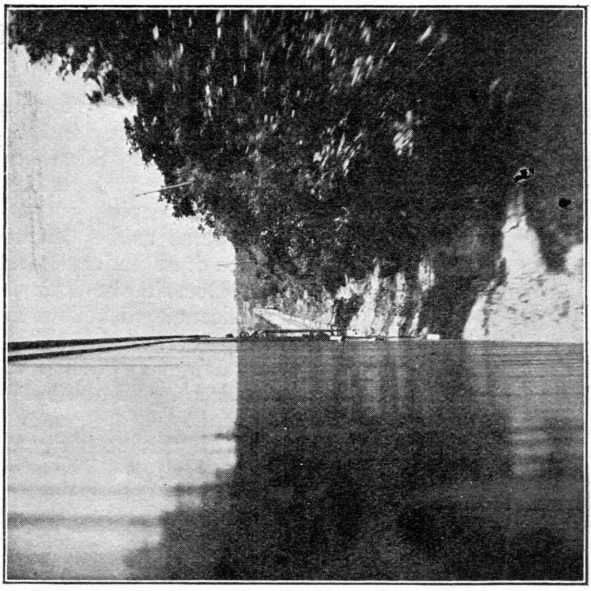
IN our issue for October, 1897, appeared an article on Optical Illusions, which consisted chiefly of those of a scientific nature, in which diagrams of different kinds formed figures which deceived the eye. The examples treated in the following article, however, are of quite a different kind, as they consist of what may be called natural optical illusions, in which photographs of the actual subjects present appearances which the eye finds it difficult to explain. Such examples are quite as interesting as those of the scientific kind and, so far as we are aware, have never before been treated of in any magazine. It is possible that many more examples exist as interesting as those which we are here able to present, and we shall be glad if the possessors of any such will forward them to us for inspection, so that if sufficient come to hand we can follow up this article with another possibly even more striking.



WHAT IS THIS WHICH SEEMS A LAKE?

The first example, which was sent to us by the Rev. J. Marshall, LL.D., Royal High School, Edinburgh, shows what is apparently a sheet of water in the foreground. We do not think that any of our readers would in fifty guesses arrive at the correct solution of what this seeming sheet of water really is before reading the following explanation, which Dr. Marshall sent us with the photograph: "It is an ordinary snap-shot by one of my boys of my house at North Queensferry, close to the sea. Everyone imagines the water in the foreground is the sea. The difficulty is that this is the side of the house away from the sea, and in this formal garden there is no pond of water at all. The photograph was taken by resting the camera on a large sun-dial with a brass plate on the top. The plate was wet with rain, and the apparent pool is simply the reflection of the house in the brass plate."

Our next example is one of very much the same kind, and it will, we think, be found at least as hard to make a correct guess at its true character. To all appearance it is a level piece of water forming a kind of weir, overflowing a bar at the left-hand side of the picture, while in the background rises a bank with rocks and trees. To arrive at the solution the picture must be turned round so that the right-hand side becomes the bottom, when it will be seen that what seems a sheet of water is in reality the polished side of a railway carriage, in which the wooded landscape is reflected. This curious photograph was sent us by Mr. A. E. Rex, of Desmoines, Iowa.



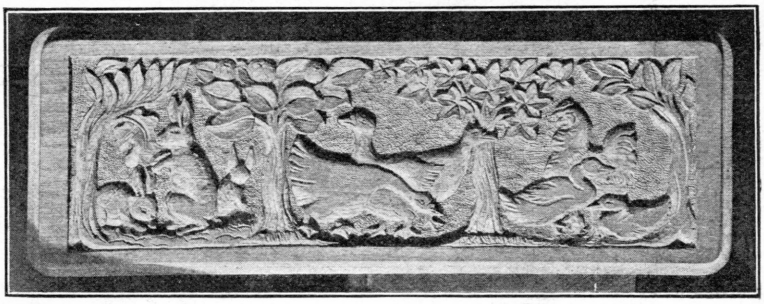
AND WHAT IS THIS WHICH SEEMS A WEIR?

In the illustration at the top of the next page

THE GIRL APPEARS TO HAVE TWO RIGHT HANDS AND THE BOY TWO LEFT HANDS.

ties, but never, we think, one quite so striking or so absolutely deceiving to the eye as the photograph of the piece of wood-carving which we reproduce. This was executed by Mr. James Hakes, of Aigburth Road, Liverpool, who, being also a photographer, was much struck, on looking at the print which he had taken of the carving, by the extraordinary way in which it appeared to be cut into the wood, instead of standing out in relief. The reader will observe that the figures of the poultry and rabbits and the other details of the carving appear, when the picture is turned upside down, to stand out strongly, which is the way they are actually carved, while if looked at the right way up, as here printed, it is impossible to

nothing curious, at first sight, is visible. The point which renders it so remarkable will, however, become apparent on reading



DO THESE FIGURES STAND OUT OF THE WOOD OR ARE THEY CUT INTO IT?

the following explanation, sent by the gentleman who took the photograph, Mr. Alfred Priest, of 379, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham: "The two children depicted here I discovered reading in the garden like this, and it struck me as looking very droll to see the one with apparently two right hands and the other with two left hands. So I got my brother to photograph them, while posing for the purpose. Of course one can easily see that the girl's left hand is supporting the boy's head, while the boy's right hand supports the girl's head."

The class of optical illusion to which our next example belongs is one of which we have given specimens from time to time in our section of Curiosi-

TWO DOGS.

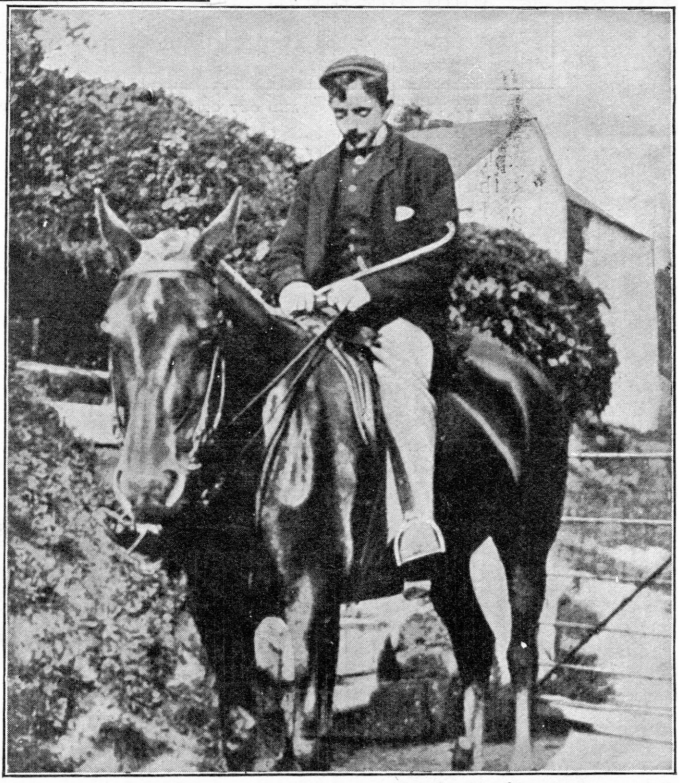
avoid the impression that the figures are sunk below the level of the wood.

An unintended effect of light and shade is also the cause of the deceptive appearance of a dog's head in the indentation of a felt hat which is reproduced in our next illustration. "I think," says the sender, Mr. J. C. Trickett, Trewyn College Road, Dulwich, "the effect produced by the hat very remarkable, the more so as at the time I simply intended taking a photograph of the dog." It is certainly a remarkable coincidence under the circumstances that the hat should have happened to have taken the appearance of a dog rather than that of any other creature.

THIS LADY'S PARASOL SEEMS INSIDE OUT.

Our next illusion is one which, so far as we know, is quite unlike any other which has ever appeared. It will be observed that in the photograph of the lady carrying a parasol the parasol appears to be inside out. Mr. J. C. R. Watson, of the National Bank House, Burntisland, Fife, who took the photograph, believes that this singular illusion is caused by the parasol being striped. We think, however, it is more probably due to the fact that the material of the parasol being transparent, and allowing the light to penetrate it, the upper side of the parasol appears to be light and the lower side in shadow, when the eye expects the reverse, which would be the case if the material were opaque.

Our last example is sent us by Mr. R. F. Prideaux, of 4, Elm Grove, Salisbury, and it is, we think, in some respects the most extraordinary of our present series. "It forms," says Mr. Prideaux, "an interesting photographic optical illusion. On looking at the face of the man on horseback the eyes will be seen either to be open and cast upwards (as I think they must have been) or to be closed with the eyelids down as if the man were asleep. In whichever way they first present themselves, *e.g.*, as open, they will, by steadily looking at the face for a few moments, dissolve and become the opposite, *i.e.*, closed ; and *vice versâ*. This optical illusion appears to be very similar to that published by Messrs. Pears and Co. some time ago of two cubes upon one cube." For our own part we have not been able to make up our minds with any certainty as to whether the horseman is looking straight forward and a little upwards, as Mr. Prideaux thinks, or whether his gaze is directed towards the horse's neck.



IS THIS HORSEMAN LOOKING UP OR DOWN ?

"Uncle James and Aunt Eve"

BY

Mrs Fred. Maturin

FORTY years ago my Uncle James and Aunt Eve were travelling by the good old dāk-gharree fashion through Northern India. It was no uncommon thing, then, to travel thus for weeks together, resting by day, if hot, in dāk-bungalows, and moving along at night, packed side by side in a rattle-trap vehicle resembling a large, square box on wheels. The inside of this was fitted with boards, so that you could lie and sleep. Behold Colonel Ward and my Aunt Eve, his bride (for this is a true story), being jigged along thus, one exquisite moonlight night, Uncle James snoring loudly; or so says Aunt Eve, who was therefore unable to get to sleep.

They stopped about one a.m. at a native village to change ponies, and Aunt Eve, without disturbing her spouse, got out of the gharree to request a drink of milk from a native woman standing sleepily at the door of her mud hut.

If you know dāk-gharree ponies you won't be surprised to hear that first (although dead tired) the old ponies refused to be moved out of their shafts, and then the new ones refused to be put in.

The whole village awoke and turned out. Yells, hoots, and much jabbering were expended upon the ponies, who always take it quite quietly and refuse to budge, but just shut their eyes and sleep until the fancy seizes them, when, whether you're back in the gharree or not, they start off without a moment's warning and you are left in the road, and no power will stop them.

Aunt Eve got so tired of watching operations (and so far the old ponies had refused to leave the shafts) that, finding a comfortable spot under a banana-tree, and the night being hot, she sat down, leant her head back, and must have fallen asleep.

She woke with a jump, fearing the dāk-gharree might have departed. But, no, there it was, and the same noise going on; and when the new ponies finally consented to enter the shafts she, knowing their ways, jumped quickly in, found her husband still slumbering fast, dropped a light kiss upon him in the dark to make sure he was there, and then she laid her head back, and was soon in the land of dreams herself, and the ponies galloped them along and along, through mile upon mile of silent jungle, fields of maize, and wastes of feathery white pampas grass.

Uncle James had ceased snoring, but after some hours he began again, but in a way he *had never* snored before. Uncle James, it appears (according to this chronicle), always snored in jerks. But now he kept up a loud, deep, regular refrain, more like a pig grunting, and so unlike himself that Aunt Eve began to think he might be in for some kind of apoplectic fit.

He next breathed the name "Julia"—several times.

Aunt Eve knew that none of Uncle James's sisters, cousins, or aunts were called Julia.

"Kiss me, Julia," whispered Uncle James, "and let bygones be bygones."

Aunt Eve sat up.

The moon had gone behind the jungles, and it was pitch dark. She drew a box of matches from her pocket, lit one, and examined Uncle James. Aunt Eve says it is no exaggeration to state that her hair (which fell to her knees) stood upright on her head. I always doubt this, for it would have knocked the gharree roof off.

However, I've no doubt it *wanted* to stand up, for instead of Aunt Eve's husband in the gharree, with whom she thought she had been travelling all night, there was someone else's husband, or, at any rate, a strange, fat Englishman she had never set eyes on before.

Trembling with horror and bewilderment,

Aunt Eve lit so many matches, the better to examine her companion, that the scraping and fizzing woke him; he opened his eyes, and then *he* sat up with a bound. Here the last match went out. They sat in the dark facing each other. The ponies were going as they had not gone all night.

It was plain, relates Aunt Eve, that the stranger seized the opportunity to make a few rapid alterations in his toilet, which had been meagre. She did the same, thrusting her curl-papers under a rug, and feeling glad that a certain complexion-improver, consisting of a thick layer of phosphorescent blue grease, had not been applied to her countenance overnight as usual, although it certainly possessed the advantage of shedding a kind of corpse-light upon surrounding objects.

"I cannot——" said Aunt Eve, and then paused.

"Neither can I," said he.

"Imagine," said Aunt Eve.

"How this happened," said he.

"I don't know India well," said Aunt Eve, as if to imply that this kind of thing might be a national custom.

"Nor I, and don't want to," said the man, breathing hard, for it was evident he was trying to get himself into some garment more imposing than a dressing-gown; "but don't excite yourself."

"But I must," said Aunt Eve; "I must excite myself. My husband will be furious, and he has a terrific temper."

This startled the stranger to such a degree that, regardless of not having yet removed his nightcap, he hastily sought some matches, and lit up a whole bunch of them, the better to look at Aunt Eve's face.

Seeing a very pretty woman, of whom a husband was likely to be unreasonably jealous, he gave a groan and out went the light.

"I know not how it occurred," said Aunt Eve, adopting the tone of the heroine in melodrama, "but we must stop the gharree; my life's happiness may be wrecked."

"And mine!" said the hero; "Julia would never let *this* be a bygone."

"Did I get into *your* gharree," sobbed Aunt Eve, "believing it to be mine?"

"Or did I get into yours, believing it was mine?"

"And if so, where is *my* gharree, and my innocent, unconscious husband?"

"It has for certain gone on with my trusting wife in it."

"What!" cried Aunt Eve, "your wife?"

"My Julia," said the man; "her terror at finding herself alone will be pitiable."

"She *won't* be alone," said Aunt Eve; "my husband is in our gharree—I told you so."

"Here! hi!" cried the gentleman. "Stop the gharree! stop!"

"It's all very fine to cry stop," said Aunt Eve. "But the driver is asleep, of course, and we are going at a terrific pace."

"But how can he sleep and drive? Oh, this horrible country!"

"They *always* sleep. The ponies drive themselves. I wonder whether we are in the mountains yet, on the edge of some precipice?"

"Precipice? This comes of choosing India for one's wedding tour. . . . . Where was your dāk-gharree bound for?" said the man, tearing the nightcap off his head, and sending it flying through the open door as if to intimate that until he found his Julia he forthwith renounced every comfort connected with this mortal life.

"Ralka," replied Aunt Eve, wiping away a tear.

"My Julia is many miles from me, then, for this one is bound for Sikkooree, and we must have parted ways hours ago."

Aunt Eve at this news burst out crying loudly, and felt in such a fury with her companion and his idiotic Julia that she could have scratched his face.

"Stop!" bawled the stranger to the driver outside.

"Beito!" cried Aunt Eve; and at last the driver woke and beitoed, and appeared rather scandalized at the change of partners that had taken place while he slept.

The dawn was breaking. They were out on an open plain extending as far as eye could reach. No other dāk-gharree was in sight. A few mud villages were waking, a string of goats being driven along by a small black urchin, and it was going to be a roasting hot day.

"Oh, oh," cried Aunt Eve, surveying all this through the open gharree door, "I expected to wake and find myself in the cool, blue hills."

"Well, my wife's in the cool, blue hills instead of you," said the stranger, ill-temperedly, standing in the dusty road and scratching his bald head; "and all I can say is, I'd have given a hundred pounds for this not to have happened."

"You need not talk in that tone," said my aunt, "for it's quite certain it was *your* wife's fault."

"WELL, MY WIFE'S IN THE COOL, BLUE HILLS."

"Don't let's waste time in bickering," said the stranger, fretfully, "but decide what's to be done." He was a short, stout, and very ugly individual by daylight.

"I cannot collect my ideas," said Aunt Eve, who had now got out into the road, and looked limp, and felt almost improper without her crinoline. Remember, it was forty years ago. You can't lie down in a dāk-gharree in a crinoline, so she had removed it on starting the journey the previous evening. She had on a brown holland dress out of which the starch had departed.

"I keep trying to picture my husband's face when he wakes up and finds your wife there," said she.

"It'll closely resemble mine, I should think, when I woke up and found you."

"Is your wife—er—at all pretty?" inquired my aunt at this juncture, with a rather natural thrill of jealousy.

"Pretty!" said the man. "Where have you lived not to have heard of the beautiful Miss MacDowd of MacDool?"

"It isn't stuck on your back who you married," said Aunt Eve; "and if it were, I've never heard of a beautiful Miss Mac-Anything—and" (aside) "don't want to."

"Her father, *The* MacDowd, is a Scotch laird."

"I do know him," said Aunt Eve. "He wears a kilt and a tam-o'-shanter; says 'varra weel' and 'dinna forget'; and is generally depicted in the comic papers sitting sliding down a Scotch precipice or drinking Scotch whisky with Weary Willie and Tired Tim."

"That'll do," said the MacDowd's son-in-law, "I'm in no humour for jokes. I'm worrying frightfully about my wife. Your husband, by-the-bye—what sort of chap did you say he was to look at?"

"Where can you have lived," said Aunt Eve, "not to have heard of the handsome and fascinating *roué*, Colonel Jimmy Ward, of the 80th Royal Bloodsuckers?"

"You're joking, for certain?" said the stranger.

"I'm *not*," said Aunt Eve; "his father's an Irishman——"

"I know him," said the man, looking through a field-glass at the horizon. "He comes on to the stage with a shillelagh, says 'Begorra' and 'Be aisy,' and sings 'Killaloo.'"

"All quite true," said Aunt Eve, "and his son would think nothing of running off with your wife, and potting at you from behind a hedge for carrying away his."

"And it is in the company of this moonlighting ruffian my sweet, unsophisticated Julia now finds herself!" murmured the man, relapsing into his usual cross tone.

"My husband, I'm certain, is saying just the same of you. And now, what nationality are you? Will you tell me your name, as I've told you ours?"

"I'm a pure-bred Norman. My name's De Wynne," said he. "We came over with the Edict of Nantes."

"With the idiot of Nantes?" said Aunt Eve; "was he really an ancestor of yours?"

"Never having heard of him, I can't inform you," said Mr. De Wynne, shortly; "and now to return to business, and as we can't stand talking in this road all day, *what are we going to do?*"

All this while Aunt Eve had sat on the gharree step, and Mr. De Wynne had stood in front of her, in the white dusty road, in a

mixed garb, consisting of pyjama trousers, a tennis shirt, a long white waterproof coat reaching to his knees, and a solar topee crammed upon a very red and cross-looking face.

After long discussion with the gharree-wallah, who, having made up his mind to an elopement, could not at first understand why the parties had so soon repented of their bargain, it was decided that the most sensible thing to do would be to return to Shirreedar, where the ponies and wives had been changed, and there await developments. Aunt Eve was sure Uncle James would at once do the same.

Neither my aunt nor Mr. De Wynne had been long enough in the country to have mastered any Hindustani save the most quietly-domestic sentences such as "Bring me water," "Take off my boots," "Son of an owl, is breakfast ready?" etc. Nothing meeting the present emergency exists in the "Higher Standard." It was next door to impossible to make the gharree-wallah, who seems to have been a deeply moral and sympathetic person, understand what was required of him.

The sahib and the mem-sahib had stood and quarrelled in the sun for half an hour, and seemed determined to part. The sahib said a lot about "another mem-sahib" and pointed frantically to the horizon, but whether he meant that his own mem-sahib was after him, or whether in that direction he expected to find a third lady, the poor gharree-wallah could not make out.

The sahib's temporary mem-sahib looked very sad, and the gharree-wallah (melted at her youth and beauty) clasped his hands and salaamed, and prayed earnestly of the fat sahib to forgive her her shortcomings and allow her another trial.

On being bellowed at to "start for Shirreedar and 'chuperau' his fat tongue" Ismail Khan spread out his hands and hunched his lean shoulders, and gave up this ferocious Henry the Eighth as a bad job.

But the Shirreedar ponies were tired—tired—tired! New ones must be fetched from the village three miles off, and the gharree-wallah departed, leading the drooping, thirsty steeds, and leaving the gharree and its occupants in the middle of the road.

By the time that Aunt Eve was in hysterics and Mr. De Wynne almost bursting out of his clothes; by the time the distant village had been searched and Ismail Khan discovered intoxicated in a hovel; and by the time fresh ponies and a fresh driver had been procured, the sun was dropping like a ball of fire on the edge of the plain, and the gharree once more started back along the road they had come, with another Indian night fast falling around them.

Aunt Eve sat with her feet hanging out at one door, and Mr. De Wynne with his back turned to her at the other.

"ISMAIL KHAN WAS DISCOVERED INTOXICATED IN A HOVEL."

Dāk-gharree doors *slide* back, so that you can do this, and it relieved the awkwardness of the situation.

The evening wore slowly away, and having both decided that they hated each other, very little conversation was indulged in. Soon the sky became heavily overcast, blotting out the brilliant Indian stars.

"I know what's going to happen now," said Aunt Eve; "the monsoon is on us. It ought to have burst ten days ago."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. De Wynne, in a most snappish tone; "in this beastly land there's no moderation. The monsoon, I suppose, is the rains. Doesn't your rain come down in an ordinary quiet way like ours? *What* bursts? The sky?"

"*Everything* bursts," replied Aunt Eve, crossly; "the sky, the rain, the ground, the rivers, everything!"

It got more and more dark, and the wind shrieked, and the ponies could hardly go.

All of a sudden the new gharree-wallah drew up.

They had arrived at a tributary of the Ganges, which they must have crossed in the night over a bridge, and here, in the tempest and gloom, an excited crowd of natives was collected, and Aunt Eve, looking out, gave one scream.

The bridge had given way!

It had been giving way, said the natives, for days ("And we came over it a few hours ago," whined Mr. De Wynne).

A bullock-hackaree, too heavily laden, had passed over it this evening, and with that, and the wind, the whole structure had collapsed, as Indian bridges are apt to do.

Two half-drowned bullocks could be seen, by torches, lying on the bank, having swum to shore; and the hackaree-wallah stood and wept, and recounted the tale, and how he had cut the bullocks free from the sinking hackaree.

"Which is the nearest other bridge?" loudly demanded Mr. De Wynne of nobody in particular.

A native policeman, pigeon-English-speaking and intelligent-looking, came up.

"Can I assist the sahib?"

"Yes, you can. Which is the nearest other bridge to this infernal spot?"

"Infernal spot? No such place near here."

"You pretend you know English, *fool?*"

"Sometime, little, sahib," said the Intelligent Policeman.

"Try then to understand, you blockhead. Which is the nearest bridge to this?"

"Oh, *bridge!* Oh, yes; twenty mile away; but no pucka road."

"This is nice. What are you doing, you idiot?"

"Sahib make statement—writing; I report complaint Commissioner."

"Ah, yes—I *will* report it—and get *someone* into trouble!" assented Mr. De Wynne, furiously; "first I wish to report our gharree-wallah, who bolted and left us in the road."

"Bolted?" inquired the guardian of the law.

"Scooted, then."

"Scooted?"

"Oh, lor—he left us—he deserted us—sumja? Deserted me and the mem-sahib" (waving towards Aunt Eve).

"Oh!—Ah! I comprehend. He ran away from you and your wife? Just so," entering this into his little book.

"That lady is *not* my wife," said Mr. De Wynne; "she's—she's——"

"That not necessary to explain, sahib," said the Intelligent One.

"But, I tell you, it is necessary. It's the pith of the whole story. If you write anything you shall write all. *My* wife has gone away with another gentleman."

"Yes, sahib? That often happen. That not our department."

"He totally misunderstands you," cried Aunt Eve; "this is too dreadful."

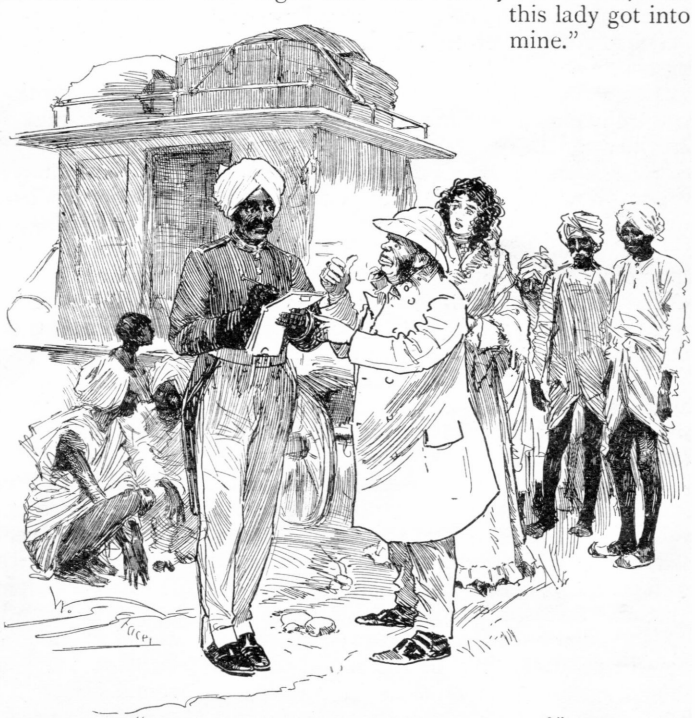
"The *other* gentleman — *do you understand?*" bellowed Mr. De Wynne, pausing.

"Certainly, sahib. Yes? *The other gentleman*——"

"Is *this* lady's husband."

"Tut—tut—tut," ejaculated the official, writing it down; "that very bad."

"And *my* wife got into his dāk-gharree in the night and drove away with him, and this lady got into mine."



"SON OF AN OWL, HOW AM I TO EXPLAIN MYSELF?"

"And why wishing to cross river again and make fresh unpleasantness?" inquired the policeman. "You each got lady you like."

"But that's *just it*. We *haven't!* Son of an owl, how am I to explain myself?"

"You *not* like this lady?"

"No, I do not. *Now!*"

"That very quick tiring. What she done?"

"She has done nothing. I never did like her. She wants to return to her husband, and I want to return to my wife. It's all a beastly mistake."

"Yes. These mistakes very much nasty, sahib, but no patch up so easy."

"Take that," remarked Mr. De Wynne, fairly losing his temper at the policeman's intelligence and kicking him down the river-bank.

"Here comes the rain," said Aunt Eve.

Down it came. The thunder clapped overhead, vivid flashes of forked lightning rapidly dispersed the knot of natives, policeman and all, and the rain was as if the heavens had opened. The gharree-wallah got under the gharree, and Mr. De Wynne and Aunt Eve got inside it, and had to shut the doors, and there they sat all night, for the storm never once abated.

When morning came the outlook was still more hopeless.

The river, frightfully swollen and quite impassable, raced along, dirty, yellow, and turbulent; not a native would venture on it, and as the daylight grew there was revealed upon the opposite bank another dāk-gharree, with Uncle James and the MacDowd's daughter inside!

"My James!" cried Aunt Eve, looking out, much as Noah must have done during the flood.

"My Julia!" said Mr. De Wynne, scrambling down with a field-glass; "let me behold her sweet features."

"Tell me what my James looks like, for pity's sake!"

"He talks to my Julia. He smiles. She laughs. I am glad they are happy," said Mr. De Wynne, in a tone that would certainly not have reassured Uncle James.

All that day the four severed lovers gazed at each other across the angry waters, which widened and widened, so that the gharrees had to be dragged farther and farther back, until, by nightfall, quite half a mile of Ganges water separated them. The ponies had long ago been led away to a neighbouring village consisting of a handful of mud huts.

No one who knows the Indian monsoon season will be surprised to hear that this state of affairs continued for four days and four nights.

The ladies spent the nights in the gharrees. The gentlemen retired underneath the gharrees, sheltering themselves from the weather by blankets and besatees hung around, though these were occasionally blown away by morning.

"Oh, Mr. De Wynne," cried Aunt Eve, the second morning. "Oh, come here quick. What has happened to my husband? He has been bitten by a cobra, and is walking along the bank swollen to a frightful size."

"A cobra!" shouted Julia's spouse, struggling from under the gharree; "how, when, where? Alas, Julia, that I should ever have brought you to this forsaken country!"

"*Is* it my James?" cried Aunt Eve, "or has he disappeared? And if so, *what* is that huge, walking monster like an animated balloon, with a human head at the top and human legs underneath, at this moment looking into the gharree for your wife?"

"Merciful Providence!" cried the distracted husband, rushing for a field-glass, "what new misfortune is this? What jungle monster has perhaps devoured your James (hence the swelling) and will next start on Julia?"

A few agitated moments passed, during which Aunt Eve declares it is no exaggeration to say that her blood congealed in her veins, her heart leaped into her mouth, and her eyes sprang from their sockets.

These miracles in her anatomy having taken place, leaving Aunt Eve apparently just the same to look at, it transpired that the balloon was Uncle James, who, to keep himself dry when walking about, had hit upon the notion of getting bodily into Aunt Eve's crinoline, which she had left in their gharree; tied the string round his neck, and with a waterproof sheet pinned round, defied the weather and promenaded their bank all day.

"What an excellent idea," said Mr. De Wynne, hunting for *his* wife's crinoline, which she had also shed, and, having found it, he got into it, and the two husbands, thus attired, took their constitutionals on opposite banks, glared at each other, and occasionally visited the nearest villages for food, where their appearance caused great consternation, the natives fleeing at their approach.

Aunt Eve and the MacDowd's daughter sat at their open gharree-doors and constantly wept at the general state of depression all round.

But all things end. A break came in the

monsoon. The rain ceased, the sky cleared, the sun shone. The two wives came forth, and the two husbands, and blew each other kisses across the waters.

Mr. De Wynne departed in his crinoline (for fear of more rain), and interviewed the Intelligent Policeman in the mud village.

"GREAT CONSTERNATION."

A raft was rapidly built, and on the fourth morning the river was quiet enough to launch it, with Aunt Eve and Mr. De Wynne on board.

"The crossing and the meeting," Aunt Eve relates, "were more like the final rescue scene at the Adelphi."

I can well believe it.

The MacDowd's daughter knelt and prayed, and finally fainted. Aunt Eve stood on the raft, her long hair (which she had not been able to turn up, having no hairpins) blowing in the breeze; and I've no doubt Aunt Eve looked very pretty thus, and prettier still when, on touching land, she fell sobbing and laughing into Uncle James's arms.

Colonel Ward then shook hands with Mr. De Wynne and thanked him for the care of his wife, and Mr. De Wynne shook hands with Colonel Ward and did the same.

The brides then bowed to each other, somewhat stiffly—but that was excusable.

"I've done with this country," said Mr. De Wynne, when they finally parted. "I intend sailing for England at once. I hope, Colonel, if you and Mrs. Ward are ever up our way North, you'll call and look us up at MacDool. The MacDowd will be pleased to entertain you."

"Thanks," said Aunt Eve, "thank you very much; we will. And should a stray wind ever waft you over to Ireland, my husband and I hope you will pay 'Acushla Colleen' a visit. That's the name of *our* place. It's situated on the edge of a bog; but, begorra, if you don't mind that, it's welcome you'll both be."

"What did it all mean?" asked Uncle James of Aunt Eve afterwards; "and what in Heaven's name is 'Acushla Colleen'?"

"The same thing *probably*," replied my aunt, "as his MacDowds and MacDools. We amused ourselves talking like that, during those long days in the gharree, Jimmy, darling. And now let me go and get into my crinoline."

"We'll keep that crinoline," said Uncle James, "and hand it down as a relic in the family."

Which has been done.

Uncle James and Aunt Eve still live, and are getting old, but they still tell this story with much gusto.

The two other actors in it they have never seen or heard of again, for as no such person as the MacDowd of MacDool could be found in any book of Scotch landed gentry or peerage, they have concluded that he existed chiefly in Mr. De Wynne's imagination, too vast an area in which to seek him.

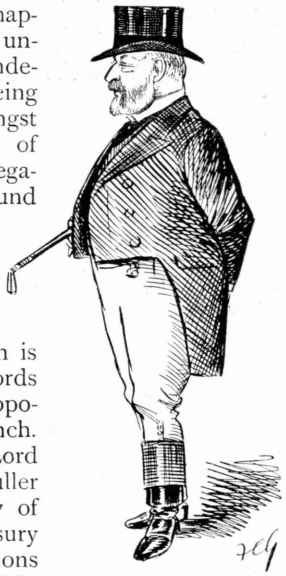
From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LXVIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE KING.

EDWARD VII. happily possesses the unmistakable, but indefinable, gift of being personally interesting. Amongst living monarchs examples of possession of this quality or negation of it are severally found in the German Emperor and the King of the Belgians. Among English statesmen, living and of recent times, it will appear upon examination that the attraction is very rare. In the House of Lords the Marquis of Salisbury monopolizes it on the Ministerial Bench. On the Opposition side Lord Rosebery, in perhaps even fuller degree, is the sole depository of the secret. On the Treasury Bench of the House of Commons Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain exclusively weave the magic spell; whilst on the Front Opposition Bench Sir William Harcourt in this respect sits alone. Of past Ministers Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone possessed the mysterious quality in superlative degree.



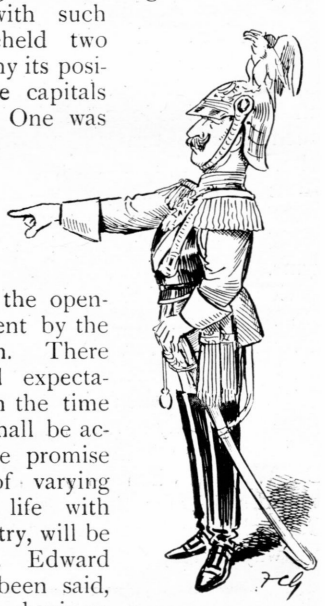
A POPULAR FIGURE—HIS MAJESTY JOHN BULL.

Since his memorable illness the Prince of Wales has always been popular. He was, of course, in all respects, the same man when, after unusually long chrysalis state, he bloomed into Sovereignty. Nevertheless, the public expected something different, and were not disappointed. The earliest public utterances and actions of the King struck the right note. The homely English mind was pleased by reiteration of affectionate reference to the "beloved mother." It recognised a fine heart and mind in the modest sheltering of the King behind the revered figure of his predecessor on the throne, and in the solemn pledge closely to follow in her footsteps. This satisfaction was confirmed by promulgation of the addresses to "my people" at home and beyond the seas, which in simple, manly language acknowledged the sympathy evoked by the death of the Queen and renewed promise to walk in her ways.

A MAN OF BUSINESS.

The Prince of Wales, in varied circumstances, showed himself a born and trained man of business. One of his latest undertakings was the presidency of the Committee of the English Section of the Paris Exhibition. A member of it, himself the head of a great business enterprise, told me he had learnt something from the manner in which the affairs of the committee were organized and directed from Marlborough House. This quality had full field for its display on the accession of the King. From the very first morning of his reign all the arteries of life in connection with the Crown felt the wholesome impulse of a fresh current. Under the mild domestic dominion of the Queen the order of things about the Court had fallen into sluggish condition. They were stirred up on the morrow of the Queen's death, and are not likely to relapse.

The King shares with his Imperial nephew a natural leaning towards the regulation of Court ceremonial. Within due bounds he loves pageants, and insists upon having them ordered and carried out with strictest attention to precedent. Within the first fortnight of his reign London, not overstrained with such excitement, beheld two spectacles worthy its position among the capitals of the world. One was the stately procession that escorted the dead Queen to her last home. The other was the opening of Parliament by the King in person. There is well-founded expectation that, when the time of mourning shall be accomplished, the promise here given, of varying dull business life with historic pageantry, will be fully redeemed. Edward VII., as has been said, is essentially a business



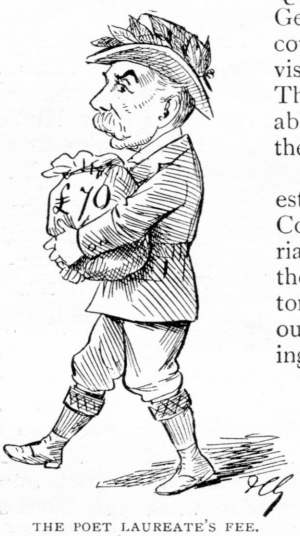
THE IMPERIAL NEPHEW.

man. He thoroughly understands the business of a King, and may be counted upon to conduct it on the highest plane.

KINDLY TACT.

Those who come most closely in contact with the King speak with fullest admiration of his never-failing tact, a priceless gift which has its foundation in kindness of heart. I have personal recollection of an example forthcoming on an occasion when I had the honour of meeting the Prince of Wales at dinner. It was a little festival given at the Junior Carlton Club by Lord Randolph Churchill. The guests were severally presented to His Royal Highness, who, in his pleasant, unaffected manner, conversed with each for a few moments. In fulfilment of this matter-of-course duty he might have talked to me about the weather, or if he had desired to choose a more special and equally familiar topic might have referred to proceedings in Parliament the night before. What he did talk about, with beaming face and hearty laughter, was an article written "From the Cross Benches," published in the London *Observer* as far back as six years, describing Mr. Christopher Sykes's adventures when bringing in a "Bill to Amend the Fisheries (Oysters, Crabs, and Lobsters) Act, 1877."

Newspaper articles of the day before yesterday are like the snow on the river, gone and for ever. It is true that Christopher Sykes was an old friend and companion of His Royal Highness, a fact that would dispose him to read the article if it came in his way. But in the careful choice of this far-reaching reminiscence—Lord Randolph's dinner was given early in the Session of 1890; the Christopher Sykes article appeared in May, 1884—was testified painstaking effort to give pleasure in a very small matter. It was the same spirit that prompted His Royal Highness to say that, finding the *Observer* on his table on Sunday morning, he always turned first to the "Cross Bench" article.



THE POET LAUREATE'S FEE.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE CIVIL LIST.

It is generally assumed that the Sovereign contributes nothing to direct taxation during life, and that at death Royal property passes without the tribute of Death Duties. The latter is, I believe, the fact. But on a portion of her income Queen Victoria certainly paid Income-tax. In each of the last four years of her reign the sum of £2,867 was debited to this account in the department of the Lord Steward. Through the same period the Lord Chamberlain paid £1,460 a year, the Master of the Horse £1,377, and the Mistress of the Robes £167.

Her late Majesty's annual visits to the Continent ran to a considerable sum. In 1899 it was £4,383, exclusive of nearly £1,300 expenses incurred on the same account by the Master of the Horse. In the same year Her Majesty's autumn visit to Balmoral cost £10,590, her stay at Osborne considerably exceeding £1,200. Another charge that fell heavy on the Royal purse was occasioned by the visits of foreign Sovereigns. The King of Siam's call in 1897 cost the Queen £944. The visit of the German Emperor in 1891 accounted for £1,766, his later visit in 1899 costing only £465. This is in addition to considerable incidental expenses borne by the State.

A large sum appeared in the estimates voted by the House of Commons on account of the marriages of the Princess Louise and the Duke of York. Queen Victoria incurred additional charges out of her privy purse, amounting to £575 in one case and £1,889 in the other. The late Queen generously bore the costs of the funeral of the Duke of Clarence (£514) and of the Duchess of Teck, which ran up to £680.

There are some increases and some deductions in the King's Household as compared with his Royal mother's. Our Poet Laureate is still left to draw his £70 a year. But the snug place of the Reader of Windsor Castle, with a salary of £200, has not been filled up under the new reign.

THE QUEEN'S SAVINGS.

When moving for the appointment of the Civil List Committee the Chancellor of the Exchequer surprised the House of Commons by the statement that for some years past the sum provided for the expenses of the Sovereign fell short of the demand, Queen Victoria making up the balance out of her privy purse. This ran directly counter to the popular idea that, owing to the modest way in which the Court was kept, there were considerable savings on the Civil

List expenditure. The Ministerial statement and the popular rumour were alike true. For the last eleven years of her reign Queen Victoria found it necessary to draw upon her privy purse to balance expenditure. The sums so appropriated varied from a payment of £4,480 in 1892 to a maximum of £17,000 in 1894.

There was in 1887 a special disbursement of £42,602 on account of the Jubilee. Prior to that date, running back to the first year of her reign, there were regular savings of sums so considerable as to amount to £824,025. *Per contra*, the Queen contributed out of these savings to current expenses £170,256, leaving a balance to the good of the privy purse of £653,769. With compound interest accruing over more than threescore years this handsome sum would assume really magnificent proportions.

THE DUCHIES.

It would be difficult to find more striking evidence of the growth of national prosperity during Queen Victoria's long reign than is presented in the accounts of the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster and the Duchy of Cornwall. The first was the pocket-money of the Queen; the second the perquisite of the Prince of Wales. In 1838, the first complete year of her reign, Queen Victoria drew from the Duchy of Lancaster the sum of £5,000. In 1899, the penultimate year of her life, the Queen received, as she had done during the three previous years, the round sum of £60,000.

The first complete year's payment out of the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall paid to the account of the Prince of Wales was £18,579. This was in the year 1843, when His Royal Highness, just past his second year, regarded a thousand pounds here or there with sublime indifference. During his minority the revenue accumulated with steady growth, till in 1860 it exceeded £45,000. In 1899, the last year to which accounts were made up, it fell a few pounds short of £67,000.

This princely sum will henceforth be paid to the Duke of Cornwall in addition to the £30,000 a year allotted to himself and the Duchess in the settlement of the Civil List. The revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster go to His Majesty, in supplement of the £470,000 a year voted to the Civil List.

MR. LABOUCHERE SITTING ON THE CIVIL LIST.

THE CIVIL LIST COMMITTEE OF 1889.

Of the Committee appointed in 1889 to inquire into the former practice of the House of Commons with respect to provision for members of the Royal Family only three sat on the Civil List Committee of the present year. They were Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Wharton, and Mr. (now Sir Samuel) Hoare. Of members of the former Committee who still have seats in the House of Commons are Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Burt, Sir John Gorst, and Mr. John Morley. Two, Mr. Goschen and Lord Hartington, have gone to the House of Lords. Three have retired from Parliamentary life: Mr. Illingworth, Mr. Sexton, and Mr. Whitbread. Death has been busy with the group. Passed away from consideration of Civil Lists and other mundane matters are Mr. Gladstone, Sir Walter Barttelot, Sir James Corry, Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Hussey Vivian, and Mr. W. H. Smith, who presided. He is represented on the Committee of the present year by his son.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S GRANDCHILDREN.

The result of this inquiry was a compromise largely due to the wisdom and tact of Queen Victoria. The point of inquiry was as to the limit, if any, of the national obligation to provide for the grandchildren of the Sovereign. Mr. Labouchere had a short way of settling the business. Then, as now, he moved a report in opposition to that submitted by the Chairman. He desired the Committee to declare that, apart from the Civil List, in the growing revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster and the Duchy of Cornwall there were ample funds from which provision might be made for the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. He further asserted that the funds at the disposal of Her Majesty were sufficient to enable her to make provision for her grandchildren by her younger sons and daughters without trenching on the annual expenditure deemed necessary for the honour and dignity of the Crown.

In fine, Mr. Labouchere invited the Committee to record its emphatic opinion that "the cost of the maintenance of members of the

Royal Family is already so great that under no circumstances should it be increased. In its opinion, a majority of Her Majesty's subjects regard the present cost of Royalty as excessive, and it deems it therefore most undesirable to prejudice any decisions that may be taken in regard to this cost by Parliament whenever the entire subject comes under its cognizance, by granting, either directly or indirectly, allowances or annuities to any of the grandchildren of the Sovereign." Only Mr. Burt joined Mr. Labouchere in signing this minority report. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, and the rest of the Committee agreed in negativing it.

The majority report admitted that the Queen would have a claim on the liberality of Parliament, should she think fit to apply for such grants as, according to precedent, might become requisite for the support of the Royal Family. But the Queen made it known that she did not propose to press this claim on behalf of the children of her daughters and her younger sons. With respect to the family of the Prince of Wales the Committee recommended the creation of a special fund by the quarterly payment of £9,000 out of the Consolidated Fund. An annual sum of £40,000 was proposed, but, on the motion of Mr. Gladstone, it was reduced to £36,000.

BURROWING POWERS—THE LATE SIR EDWARD WATKIN.

For the last eleven years the Prince of Wales, nominally with the assent of the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, divided this sum amongst his children. Being authorized only during the reign of Queen Victoria and for a period of six months after her demise, the payment lapses in this month of July.

SIR EDWARD WATKIN.

For some years before his death Sir Edward Watkin had withdrawn from the House of Commons. Failing health and advancing years began to tell upon an iron constitution. There came over him an unfamiliar longing for repose. He held a safe seat at Hythe, whether he marched under the Liberal flag or ranged himself in support of a Unionist Government. After experience, going back nearly forty years, he had grown aweary of Westminster. The one thing that kept him constant to the Parliamentary post was the hope of carrying a Bill authorizing his beloved Channel Tunnel. He found a powerful recruit in Mr. Gladstone, who not only time after time voted in favour of the second reading of the Bill but supported it in luminous speeches. At the same time he was careful to explain that in this matter he merely exercised the privilege of a private member.

In addition to an overwhelming majority in successive Parliaments, the Channel Tunnel had arrayed against it two such doughty opponents as Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill. Early in the 80's Sir Edward,, who was not accustomed to allow the grass to grow under his feet, commenced the works designed to connect the Continent and Great Britain beneath the silver streak. Mr. Chamberlain, at the time President of the Board of Trade, appointed a Departmental Committee to inquire into the project. Meanwhile he issued an edict forbidding further progress with the works. Sir Edward was furious. He confided to me a project he was quite capable of carrying out.

"If," he said, "the Tunnel works are permanently stopped, I will erect on the site at the British end a pillar of stone lofty enough to be seen by ships passing up and down the great water-way."

In fine weather, he mused with undisguised satisfaction, it might be seen from the coast of France. On its front he would have engraved an inscription recording how the works had been visited by the Prince of Wales, by Mr. Gladstone, the Speaker of the House of Commons, peers and commoners galore; how, when the great enterprise was fairly started, the works were stopped by "Joseph Chamberlain, of Birmingham."

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

In the Session of 1888 Sir Edward, undaunted by previous repulses, again moved the second reading of the Bill. Mr. Gladstone came down on a Wednesday afternoon to support it. But the debate is memorable chiefly for a speech contributed by Lord Randolph Churchill.

Replying to the stock argument that in case of war with France the under-sea

approach to our island home would be a source of danger, Sir Edward showed how by an electric button pressed in a room in London the British end of the tunnel could be blown up and approach made impracticable. This greatly tickled Lord Randolph's fancy. With dramatic gestures of outstretched forefinger he pictured the members of the Cabinet presided over by Lord Salisbury deciding who was to press the fateful button. On a division a second reading was refused in a full House by nearly two to one. The figures were: for the second reading 165, against 307.

OUT OF HARNESS.

In business relations Sir Edward was an uncompromising friend, an implacable adversary. When he took a man up, being thoroughly convinced of his capacity, he pushed him along to the highest places. When he fought a man he was as bitterly relentless as is indicated in the incident of his projected monument to Mr. Chamberlain. Through many years the relative position in the railway world of Mr. J. S. Forbes, of the Chatham and Dover line, were akin to those filled in the political field by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli.

THE TUNNEL TERROR.

Which railway magnate represented Mr. Gladstone, and which Mr. Disraeli, those familiar with the twain must settle for themselves.

In his private relations Sir Edward was kind-hearted in the extreme, always ready and anxious to serve someone, however humble his position. But he carried the peremptoriness of the Board-room into domestic life. I remember staying with him at the little châlet he built for himself on Snowdon, having in his princely manner purchased one flank of the great Welsh mountain. It was a lovely autumn night, with the stars shining like moons. A large telescope stood on the lawn before the dining-room window. Sir Edward directed his butler to arrange the instrument for the edification of his guests. What he was chiefly anxious for was that we should see and recognise Jupiter.

"Now, Mullet," he would say, addressing the butler in sharp tones of command, standing by him as he manipulated the telescope, "where's Jupiter? Come, turn on Jupiter." As if the planet were a soda-water siphon or the plug in the bath-room.

Staying with him another time at Northenden, his old home near Manchester, where he spent many happy years of married life and where he died full of years and honours, he was much distressed at dinner because he could not think of any suitable and sufficient way of entertaining his guests. He came down to breakfast next morning radiant. Lying awake at night burdened with the trouble a happy thought flashed upon him. It was the time when the two great northern lines, competing for Scotch traffic, had each put on an express service covering the distance from London to Edinburgh in eight hours.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, rubbing his hands gleefully; "we'll go up to town this afternoon, dine and sleep there; get up in good time in the morning, go to Edinburgh with the fast train, sleep there; come back next morning, catching a train that will bring us back here for a late dinner."

He was surprised that this alluring programme was not acclaimed. For himself he was as comfortable in a railway carriage as in an arm-chair in his dining-room. He used to say that the safest place in the world was a railway carriage travelling over a well-laid road at a speed of fifty miles an hour.

Sir Edward had his faults of temper, occasionally perhaps of taste. But he was of the class that have made England great. In public he said some harsh things; in private he did many kind ones.

THE ENCHANTED FEATHERS.

AN ORIENTAL FAIRY TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"A MAN who will cross the path of your son will be the cause of great misfortunes to you."

Such was the prediction of the oldest magician at the Court of the King of the Richanians, and it was in consequence of this prediction that the King issued a severe edict. Each time that his son and heir, Ali, left the palace it was the duty of a crier to inform the people. Then in an instant the streets became empty, the houses were closed, the doors of the town were carefully guarded. Deserted and silent, Richa was like a dead city.

Several years passed in this manner without any catastrophe taking place; and the King was rejoiced in his heart because the wise measures he had adopted had defeated the sinister prediction.

Now, one day the criers had announced that Prince Ali would proceed to the Baths at the eighth hour. Thus, the streets through which the Prince passed, surrounded by his escort, were entirely deserted. As far as the eye could see no living thing appeared in the abandoned streets, and all the houses were closed as in a time of general mourning. Notwithstanding, at a spot near the baths, stretched on the ground behind one of the pillars of the arcades, a mendicant slept. At the sound of the approaching horses' hoofs he suddenly awoke and, leaning upon his elbow, half rose, the better to see the passing cavalcade. But in an instant the soldiers of the Prince's guard rushed upon him, beating him with the butt-end of their muskets, and drove him howling from the spot.

The next day a revolution took place. The King was assassinated by conspirators against his throne. Prince Ali escaped death by a miracle, and left his country to live in exile an existence full of sadness and wretchedness.

Ali, however, was a young man of more

than ordinary intelligence. He meditated profoundly over the misfortunes which had befallen him, and was not long in satisfying himself as to their cause.

"All our troubles," he reasoned, "commenced on the day after I met the mendicant, who was maltreated by my bodyguard. I am convinced that this mendicant was a magician in disguise, who is now avenging the outrage we inflicted upon him. I have no doubt this magician is the Lord Abd-el-Kader of Djilane—the most powerful of necromancers. I have often heard that he loves to mingle with the people, dressed in the poorest garb. Therefore I will go to seek the Lord Abd-el-Kader; I will kneel before him, and bow my head in the dust. Abd-el-Kader is generous as he is powerful, and I am sure he will forgive me."

On the same day Ali set out on his journey, walking the whole distance, as he was very poor; but he was obliged to walk a long and weary way. His only nourishment consisted of the dates he gathered on the road; to quench his thirst he drank at the nearest spring. Each day he sheltered himself for a little while beneath the shade of the palm trees. When refreshed by sleep he started again, plodding on thus almost without cessation, day and night. Exhausted with fatigue, his feet bruised, and his legs sinking under him, he was near the point of falling to the ground, when suddenly appeared before him the great magician of whom he was in search.

Ali prostrated himself, and his forehead touched the dust. Then with a supplicating voice he said:—

"Oh, mighty Abd-el-Kader, my father gravely offended you on my account. Your vengeance was just. You have caused my father to perish, and you have sent me into exile to live a life of misery and wretchedness. No doubt the Fates ordained it should be thus. But see to what a state I am reduced. I am come to crave your clemency, because I can no longer live under the weight of your anger. I have journeyed many days and nights. I am footsore, and my strength is exhausted. Oh, master, your goodness is equal to your power. Will you not forgive the most unfortunate of princes?"

The good Abd-el-Kader was touched by his sincere repentance.

"I forgive you, my son," said he. "Rise, and remember the words I am about to speak. I will make your fortune, and will restore to you everything that you have lost by the fault of your father. Promise only always to obey me, to undertake nothing without consulting me, and to follow without question my orders. Now go to the neighbouring forest and set your springe. A bird will come and be captured. Bring it to me."

"ALI PUT FORTH HIS HAND AND SEIZED THE BEAUTIFUL BIRD."

Ali entered the forest, as he was told, set his springe, and concealed himself in the brushwood. Almost at the same instant he heard the whirring of wings, and a beautiful bird appeared. So dazzling was his plumage that the shade of the forest was brilliantly illuminated by it. Ali put forth his hand and seized the beautiful bird. The captive struggled, and at last escaped and flew away, leaving in the hands of his would-be captor nothing but a bunch of his marvellous plumes.

And wonderful plumes they were! Soft to the touch, warm to the eye, coloured with exquisite and varied tints. On waving them

the Prince saw that the light produced upon them a thousand kaleidoscopic effects; just as when the jewel-merchant plunges his hand into his treasure-box is to be seen the sparkle of diamonds or the milky beauty of pearls, the flame of rubies, the soft green of emeralds, and the changing blues of turquoises or sapphires. And all these tints of the wonderful feathers seemed to blend into a harmony caused by their diversity. Even the rainbow itself was rivalled by the delicate colours of these wonderful feathers.

Ali looked at them without appreciation of their beauty, for despair was in his heart. "Alas!" he sighed, "I have failed to fulfil the first command of my master."

"Do not grieve, my son," said a voice, which Ali recognised as that of Abd-el-Kader. "Take these plumes, return to your native country, and offer them to the present King of the Richanians."

Ali immediately set out upon his journey, greatly comforted by the kind tone of the magician. On his arrival at Richa he went to the palace and offered the plumes to the King, as he had been told. As soon as the King saw them he was thrown into ecstasy.

"How marvellous are these plumes!" he exclaimed. "To possess them I would have given all the treasures of my kingdom. He who brings them and offers them to me of his own free will is dearer to me than any of my subjects."

And from that day Ali was installed at the palace, and the King overwhelmed him with presents and dignities.

But all these favours naturally excited the jealousy of the courtiers. Courts are always full of plots and counterplots. Of this Ali soon had an experience. The King had a Grand Vizier whose name was Slimane, who up to that time had been all-powerful. Slimane, foreseeing in the new favourite his future rival, conceived an enmity towards him, but he was artful enough not to show this sentiment outwardly, and reflected long on the best means of quietly suppressing Ali. At last, after maturing his plans, Slimane went to the King and said:—

"O King, the plumes given to your Majesty by Ali are unquestionably beautiful in the extreme. But the bird to which they belong is far more beautiful. I am astonished that Ali has only brought you a few feathers, and has not esteemed you worthy to possess the bird itself. He knows where it is to be found. If he loves you truly, he will bring it to your Majesty."

The King, thus prompted by the crafty Slimane, sent for Ali forthwith, and forbade him to appear again in his presence until he was ready to bring the marvellous bird.

Ali heard this edict with consternation. "What is the good," he sighed, "to have restored me to prosperity, since it was to be of such brief duration?"

"Do not afflict yourself, my son," replied a voice which Ali instantly recognised; "but return to the forest and again set your springe."

Ali obeyed, and arriving at the forest had no sooner made his preparations than the bird again came and was caught in the trap. This time the young Prince took good care not to allow it to escape, and, filled with joy, he brought it back to the King. As soon as the monarch saw the fairy bird Ali was restored to his favour. He embraced him, and said:—

"You are the most worthy of my subjects. I owe you more than life, and I will cherish you always."

Ali rejoiced at this promise of the King, and was simple enough to believe him sincere.

Meanwhile, Slimane was filled with rage at the turn of events, nor was it long before he had invented a new perfidious plot against the unfortunate Ali. He went to the King and said, "Sire, thanks to my wise counsels you possess a rare and beautiful bird. But how much more beautiful is the Princess Halyme, of whose solitude it was the only charm. The Princess Halyme is as lovely as the day, and I am surprised that your Majesty has not been thought worthy to contemplate her dazzling beauty. Ali knows where to find her. If he loves your Majesty, as he pretends, he will conduct this peerless Princess to the most powerful of Kings."

When the King informed Ali of what had taken place, and intimated his Royal pleasure that the Princess Halyme should be forthwith brought to his capital, Ali replied boldly, "Sire, it shall be done," for he had already consulted his patron, Abd-el-Kader.

"I can inform your Majesty," he added, "that the Princess Halyme is even more beautiful than Slimane has told your Majesty. In fact, her loveliness surpasses all that man can imagine. I will depart at once, Sire, and I promise to conduct her hither. But an enchanter holds her prisoner in an island far away in the great sea which surrounds the world. In order that I may approach it I must be provided with a ship made of gold and pure silver, constructed from the treasures in the vaults of your Grand Vizier."

And thus was the crafty Slimane adroitly caught in his own trap. The Grand Vizier knew too well the character of the King to doubt that he would be compelled to accede to Ali's demands. He therefore thought it wiser not to risk the loss of his head by a refusal. Thus, making a virtue of necessity, he gave to his successful rival the key of his treasury.

In a few weeks the ship of fine gold and silver was built. Her keel and sides were of solid gold, partly covered by a sheet of silver. The masts, oars, and rudder were of gold and the sails of the finest silver cloth.

To construct such a marvellous vessel, as may be imagined, made a considerable inroad upon the gold and silver of the Grand Vizier. In short, it was a terrible blow to the avaricious Slimane, who had been many years amassing these treasures, which he now saw disappear by the car-load, to be thrown into the crucible. He shed tears of rage over his loss, but only when no one could see him — above all, the King; for his first duty was to show always to his master a smiling visage.

The magnificent golden ship weighed anchor; upon the vast sea which surrounds the world she sailed away towards the enchanted island, where a powerful spell held prisoner the adorable Princess Halyme, weeping over the loss of her marvellous bird. At the wheel stood the magician Abd-el-Kader, whilst Ali, leaning over the taffrail, scanned the horizon. These two alone constituted the entire crew and passengers of the golden ship armoured with silver. During an entire moon they sailed upon the ocean, when at last they perceived from afar a rock rising from the sea. It was the mysterious prison where the Princess, beautiful as the dawn, was held in bondage. At the end of the bay rose the palace; upon the terrace dreamed the Princess Halyme, robed in snowy veils of white.

As soon as she saw the ship of gold anchored in the bay she was seized with curiosity to examine closely this new wonder. She even desired to handle the oars, touch the sails, and contemplate her fair visage mirrored in the golden masts. Thus she accepted the hand which Ali held out to her, and sprang lightly upon the deck. Instantly

"SHE SPRANG LIGHTLY UPON THE DECK."

the ship was in motion, sprang like a living thing through the waves, and in less time than it takes to write it the shores of the island were already so far that the eye could scarcely distinguish the bare outlines.

But Halyme had not called for help, Halyme had not wept with fear. She contented herself with clasping more strongly the hand of Ali. And thus was the beautiful Princess rescued from her prison.

One may easily imagine the feelings of the King when this enchanted pearl was presented to him. A gem whose pure lustre, unseen by all, had only shone upon a desert island in the midst of the vast ocean which surrounds the world. Ali was magnificently rewarded. Amongst other splendid presents he received the gift of the ship with which he had carried off the Princess—the ship of gold covered with silver armour.

Few pitied the avaricious Slimane, who was deprived of all his wealth and found himself reduced to miserable penury, whilst his rival, enriched by the spoils bestowed upon him by the King, flourished in opulence.

Of course, the King immediately fell violently in love with the Princess Halyme. "The time is now come," said he, "when you must choose between Ali and me. If you will consent to be my wife I will give you half of all my wealth, and you shall be Queen of the Richanians."

"Sire," replied the Princess Halyme, "I give your Majesty thanks. But before I accept your offer you must cause a funeral pile to be erected, surrounded on all sides by a deep ditch. Then your Majesty and Ali must each mount his horse, and to him who succeeds in overcoming this obstacle my hand will be given."

The King accepted the test, so overwhelming was his love for the Princess. Still, he was by no means easy in his mind concerning the result.

"Fear nothing, Sire," whispered the crafty Slimane to the King. "It is Ali who must make the first attempt to ride across the ditch and the funeral pile. Leave it to me, your Majesty; I will cause to be built a pyre so enormous, and there shall be dug a ditch so wide, that Ali will certainly be killed in the attempt to ride over them."

This cunning idea of the artful Slimane pleased the King enormously.

It was a memorable day, and one which became a record in the history of the Richanians. The people, hastening to Richa from every part of the kingdom, were ranged in a circle in the vast plain. They gathered, too, upon the mountains and the hills which surrounded the city. It was like a gigantic circus, into which thronged a bustling, noisy crowd, waiting with anxiety for a spectacle without parallel. In the centre was raised a colossal pyre, which certainly measured several hundred feet in every direction. Around this was a yawning ditch, 100ft. wide and deep as an abyss. Already the fire which had been communicated to the base of the enormous funeral pile caused a column of flame and smoke to rise into the clouds. The fateful moment came when the signal was about to be given.

Slimane, in imagination, already tasted the sweets of vengeance.

The King laughed silently in his braided beard.

As for poor Ali, he was disconsolate. "This is the time," he sighed, "when I stand most in need of the help of Abd-el-Kader. But what could even he do against such an extreme danger as this? I fear, alas, it is the end of all my hopes! I must resign myself to perish—to die is nothing in itself; to me the most terrible trial is the loss of my beautiful Princess."

"Do not distress yourself," said a voice which Ali recognised with joy. "Turn your gaze towards the East, and profit by the assistance which your friend sends you."

Ali turned as directed by Abd-el-Kader, and saw a horse ready caparisoned; but what a horse! Could the name of that noble animal be given to the miserable-looking beast which met Ali's astonished eyes, and whose ribs seemed about to break through its transparent skin? And what trappings for such an occasion! Its bridle consisted of ropes of straw, the reins were pieces of string, and the saddle was roughly made of boards loosely tacked together and badly nailed, whilst from the pommel hung a pair of long spurs, also of wood. Notwithstanding the unpromising aspect of this singular steed Ali unhesitatingly mounted upon his back, seized the reins of string, put on the wooden spurs, and in this ridiculous guise rejoined the Royal retinue. As soon as he appeared thus mounted a roar of laughter burst from the crowd. This was followed by groans and hisses, a thousand times repeated by the surrounding echoes. The few who were disposed in his favour thought Ali had suddenly been bereft of his senses. If he intended, thought they, to face the danger nobly, why had he not selected a thoroughbred charger from the stables of the King, instead of straddling such a sorry steed as this?

Ali heard nothing of these murmurs. He rode boldly towards the funeral pile, which seemed like a mosque on fire. On his way he passed before the Princess Halyme, and as he saluted her he gave her a look full of love. Then, leaning forward upon his grotesque saddle of wood, he plunged his spurs into the side of his Rosinante, which instantly bounded into the air, disappeared for a second in the flames, and was seen to alight on the other side of the ditch, galloping forward with strength and grace.

"HE GAVE HER A LOOK FULL OF LOVE."

Then on all sides was heard a shout of enthusiasm. Ali presently returned to the place where the Princess Halyme viewed this tournament of a new description, and the looks the lovers exchanged were significant of the sentiment which filled their hearts.

At sight of this the King was very much enraged, and he gave way to a fit of passion. "You fools!" he exclaimed; "you think that a great exploit, no doubt! Do you not suppose that your King is able to perform so trifling a feat? I will show you that it is merely child's play. I have in my stables horses of the purest blood; many of them can outstrip the wind in speed, and others in leaping over obstacles have so much lightness and suppleness that it might be imagined they had wings. Let them be brought hither! I ordain that all the great lords of the Court and all the officers of the army shall mount and follow me!"

It was soon seen that the King was in a high state of exaltation, and, indeed, labouring under an attack of insanity, but none dared disobey him. A groom led forward the most high-spirited steed from the Royal stables, a Syrian horse, richly caparisoned as on days of great ceremony. The King leaped into the saddle. To be impartial, it must be admitted that he was a brilliant horseman. With great ease he restrained the noble animal trembling with ardour and pawing the ground with impatience. Then he clapped spurs to his sides and rode to the place where the Princess Halyme was seated, where he curbed with a hand of steel his impetuous steed. Then suddenly he again spurred his horse to the quick, who bounded forward like an arrow.

The throng of courtiers followed their King, the frightened horses rushed after their

leader in a fantastic gallop, and the entire cavalcade appeared seized with frenzy. At this terrible moment they presented a weird spectacle, when, still preceded by the maddened King, horses and men rushed into the fiery gulf. For an instant, a mere second of time, the rich embroideries of their costumes, the jewels which ornamented their turbans,

"KING, HORSES, AND MEN RUSHED INTO THE FIERY GULF."

and the gems which decorated the trappings of their horses flashed in the light of the fire from the funeral pile, then all were engulfed in the gigantic brazier, millions of sparks flew into the air and were wafted away by the wind, then a cloud of ashes was raised above the pyre and fell in a rain of cinders, and once again the flames sprang up more vigorously than before.

Minutes and hours passed which seemed to the beholders like centuries; the fire of the funeral pile slackened, then ceased altogether; but nothing was seen of the King and his brilliant Court—they had all perished in the flames.

When the crowd saw that all was over, from the surrounding hills arose a cry from thousands of throats:—

"Long live our King Ali!"

Thus acclaimed, Ali advanced towards the Princess Halyme, and knelt upon one knee before her; with a radiant smile, Halyme raised her lover from the ground and embraced him in the presence of the multitude.

And thus it was that Prince Ali wedded the Princess Halyme, and became King of the Richanians.

*Curiosities.**

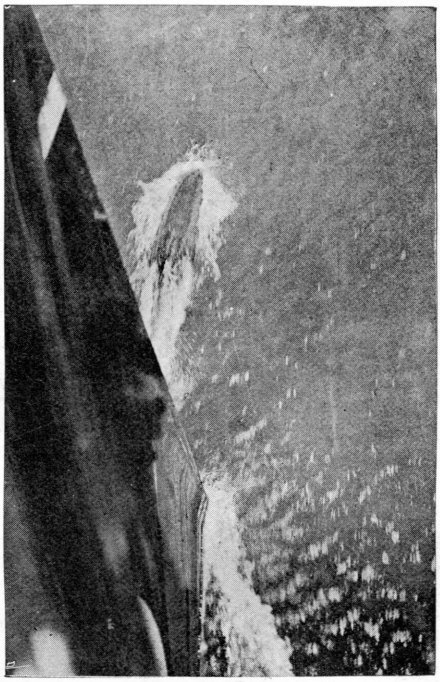
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

BY THE SKIN OF THEIR TEETH.

"I hope inclosed may find a place amongst your interesting Curios. The dogs are represented hanging on to a piece of rope by their teeth, a feat which they seem to relish much, and which affords great amusement to spectators."—Mr. E. G. Wheat, 9, Torrington Square, W.C.

SNAPPING A DOLPHIN.

"Coming through the Suez Canal on the P. & O. R.M.S. *Victoria*, we had, as usual, several dolphins swimming along in front, close under the bows of the ship—with what 'porpoise' it is hard to say, unless the affrighted smaller fish are driven along in front of the big liner, and thus fall an easy prey. One big fellow piloted us for several miles, and leaning over the bows I snapped him as he came up to breathe.



You will notice the blow-hole in the back of his head."—Mr. John W. Glenny, The Far East Studio, 1, Crouch Hill Road, N.

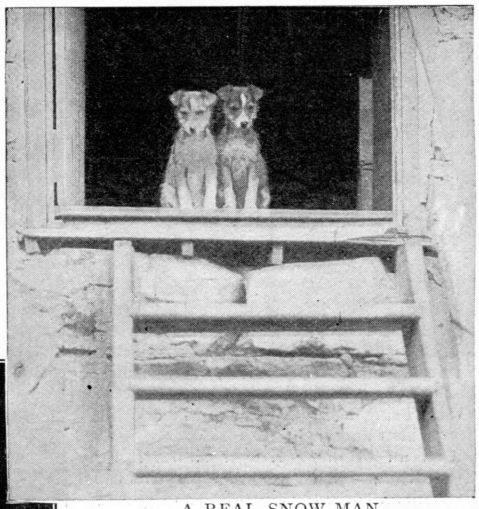
A TRICK OF THE CAMERA.

"This picture of apparently seven charming young ladies is really made up of three persons. How this attractive result was arrived at is the secret of the photographer, who, with the assistance of his colleague the sun, has performed a bewildering trick."—Mr. M. P. Haskell, Box 38, Roxbury, Boston, Mass.

* Copyright by George Newnes, Ltd., 1901.

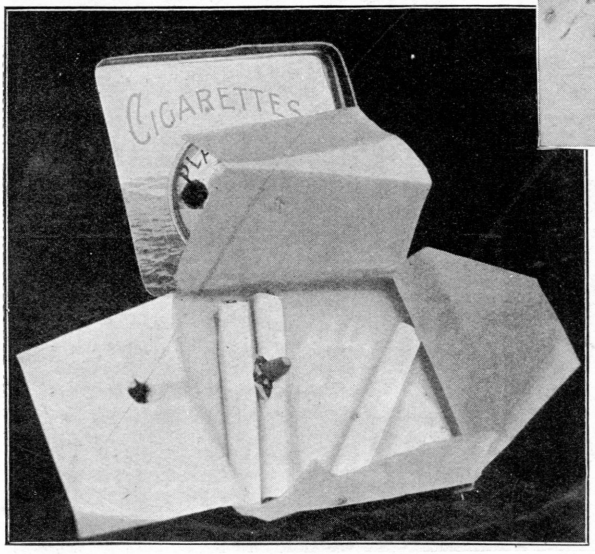
ONE PUPPY ONLY.

"The photo. I send you is that of a puppy taken twice on the same plate. The negative was exposed a second time by mistake, the puppy in the meantime having changed its position."—Mr. W. J. Underwood, Bellevue, Sevenoaks.



PLAYER'S BULLET-PROOF CIGARETTE BOXES.

We quote here a soldier's letter, written by one at the front to Mr. John Player. The letter will explain the photograph which we reproduce in connection with it: "Edenburg, February 8th, 1901.—To John Player, of Navy Cut fame.—Sirs,—I am forwarding you a box of your famous cigarettes, which undoubtedly saved me from a very serious wound, if not my life. No doubt you have read of our stand against the Boers (I belong to the C. in C. Bodyguard) when



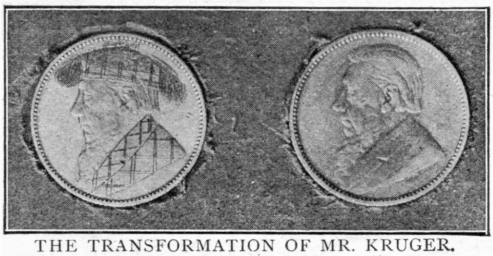
we went into action 150 strong and only fifteen came out without a wound, and where we refused to cease fire when told to. Well, your cigarettes were served out to us the day before, and I had smoked about six that day (and how acceptable they were; most of us had not had a smoke for some time), and I had put them in my serge pocket; that day I was hit in six places, but nothing serious till I got this one in my groin. It knocked me over, and I really thought I was done for, the pain was so severe; but on examination it proved to be only a severe bruise, and am now fit for duty again, although rather sore. The bullet, as you can see, penetrated the box, but did not cut the skin, and I think you will agree with me that it was a near thing."—Mr. P. F. Carroll, Bristol. Photo. by G. Pendry, Nottingham.

A REAL SNOW MAN.

"It is difficult to imagine that this picture is that of a man, but such is the fact. He went to a masquerade ball to represent a snow man, and by wrapping himself in cotton produced the effect shown in the photograph. The costume was so warm that during the evening the wearer fainted in the hall, as it was almost impervious to the air. The idea was to represent a snow image crudely made, and Mr. Samuel Wohlgemuth, of Philadelphia, the wearer, secured first prize for his originality."—Mr. D. A. Willey, Baltimore.

A MARMALADE TIN AS A TOM-TOM.

"I think the inclosed photo. may amuse some of your readers. It is an old marmalade tin of Crosse and Blackwell's, which my brother bought from a snake-charmer (in an out-of-the-way Indian village) who was using it as a tom-tom."—Mr. G. Parkin, Whyerton House, Blackheath, S.E.

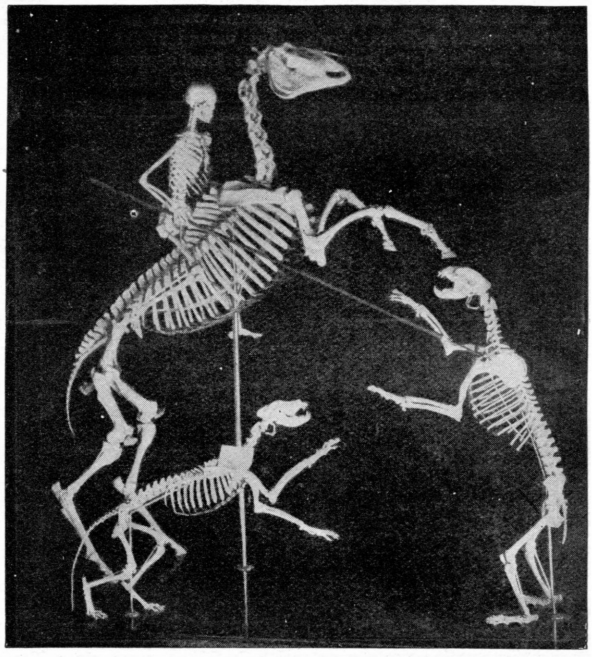


THE TRANSFORMATION OF MR. KRUGER.

"I send you the photograph of an ordinary Transvaal shilling, on which some sportive soldier has transformed ex-President Kruger's head into a capital likeness of a stern old Scotsman, by adding a Scotch tartan cap or Tam-o'-shanter, and adorning his coat with the stripes of the tartan, the strokes being made with a pen-knife or other sharp instrument. By its side has been placed an ordinary Kruger shilling, for comparison, and the photo. represents the coins about twice the size of the originals, for clearness' sake."—The coin was sent from South Africa by Mr. Harry Altman, of the Aliwal North Town Guard, and the photo. taken by Mr. David Isaaks, of Ripley House, Elizabeth Street, Cheetham.

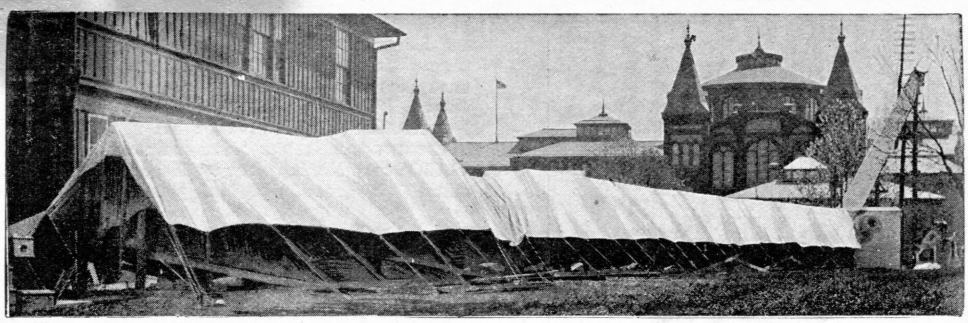
A GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

"I inclose a post-card which was sent to me. I think it rather cleverly done, and it took me some time before I could understand its meaning. The principal message is on the big island in the centre of the map—an invitation to meet the sender at a café, with the day. The name of the island below on the left-hand side is at once translated, 'If so, do.' The names of the land at the bottom of the map are meant for 'Same time and place as before' and 'Don't let anything hinder you' respectively. The following is a translation beginning at the top and working to the right: 'Straights of cash. If you don't come, all sorts of ills befall you. Come early. Let me know if you can come or not. I say, there's a peculiar thing! You're getting it by degrees. Can't you see? Bay rhum. Get your hair cut! Deuced bad straights. See you later. Don't you see? Devil take you. You are a merry cus! Good old flipper. Love to all. Oh! Tut, tut. R.S.V.P. Yours ever, Guy.'"—Mr. Charles Craik, Holyrood, Upper Bristol Road, Weston-super-Mare.



A DEAD PICTURE.

"This peculiar photograph, the very reverse of a 'living picture,' as may be surmised by the reader, represents a hunting scene. The man on horseback is a North American Indian, who, with his dog, has attacked a bear. The weapon seen is a spear, which was quite frequently used by Indians in Western portions of the United States on their hunts. The skeletons of the animals were mounted in the natural positions, and are life-size. The work was done by Mr. Frank H. Ward, of Rochester, N.Y."—Mr. D. A. Willey, Baltimore.

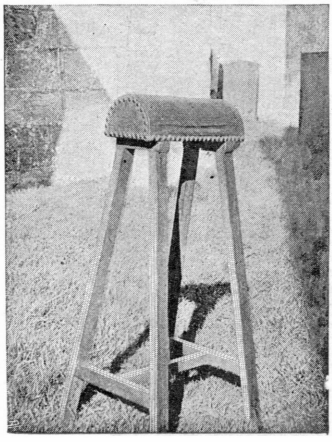


THE LONGEST CAMERA ON EARTH.

This huge camera was set up in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D.C., and from thence was transferred to Wadesboro, North Carolina, where it was utilized for taking pictures of the sun during the total eclipse of May 28th, 1900. This camera was 135ft. long, and provided with a telescopic lens 20in. in diameter, the enormously elongated bellows being made of black cloth. The dry plates used were 30in. square. The lens was placed at the near end of the tube, as shown in the picture, on the left-hand side. At the farther end, as also shown, was a little box-shaped house, made light-tight and lined with black paper, in which the photographer in charge stood while manipulating the plates. Because of its great length the camera could not be pointed upward toward the sun, the image of which, during the eclipse, was reflected by a mirror into the end of the black cloth tube. The photos. were made chiefly for the purpose of recording the aspect of the solar corona. In the picture the tube is seen covered with tents, the object of which is to prevent the overheating of the air inside of the tube, which might interfere with optical results.—Miss Violet Biddle, 1823, Q. Street, Washington, D.C.

THE PARSON'S "SADDLE-STOOL."

"This curious-looking object is the famous 'saddle-stool,' of Berkswell, Warwickshire, where it is kept in the village church as a memento of a fox-hunting parson of long ago, who was so much at home in the saddle—and who felt so awkward out of it—that he could not preach comfortably except astride the semblance of a horse, and who, therefore, had this stool made for his use in church. It will be seen that it is a very good imitation of a saddle. The photographer ventured to suggest that the seat might have been used on account of some bodily infirmity on the part of the rev. gentleman who had it made; but the charitable supposition was met by the parish-clerk with a strenuous assertion that the popular view of the 'saddle-stool' is the correct one. The clerk's predecessor used to declare the same, and the story appears to be authentic. If so, this was 'riding a hobby' with a vengeance. As it was too dark in the vestry the stool was carried out into the churchyard to be photographed."—Mr. C. S. Sargisson, Glenthorn, Shansham Hill, Moseley, Birmingham.



A POSTAGE-STAMP PORTRAIT.

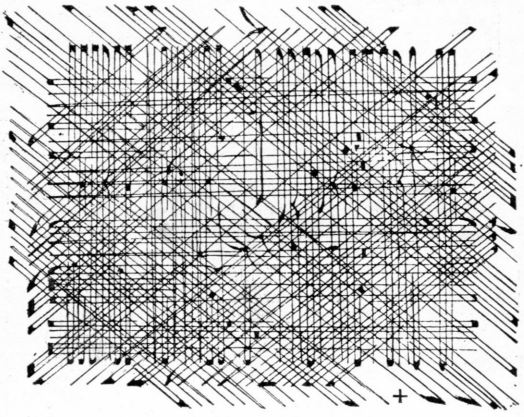
"I send you a portrait of President McKinley made by Mr. T. W. Grain, exclusively from cancelled stamps of but two hues, red and green. There are 1,005 stamps in the picture, and of this number no fewer than 632 were employed to make the face and hair. The hair lines are the marks commonly made to cancel the stamps on passing through the post. There are 352 stamps in the coat alone, which contain that number of heads of Washington, whilst the face is full of minute eyes. Twenty-one green stamps provide the President with a suitable scarf for the neck, and all are arranged with the most minute attention to the smallest details. Even the name 'William McKinley' beneath the portrait is composed of minute pieces of postage label. Mr. McKinley has expressed his entire approval of the portrait, which took eighteen days of very careful work to complete."—The Rector, Rand. S. Oswald, Wragby.

THE MADONNA'S HUMAN BROOCH.

"I send you a photo. of 'Notre Dame du Puy' (France). The statue, which is nearly 40ft. high, is wholly made of the cannons taken at Sebastopol. Its pedestal is 35ft. high, and the whole thing is so great in its proportions that it is said the smallest finger of the child Jesus could contain a child. When this photo. was taken by Mr. Gruas his wife was ascending the statue by an inner staircase, and just as the plate was about to be exposed Mrs. Gruas thrust her head out of the statue through a small window just below the Blessed Virgin's neck, with the result shown on this picture. Her head looks much more like a cameo-brooch than a human head, and shows well the proportions of the statue."—A contributor of 4, Place du Poids Public, Limoges, Haute Vienne, France.

A PUZZLE.

"I beg to inclose a puzzle address for your Curiosity page. Unlike the others which have appeared, this must be read from four different sides before you know all that is in it. Side No. 1 reads, 'George Newnes, Ld., Proprietors of'; No. 2, 'THE STRAND MAGAZINE'; No. 3, 'Southampton St., Strand, W.C.'; and No. 4, 'Sent by Hugh G. Kerr, Newmilns.' To read side No. 3, read from corner



marked X to corner No 4, and to read side No. 4 from corner No. 3 to opposite corner. The whole communication reads: 'George Newnes, Ld., proprietors of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, Southampton St., Strand, W.C. Sent by Hugh G. Kerr, Newmilns.' The page must be held on a level with the eyes, so as to foreshorten the letters."—Mr. Hugh G. Kerr, 46, Brown Street, Newmilns.

THE FATE OF DARWIN'S APPARATUS.

"When in England just two years ago I heard that the house inhabited by Charles Darwin during his latter years had been sold. I made a pilgrimage to the place, at Down, near Farnborough, Kent. The house was indeed upside-down, being in the hands of the British workman. I took photographs of the house, and the one I now inclose. It is a heap of Darwin's chemical apparatus, which had been removed from his laboratory and thrown to the ground before being carted away. This strange collection becomes something more than mere jars and lamps when we consider what was evolved from them at the great thinker's hands."—Mr. Norman Alliston, 43, East Twenty-First Street, New York.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.

(*See page* 128.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxii. AUGUST, 1901. No. 128.

The Hound of the Baskervilles.*

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES.

MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES, who was usually very late in the mornings, save upon those not infrequent occasions when he was up all night, was seated at the breakfast table. I stood upon the hearth-rug and picked up the stick which our visitor had left behind him the night before. It was a fine, thick piece of wood, bulbous-headed, of the sort which is known as a "Penang lawyer." Just under the head was a broad silver band, nearly an inch across. "To James Mortimer, M.R.C.S., from his friends of the C.C.H.," was engraved upon it, with the date "1884." It was just such a stick as the old-fashioned family practitioner used to carry—dignified, solid, and reassuring.

"Well, Watson, what do you make of it?"

Holmes was sitting with his back to me, and I had given him no sign of my occupation.

"How did you know what I was doing? I believe you have eyes in the back of your head."

"I have, at least, a well-polished silver-plated coffee-pot in front of me," said he. "But, tell me, Watson, what do you make of our visitor's stick? Since we have been so unfortunate as to miss him and have no notion of his errand, this accidental souvenir becomes of importance. Let me hear you reconstruct the man by an examination of it."

"I think," said I, following as far as I could the methods of my companion, "that Dr. Mortimer is a successful elderly medical man, well-esteemed, since those who know him give him this mark of their appreciation."

"Good!" said Holmes. "Excellent!"

"I think also that the probability is in favour of his being a country practitioner who does a great deal of his visiting on foot."

"Why so?"

"Because this stick, though originally a very handsome one, has been so knocked about that I can hardly imagine a town practitioner carrying it. The thick iron ferrule is worn down, so it is evident that he has done a great amount of walking with it."

"Perfectly sound!" said Holmes.

"And then again, there is the 'friends of the C.C.H.' I should guess that to be the Something Hunt, the local hunt to whose members he has possibly given some surgical assistance, and which has made him a small presentation in return."

"Really, Watson, you excel yourself," said Holmes, pushing back his chair and lighting a cigarette. "I am bound to say that in all the accounts which you have been so good as to give of my own small achievements you have habitually underrated your own abilities. It may be that you are not yourself luminous, but you are a conductor of light. Some people without possessing genius have a remarkable power of stimulating it. I confess, my dear fellow, that I am very much in your debt."

He had never said as much before, and I must admit that his words gave me keen pleasure, for I had often been piqued by his indifference to my admiration and to the attempts which I had made to give publicity to his methods. I was proud too to think that I had so far mastered his system as to apply it in a way which earned his approval. He now took the stick from my hands

* This story owes its inception to my friend, Mr. Fletcher Robinson, who has helped me both in the general plot and in the local details.—A. C. D.

and examined it for a few minutes with his naked eyes. Then with an expression of interest he laid down his cigarette and, carrying the cane to the window, he looked over it again with a convex lens.

"Interesting, though elementary," said he, as he returned to his favourite corner of the settee. "There are certainly one or two indications upon the stick. It gives us the basis for several deductions."

"Has anything escaped me?" I asked, with some self-importance. "I trust that there is nothing of consequence which I have overlooked?"

"I am afraid, my dear Watson, that most of your conclusions were erroneous. When I said that you stimulated me I meant, to be frank, that in noting your fallacies I was occasionally guided towards the truth. Not that you are entirely wrong in this instance. The man is certainly a country practitioner. And he walks a good deal."

"Then I was right."

"To that extent."

"But that was all."

"No, no, my dear Watson, not all—by no means all. I would suggest, for example, that a presentation to a doctor is more likely to come from an hospital than from a hunt, and that when the initials 'C.C.' are placed before that hospital the words 'Charing Cross' very naturally suggest themselves."

"HE LOOKED OVER IT AGAIN WITH A CONVEX LENS."

"You may be right."

"The probability lies in that direction. And if we take this as a working hypothesis we have a fresh basis from which to start our construction of this unknown visitor."

"Well, then, supposing that 'C.C.H.' does stand for 'Charing Cross Hospital,' what further inferences may we draw?"

"Do none suggest themselves? You know my methods. Apply them!"

"I can only think of the obvious conclusion that the man has practised in town before going to the country."

"I think that we might venture a little farther than this. Look at it in this light. On what occasion would it be most probable that such a presentation would be made? When would his friends unite to give him a pledge of their good will? Obviously at the moment when Dr. Mortimer withdrew from the service of the hospital in order to start in practice for himself. We know there has been a presentation. We believe there has been a change from a town hospital to a country practice. Is it, then, stretching our inference too far to say that the presentation was on the occasion of the change?"

"It certainly seems probable."

"Now, you will observe that he could not have been on the *staff* of the hospital, since only a man well-established in a London practice could hold such a position, and such a one would not drift into the country. What was he, then? If he was in the hospital and yet not on the staff he could only have been a house-surgeon or a house-physician — little more than a senior student. And he left five years ago —the date is on the stick. So your grave, middle-aged family practitioner vanishes into thin air, my dear Watson, and there emerges a young fellow under thirty, amiable, unambitious, absent-minded, and the possessor of a favourite dog, which I should describe roughly as being larger than a terrier and smaller than a mastiff."

I laughed incredulously as Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his settee and blew little wavering rings of smoke up to the ceiling.

"As to the latter part, I have no means of checking you," said I, "but at least it is not difficult to find out a few particulars about the man's age and professional career." From my small medical shelf I took down the Medical Directory and turned up the name. There were several

Mortimers, but only one who could be our visitor. I read his record aloud.

"Mortimer, James, M.R.C.S., 1882, Grimpen, Dartmoor, Devon. House surgeon, from 1882 to 1884, at Charing Cross Hospital. Winner of the Jackson prize for Comparative Pathology, with essay entitled 'Is Disease a Reversion?' Corresponding member of the Swedish Pathological Society. Author of 'Some Freaks of Atavism' (*Lancet*, 1882). 'Do We Progress?' (*Journal of Psychology*, March, 1883). Medical Officer for the parishes of Grimpen, Thorsley, and High Barrow."

"No mention of that local hunt, Watson," said Holmes, with a mischievous smile, "but a country doctor, as you very astutely observed. I think that I am fairly justified in my inferences. As to the adjectives, I said, if I remember right, amiable, unambitious, and absent-minded. It is my experience that it is only an amiable man in this world who receives testimonials, only an unambitious one who abandons a London career for the country, and only an absent-minded one who leaves his stick and not his visiting-card after waiting an hour in your room."

"And the dog?"

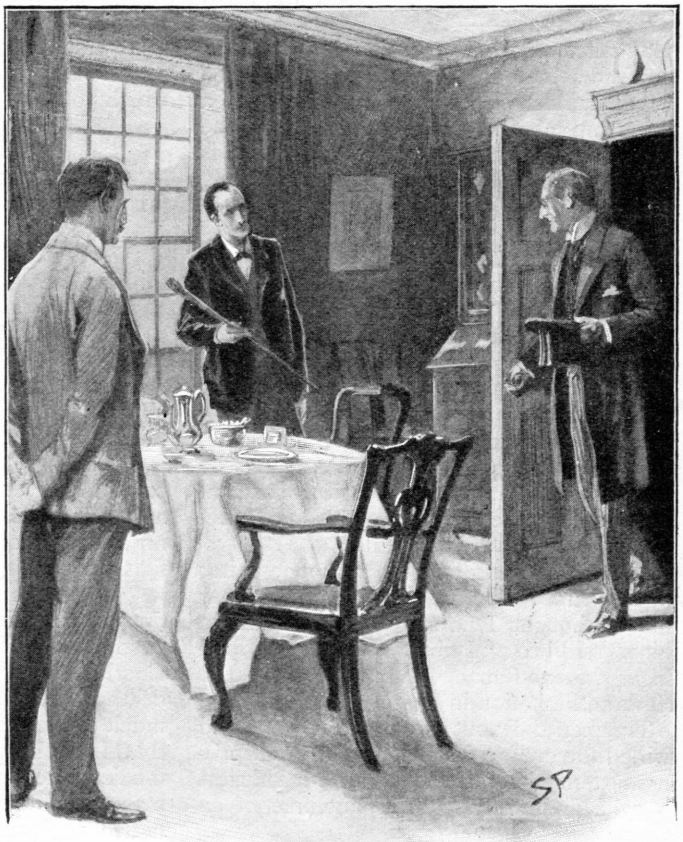
"Has been in the habit of carrying this stick behind his master. Being a heavy stick the dog has held it tightly by the middle, and the marks of his teeth are very plainly visible. The dog's jaw, as shown in the space between these marks, is too broad in my opinion for a terrier and not broad enough for a mastiff. It may have been—yes, by Jove, it *is* a curly-haired spaniel."

He had risen and paced the room as he spoke. Now he halted in the recess of the window. There was such a ring of conviction in his voice that I glanced up in surprise.

"My dear fellow, how can you possibly be so sure of that?"

"For the very simple reason that I see the dog himself on our very doorstep, and there is the ring of its owner. Don't move, I beg you, Watson. He is a professional brother of yours, and your presence may be of assistance to me. Now is the dramatic moment of fate, Watson, when you hear a step upon the stair which is walking into your life, and you know not whether for good or ill. What does Dr. James Mortimer, the man of science, ask of Sherlock Holmes, the specialist in crime? Come in!"

The appearance of our visitor was a surprise to me, since I had expected a typical country practitioner. He was a very tall, thin man, with a long nose like a beak, which jutted out between two keen, grey eyes, set closely together and sparkling brightly from behind a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. He was clad in a professional but rather slovenly fashion, for his frock-coat was dingy and his trousers frayed. Though young, his long back was already bowed, and he walked with a forward thrust of his head and a general air of peering benevolence. As he entered his eyes fell upon



"HIS EYES FELL UPON THE STICK IN HOLMES'S HAND."

the stick in Holmes's hand, and he ran towards it with an exclamation of joy. "I am so very glad," said he. "I was not sure whether I had left it here or in the Shipping Office. I would not lose that stick for the world."

"A presentation, I see," said Holmes.

"Yes, sir."

"From Charing Cross Hospital?"

"From one or two friends there on the occasion of my marriage."

"Dear, dear, that's bad!" said Holmes, shaking his head.

Dr. Mortimer blinked through his glasses in mild astonishment.

"Why was it bad?"

"Only that you have disarranged our little deductions. Your marriage, you say?"

"Yes, sir. I married, and so left the hospital, and with it all hopes of a consulting practice. It was necessary to make a home of my own."

"Come, come, we are not so far wrong after all," said Holmes. "And now, Dr. James Mortimer——"

"Mister, sir, Mister—a humble M.R.C.S."

"And a man of precise mind, evidently."

"A dabbler in science, Mr. Holmes, a picker up of shells on the shores of the great unknown ocean. I presume that it is Mr. Sherlock Holmes whom I am addressing and not——"

"No, this is my friend Dr. Watson."

"Glad to meet you, sir. I have heard your name mentioned in connection with that of your friend. You interest me very much, Mr. Holmes. I had hardly expected so dolichocephalic a skull or such well-marked supra-orbital development. Would you have any objection to my running my finger along your parietal fissure? A cast of your skull, sir, until the original is available, would be an ornament to any anthropological museum. It is not my intention to be fulsome, but I confess that I covet your skull."

Sherlock Holmes waved our strange visitor into a chair. "You are an enthusiast in your line of thought, I perceive, sir, as I am in mine," said he. "I observe from your forefinger that you make your own cigarettes. Have no hesitation in lighting one."

The man drew out paper and tobacco and twirled the one up in the other with surprising dexterity. He had long, quivering fingers as agile and restless as the antennæ of an insect.

Holmes was silent, but his little darting glances showed me the interest which he took in our curious companion.

"I presume, sir," said he at last, "that it was not merely for the purpose of examining my skull that you have done me the honour to call here last night and again to-day?"

"No, sir, no; though I am happy to have had the opportunity of doing that as well. I came to you, Mr. Holmes, because I recognise that I am myself an unpractical man, and because I am suddenly confronted with a most serious and extraordinary problem. Recognising, as I do, that you are the second highest expert in Europe——"

"Indeed, sir! May I inquire who has the honour to be the first?" asked Holmes, with some asperity.

"To the man of precisely scientific mind the work of Monsieur Bertillon must always appeal strongly."

"Then had you not better consult him?"

"I said, sir, to the precisely scientific mind. But as a practical man of affairs it is acknowledged that you stand alone. I trust, sir, that I have not inadvertently——"

"Just a little," said Holmes. "I think, Dr. Mortimer, you would do wisely if without more ado you would kindly tell me plainly what the exact nature of the problem is in which you demand my assistance."

CHAPTER II.

THE CURSE OF THE BASKERVILLES.

"I HAVE in my pocket a manuscript," said Dr. James Mortimer.

"I observed it as you entered the room," said Holmes.

"It is an old manuscript."

"Early eighteenth century, unless it is a forgery."

"How can you say that, sir?"

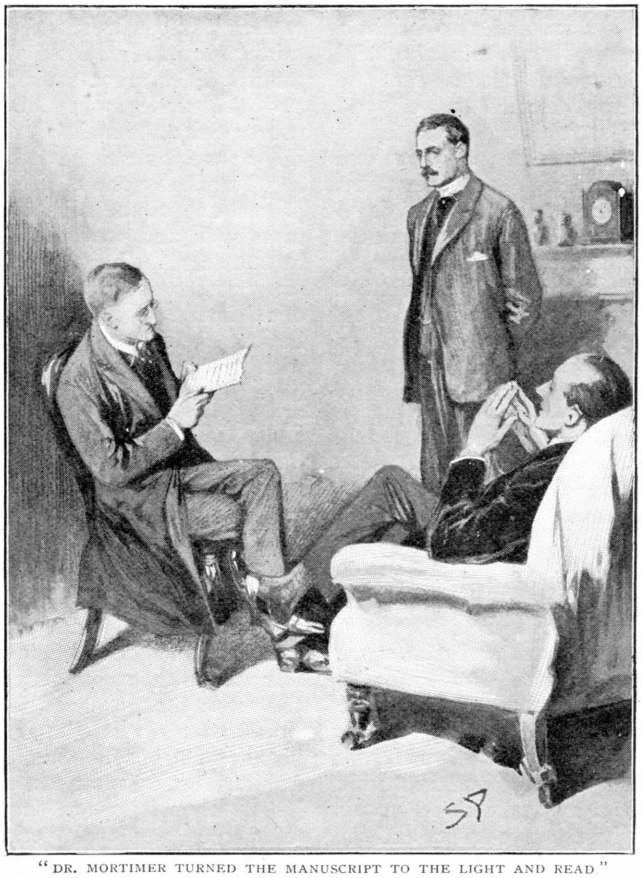
"You have presented an inch or two of it to my examination all the time that you have been talking. It would be a poor expert who could not give the date of a document within a decade or so. You may possibly have read my little monograph upon the subject. I put that at 1730."

"The exact date is 1742." Dr. Mortimer drew it from his breast-pocket. "This family paper was committed to my care by Sir Charles Baskerville, whose sudden and tragic death some three months ago created so much excitement in Devonshire. I may say that I was his personal friend as well as his medical attendant. He was a strong-minded man, sir, shrewd, practical, and as unimaginative as I am myself. Yet he took this document very seriously, and his mind was prepared for just such an end as did eventually overtake him."

Holmes stretched out his hand for the manuscript and flattened it upon his knee.

"You will observe, Watson, the alternative use of the long *s* and the short. It is one of several indications which enabled me to fix the date."

I looked over his shoulder at the yellow paper and the faded script. At the head was written: "Baskerville Hall," and below, in large, scrawling figures: "1742."



"DR. MORTIMER TURNED THE MANUSCRIPT TO THE LIGHT AND READ"

"It appears to be a statement of some sort."

"Yes, it is a statement of a certain legend which runs in the Baskerville family."

"But I understand that it is something more modern and practical upon which you wish to consult me?"

"Most modern. A most practical, pressing matter, which must be decided within twenty-four hours. But the manuscript is short and is intimately connected with the affair. With your permission I will read it to you."

Holmes leaned back in his chair, placed his finger-tips together, and closed his eyes, with an air of resignation. Dr. Mortimer turned the manuscript to the light and read in a high, crackling voice the following curious, old-world narrative:—

"Of the origin of the Hound of the Baskervilles there have been many statements, yet as I come in a direct line from Hugo Baskerville, and as I had the story from my father, who also had it from his, I have set it down with all belief that it occurred even as is here set forth. And I would have you believe, my sons, that the same Justice which punishes sin may also most graciously forgive it, and that no ban is so heavy but that by prayer and repentance it may be removed. Learn then from this story not to fear the fruits of the past, but rather to be circumspect in the future, that those foul passions whereby our family has suffered so grievously may not again be loosed to our undoing.

"Know then that in the time of the Great Rebellion (the history of which by the learned

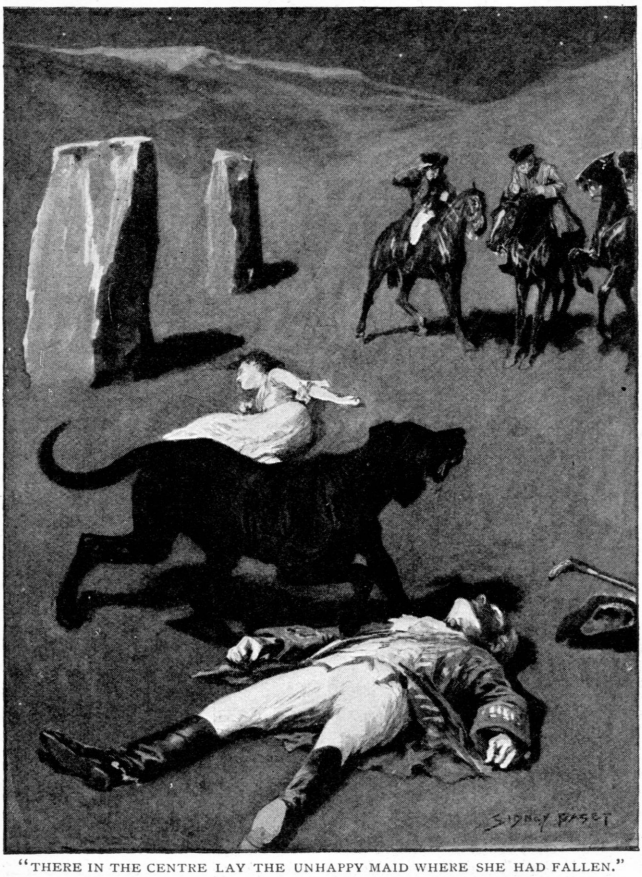
Lord Clarendon I most earnestly commend to your attention) this Manor of Baskerville was held by Hugo of that name, nor can it be gainsaid that he was a most wild, profane, and godless man. This, in truth, his neighbours might have pardoned, seeing that saints have never flourished in those parts, but there was in him a certain wanton and cruel humour which made his name a by-word through the West. It chanced that this Hugo came to love (if, indeed, so dark a passion may be known under so bright a name) the daughter of a yeoman who held lands near the Baskerville estate. But the young maiden, being discreet and of good repute, would ever avoid him, for she feared his evil name. So it came to pass that one Michaelmas this Hugo, with five or six of his idle and wicked companions, stole down upon the farm and carried off the maiden, her father and brothers being from home, as he well knew. When they had brought her to the Hall the maiden was placed in an upper chamber, while Hugo and his friends sat down to a long carouse, as was their nightly custom. Now, the poor lass upstairs was like to have her wits turned at the singing and shouting and terrible oaths which came up to her from below, for they say that the words used by Hugo Baskerville, when he was in wine, were such as might blast the man who said them. At last in the stress of her fear she did that which might have daunted the bravest or most active man, for by the aid of the growth of ivy which covered (and still covers) the south wall she came down from under the eaves, and so homeward across the moor, there being three leagues betwixt the Hall and her father's farm.

"It chanced that some little time later Hugo left his guests to carry food and drink —with other worse things, perchance—to his captive, and so found the cage empty and the bird escaped. Then, as it would seem, he became as one that hath a devil, for, rushing down the stairs into the dining-hall, he sprang upon the great table, flagons and trenchers flying before him, and he cried aloud before all the company that he would that very night render his body and soul to the Powers of Evil if he might but overtake the wench. And while the revellers stood aghast at the fury of the man, one more wicked or, it may be, more drunken than the rest, cried out that they should put the hounds upon her. Whereat Hugo ran from the house, crying to his grooms that they should saddle his mare and unkennel the pack, and giving the hounds a kerchief of the maid's, he swung them to the line, and so off full cry in the moonlight over the moor.

"Now, for some space the revellers stood agape, unable to understand all that had been done in such haste. But anon their bemused wits awoke to the nature of the deed which was like to be done upon the moorlands. Everything was now in an uproar, some calling for their pistols, some for their horses, and some for another flask of wine. But at length some sense came back to their crazed minds, and the whole of them, thirteen in number, took horse and started in pursuit. The moon shone clear above them, and they rode swiftly abreast, taking that course which the maid must needs have taken if she were to reach her own home.

"They had gone a mile or two when they passed one of the night shepherds upon the moorlands, and they cried to him to know if he had seen the hunt. And the man, as the story goes, was so crazed with fear that he could scarce speak, but at last he said that he had indeed seen the unhappy maiden, with the hounds upon her track. 'But I have seen more than that,' said he, 'for Hugo Baskerville passed me upon his black mare, and there ran mute behind him such a hound of hell as God forbid should ever be at my heels.' So the drunken squires cursed the shepherd and rode onwards. But soon their skins turned cold, for there came a galloping across the moor, and the black mare, dabbled with white froth, went past with trailing bridle and empty saddle. Then the revellers rode close together, for a great fear was on them, but they still followed over the moor, though each, had he been alone, would have been right glad to have turned his horse's head. Riding slowly in this fashion they came at last upon the hounds. These, though known for their valour and their breed, were whimpering in a cluster at the head of a deep dip or goyal, as we call it, upon the moor, some slinking away and some, with starting hackles and staring eyes, gazing down the narrow valley before them.

"The company had come to a halt, more sober men, as you may guess, than when they started. The most of them would by no means advance, but three of them, the boldest, or it may be the most drunken, rode forward down the goyal. Now, it opened into a broad space in which stood two of those great stones, still to be seen there, which were set by certain forgotten peoples in the days of old. The moon was shining bright upon the clearing, and there in the centre lay the unhappy maid where she had



"THERE IN THE CENTRE LAY THE UNHAPPY MAID WHERE SHE HAD FALLEN."

fallen, dead of fear and of fatigue. But it was not the sight of her body, nor yet was it that of the body of Hugo Baskerville lying near her, which raised the hair upon the heads of these three dare-devil roysterers, but it was that, standing over Hugo, and plucking at his throat, there stood a foul thing, a great, black beast, shaped like a hound, yet larger than any hound that ever mortal eye has rested upon. And even as they looked the thing tore the throat out of Hugo Baskerville, on which, as it turned its blazing eyes and dripping jaws upon them, the three shrieked with fear and rode for dear life, still screaming, across the moor. One, it is said, died that very night of what he had seen, and the other twain were but broken men for the rest of their days.

"Such is the tale, my sons, of the coming of the hound which is said to have plagued the family so sorely ever since. If I have set it down it is because that which is clearly known hath less terror than that which is but hinted at and guessed. Nor can it be denied that many of the family have been unhappy in their deaths, which have been sudden, bloody, and mysterious. Yet may we shelter ourselves in the infinite goodness of Providence, which would not for ever punish the innocent beyond that third or fourth generation which is threatened in Holy Writ. To that Providence, my sons, I hereby commend you, and I counsel you by way of caution to forbear from crossing the moor in those dark hours when the powers of evil are exalted.

"[This from Hugo Baskerville to his sons Rodger and John, with instructions that they say nothing thereof to their sister Elizabeth.]"

When Dr. Mortimer had finished reading this singular narrative he pushed his spectacles up on his forehead and stared across at Mr. Sherlock Holmes. The latter yawned and tossed the end of his cigarette into the fire.

"Well?" said he.

"Do you not find it interesting?"

"To a collector of fairy tales."

Dr. Mortimer drew a folded newspaper out of his pocket.

"Now, Mr. Holmes, we will give you something a little more recent. This is the *Devon County Chronicle* of May 14th of this year. It is a short account of the facts elicited at the death of Sir Charles Baskerville which occurred a few days before that date."

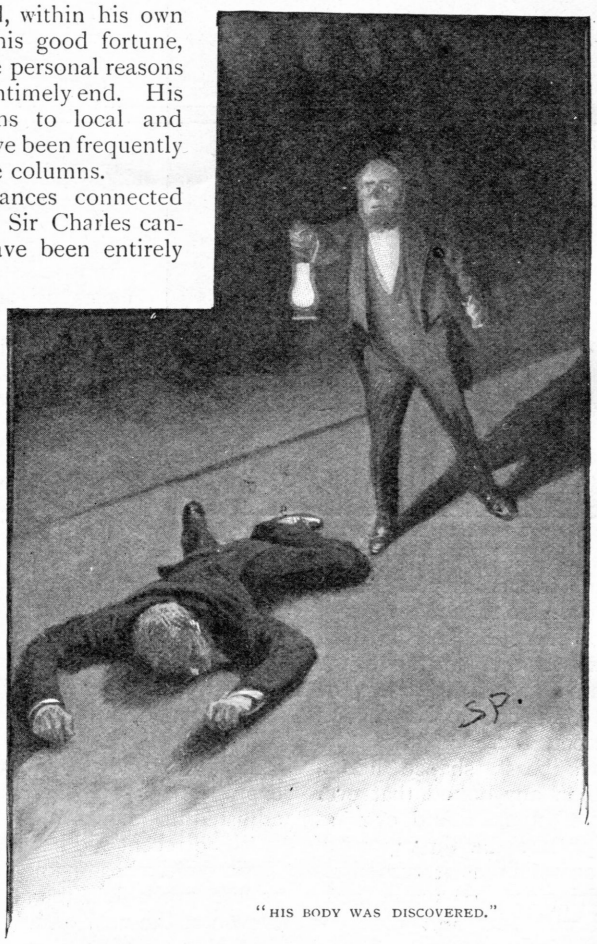
My friend leaned a little forward and his expression became intent. Our visitor readjusted his glasses and began:—

"The recent sudden death of Sir Charles Baskerville, whose name has been mentioned as the probable Liberal candidate for Mid-Devon at the next election, has cast a gloom over the county. Though Sir Charles had resided at Baskerville Hall for a comparatively short period his amiability of character and extreme generosity had won the affection and respect of all who had been brought into contact with him. In these days of *nouveaux riches* it is refreshing to find a case where the scion of an old county family which has fallen upon evil days is able to make his own fortune and to bring it back

with him to restore the fallen grandeur of his line. Sir Charles, as is well known, made large sums of money in South African speculation. More wise than those who go on until the wheel turns against them, he realized his gains and returned to England with them. It is only two years since he took up his residence at Baskerville Hall, and it is common talk how large were those schemes of reconstruction and improvement which have been interrupted by his death. Being himself childless, it was his openly-expressed desire that the whole countryside should, within his own lifetime, profit by his good fortune, and many will have personal reasons for bewailing his untimely end. His generous donations to local and county charities have been frequently chronicled in these columns.

"The circumstances connected with the death of Sir Charles cannot be said to have been entirely cleared up by the inquest, but at least enough has been done to dispose of those rumours to which local superstition has given rise. There is no reason whatever to suspect foul play, or to imagine that death could be from any but natural causes. Sir Charles was a widower, and a man who may be said to have been in some ways of an eccentric habit of mind. In spite of his considerable wealth he was simple in his personal tastes, and his indoor servants at Baskerville Hall consisted of a married couple named Barrymore, the husband acting as butler and the wife as housekeeper. Their evidence, corroborated by that of several friends, tends to show that Sir Charles's health has for some time been impaired, and points especially to some affection of the heart, manifesting itself in changes of colour, breathlessness, and acute attacks of nervous depression. Dr. James Mortimer, the friend and medical attendant of the deceased, has given evidence to the same effect.

"The facts of the case are simple. Sir Charles Baskerville was in the habit every night before going to bed of walking down the famous Yew Alley of Baskerville Hall. The evidence of the Barrymores shows that this had been his custom. On the 4th of May Sir Charles had declared his intention of starting next day for London, and had ordered Barrymore to prepare his luggage. That night he went out as usual for his nocturnal walk, in the course of which he was in the habit of smoking a cigar. He never returned. At twelve o'clock Barrymore, finding the hall door still open, became alarmed, and, lighting a lantern, went in search of his master. The day had been wet, and Sir Charles's footmarks were easily traced down the Alley. Half-way down this walk there is a gate which leads out on to the moor. There were indications that Sir Charles had stood for some little time here. He then proceeded down the Alley, and it was at the far end of it that his body was discovered. One fact which has not been explained is the statement of Barrymore that his master's footprints altered their character from the time that he passed the moor-gate, and that he appeared from thence onwards to have been walking upon his toes. One Murphy, a gipsy horse-dealer, was on the moor at no great distance at the time, but



"HIS BODY WAS DISCOVERED."

he appears by his own confession to have been the worse for drink. He declares that he heard cries, but is unable to state from what direction they came. No signs of violence were to be discovered upon Sir Charles's person, and though the doctor's evidence pointed to an almost incredible facial distortion—so great that Dr. Mortimer refused at first to believe that it was indeed his friend and patient who lay before him—it was explained that that is a symptom which is not unusual in cases of dyspnœa and death from cardiac exhaustion. This explanation was borne out by the post-mortem examination, which showed long-standing organic disease, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence. It is well that this is so, for it is obviously of the utmost importance that Sir Charles's heir should settle at the Hall and continue the good work which has been so sadly interrupted. Had the prosaic finding of the coroner not finally put an end to the romantic stories which have been whispered in connection with the affair it might have been difficult to find a tenant for Baskerville Hall. It is understood that the next-of-kin is Mr. Henry Baskerville, if he be still alive, the son of Sir Charles Baskerville's younger brother. The young man when last heard of was in America, and inquiries are being instituted with a view to informing him of his good fortune."

Dr. Mortimer refolded his paper and replaced it in his pocket.

"Those are the public facts, Mr. Holmes, in connection with the death of Sir Charles Baskerville."

"I must thank you," said Sherlock Holmes, "for calling my attention to a case which certainly presents some features of interest. I had observed some newspaper comment at the time, but I was exceedingly preoccupied by that little affair of the Vatican cameos, and in my anxiety to oblige the Pope I lost touch with several interesting English cases. This article, you say, contains all the public facts?"

"It does."

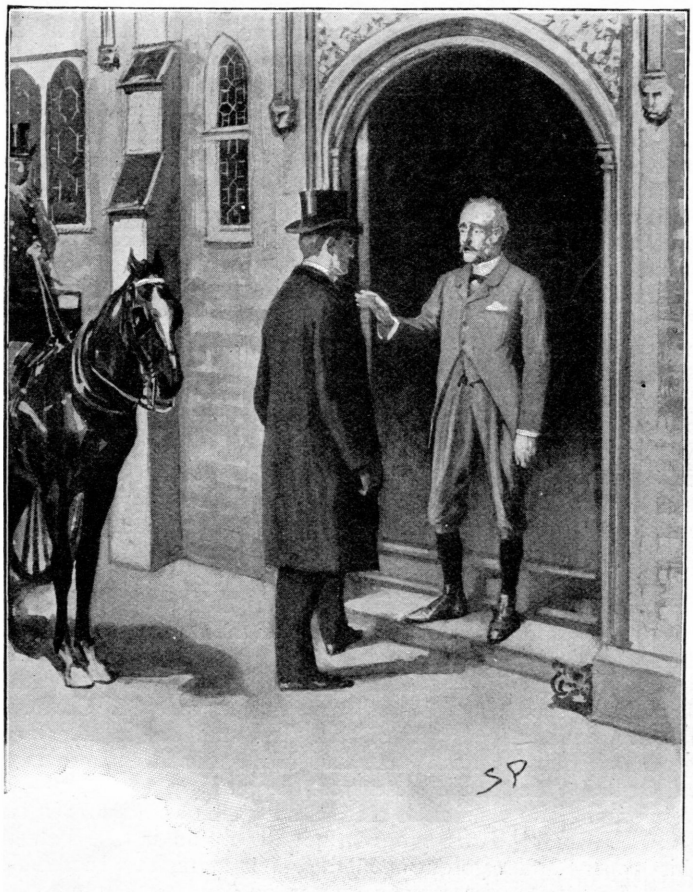
"Then let me have the private ones." He leaned back, put his finger-tips together, and assumed his most impassive and judicial expression.

"In doing so," said Dr. Mortimer, who had begun to show signs of some strong emotion, "I am telling that which I have not confided to anyone. My motive for withholding it from the coroner's inquiry is that a man of science shrinks from placing himself in the public position of seeming to indorse a popular superstition. I had the further motive that Baskerville Hall, as the paper says, would certainly remain untenanted if anything were done to increase its already rather grim reputation. For both these reasons I thought that I was justified in telling rather less than I knew, since no practical good could result from it, but with you there is no reason why I should not be perfectly frank.

"The moor is very sparsely inhabited, and those who live near each other are thrown very much together. For this reason I saw a good deal of Sir Charles Baskerville. With the exception of Mr. Frankland, of Lafter Hall, and Mr. Stapleton, the naturalist, there are no other men of education within many miles. Sir Charles was a retiring man, but the chance of his illness brought us together, and a community of interests in science kept us so. He had brought back much scientific information from South Africa, and many a charming evening we have spent together discussing the comparative anatomy of the Bushman and the Hottentot.

"Within the last few months it became increasingly plain to me that Sir Charles's nervous system was strained to breaking point. He had taken this legend which I have read you exceedingly to heart—so much so that, although he would walk in his own grounds, nothing would induce him to go out upon the moor at night. Incredible as it may appear to you, Mr. Holmes, he was honestly convinced that a dreadful fate overhung his family, and certainly the records which he was able to give of his ancestors were not encouraging. The idea of some ghastly presence constantly haunted him, and on more than one occasion he has asked me whether I had on my medical journeys at night ever seen any strange creature or heard the baying of a hound. The latter question he put to me several times, and always with a voice which vibrated with excitement.

"I can well remember driving up to his house in the evening, some three weeks before the fatal event. He chanced to be at his hall door. I had descended from my gig and was standing in front of him, when I saw his eyes fix themselves over my shoulder, and stare past me with an expression of the most dreadful horror. I whisked round and had just time to catch a glimpse of something which I took to be a large black calf passing at the head of the drive. So excited and alarmed was he that I was compelled to



"I SAW HIS EYES FIX THEMSELVES OVER MY SHOULDER."

go down to the spot where the animal had been and look around for it. It was gone, however, and the incident appeared to make the worst impression upon his mind. I stayed with him all the evening, and it was on that occasion, to explain the emotion which he had shown, that he confided to my keeping that narrative which I read to you when first I came. I mention this small episode because it assumes some importance in view of the tragedy which followed, but I was convinced at the time that the matter was entirely trivial and that his excitement had no justification.

"It was at my advice that Sir Charles was about to go to London. His heart was, I knew, affected, and the constant anxiety in which he lived, however chimerical the cause of it might be, was evidently having a serious effect upon his health. I thought that a few months among the distractions of town would send him back a new man. Mr. Stapleton, a mutual friend who was much concerned at his state of health, was of the same opinion. At the last instant came this terrible catastrophe.

"On the night of Sir Charles's death Barrymore the butler, who made the discovery, sent Perkins the groom on horseback to me, and as I was sitting up late I was able to reach Baskerville Hall within an hour of the event. I checked and corroborated all the facts which were mentioned at the inquest. I followed the footsteps down the Yew Alley, I saw the spot at the moor-gate where he seemed to have waited, I remarked the change in the shape of the prints after that point, I noted that there were no other footsteps save those of Barrymore on the soft gravel, and finally I carefully examined the body, which had not been touched until my arrival. Sir Charles lay on his face, his arms out, his fingers dug into the ground, and his features convulsed with some strong emotion to such an extent that I could hardly have sworn to his identity. There was certainly no physical injury of any kind. But one false statement was made by Barrymore at the inquest. He said that there were no traces upon the ground round the body. He did not observe any. But I did—some little distance off, but fresh and clear."

"Footprints?"

"Footprints."

"A man's or a woman's?"

Dr. Mortimer looked strangely at us for an instant, and his voice sank almost to a whisper as he answered:—

"Mr. Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound!"

(*To be continued.*)

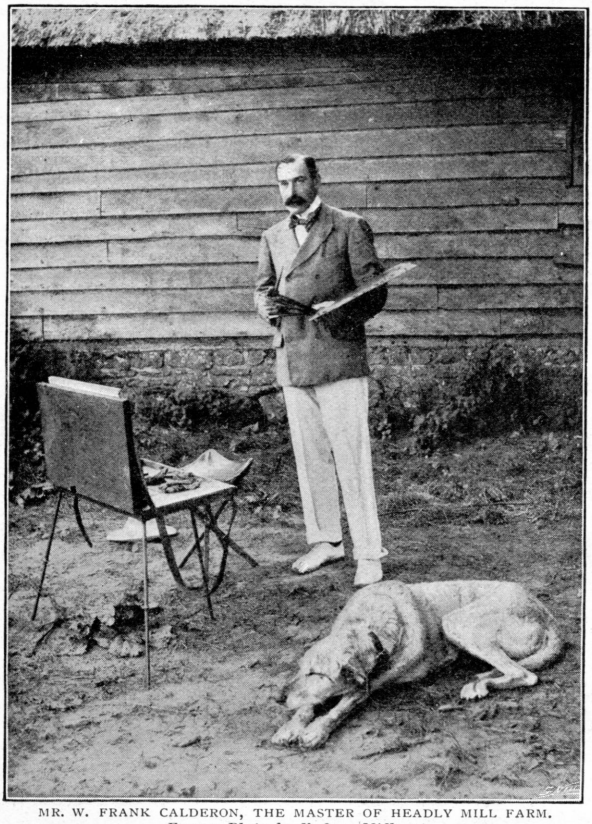
A School for Animal Painting.

By Lenore Van der Veer.

MR. FRANK CALDERON, the artist, enjoys the distinction of being at the head of the only school for animal painting in the world. Some six years or more ago this school was founded by Mr. Calderon in most primitive surroundings off Baker Street, but it so grew in popularity that in recent years the town school has found its way during the summer months into the most delightful country atmosphere, where models are of the real country-born variety and backgrounds as rustic as you please.

The spot chosen for the school is at Headly Mill Farm, three miles from Liphook, Hants, and while some few changes have been made in adapting it to the purposes of painting, the general effect is practically what it was when answering the requirements of farm life.

There are the quaintest of thatched-roofed barns and old ricks left standing, and it is in this rick-yard that the easels are pitched and work done. The place is well shaded by trees, and when the day is unusually warm there is shade also for the models, though the workers prefer always the effect of full sunlight. The old farm-house itself has been turned into a most delightful home for Mr. Calderon, while the students are given lodgings amongst the country cottagers thereabout.

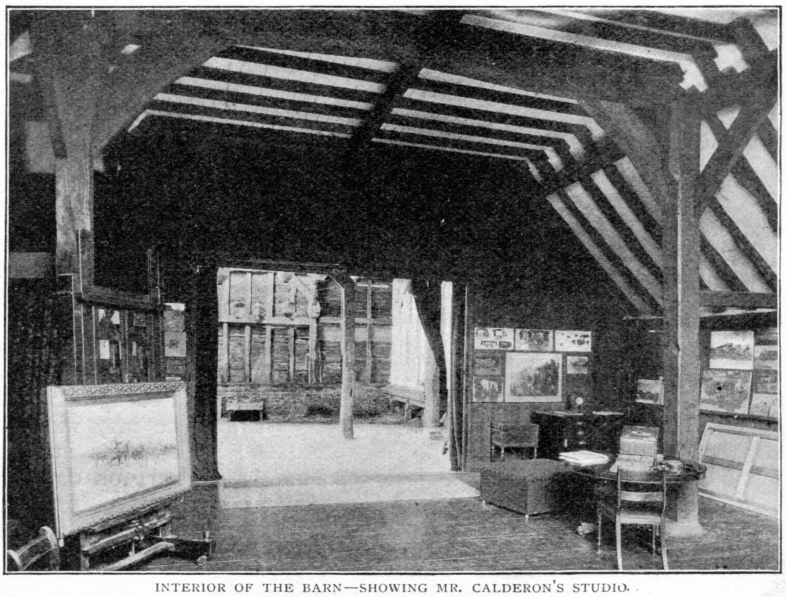


MR. W. FRANK CALDERON, THE MASTER OF HEADLY MILL FARM.
From a Photo. by F. Coze, Midhurst.

In one of the barns Mr. Calderon has fitted himself with a first-rate studio, which is quite roomy enough to afford background for horses, cows, or whatever he may wish to paint. There are two large rooms in fact, and last year one was used for dancing frequently, but this summer is seen only as a part of Mr. Calderon's studio.

In the larger barn the students work when the days are stormy and make merry when work-time is over and the dusk is on. Special lights have been arranged by way of great plate-glass windows, and there are first-rate places for the models inside also, so that, no matter what the weather may be outside, there is perfect comfort within, and students find it quite pleasing sometimes working away to the music of falling rain. The old barn proves not half bad as a ball-room, either, and there are plenty of banjos and fiddles that twang out jolly tunes o' evenings.

Cricket is as popular at Headly Mill Farm as at Lord's, and there are few days when the students do not take a turn at the bat.



INTERIOR OF THE BARN—SHOWING MR. CALDERON'S STUDIO.
From a Photo. by F. Coze, Midhurst.

To those who paint animals there is a great charm in being able to do so out in the open, *d'après Nature*, for it is quite unlike the sitting in a town workroom working at the self-same model even, for there is always the question of local colour cropping up, and it is such a comfort to have a real true country setting to work from. No artist perhaps copies a background as it is afforded him by Nature; still, he is very awake to her possibilities, and is always happily pleased to accept her suggestions; and to get a glimpse at this little colony of student artists working diligently in the old rick-yard, with its rustic settings and distant fields, is something of an inspiration to even the most matter-of-fact mortal.

Models are called from nine to one and again from four to seven, and between these hours there is an absolute freedom to do and go as one pleases, and one may be sure that an art student knows as well how to enjoy leisure as happily as work-time, and the days are very bright ones for both master and student.

From a Photo. by] PAINTING A MARE AND FOAL IN THE OPEN. *[F. Coze, Midhurst.*

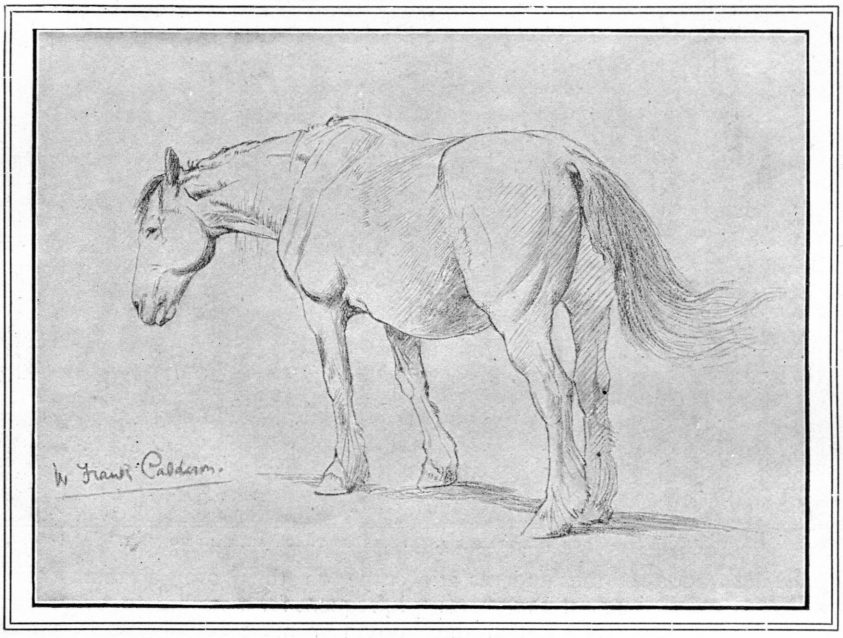
From a Photo. by] PAINTING COWS—NOTE THE STAKES AND ROPES TO TEACH ANIMALS TO "SIT." *[F. Coze, Midhurst.*

Among the illustrations of the students at work it will be seen that much of the charm lies in the rustic backgrounds afforded the sketchers, and it is interesting to know that these very sittings in our illustrations have figured in many Academy pictures of the past three years, both from the brush of the master and his pupils.

There are many delightful spots away from the grounds, immediately about the barns, where students pitch their easels and big sun umbrellas on Saturdays, or between the regular hours for work, and do a bit of landscape on their own account. It is not infrequent for a stroller to come upon some dozen or more solitary easels, pitched here and there among the daisy fields or beside a softly running stream; for Old England affords almost everything beautiful by way of trees and sky and water for her artists to work from.

Models are got from the country folk, and there are men experienced in their handling to insure the proper conduct of the "critters"; for sometimes when a cow or other animal is first requested to "stand still and look

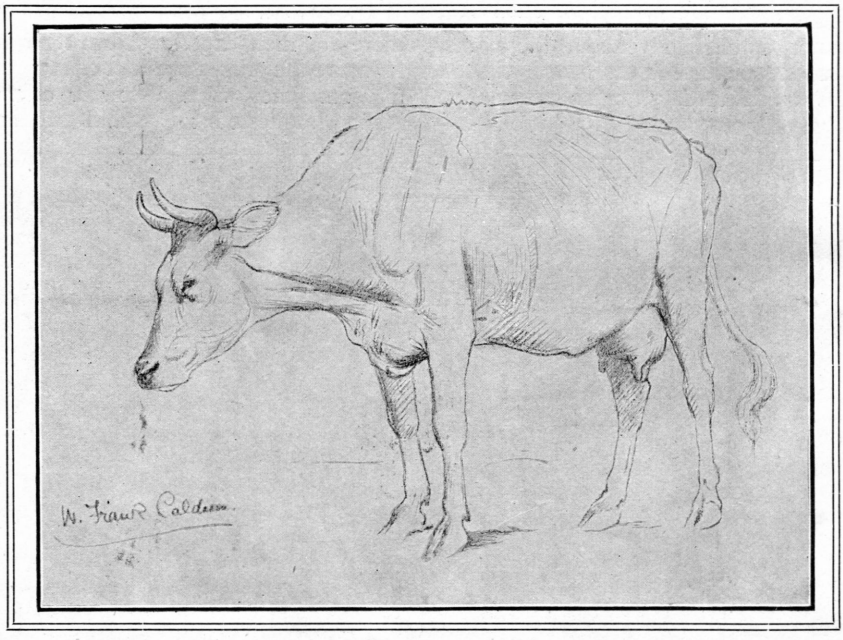
From a Photo. by] PAINTING AN EASY-GOING MARE AND CART. *[F. Coze, Midhurst.*



CHARCOAL STUDY, ON TINTED PAPER, TO SHOW THE STUDENT HOW TO BEGIN. BY MR. CALDERON.

pleasant" she shows distinct proclivities to do as she likes, to the discomfiture and often embarrassment of the painter.

tive interest in the progress of the painting by making sudden and unexpected jumps into the midst of the paint-boxes and easels.



CHARCOAL STUDY, ON TINTED PAPER, TO EXPLAIN TO THE STUDENT HOW FAR THE CHARCOAL DRAWING SHOULD BE CARRIED BEFORE PROCEEDING TO PAINT. BY MR. CALDERON.

A young foal that was being sketched with its mother, and was allowed to stand at liberty beside her, used to show an appreciative interest in the progress of the painting by making sudden and unexpected jumps into the midst of the paint-boxes and easels.

This is not an infrequent desire on the part of dogs, either, especially as the work assumes to a pronounced likeness, when they attempt

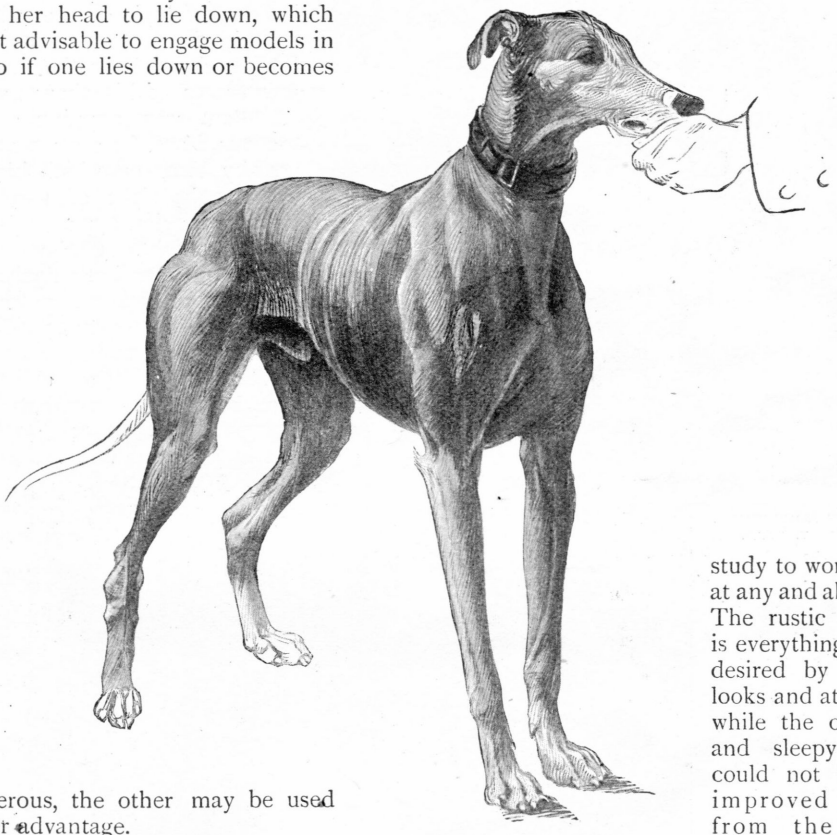
to pay the artist the tender compliment of wishing to "go" for the dog on canvas.

So it is easily understood that a man must always be in attendance, and few models are ever done at liberty, for it is seldom that any animal learns to "pose" in the real sense of the word, no matter how many times he may figure as a model. The cow is really the most patient of all animals to paint from, and if supplied with a comfortable armful of clover will stand and munch contentedly for hours at a time. Occasionally she will take it into her head to lie down, which makes it advisable to engage models in pairs, so if one lies down or becomes obstreperous, the other may be used to better advantage.

On very warm days a small boy is employed to stand near the models and wave off the flies with a green bough, and new models are usually tied to a stake driven into the earth; and if they show tendencies to move about much and are restless there are ropes stretched on either side of them from other stakes, so they quickly learn to keep their position.

The two charcoal drawings which we show, by Mr. Calderon, were done by him to demonstrate to his pupils the amount of drawing which is required before the use of paint, and that it is necessary that a fairly good sketch of the animal should be upon the canvas before it is touched with the brush. Then should be shown the life and feeling which are to come out later in the finished work. All this is hard for a student to believe, for he is very apt to think that with *paint* he can accomplish his result, without giving time to the charcoal and pencil drawings.

A favourite study with the students is an old rustic with an easy-going mare and cart. This picturesque turn-out is, in fact, the staple study to work from at any and all times. The rustic himself is everything to be desired by way of looks and attitudes, while the old cart and sleepy horse could not well be improved upon from the artist view-point of sweet rusticity.



STUDY OF A GREYHOUND.
BY MISS H. C. APPLETON.

Sometimes an additional charm is added through one of the feminine students, or perhaps a half-dozen of them, climbing into the antique vehicle and taking a turn at posing for the benefit of the class. Mr. Calderon has a number of fine dogs, and it is needless to tell of their figuring to a great extent in the work of the school. One of them, a beautiful greyhound, is seen in Mr. Calderon's well-known picture, "The Cavalier's Return." Patrick, an Irish wolf-hound, served as the model in "Orphans," the most popular Academy picture Mr

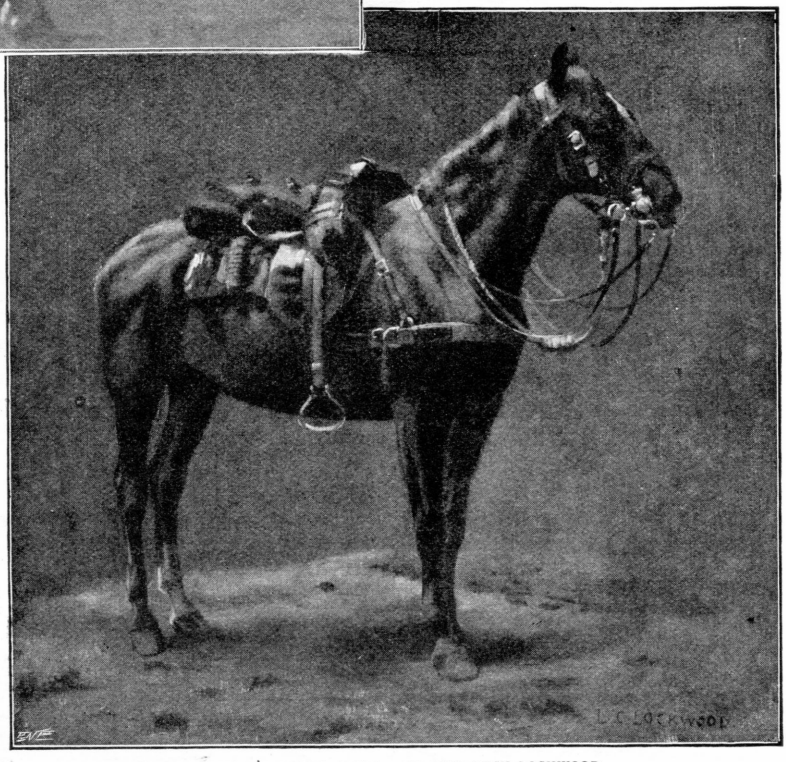
STUDY OF A HUNTSMAN. BY MISS V. SELLS.

Calderon has ever shown. He is seen with two very small and disconsolate-looking puppies tenderly held between his great paws, while his intelligent face is filled with sympathy and compassion.

Poor Patrick died a year ago, and there was much sorrowing amongst the students, as well as in the home, for he was almost human, and it speaks well for his merits as a model to know that a life-size cast of him, in bronze, occupies a conspicuous place in the class-room.

Sometimes, as a variety, there are goats worked in for models, and unless Billy is well fed every minute he makes frantic attempts to lunch off paint rags and colour tubes; this he has never accomplished as yet, though one pretty girl student has had occasion to lament the painful disappearance of a picture-hat, pins, roses, and all. At another time a bulldog of high degree, which had been kindly sent over from a neighbouring kennel for the students to paint, watched his chance when the attendant was napping and went tooth and nail for a canvas against a near-by tree, on which his trained eye caught sight of two demure-looking tabbies, apparently napping in the sunlight. He had torn out a goodly bit from both figures by the time the picture was rescued, and displayed the greatest ill-temper during the remainder of the sitting.

These are trifling incidents, to be sure, but go to show that there are

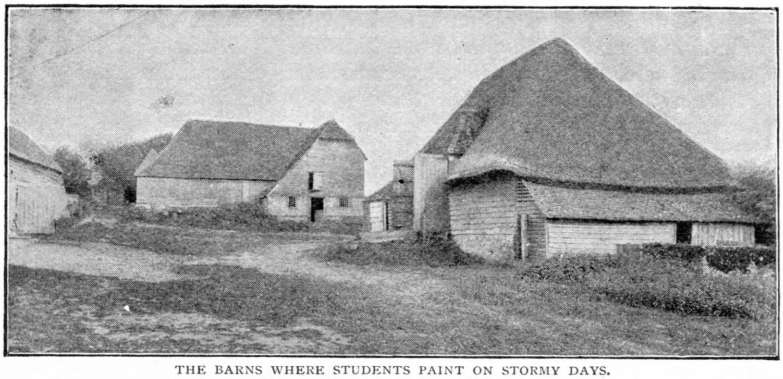


GUNNER'S HORSE, R.H.A. BY MISS LUCY LOCKWOOD.

many ways in which the monotony of work in a class for animal painting may be relieved most unexpectedly.

There is no little interest taken in the discovery of fresh subjects to paint, and both master and students are always on the look-out for something new. After work hours there is much of interest to be seen about the country which surrounds the old Mill Farm, and it is on these jaunts of pleasure that the models are come upon. Some horse or cow or donkey is discovered to possess some quality which the workers have found wanting in others. Perhaps the fascination will lie in some trick of colour or demureness of mien ; at any rate, there is something "taking" in the creature from the point of an artist, and straightway the school begin to ply questions as to the owner, and when located the negotiations are gone through whereby that particular beast is to be immortalized on canvas. Sometimes the farmer-folk themselves are persuaded to sit : a man driving in a rickety waggon, perhaps, or a buxom girl feeding the calves, all help to make a variety of interesting studies and afford delightful ideas for outdoor sketching.

So pleasing is the life in these surroundings made possible for the artist that many of Mr. Calderon's friends, well-known painters, make a point of spending several days every summer at the farm, when they paint and rusticate to their best liking, and in fact there is some likelihood of a colony of studios being arranged by Mr. Calderon, where nearly fledged artists may spend the summer days and work with the same freedom as the students. This is merely an idea, of course, which Mr. Calderon has up his sleeve, but it is likely to develop into the real at any time.



THE BARNS WHERE STUDENTS PAINT ON STORMY DAYS.
From a Photo. by F. Coze, Midhurst.

In the barn where the students work on wet days are seen any number of casts and skeletons of different animals as well as anatomical charts, for to paint a dog requires a knowledge of canine anatomy ; but one need not study the individual anatomy of each breed or even of each species, for if an artist know that of a horse, for instance, he

"THE CREST OF THE HILL." BY MR. W. FRANK CALDERON.
(By permission of Robinson & Co., Bristol, owners of the copyright. Picture purchased for National Gallery of Queensland.)

is pretty sure to hit upon the right ideas for a cow or dog. But know the anatomy of some animal he must, and then couple it with keen and quick observation, and he has it.

In studying horses for action the students are not supposed to spend the time in sketching as well, but are taught to observe closely, and when they come to work they find they have the memory of it to work from. One cannot well sketch a galloping horse with him galloping before one, though with the students it is often that the study is made to gallop toward and away from them now and again during the hours of work.

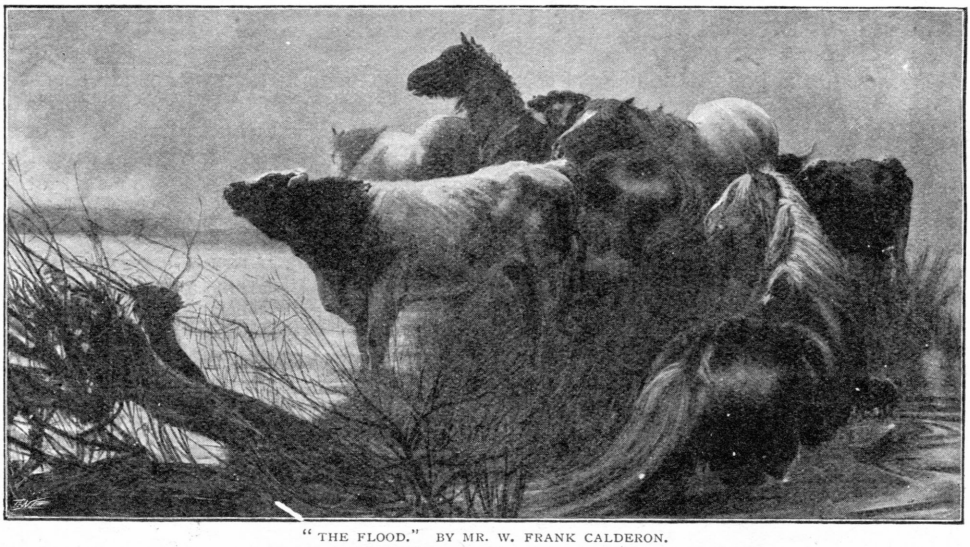
Mr. Calderon has been a painter of animals since a mere boy, and is happily fortunate in never having had a picture refused when sent to the Royal Academy. His first picture was shown there when but a boy of sixteen, and was bought by Queen Victoria. The subject was "Feeding the Hungry," and showed a small boy feeding some puppies on the deck of a ship. Since this success he has been a regular exhibitor.

His understanding of animals and unusual appreciation of their qualities as models make him thorough master of the art of teaching, and many of his pupils have worked their way into the Academy.

The whole atmosphere of the school at the old Mill Farm is so essentially natural and restful that it is a pleasure to work, for one is not only given the happiest opportunities for advancement in one's art, but a first-rate outing at the same time, and what art student would ask for more? The days are all too short for most of them, in truth, and when the weeks have slipped by, and it is time to return to the work in town, there are no end of regrets at leaving the old rick-yard, the cows, and the freedom of work in the country.

Both of the paintings by Mr. Calderon, shown in our illustrations, have been exhibited in the Royal Academy, and are among the most popular done by this artist. The one called "The Crest of the Hill" was purchased for the National Gallery of Queensland, while the other, "The Flood," belongs to a private collector. Both pictures were done from real life, the models for the former being the finest type of the "dray horse" variety, the sort of horse, by the way, which best delights a painter of animals. They possess much more character, they believe, than the trim, high-bred horse of long pedigree, and there is such strength and power to be brought out.

There is as much individuality shown in the study of a horse as in the portrait of a person, and the delight of the work lies in finding a model that simply bristles with his very own personality; and in these stolid, powerful, steady-going horses the artist eye sees much strength of character to individualize and stamp each one of them.



"THE FLOOD." BY MR. W. FRANK CALDERON.
(Exhibited in the Royal Academy.)

The First Men in the Moon.

By H. G. Wells.

CHAPTER XXV.

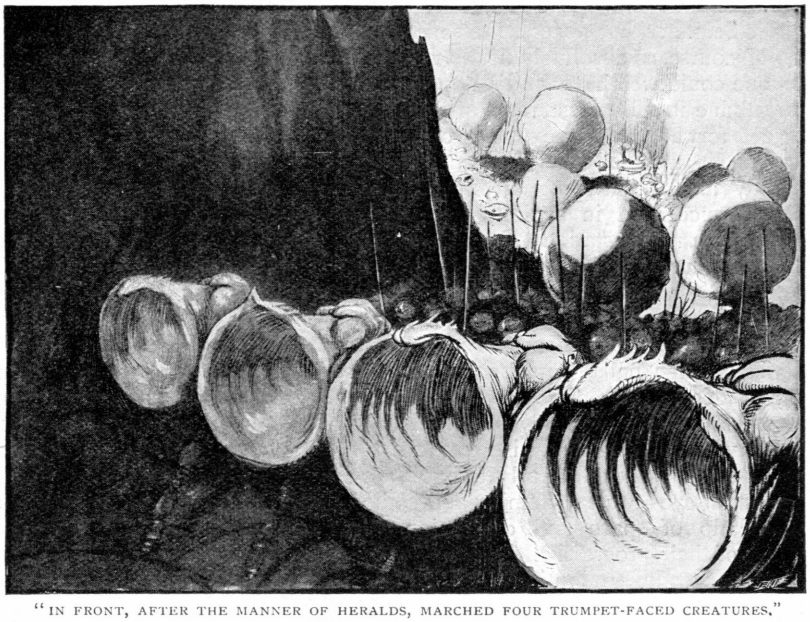
THE GRAND LUNAR.

THE penultimate message describes, with occasionally even elaborate detail, the encounter between Cavor and the Grand Lunar, who is the ruler or master of the moon. Cavor seems to have sent most of it without interference, but to have been interrupted in the concluding portion. The second came after an interval of a week.

The first message begins: "At last I am able to resume this ——"; it then becomes illegible for a space, and after a time resumes in mid-sentence.

The missing words of the following sentence are probably "the crowd." There follows quite clearly: "grew ever denser as we drew near the palace of the Grand Lunar — if I may call a series of excavations a palace. Everywhere faces stared at me — blank, chitinous gapes and masks, big eyes peering over tremendous nose tentacles, and little eyes beneath monstrous forehead plates; below an undergrowth of smaller creatures dodged and yelped, and grotesque heads poised on sinuous, swanlike, long-jointed necks appeared craning over shoulders and beneath armpits. Keeping a welcome space about me marched a cordon of stolid, scuttle-headed guards, who had joined us on our leaving the boat in which we had come along the channels of the Central Sea. The flea-like artist with the little brain joined us also, and a thick bunch of lean porter-ants swayed and struggled under the multitude of conveniences that were considered essential to my state. I was carried in a litter during the final stage of our journey. It was made of some very ductile metal that looked dark to me, meshed and woven and with bars of paler metal, and about me as I advanced there grouped itself a long and complicated procession.

"In front, after the manner of heralds, marched four trumpet-faced creatures making a devastating bray; and then came squat, almost beetle-like, ushers before and behind, and on either hand a galaxy of learned heads, a sort of animated encyclopædia, who were,



"IN FRONT, AFTER THE MANNER OF HERALDS, MARCHED FOUR TRUMPET-FACED CREATURES."

Phi-oo explained, to stand about the Grand Lunar for purposes of reference. (Not a thing in lunar science, not a point of view or method of thinking, that these wonderful beings did not carry in their heads.) Followed guards and porters, and then Phi-oo's shivering brain borne also on a litter. Then came Tsi-puff in a slightly less important litter; then myself on a litter of greater elegance than any other and surrounded by my food and drink attendants. More trumpeters came next, splitting the ear with vehement outcries, and then several big brains, special correspondents one might well call them or histori-

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ographers, charged with the task of observing and remembering every detail of this epoch-making interview. A company of attendants, bearing and dragging banners and masses of scented fungus and curious symbols, completed the procession. The way was lined by ushers and officers in caparisons that gleamed like steel, and beyond their line the heads and tentacles of that enormous crowd surged on either hand.

"I will own that I am still by no means indurated to the peculiar effect of the Selenite appearance, and to find myself as it were adrift on this broad sea of excited entomology was by no means agreeable. Just for a space I had something like I should imagine people mean when they speak of the 'horrors.' It had come to me before in these lunar caverns, when on occasion I have found myself weaponless and with an undefended back, amidst a crowd of these Selenites, but never quite so vividly. It is, of course, as absolutely irrational a feeling as one could well have, and I hope gradually to subdue it. But just for a moment, as I swept forward into the welter of the vast crowd, it was only by gripping my litter tightly and summoning all my will-power that I succeeded in avoiding an outcry or some such manifestation. It lasted perhaps three minutes; then I had myself in hand again.

"We ascended the spiral of a vertical way for some time and then passed through a series of huge halls, dome-roofed and gloriously decorated. The approach to the Grand Lunar was certainly contrived to give one a vivid impression of his greatness. The halls—all happily sufficiently luminous for my terrestrial eye—were a cunning and elaborate crescendo of space and decoration. The effect of their progressive size was enhanced by the steady diminution in the lighting, and by a thin haze of incense that thickened as one advanced. In the earlier ones the vivid, clear light made everything finite and concrete to me. I seemed to advance continually to something larger, dimmer, and less material.

"I must confess that all this splendour made me feel extremely shabby and unworthy. I was unshaven and unkempt; I had brought no razor; I had a coarse beard over my mouth. On earth I have always been inclined to despise any attention to my person beyond a proper care for cleanliness; but under the exceptional circumstances in which I found myself, representing, as I did, my planet and my kind, and depending very largely upon the attractiveness of my appearance for a proper reception, I could have given much for something a little more artistic and dignified than the husks I wore. I had been so serene in the belief that the moon was uninhabited as to overlook such precautions altogether. As it was I was dressed in a flannel jacket, knickerbockers, and golfing stockings, stained with every sort of dirt the moon offered; slippers (of which the left heel was wanting), and a blanket, through a hole in which I thrust my head. (These clothes, indeed, I still wear.) Sharp bristles are anything but an improvement to my cast of features, and there was an unmended tear at the knee of my knickerbockers that showed conspicuously as I squatted in my litter; my right stocking, too, persisted in getting about my ankle. I am fully alive to the injustice my appearance did humanity, and if by any expedient I could have improvised something a little out of the way and imposing I would have done so. But I could hit upon nothing. I did what I could with my blanket—folding it somewhat after the fashion of a toga, and for the rest I sat as upright as the swaying of my litter permitted.

"Imagine the largest hall you have ever been in, elaborately decorated with blue and whitish-blue Majolica, lit by blue light, you know not how, and surging with metallic or livid-white creatures of such a mad diversity as I have hinted. Imagine this hall to end in an open archway beyond which is a still larger hall, and beyond this yet another and still larger one, and so on. At the end of the vista a flight of steps, like the steps of Ara Cœli at Rome, ascend out of sight. Higher and higher these steps appear to go as one draws nearer their base. But at last I came under a huge archway and beheld the summit of these steps, and upon it the Grand Lunar exalted on his throne.

"He was seated in a blaze of incandescent blue. A hazy atmosphere filled the place so that its walls seemed invisibly remote. This gave him an effect of floating in a blue-black void. He seemed a small, self-luminous cloud at first, brooding on his glaucous throne; his brain-case must have measured many yards in diameter. For some reason that I cannot fathom a number of blue search-lights radiated from behind the throne on which he sat, as though he were a star, and immediately encircling him was a halo. About him, and little and indistinct in this glow, a number of body-servants sustained and supported him, and overshadowed and standing in a

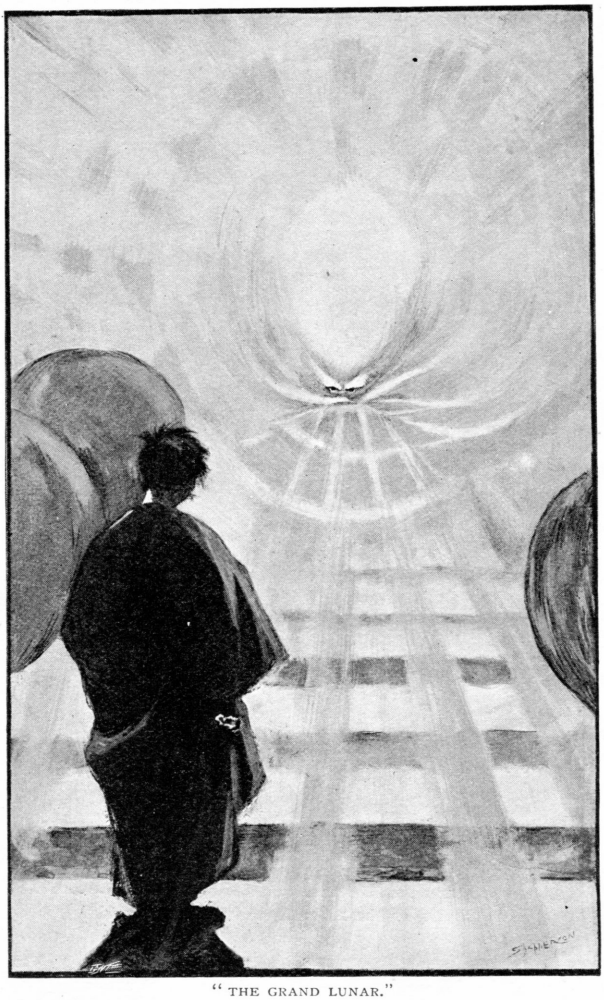
huge semicircle beneath him were his intellectual subordinates, his remembrancers and computators and searchers, his flatterers and servants, and all the distinguished insects of the court of the moon. Still lower stood ushers and messengers, and then all down the countless steps of the throne were guards, and at the base, enormous, various, indistinct, a vast swaying multitude of the minor dignitaries of the moon. Their feet made a perpetual scraping whisper on the rocky floor, their limbs moved with a rustling murmur.

"As I entered the penultimate hall the music rose and expanded into an imperial magnificence of sound, and the shrieks of the newsbearers died away. . . .

"I entered the last and greatest hall. . . .

"My procession opened out like a fan. My ushers and guards went right and left, and the three litters bearing myself and Phi-oo and Tsi-puff marched across a shiny waste of floor to the foot of the giant stairs. Then began a vast throbbing hum, that mingled with the music. The two Selenites dismounted, but I was bidden remain seated—I imagine as a special honour. The music ceased, but not that humming, and by a simultaneous movement of ten thousand respectful eyes my attention was directed to the enhaloed supreme intelligence that hovered above us.

"At first as I peered into the radiating blaze this quintessential brain looked very much like an opaque, featureless bladder with dim, undulating ghosts of convolutions writhing visibly within. Then beneath its enormity and just above the edge of the throne one saw with a start minute elfin eyes peering out of the blaze. No face, but eyes, as if they peered through holes. At first I could see no more than these two staring little eyes, and then below I distinguished the little dwarfed body and its insect-jointed limbs shrivelled and white. The eyes stared down at me with a strange intensity, and the lower part of the swollen globe was wrinkled. Ineffectual-looking little hand-tentacles steadied this shape on the throne. . . .



"THE GRAND LUNAR."

"It was great. It was pitiful. One forgot the hall and the crowd.

"I ascended the staircase by jerks. It seemed to me that the purple glowing brain-case above us spread over me, and took more and more of the whole effect into itself as I drew nearer. The tiers of attendants and helpers grouped about their master seemed to dwindle and fade into the glare. I saw that the shadowy attendants were busy spraying that great brain with a cooling spray, and patting and sustaining it. For my own part I sat gripping my swaying litter and staring at the Grand Lunar, unable to turn my gaze aside. And at last, as I reached a little landing that was separated only by ten steps or so from the supreme seat, the woven splendour of the music reached a climax and

ceased, and I was left naked, as it were, in that vastness, beneath the still scrutiny of the Grand Lunar's eyes.

"He was scrutinizing the first man he had ever seen. . . . .

"My eyes dropped at last from his greatness to the faint figures in the blue mist about him, and then down the steps to the massed Selenites, still and expectant in their thousands, packed on the floor below. Once again an unreasonable horror reached out towards me. . . . . And passed.

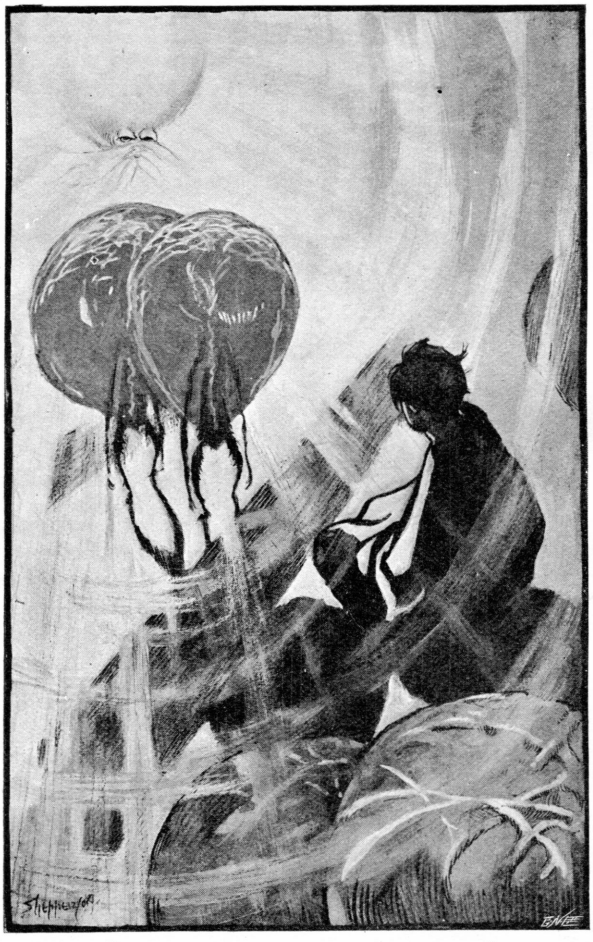
"After the pause came the salutation. I was assisted from my litter, and stood awkwardly while a number of curious and no doubt deeply symbolical gestures were vicariously performed for me by two slender officials. The encyclopædic galaxy of the learned that had accompanied me to the entrance of the last hall appeared two steps above me and left and right of me, in readiness for the Grand Lunar's need, and Phi-oo's white brain placed itself about half-way up to the throne in such a position as to communicate easily between us without turning his back on either the Grand Lunar or myself. Tsi-puff took up a position behind him. Dexterous ushers sidled sideways towards me, keeping a full face to the Presence. I seated myself Turkish fashion, and Phi-oo and Tsi-puff also knelt down above me. There came a pause. The eyes of the nearer court went from me to the Grand Lunar and came back to me, and a hissing and piping of expectation passed across the hidden multitudes below and ceased.

"That humming ceased.

"For the first and last time in my experience the moon was silent.

"I became aware of a faint wheezy noise. The Grand Lunar was addressing me. It was like the rubbing of a finger upon a pane of glass.

"I watched him attentively for a time and then glanced at the alert Phi-oo. I felt amidst these filmy beings ridiculously thick and fleshy and solid; my head all jaw and black hair. My eyes went back to the Grand Lunar. He had ceased; his attendants were busy, and his shining superfices was glistening and running with cooling spray.



"I BECAME AWARE OF A FAINT WHEEZY NOISE."

"Phi-oo meditated through an interval. He consulted Tsi-puff. Then he began piping his recognisable English—at first a little nervously, so that he was not very clear.

"'M'm—the Grand Lunar—wishes to say—wishes to say—he gathers you are—m'm—men—that you are a man from the planet earth. He wishes to say that he welcomes you—welcomes you—and wishes to learn——learn, if I may use the word—the state of your world, and the reason why you came to this.'

"He paused. I was about to reply when he resumed. He proceeded to remarks of which the drift was not very clear, though I am inclined to think they were intended to be complimentary. He told me that the

earth was to the moon what the sun is to the earth, and that the Selenites desired very greatly to learn about the earth and men. He then told me, no doubt in compliment also, the relative magnitude and diameter of earth and moon, and the perpetual wonder and speculation with which the Selenites had regarded our planet. I meditated with downcast eyes and decided to reply that men too had wondered what might lie in the moon, and had judged it dead, little recking of such magnificence as I had seen that day. The Grand Lunar, in token of recognition, caused his blue search-light to rotate in a very confusing manner, and all about the great hall ran the pipings and whisperings and rustlings of the report of what I had said. He then proceeded to put to Phi-oo a number of inquiries which were easier to answer.

"He understood, he explained, that we lived on the surface of the earth, that our air and sea were outside the globe; the latter part, indeed, he already knew from his astronomical specialists. He was very anxious to have more detailed information of what he called this extraordinary state of affairs, for from the solidity of the earth there had always been a disposition to regard it as uninhabitable. He endeavoured first to ascertain the extremes of temperature to which we earth beings were exposed, and he was deeply interested by my descriptive treatment of clouds and rain. His imagination was assisted by the fact that the lunar atmosphere in the outer galleries of the night side is not infrequently very foggy. He seemed inclined to marvel that we did not find the sunlight too intense for our eyes, and was interested in my attempt to explain that the sky was tempered to a bluish colour through the refraction of the air, though I doubt if he clearly understood that. I explained how the iris of the human eyes can contract the pupil and save the delicate internal structure from the excess of sunlight, and was allowed to approach within a few feet of the Presence in order that this structure might be seen. This led to a comparison of the lunar and terrestrial eyes. The former is not only excessively sensitive to such light as men can see, but it can also *see* heat, and every difference in temperature within the moon renders objects visible to it.

"The iris was quite a new organ to the Grand Lunar. For a time he amused himself by flashing his rays into my face and watching my pupils contract. As a consequence, I was dazzled and blinded for some little time. . . . .

"I WAS DAZZLED AND BLINDED FOR SOME LITTLE TIME."

"But in spite of that discomfort I found something reassuring by insensible degrees in the rationality of this business of question and answer. I could shut my eyes, think of my answer, and almost forget that the Grand Lunar has no face. . . . .

"When I had descended again to my proper place the Grand Lunar asked how we sheltered ourselves from heat and storms, and I expounded to him the arts of building and furnishing. Here we wandered into misunderstandings and cross-purposes, due largely, I must admit, to the looseness of my expressions. For a long time I had great difficulty in making him understand the nature of a house. To him and his attendant Selenites it seemed no doubt the most whimsical thing in the world that men should build houses when they might descend into excavations, and an additional complication was introduced by the attempt I made to explain that men had originally begun their homes in caves, and that they were now taking their railways and many establishments beneath the surface. Here I think a desire for intellectual completeness betrayed me. There was also a considerable tangle due to an equally unwise attempt on my part to explain about mines. Dismissing this topic at last in an incomplete state, the

Grand Lunar inquired what we did with the interior of our globe.

"A tide of twittering and piping swept into the remotest corners of that great assembly when it was at last made clear that we men know absolutely nothing of the contents of the world upon which the immemorial generations of our ancestors had been evolved. Three times had I to repeat that of all the 4,000 miles of substance between the earth and its centre men knew only to the depth of a mile, and that very vaguely. I understood the Grand Lunar to ask why had I come to the moon seeing we had scarcely touched our own planet yet, but he did not trouble me at that time to proceed to an explanation, being too anxious to pursue the details of this mad inversion of all his ideas.

"He reverted to the question of weather, and I tried to describe the perpetually changing sky, and snow, and frost and hurricanes. 'But when the night comes,' he asked, 'is it not cold?'

"I told him it was colder than by day.

"'And does not your atmosphere freeze?'

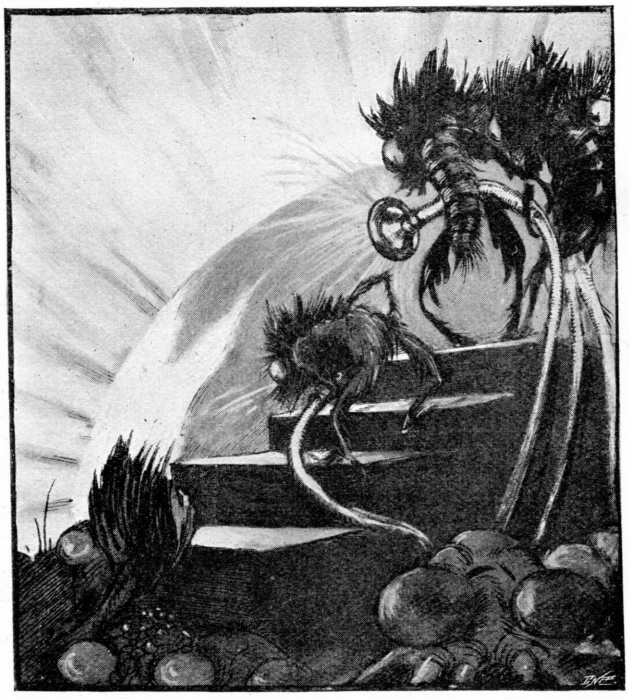
"I told him not; that it was never cold enough for that, because our nights were so short.

"'Not even liquefy?'

"I was about to say 'No,' but then it occurred to me that one part at least of our atmosphere, the water vapour of it, does sometimes liquefy and form dew and sometimes freeze and form frost—a process perfectly analogous to the freezing of all the external atmosphere of the moon during its longer night. I made myself clear on this point, and from that the Grand Lunar went on to speak with me of sleep. For the need of sleep that comes so regularly every twenty-four hours to all things is part also of our earthly inheritance. On the moon they rest only at rare intervals and after exceptional exertions. Then I tried to describe to him the soft splendours of a summer night, and from that I passed to a description of those animals that prowl by night and sleep by day. I told him of lions and tigers, and here it seemed as though we had come to a deadlock. For, save in their waters, there are no creatures in the moon not absolutely domestic and subject to his will, and so it has been for immemorial years. They have monstrous water creatures, but no evil beasts, and the idea of anything strong and large existing 'outside' in the night is very difficult for them. . . .

[The record is here too broken to transcribe for the space of perhaps twenty words or more.]

"He talked with his attendants, as I suppose, upon the strange superficiality and unreasonableness of (man), who lives on the mere surface of a world, a creature of waves and winds and all the chances of space, who cannot even unite to overcome the beasts that prey upon his kind, and yet who dares to invade another planet. During this aside I sat thinking, and then at his desire I told him of the different sorts of men. He searched me with questions. 'And for all sorts of work you have the same sort of men. But who thinks? Who governs?'



"HE ORDERED COOLING SPRAYS UPON HIS BROW."

"I gave him an outline of the democratic method.

"When I had done he ordered cooling sprays upon his brow, and then requested me to repeat my explanation, conceiving something had miscarried.

"'Do they not do different things, then?' said Phi-oo.

"Some I admitted were thinkers and some

officials ; some hunted, some were mechanics, some artists, some toilers. 'But *all* rule,' I said.

"'And have they not different shapes to fit them to their different duties?'

"'None that you can see,' I said, 'except perhaps for clothes. Their minds perhaps differ a little,' I reflected.

"'Their minds must differ a great deal,' said the Grand Lunar, 'or they would all want to do the same things.'

"In order to bring myself into a closer harmony with his preconceptions I said that his surmise was right. 'It was all hidden in the brain,' I said ; 'but the difference was there. Perhaps if one could see the minds and souls of men they would be as varied and unequal as the Selenites. There were great men and small men, men who could reach out far and wide, and men who could go swiftly ; noisy, trumpet-minded men, and men who could remember without thinking. . . . . [The record is indistinct for three words.]

"He interrupted me to recall me to my previous statement. 'But you said all men rule?' he pressed.

"'To a certain extent,' I said, and made, I fear, a denser fog with my explanation.

"He reached out to a salient fact. 'Do you mean,' he asked, 'that there is no Grand Earthly?'

"I thought of several people, but assured him finally there was none. I explained that such autocrats and emperors as we had tried upon earth had usually ended in drink, or vice, or violence, and that the large and influential section of the people of the earth to which I belonged, the Anglo-Saxons, did not mean to try that sort of thing again. At which the Grand Lunar was even more amazed.

"'But how do you keep even such wisdom as you have?' he asked ; and I explained to him the way we helped our limited [a word omitted here, probably "brains."] with libraries of books. I explained to him how our science was growing by the united labours of innumerable little men, and on that he made no comment save that it was evident we had mastered much in spite of our social savagery, or we could not have come to the moon. Yet the contrast was very marked. With knowledge the Selenites grew and changed ; mankind stored their knowledge about them and remained brutes—equipped. He said this . . . [Here there is a short piece of the record indistinct.]

"He then caused me to describe how we went about this earth of ours, and I described to him our railways and ships. For a time he could not understand that we had had the use of steam only one hundred years, but when he did he was clearly amazed. (I may mention as a singular thing that the Selenites use years to count by, just as we do on earth, though I can make nothing of their numeral system. That however does not matter, because Phi-oo understands ours.) From that I went on to tell him that mankind had dwelt in cities only for nine or ten thousand years, and that we were still not united in one brotherhood, but under many different forms of government. This astonished the Grand Lunar very much, when it was made clear to him. At first he thought we referred merely to administrative areas.

"'Our States and Empires are still the rawest sketches of what order will some day be,' I said, and so I came to tell him. . . .

[At this point a length of record that probably represents thirty or forty words is totally illegible.]

"The Grand Lunar was greatly impressed by the folly of men in clinging to the inconvenience of diverse tongues. 'They want to communicate, and yet not to communicate,' he said, and then for a long time he questioned me closely concerning war.

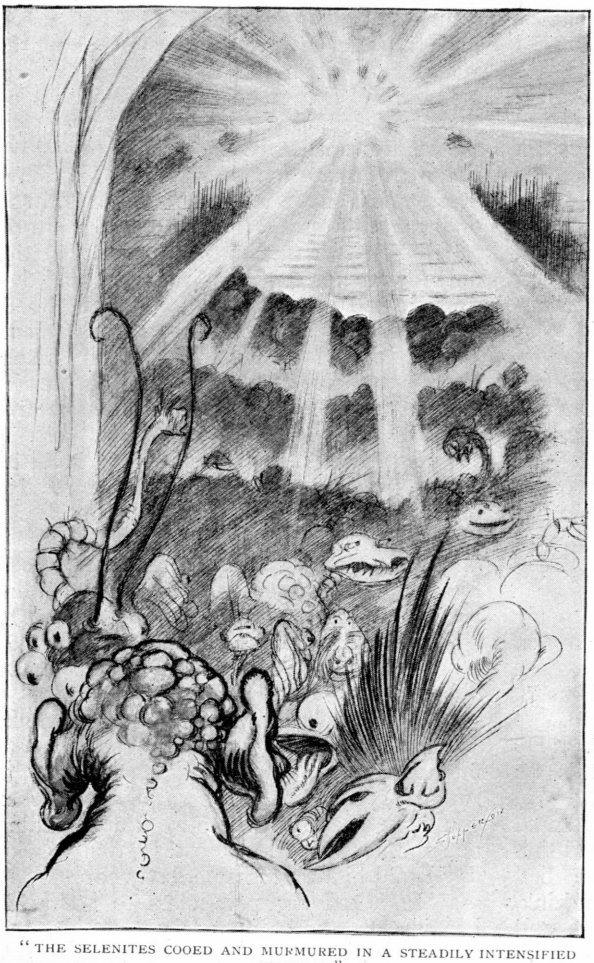
"He was at first perplexed and incredulous. 'You mean to say,' he asked, seeking confirmation, 'that you run about over the surface of your world—this world, whose riches you have scarcely begun to scrape—killing one another for beasts to eat?'

"I told him that was perfectly correct.

"He asked for particulars to assist his imagination. 'But do not your ships and your poor little cities get injured?' he asked, and I found the waste of property and conveniences seemed to impress him almost as much as the killing. 'Tell me more,' said the Grand Lunar ; 'make me see pictures. I cannot conceive these things.'

"And so, for a space, though something loth, I told him the story of earthly War.

"I told him of the first orders and ceremonies of war, of warnings and ultimatums, and the marshalling and marching of troops. I gave him an idea of manœuvres and positions and battle joined. I told him of sieges and assaults, of starvation and hardship in trenches, and of sentinels freezing in the snow. I told him of routs and surprises, and desperate last stands and faint hopes, and the pitiless pursuit of fugitives and the dead upon the field. I told, too, of the past, of invasions and massacres, of the Huns and Tartars, and the wars of Mahomet and the Caliphs and of the Crusades. And as I went on, and Phi-oo translated, the Selen-



"THE SELENITES COOED AND MURMURED IN A STEADILY INTENSIFIED EMOTION."

ites cooed and murmured in a steadily intensified emotion.

"I told them an ironclad could fire a shot of a ton twelve miles, and go through 20ft. of iron—and how we could steer torpedoes under water. I went on to describe a Maxim gun in action and what I could imagine of the Battle of Colenso. The Grand Lunar was so incredulous that he interrupted the translation of what I had said in order to have my verification of my account. They particularly doubted my description of the men cheering and rejoicing as they went into (? battle).

"'But surely they do not like it!' translated Phi-oo.

"I assured them men of my race considered battle the most glorious experience of life, at which the whole assembly was stricken with amazement.

"'But what good is this war?' asked the Grand Lunar, sticking to his theme.

"'Oh! as for *good!*' said I; 'it thins the population!'

"'But why should there be a need——?' . . . .

"There came a pause, the cooling sprays impinged upon his brow, and then he spoke again."

At this point there suddenly becomes predominant in the record a series of undulations that have been apparent as a perplexing complication as far back as Cavor's description of the silence that fell before the first speaking of the Grand Lunar. These undulations are evidently the result of radiations proceeding from a lunar source, and their persistent approximation to the alternating signals of Cavor is curiously suggestive of some operator deliberately seeking to mix them in with his message and render it illegible. At first they are small and regular, so that with a little care and the loss of very few words we have been able to disentangle Cavor's message; then they become broad and larger, then suddenly they are irregular, with an irregularity that gives the effect at last of someone scribbling through a line of writing. For a long time nothing can be made of this madly zigzagging trace; then quite abruptly the interruption ceases, leaves a few words clear, and then resumes and continues for all the rest of the message, completely obliterating whatever Cavor was attempting to transmit. Why, if this is indeed a deliberate intervention, the Selenites should have preferred to let Cavor go on transmitting his message in happy ignorance of their obliteration of its record, when it was clearly quite in their power and much more easy and convenient for them to stop his proceedings at any time, is a problem to which I can contribute nothing. The thing seems to have happened so, and that is all I can say. This last rag of his description of the Grand Lunar begins, in mid-sentence:—

"interrogated me very closely upon my secret. I was able in a little while to get to an understanding with them, and at last to elucidate what has been a puzzle to me ever since I realized the vastness of their science, namely, how it is they themselves have never discovered 'Cavorite.' I find they know of it as a theoretical substance, but they have always regarded it as a practical impossibility, because for some reason there is no helium in the moon, and helium——"

Across the last letters of helium slashes the resumption of that obliterating trace. Note that word "secret," for on that, and that alone, I base my interpretation of the last message, as both Mr. Wendigee and myself now believe it to be, that he is ever likely to send us,

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LAST MESSAGE CAVOR SENT TO THE EARTH.

In this unsatisfactory manner the penultimate message of Cavor dies out. One seems to see him away there amidst his blue-lit apparatus intently signalling us to the last, all unaware of the curtain of confusion that drops between us; all unaware, too, of the final dangers that even then must have been creeping upon him. His disastrous want of vulgar common-sense had utterly betrayed him. He had talked of war, he had talked of all the strength and irrational violence of men, of their insatiable aggressions, their tireless futility of conflict. He had filled the whole moon-world with this impression of our race, and then I think it is plain that he admitted upon himself alone hung the possibility—at least for a long time — of any further men reaching the moon. The line the cold, inhuman reason of the moon would take seems plain enough to me, and a suspicion of it, and then perhaps some sudden sharp realization of it, must have come to him. One imagines him going about the moon with the remorse of this fatal indiscretion growing in his mind. During a certain time most assuredly the Grand Lunar was deliberating the new situation, and for all that time Cavor went as free as ever he had gone. We imagine obstacles of some sort prevented Cavor getting to his electro-magnetic apparatus again after that last message I have given. For some days we received nothing. Perhaps he was having fresh audiences, and trying to evade his previous admissions. Who can hope to guess?

"STRUGGLING EVER MORE DESPERATELY AND HOPELESSLY."

And then suddenly, like a cry in the night, like a cry that is followed by a stillness, came the last message. It is the briefest fragment, the broken beginnings of two sentences.

The first was: "I was mad to let the Grand Lunar know——"

There was an interval of perhaps a minute. One imagines some interruption from without. A departure from the instrument—a dreadful hesitation among the looming masses of apparatus in that dim, blue-lit cavern—a sudden rush back to it, full of a resolve that came too late. Then, as if it were hastily transmitted, came: "Cavorite made as follows: take——"

There followed one word, a quite unmeaning word as it stands: "uless."

And that is all.

It may be he made a hasty attempt to spell "useless" when his fate was close upon him. Whatever it was that was happening about that apparatus, we cannot tell. Whatever it was we shall never, I know, receive another message from the moon. For my own part a vivid dream has come to my help, and I see, almost as plainly as though I had seen it in actual fact, a blue-lit dishevelled Cavor struggling in the grip of a great multitude of those insect Selenites, struggling ever more desperately and hopelessly as they swarm upon him, shouting, expostulating, perhaps even at last fighting, and being forced backward step by step out of all speech or sign of his fellows, for evermore into the Unknown — into the dark, into that silence that has no end . . . .

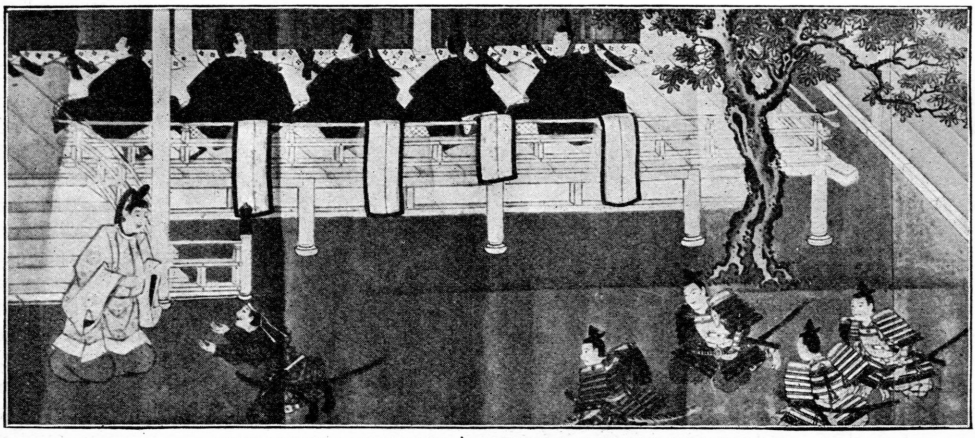
THE END.

The Japanese Jack the Giant Killer.

By Leonard Larkin.

With Illustrations from an ancient Japanese illuminated roll.

A THOUSAND years ago Japan was a land as full of giants and fairies and ogres and dragons as this country (or, indeed, any other country) at about the same time. That is to say, stories are told in Japan to-day of the fairies and giants of those times just as they are in our own nurseries; and the Japanese tales, like the English, the French, and the rest, have usually some groundwork of historical fact. Indeed, it is far more certain that the hero of the story I am now to tell was an actual historical personage than that our own King Arthur was; though his adventures, like the King's, have been enlarged and improved by the imaginations of many generations. Listen, then, to the story of the terrible Shiuten Doji, the man-eating ogre of Japan, and his final destruction by the valiant knight Raiko, aided by his five faithful esquires.



RAIKO RECEIVES THE EMPEROR'S COMMISSION TO DESTROY THE OGRE.

A thousand years ago, in the days of the good Emperor Murakami, there lived in a secure fastness among the mountains and woods a fearful ogre, who, with his body-guard of demons, laid waste the country round about, killing, plundering, enslaving, and devouring the people. This ogre was not originally an ogre by nature, as are those of most other countries, but a human being whose frightful impieties and flagrant crimes, long persisted in, wholly changed his nature and transformed him into a giant of cannibal tastes, and made him the scourge of the peaceful country-side. He had the faculty of changing his appearance, like other supernatural creatures, but, no matter what form he might take in his waking hours, he could not keep it in sleep, and the moment that slumber overtook him he lay revealed in all his hideousness for what he was—a horned, red, ugly giant. His almost constant form during day was that of a great, clumsy, smooth-faced boy, 7ft. or 8ft. high; and as he passed all his inactive days in orgies of drunkenness, he was given the name of the Shiuten Doji, or the great drunkard boy. But always, as I have said, so soon as he was overcome by sleep, the smooth, boyish face was changed into that of a great, hairy, flaming, red demon, and in place of a great boy there lay an even greater horned and terrible giant.

This fearful creature lived wholly on human flesh, and to supply his larder he and his terrible retainers swept the country, killing and robbing and carrying off men, women, and children captives, of whom the most beautiful of the women and children were devoured by the ogre himself. And always he was waited on by his most beautiful prisoners, gentle ladies dragged from the nobles' castles, which he and his demons took and destroyed, till it became the turn of each of the unfortunate captives to be killed and eaten.

The news of these atrocities being brought to the good old Emperor Murakami, he was greatly afflicted and angry, and he asked if there were no valiant knights in his country who would face the Shiuten Doji and deliver the land from his oppressions. Now, at this time the greatest of the knights of Japan

was one Yorimitsu, chief of the great Minamoto clan, who for his great deeds of valour had been given the surname Raiko —the name by which he was known in future ages. He had travelled for years in Japan as knight-errant, attended by his faithful squire Tsuna, righting wrongs, fighting demons, and succouring the oppressed. It was on one of these expeditions that he vanquished the great Demon Spider, of which I may perhaps tell you another time. Well, the Emperor's appeal was no sooner uttered than Raiko sprang forward and eagerly begged to be permitted to undertake the task. The aged monarch gladly accepted the offer, assuring the knight that when he spoke he knew that he could depend on the devotion of Raiko, and asked what aid he would need. But Raiko would have none but that of his trusty squires, and expressed himself ready to face the demon and all his retainers with these at his back; and so he was given the Imperial commission, inscribed in golden letters, to go forth and destroy the Shiuten Doji and all who aided him.

First, like a devout warrior, Raiko repaired to the temples, offering up orisons before setting out on his adventure, and receiving purification at the hands of the priests. Then he took his squires into council, and while the arms were being prepared, and the great two-handed swords sharpened, they resolved on their plans.

It was decided that the little band should travel disguised as travelling priests—Yamabushi—who wander about the mountains and woods. In this guise they might travel anywhere without causing suspicion as to their real objects. And so, all being ready, they set out, each carrying on his back the wooden box, or pack, that the wandering priests used. But in this box was no mere change of garments and scraps of alms, but the adventurer's suit of armour.

So they went their way laboriously on foot, through the woods and streams and over the mountains for many miles, slowly journeying toward Sumiyoshi, beyond which place lay the ogre's castle. And even as they went they heard rumours of the Shiuten Doji and terrible stories of his crimes, increasing in number and enormity every day. Many urged them to turn back or take another direction, else assuredly they would be taken and eaten by the demons. But for all these entreaties they pressed on the harder, resolved that they would strike at the giant as soon as they might, and so put an end to the destruction that devastated the land, or die themselves in their daring attempt. And so they went, till they came to a part all bleak and bare, where no living thing remained; for now they were nearing the ogre's country, and

RAIKO AND HIS FOLLOWERS MEET WITH THE GOOD SPIRIT.

all about had been devastated. That night they slept in the ruins of a noble castle, burnt and blood-stained, from which every person not killed on the spot had been carried off.

The next day, as they pressed forward in a rocky, barbarous place, where only pines grew, they spied before them, standing on a rock, an aged, white-bearded elder, who greeted them courteously and asked them whither they were bound.

"We are travelling priests, honourable father, as you see," answered Raiko; "and being come into this desolate place in our journey, we are going as well as we may toward a castle that is hereabout, that we may rest and eat."

Now, this white-bearded elder was no man, but a good spirit, the guardian spirit of that province which the wicked ogre had laid waste. So he answered and said, "O Raiko, well I know thou art a valiant knight, and no priest, and these are thy brave squires; and well I know the castle thou seekest, the castle of the wicked ogre that slays and eats the people of the country. Truly I welcome thee and give my blessing. Come now, with thy good squires, and eat, drink, and rest in my retreat ere thou goest forth to slay the Shiuten Doji." And he made himself known to them.

When Raiko and his squires knew that this was the Spirit of Sumiyoshi they bowed before him and gave humble salutation. And they went very joyously with him and rested in his retreat among the mountains, and ate and drank and were refreshed; and Raiko served the Spirit very dutifully with his own hands. And as they sat the good Spirit gave them much counsel as to the place they were going to and the ways and manners of the ogre and his demons, so that they should see nothing that should surprise them or disconcert their actions. And to Raiko the Spirit gave a magic golden cap to wear under his helmet—a cap that nothing could pierce: neither sword, nor axe, nor tooth, nor claw, no matter what spells of magic should be upon the weapon; for he warned him that all the expedients of black magic were used by the giant, and that the most valiant warriors would find themselves bewildered and helpless in the midst of his fiendish enchantments. Also, he gave the gallant companions a mighty drug that should overcome the spirits of the ogre and make him sleep.

THE GOOD SPIRIT GIVES RAIKO THE MAGIC CAP.

And now, as Raiko and his little band went forward once more, the Spirit of Sumiyoshi

RAIKO FINDS THE WEEPING LADY.

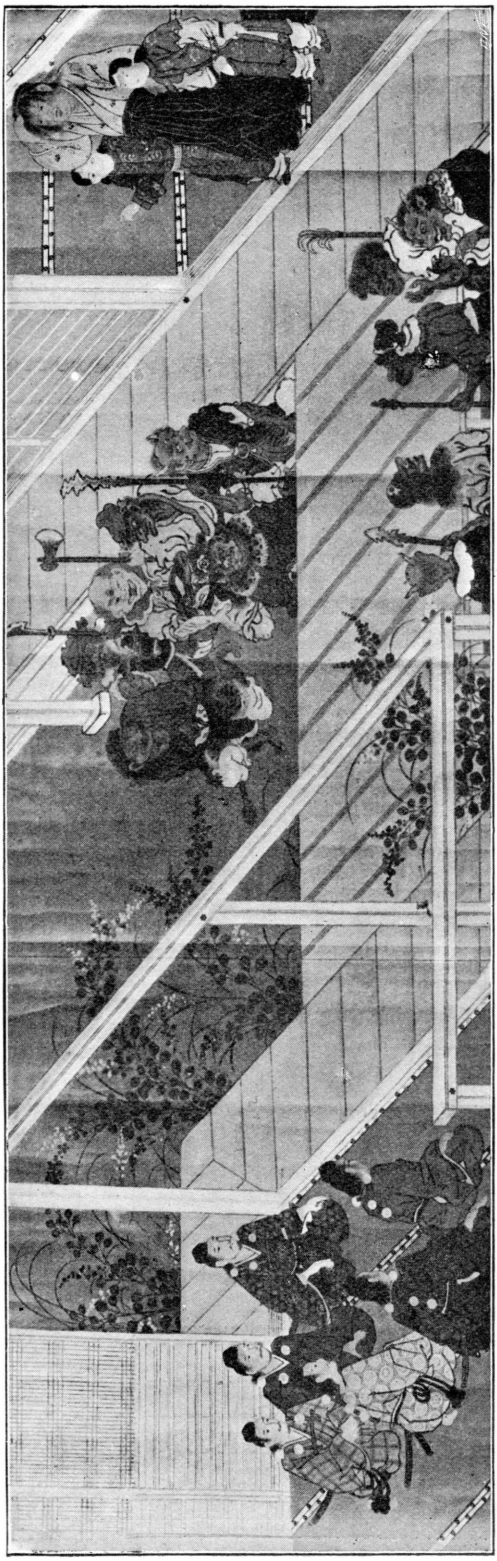
was always with them, leading them safely over the rocky mountains through the black woods and dangerous passes and giving them words of encouragement. And so they went through a wilder and rockier country than ever, and at last arrived by the side of a lake where the Spirit bade them farewell, assuring them that he would be with them though invisible, and that presently they should see him again.

They kept by the shore of the lake till they came to a stream, and here they heard a sound of weeping. So they turned and followed the stream till they came upon a noble lady, who was weeping bitterly and washing a blood-stained garment as she wept. Of her they asked the whereabouts of the ogre's castle, but she entreated them to turn and fly, for if they were seen they would be taken, and their doom was certain. Finding them resolved, however, with a last warning as to what they might expect, she indicated a path through a little wood. This path they took. It was a short one, and no sooner had the adventurers emerged from among the trees than they found themselves before the great gate of the giant's castle, about which stood groups of demons of the bodyguard.

The demons—hairy, tusked, grotesque, blue, red, and green, and armed with fantastically cruel weapons—were amazed at the intrusion of this helpless handful of wandering priests. They received them with many mocking reverences, and assured them of a very hearty hospitality. But Raiko and his men kept impassive countenances, and, appearing to take the welcome quite seriously, prayed to be brought into the presence of the lord of the castle. The demons, anticipating a pleasant meal from these adventurous priests, led them to an ante-room while the news of their arrival was conveyed to the ogre.

It had been agreed that, until the time for action arrived, the adventurers should strictly avoid any appearance of surprise, no matter what might happen; and that they should behave precisely as they would in seeking the shelter of any nobleman's castle which they might come upon on their journey, conforming to the customs of the place, and

THE DEMONS AT THE GATE OF THE OGRE'S CASTLE.



RAIKO AND HIS FOLLOWERS RECEIVED BY THE OGRE.

betraying no signs that what they saw and heard was anything out of the ordinary. So they sat stolidly in the ante-room, apparently regardless of the sardonic grins of the demon guard, till presently they were told to follow the messenger, and at last found themselves in the presence of the dreaded Shiuten Doji.

He stood upon a daïs at the upper end of a great apartment, and on the lower floor at each side was ranged his personal guard of demons. He appeared in his usual waking guise of a great boy, clad in Chinese garb, and he rested upon the shoulders of two pages, also in Chinese costume. His smooth countenance was nevertheless very terrible as he demanded angrily to know the reason of the priests' visit.

Raiko and his men, sitting respectfully at the lower end of the room, bowed low, with their foreheads to the ground. "We are a small company of pilgrims, O Prince," answered Raiko, "and for many days have we wandered in unknown ways about this country, seeing no man, and much oppressed by the toil of travel. By good fortune have we come upon the gate of this your castle and palace, and we throw ourselves upon your worship's honourable hospitality, begging the rest and refreshment that are never refused to the poor Yama-bushi, more especially by so great a Prince as yourself."

"Truly you shall have our hospitality," answered the Shiuten Doji, in a great voice. "Truly you shall have the hospitality you deserve, every man of you—the hospitality that has been given every man, woman, or child that has come within my gates since they were built." And being minded to divert himself with the poor priests ere he added them to his list of victims, he called aloud that a feast should be prepared, and that the best the castle could produce should be laid before the guests, to whom he would do honour by eating and drinking with them.

So the seeming priests, having removed their packs and placed them within easy reach, took their seats to receive such entertainment as the ogre might give them. First he caused to be placed before Raiko a dish which he announced as the choicest to be procured in that country, and his own favourite. And behold, when the cover was removed there lay before the knight a human leg, bleeding and ghastly! But neither Raiko nor one of his squires gave any sign of disgust or horror, and the ogre, waiting to enjoy the panic which he had expected to see among them, was surprised to observe the apparent relish with which the chief of

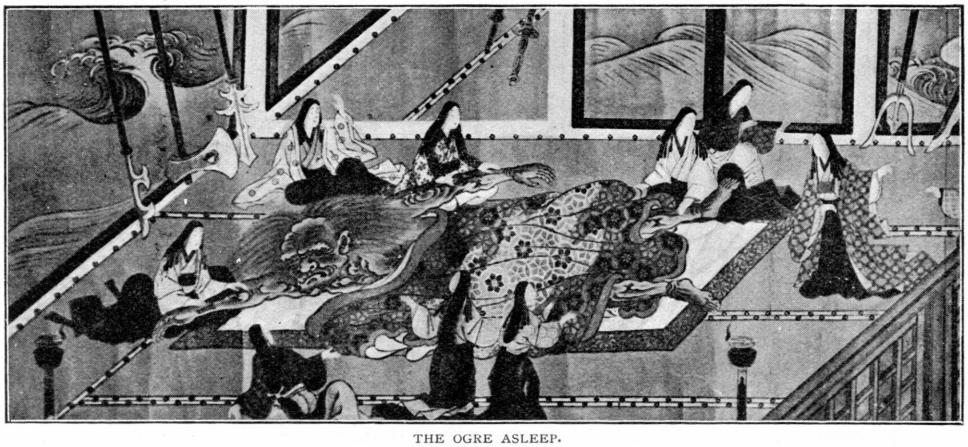
the priests feigned to devour his portion of the loathsome food. "Come," cried the giant, "I see you are better men than I thought, you priests, and not so squeamish as I expected. We will drink together."

THE OGRE DRINKS THE DRUGGED WINE.

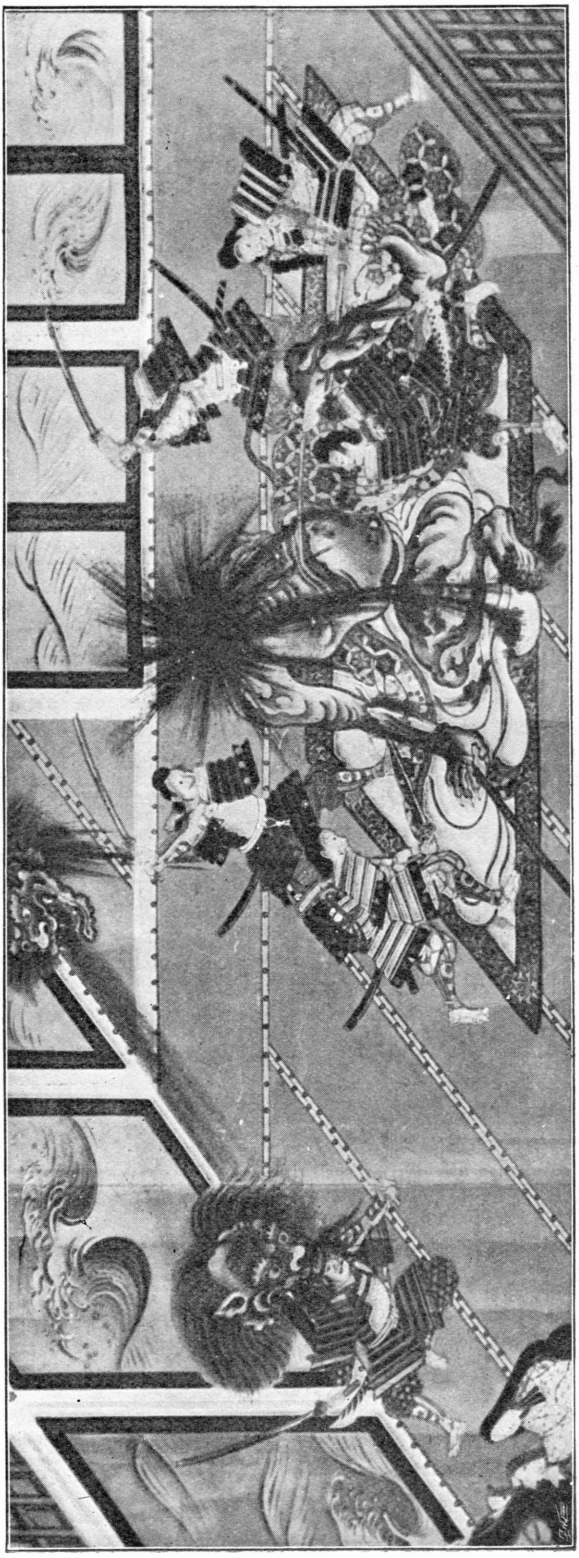
The horrible feast went on, the demon attendants waiting on the Shiuten Doji and his guests, and the warriors, showing no signs of astonishment or fear, still making pretence to eat and drink, till at last Raiko, bowing low before the ogre, said, "O Prince, your humble servants and guests have had such a feast as never before was set before them. We are poor, and can never make an adequate return, but we have a secret in the preparation of hot wine that makes it a drink truly fit for a great Prince, and we beg to be allowed to show our skill."

Now, there was nothing in the world that the Shiuten Doji loved beyond strong drink, and he called aloud for saké, the Japanese wine made from rice. And as the fragments of the feast were cleared away the saké was brought, and the ogre, dismissing his pages, was waited on by two beautiful captives, two of the many noble ladies whom he had taken in his forays. The adventurers made hot the saké, pouring into it the powerful drug given them by the good Spirit of Sumiyoshi, and when he had tasted it the ogre pronounced it the best drink that had ever been offered him.

So began an orgie in which the Shiuten Doji and his demon retainers drank copiously and recklessly, while Raiko and his companions cautiously kept themselves sober, and drank none of the saké that was drugged. Dances were called for, and after one of the demons had exhibited his skill, the Squire Sadamichi performed a brilliant measure, amid great applause. But all this while the drug was working, and presently the Shiuten Doji was hopelessly drunk, and was carried away by his attendant demons. The adven-



THE OGRE ASLEEP.



THE SLAYING OF THE OGRE.

turers still plied the remaining retainers, till at last every demon in the place was completely overcome, and fell helpless.

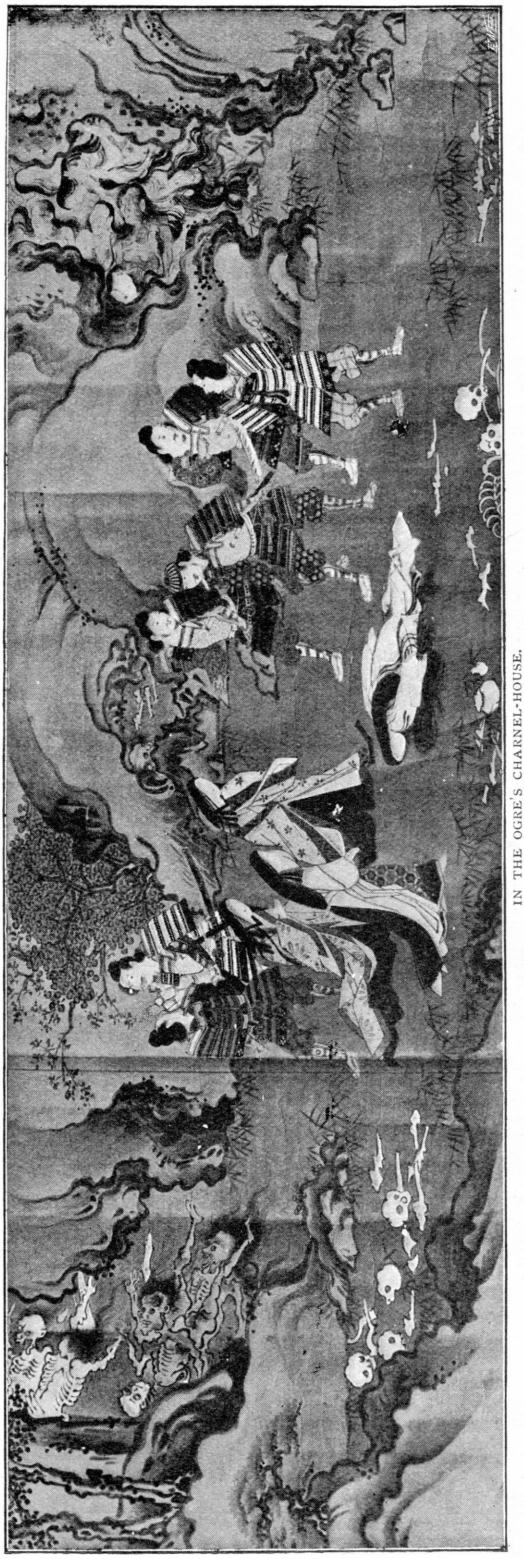
All this the heroes had done because they knew not what magical enchantments were at the hand of the ogre, and they were resolved that he should have no opportunity of so exercising them as to be able ever to continue his career of murder. And now they revealed themselves to the captive ladies, and, opening the packs they had been carrying, armed themselves completely.

The ladies, rejoiced to know that deliverers were at hand, led the little band past the sleeping guards and pointed out the chamber in which the ogre lay asleep. And here, as they approached the sliding-door, they saw before them once again the white-haired elder, the tutelary Spirit of Sumiyoshi.

"Greeting once more, O Raiko!" said the Spirit. "Truly thou hast done well, and I give thee my blessing now that thou goest to accomplish the end of thy purpose. But thou must know that the Shiuten Doji has a body of magical strength, and full of venom like a snake. So that though he be mortally hurt yet shall he live active and evil for a little while and poisonous to all he may wound. Wherefore take this my third gift—an enchanted cord. Tie him well with this while yet he sleeps and he shall be helpless."

So Raiko made obeisance to the Spirit and took the enchanted cord, and with his squires entered the monster's chamber. And now they saw the Shiuten Doji as he lay asleep, most wonderful to behold. For he was a great, hairy giant, far greater than he had seemed in his waking guise, tusked and horned and terrible, all of the colour of burning flame, and with the head of a demon. And round about him were many fair ladies, noble captives who saw with joy the coming of the adventurers in their armour, with their two-handed swords, heavy as lead and sharp as razors.

First, remembering the warning of the tutelary Spirit, the squires, under Raiko's direction, secured the ogre with cords, fastening him to the pillars



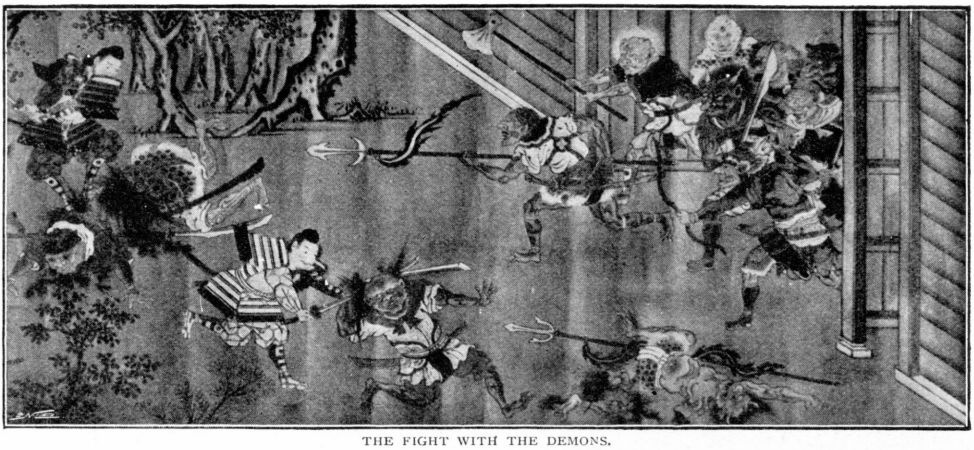
IN THE OGRE'S CHARNEL-HOUSE.

of the apartment. And, this being done, Raiko with one slash of his great sword struck off the horrible head. Then it was seen that the words of the Spirit of Sumiyoshi were true. For the great head sprang into the air, gnashing its teeth and spouting blood, and flew down upon the head of Raiko,* burying its terrible tusks in his helmet, and for the moment bearing the hero to his knee. But though the fangs pierced the hardened steel of the helmet the magic cap beneath was impenetrable, and so the gift of the good Spirit saved Raiko. More, as the head was struck off, the whole gigantic body turned and writhed, snapping every cord except the enchanted rope given by the good Spirit. But that held fast, and instantly the squires sprang upon the body, slashing it to pieces with their sharp swords, while the poor ladies ran in horror from the terrible scene. So was the Shiuten Doji slain, and the body so cut and dismembered that it could do no mischief.

Now, the terrible noise of this struggle awakened the demon guards, who rushed in helter-skelter upon Raiko and his men. But Raiko, flinging away his broken helmet, though still wearing his magic cap, met the captain of the demons as he came, and clove his head to the chin with a stroke of his sword; and the squires made great play with their long swords among the rest. Watanabe no Tsuna, Raiko's first and best-beloved squire, who had helped him kill the Demon Spider years before, cut one hideous devil in two across the waist, while Suyetaké and Sadamichi the dancer each brought down a demon with the terrible stroke that falls between neck and shoulder and cleaves the body to the opposite side; and the others, with similar feats of swordsmanship, overthrew the enemies opposed to them. And so the fight raged furiously, the half-dozen warriors maintaining their ground unflinchingly, and striking down the demons one after another as they came running into the fray. Till, after a long struggle and many wounds, the whole demoniac guard lay dead.

Then the heroes sought the dungeons where the ogre had kept his captives, and after a long search they came upon a fearful place where there were caves round about, and where the ground was strewed with skulls and bones. Guarding this place they found the last two of the demons, greater and more formidable than the rest. But

* In the illustration the head is shown twice, once in the air, and once biting at Raiko's head; the expedient is adopted by the artist to tell the story completely.



THE FIGHT WITH THE DEMONS.

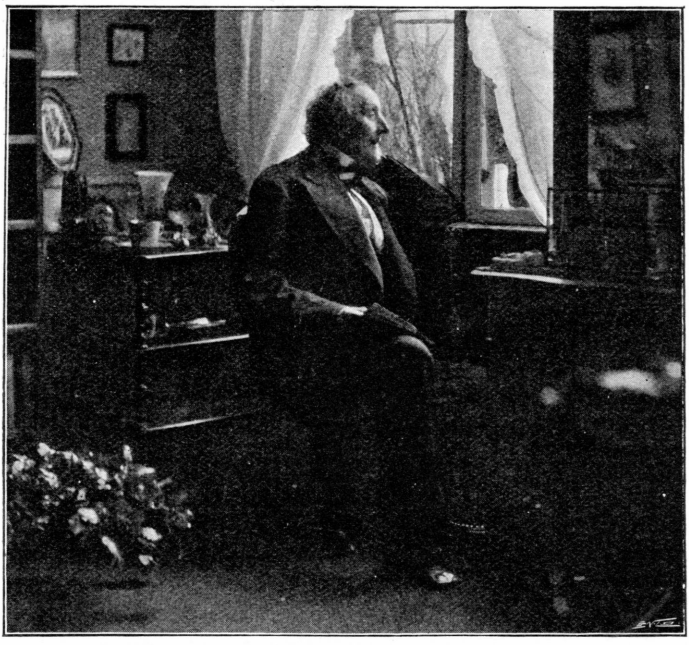
these they captured alive and bound securely, thinking to use them as guides to such dungeons as might otherwise lie undiscovered. But now some of the captive ladies, seeing the last of the demons rendered harmless, came forward and conducted the gallant band through the caves, which were places more horrible than ever human eyes had beheld before, piled high with the bodies of hundreds of murdered people and littered everywhere with bones. So horrified were the adventurers at what they saw that they were impatient to return and kill the two remaining demons, that none should live a minute longer who had been concerned in crimes so fearful. And so at last, when every place had been explored and every wretched prisoner still alive released, they went and struck off the two demons' heads.

And this was the end of the ogre and his band. Taking the head of the Shiuten Doji with them, and the heads also of the chief among his demons, Raiko and his squires returned in triumph to the Imperial city, bringing with them the noble ladies who had been rescued; and everywhere on the mountainous road where the passes were difficult or dangerous the Spirit of Sumiyoshi walked before them, leading them in the safest paths.

Of the Emperor's gratitude and of the rewards with which he loaded Raiko and his men there is little need to tell. The illuminated roll from which the illustrations have been taken describes a triumphal procession, and sets forth the honours at great length. The valiant Raiko lived to a great age—over a hundred—and died in peace, honoured through all Japan. The actual date of his death was the year 1021 of our era, and the slaying of the Shiuten Doji is said to have taken place in 947. It is probable that in reality the ogre was merely some powerful and cruel robber chief whom Raiko overcame, and the story has gained its supernatural embroidery in course of tradition.

THE EXECUTION OF THE TWO CHIEF DEMONS.

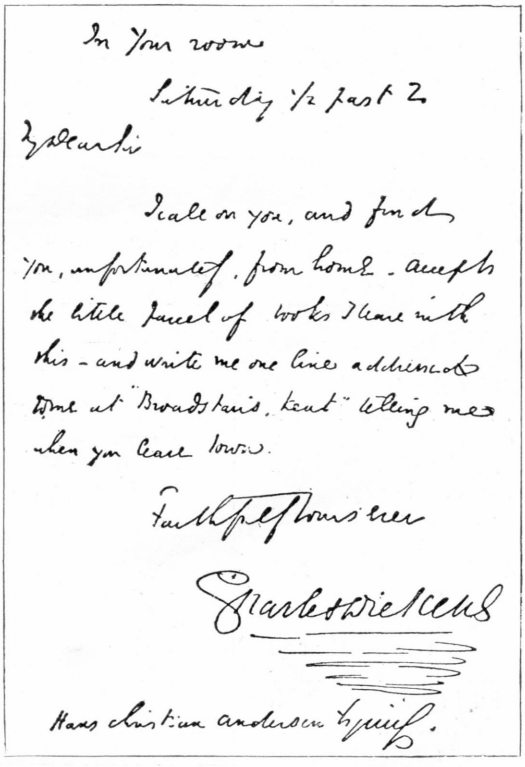
The Scrap-Book of Hans Christian Andersen.



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN IN HIS STUDY.
From a Photo. by Hansen & Walker.

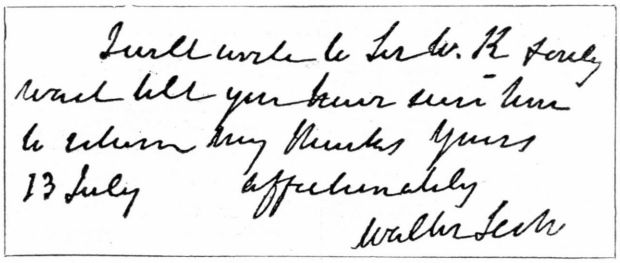
DOES it not seem the most natural thing in the world that Hans Christian Andersen should leave behind him a scrap-book of unique charm and interest? This scrap-book is a very large folio, bound in a much-worn green cover, with, I think, about 112 leaves in various colours, white, pink, grey, blue, green, mauve, full of autographs, letters, portraits, drawings in pen and pencil, coloured pictures, printed matter, dried flowers, elaborate cuttings in paper, cartes de visite, etc., mementos of the most illustrious men and women of the century.

The words which Andersen has written under the accompanying photograph of himself, taken in his study, "Life itself is the most beautiful fairy tale," could not have been more felicitously chosen—for to him, at least, life did prove a wonderful and delightful fairy tale. Born at Odense, in the Island of Fuhnen, on April 2nd, 1805, in a poor and humble home, he died, having reached the threescore years and ten, the possessor of the highest Danish title, decorated with orders innumerable, his works known and treasured all over the world, and he himself on terms of friendship with almost every distinguished person of his time. His father was a poor shoemaker, who, however, had not been without his craving for adventure, inasmuch as he had enlisted and fought in the wars of the great Napoleon, returning with blighted hopes and broken health to die when Hans was only a little boy. His widow earned a livelihood by washing for people. But Hans did not want to become an artisan; he felt he was meant for something better and greater; he wrote poetry and was fond of acting. After his confirmation he



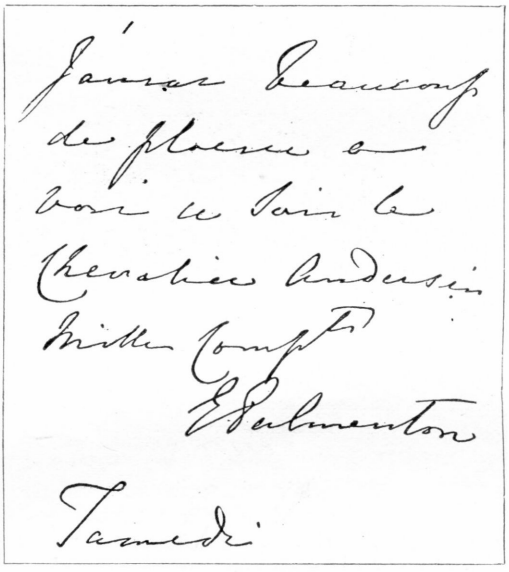
In your room
Saturday ½ past 2
My dear Sir
I call on you, and find you, unfortunately, from home - accept the little parcel of books I leave with this - and write me one line addressed to me at "Broadstairs, Kent" telling me when you leave town.
Faithfully Yours ever
Charles Dickens
Hans Christian Andersen Esquire.

CHARLES DICKENS.

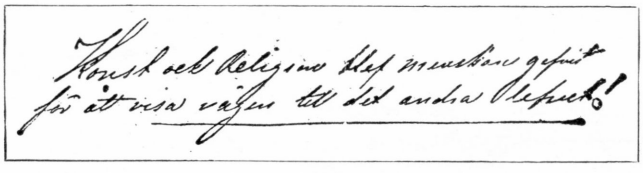


SIR WALTER SCOTT.

left the maternal home to try his luck in Copenhagen, an awkward, gawky, and lanky lad. He must, however, have had wonderful faith in himself, for he called upon a number of literary and dramatic celebrities, before whom he, generally unasked, recited his verses or performed some of his dancing. People as a rule were inclined to think him a little off his head, but there were a few who formed a more correct conception of the strange young fellow. He succeeded in being accepted as a pupil at the Royal Theatre, appeared in a few minor parts, but soon found out that he and the stage were hardly suited to each other. Through the assistance of friends he now began to go to school, eventually passing the students' examination in 1828. Five years later he was allowed to have his first peep at the great world, visiting Germany, France,



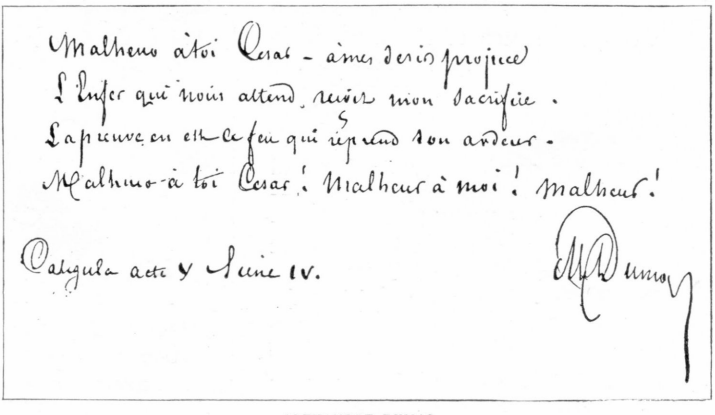
LORD PALMERSTON.



JENNY LIND.

Switzerland, and Italy. In after years he became a great traveller, of which his scrap-book bears testimony.

There are several letters from Charles Dickens, who calls him "Dear Hans Andersen," signing himself "Affectionately and cordially" in one letter and, in another "With admiration and regard"; also one from Wilkie Collins, which has reference to an amateur performance, of which the scrap-book likewise contains the programme. It was a "strictly private representation" given at the Gallery of Instruction, Regent Street, Saturday evening, July 4th, 1857, at nine o'clock. The performance, "under the management of Mr. Charles Dickens," comprised "an entirely new romantic drama, 'The Frozen Deep,' by Wilkie Collins" — Charles Dickens, Alfred Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Shirley Brooks being amongst the actors, the ladies



ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

A DRAWING IN THE SCRAP-BOOK TO ILLUSTRATE ONE OF HANS ANDERSEN'S STORIES—BY KARLBACH, THE CELEBRATED GERMAN PAINTER.

performing being only down with their Christian names—and "Two o'Clock in the Morning," in which Charles Dickens played Mr. Snobbington's part.

Eleven years later Wilkie Collins writes to his "dear Andersen," saying that with reference to producing "The Frozen Deep" there is only one copy in existence; it had never been published for fear that it might get on to the public stage and do harm with the public by bad acting. He writes: "In the present deplorable state of our stage there is neither actor nor actress for the two principal parts in 'The Frozen Deep.'"

The entry by Sir Walter Scott is interesting from the fact that he signs himself "affectionately"—a striking proof of the warm feeling which existed between the two great writers.

Jenny Lind has written under her portrait two lines in German, here given, which mean, being interpreted: "Art and Religion were given to men to show them the way to another life." One letter, in which she asks him to come and dine with her and her husband, she has signed "With true friendship, yours sincerely," and another, "Your sincere sister, Jenny." The great Rachel writes in April, 1843: "L'Art, c'est le Vrai!" and Georges Sand, "Venez a 2 h.—, cher ami."

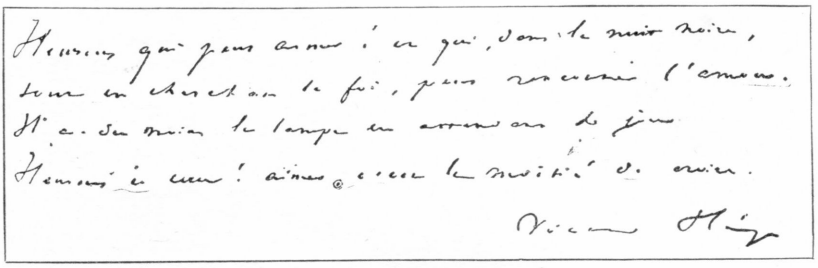
Lord Palmerston writes in French: "I shall have much pleasure in seeing the Chevalier Andersen this evening. A thousand compliments."

The contribution of Alexandre Dumas consists of a fiery quotation

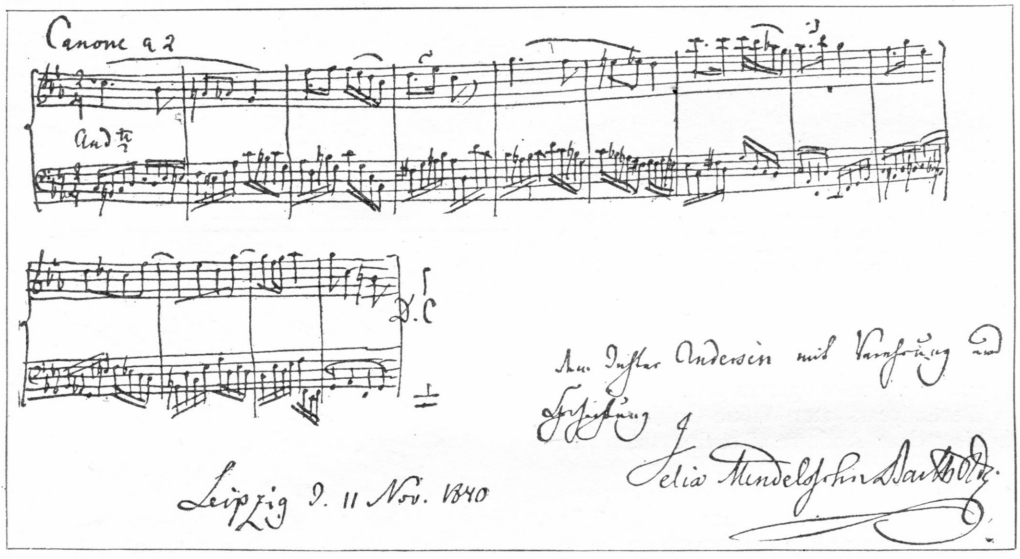
A DRAWING BY THORVALDSEN.

from one of his tragedies.

The drawing by the famous German artist Karlbach illustrates Andersen's story of "The Frogs and the Cranes."



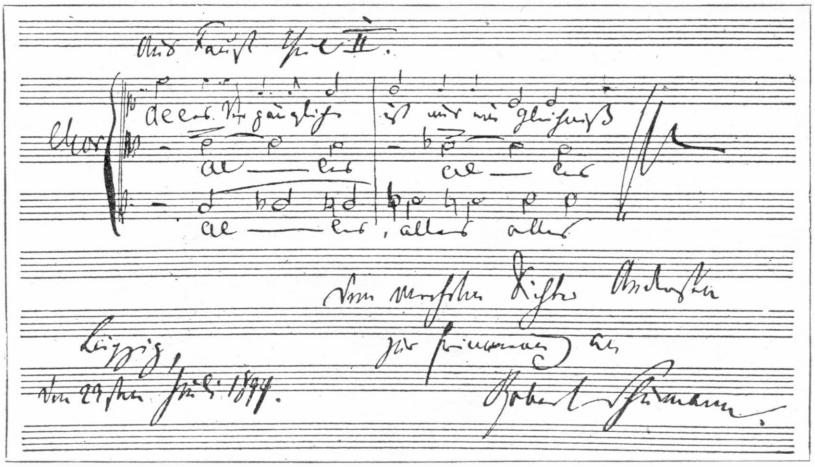
VICTOR HUGO.



MENDELSSOHN.

Thorvaldsen, from whom there are some charming drawings, one of which, an excellent example, is here reproduced, urges his "dear Andersen," in a letter of October 17th, 1840, to cheer up and not to leave Denmark. From Heinrich Heine there are several letters and verses, amongst them a motto written at Leipsic in 1846 :—

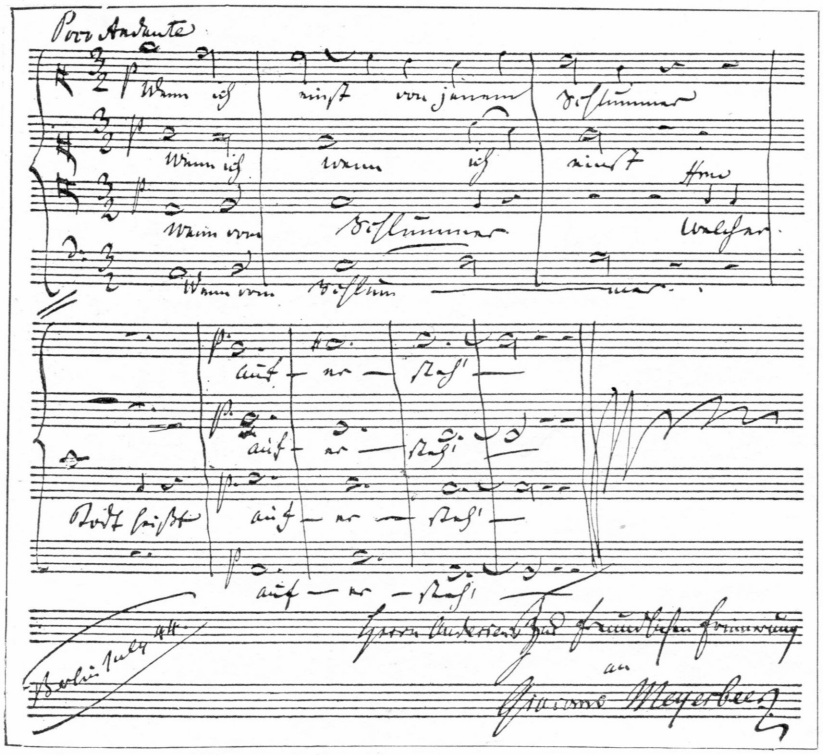
Alter Mährchen neuer Sinn,
Neuer Mährchen alter Wahrheit.



ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Victor Hugo's entry, a quotation from one of his own poems, is a marvel of illegibility and might be set as a puzzle. It deciphers as follows :—

Heureux qui peut aimer ! — on qui, dans la nuit noire,
Tout en cherchant la foi, peut rencontrer l'amour.
Il a du moins la lampe en attendant le jour.
Heureux en cœur ! Aimer, c'est le moitié de croire.



MEYERBEER.

Many famous composers have contributed music, amongst them being Schumann, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and others.

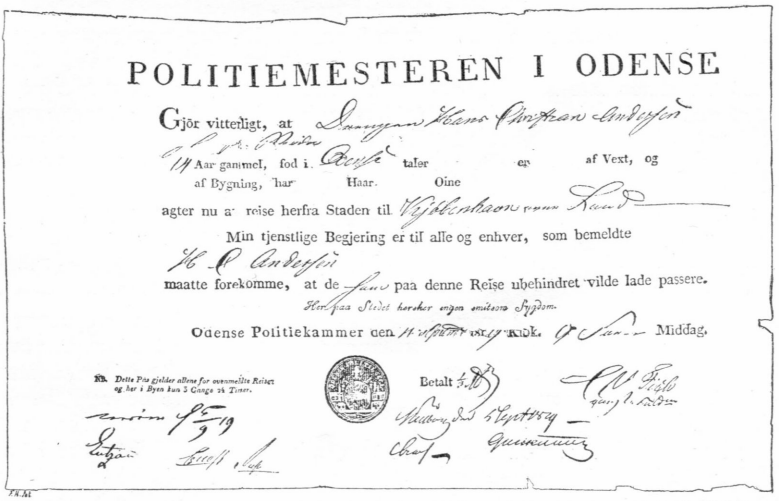
Schumann's music, which is here reproduced, is a setting of a song from the second part of Goethe's "Faust," of which the English version is: "All that is transient is but a smile."

Mendelssohn has written in German upon the piece of music shown in the accompanying facsimile: "To the Poet Andersen, with veneration and esteem."

Meyerbeer contributes a setting of the song the words of which signify in English: "When I rise from the slumber whose name is Death," followed by his signature with the inscription: "To Herr Andersen, in friendly remembrance."

There are innumerable portraits with autographs, many views of places dear to Andersen, many quaint relics, and touching signs of admiration and affection from almost every part of Europe. An amusing document is a Bulletin de Santé for Andersen, issued at Constantinople, 3 Avi, 1841, forming a strange sequel to the passport armed with which he set out in the world some twenty-two years previously, and of which we reproduce a facsimile.

Verily, for Andersen life became a beautiful fairy tale.



POLITIEMESTEREN I ODENSE

Gjör vitterligt, at Dansken Hans Christian Andersen

14 Aar gammel, fod i Odense taler er af Vext, og af Bygning, har Haar. Oine

agter nu at reise herfra Staden til Kjøbenhavn

Min tjenstlige Begjering er til alle og enhver, som bemeldte H. C. Andersen maatte forekomme, at de ham paa denne Reise ubehindret vilde lade passere.

Her paa Stedet herskar engen smitsom Sygdom.

Odense Politiekammer den 11 Septbr 1819 Kiøk. 17 Sanc Middag.

NB. Dette Pas gjelder allene for ovenmeldte Reisen og her i Byen kun 3 Gange 24 Timer.

Betalt 1 Rd

FACSIMILE OF THE PASSPORT WITH WHICH HANS ANDERSEN SET OUT TO FACE THE WORLD.

"MR. STAFFORD wishes to speak with you for a moment, sir."

The Editor of the *Thunderer* raised his eyebrows. Having reflected for a moment, he said that Mr. Stafford might be shown in.

Sixty seconds later a young man entered the room. He was a tall, thin young man, with a remarkably well-shaped forehead, a determined chin, and an introspective look in his eyes. It was this look, and what it meant, that the Editor disapproved. He was also alive to the fact—not unconnected, in his opinion, with the other—that Mr. Stafford's frock-coat, though carefully preserved, had been worn through several seasons.

"Good day," said the great man. "I am sorry for this, Mr. Stafford; but really it could not be helped, in the circumstances."

The man who was not great appeared surprised. "I beg your pardon?" said he, inquiringly.

"I supposed that you had come to speak with me about the—er—the change in your position. But——"

"No, sir. For the moment I had forgotten that I had been dismissed. You see, I was thinking in any event of resigning my berth on the *Thunderer*. I didn't suit it; it didn't suit me, though I have much kindness and consideration from you and all the members of the staff to be grateful for. What I came to see you about this evening was quite another matter, though also personal."

Perhaps the Editor of the most important newspaper in England was to be pardoned if he did not entirely believe that the young man had intended of his own accord to throw away the enviable position which had been his. Still, almost anything eccentric might be credited of Robert Stafford. The great man glanced at his watch. "I have still five minutes, which I can spare you with pleasure," he said. "After that, I am afraid——"

"Five minutes will do, sir," said the young man. "It is a mere question of 'yes' or 'no.' I want to marry your daughter."

"Good heavens, you must be out of your senses!" exclaimed the Editor.

"If to be very much in love is to be out of one's senses, I plead guilty."

"Good heavens!" remarked the Editor again. "What confounded business is this? I had no idea that you had met my daughter except at the one evening party I believe you were invited to, at my house."

"That was the first time I saw her. I knew what I wanted from that moment, but I didn't see much chance of getting it."

"Ah! And now you do? Having just been discharged on account of incompetency from the post you held on my paper, and having no other prospects so far as I know, you take the opportunity of coming to me and proposing to marry my daughter, whom you seem to have continued to meet in some underhand way."

"You hardly state the case fairly, sir—certainly not from her side. She visits rather often at the house of an aunt of mine, Mrs. D'Arcy, where I also have been in the habit of going when I could get away from work. As for your accusation that I have acted in an underhand way, I deny it, and assert the contrary. I came to you before speaking to your daughter. I wished to tell you something about myself which might make you look at my future differently. I——"

"Have you come into a fortune?" The question was asked drily.

"No, sir."

"You expect to do so?"

"Not quite that."

"What then? Some mad scheme of yours?"

"You might call it mad, sir."

"If you think I might, I am certain I should, so we won't waste time in discussing it, if you please. I shall regard it as a most dishonourable act if you attempt to disturb my daughter's mind with this nonsense, and I depend upon you not to do so."

"Not without your consent. May I ask whether your objection is only to my lack of prospects, or is it also personal?"

The Editor looked at the young man critically through his *pince-nez*. "My sole objection to you personally is that you are mad," he replied.

"A number of persons who eventually proved successful were called mad in their time," returned Mr. Stafford.

"*They* happened to be geniuses."

The young man smiled at the emphasis.

"If you were not mad, and if you had an income of ten thousand a year, you might come to me again and ask for my daughter," said the Editor of the *Thunderer*. "Then, I should be inclined to give you a different answer. You cannot cite such an income?"

"Not to-day," admitted Mr. Stafford.

"Then, for to-day, shall we consider the subject closed? Another day, when you can re-open it on the basis I suggest—my daughter being at that time still unmarried—call on me again and remind me of this interview."

"Thank you; I will." Mr. Stafford rose, took the large white hand which his former "chief," with returning good nature in the twinkle of his eye, patronizingly held out, and departed.

The interview had occupied very little more than the allotted five minutes; nevertheless, it filled the Editor's thoughts more than once during his working hours. Several times he ejaculated "By Jove!" without any apparent relevance. Once or twice he frowned and once or twice he laughed.

Next morning at breakfast he gazed at his exceedingly pretty daughter with reflective eyes. She would be a considerable heiress, but was so popular and charming that no man need be suspected of wanting her for what she would have rather than for what she was. A number of men had wanted her, and were probably wanting her at the present time. Almost any one among these applicants, selected at random, would be more eligible than Robert Stafford. The Editor did not think that there was a man in England, under Royal rank, who need look down upon this lovely and lovable young creature.

He marvelled at Stafford's impudence, but failed to admire it. For a moment he meditated speaking to the motherless girl about what had occurred, and putting one or two questions; but on second thoughts he decided to hold his peace and to watch. He did watch—as much as so busy and important a man was able—but saw nothing to excite alarm. One day he heard at the office that young Stafford had gone abroad, and gradually he forgot all about him.

So, more than a year passed. On a very hot night in early September, when things were just beginning to happen after the lull of the "Silly Season," the Editor was hard at work. There was still a great deal to do for which he was responsible; he was tired, irritable, and anxious to get home. Into the midst of this mood came a messenger with a card. The Editor looked at it impatiently. "Stafford, Stafford," he repeated twice before the name took a particular meaning for him. When it did, he flung the card aside with an uncomplimentary exclamation.

"Confound his impudence," he muttered. "Like the fellow's cheek to come at all, especially at this time of night when he knows I'm busiest. Go, tell this gentleman"—to the messenger—"that I can't see him."

"Yes, sir," responded the messenger. "He said his business was very urgent, sir, or I wouldn't have——"

"Hang his business; it's nothing to me," was the answer, extorted by impatience; and the messenger waited for no more.

After some moments of work the Editor hurriedly opened his door and strode out, with a long proof fluttering from his hand. He had taken a step or two down the corridor off which opened the rooms used by sub-editors, leader-writers, and reporters, when a voice—once familiar, now all but forgotten—hailed him.

There was Stafford, as quiet, as pale, the lower part of his face as determined, the upper part as dreamy as ever. The poor man had put himself in the great man's path, and the chief, too angry, too completely dumfounded to speak or move, was taken at a momentary disadvantage.

Stafford had his watch in his hand. It was a cheap Waterbury watch; and his frock-coat looked as if it might have been the frock-coat of last year. "Good evening, sir," he said to the Editor. "Pardon my lying in wait for you like this, but it's a matter of grave importance. Will you tell me the exact time by your watch?"

"Let me pass, sir," commanded the Editor of the *Thunderer*, "or it will be time to have you shown the way downstairs."

"I inquired because just half an hour ago the Sultan died in Yildiz Kiosk — very suddenly. Poison is suspected, but it will probably be given out that death was the result of a stroke. The news will be kept from the people in Constantinople for some hours, and it won't get over the wires to London until the *Thunderer* and all the other papers have gone to press. No morning paper—except yours, now that I've told you—can print the news, though of course to-morrow's evening papers will have it. Now, if you put it in, with the biography you of course have standing in type, you'll have about the biggest 'scoop' that's ever been done."

"I always thought you were mad," said the Editor. "Now I know it. Mr. Stafford, this is my busiest time. I'm in no mood for practical jokes. Have the kindness to leave this office, where you had no right to force yourself in."

"Allow me to point out that you are making a grave mistake, sir," persisted Stafford, provokingly unruffled. "But I have done my best to give you a good thing. You won't tell me the time by your watch? Then pray look at mine. Half-past eleven, English. That's nine-thirty in Constantinople. You will have cause to remember that to-morrow." He bowed and, turning, walked away.

"Of all the lunatics!" ejaculated the great man, glaring after the erect figure, departing with the air of a banished prince. And as the Editor was putting on his hat to go home, after seeing the paper to press, he mentioned to the assistant-editor, who remembered the discharged "sub" very well, the unexpected call and the absurd nature of Stafford's errand.

"'Much learning hath made him mad,'" quoted the assistant. He also said that in his opinion if Stafford came again it would

"THEN PRAY LOOK AT MINE."

be well to send for the police, as such fellows really ought not to be at large.

Next day the Editor of the *Thunderer* slept late. As he was walking to keep a luncheon engagement at the Carlton Club he stared with astonishment at the contents bill of an evening journal just out, which in huge lines announced: "Sudden Death of the Sultan."

He bought the paper and hastily opened it.

"Died of an apoplectic stroke," he read, "at half past-nine at night. Unavailing efforts to restore animation. Poison suggested, but official announcement that the cause of death was apoplexy. News not made known publicly until this morning."

The Editor whistled to himself as he folded up the paper. At the Carlton everybody was talking of the event, and he was condoled with because the news had come too late to appear in the *Thunderer* as well as the lesser morning journals.

About five o'clock the Editor met his assistant at the office for the usual daily consultation. The two looked at each other queerly.

"I've told the printer to put the Sultan's obituary in page," said the younger man.

"Certainly; quite right," returned the chief.

"A little odd about that madman, Stafford," began the assistant, hesitating.

"Coincidence; mere coincidence. A lucky guess, that's all." The Editor waved the affair away with a sweep of the hand, though he thought of it all the same, and wondered in his heart what the world would have been saying to-day if the great *Thunderer*, alone among the dailies, had printed the news.

At midnight Stafford's card was handed to the Editor while his assistant was in the room. The "chief" passed it to the latter with a short, perplexed cough. "See him and hear what he has to say. It can't be in the least important, still——"

In five minutes the assistant-editor came back and closed the door carefully. "The Czarina has had a child, prematurely—a boy this time," he announced, "born half an hour ago in Gatschina." He smiled a little uneasily. The Editor stared.

"*He* says that?" he asked.

The assistant nodded. "Yes; and he asked me particularly to note the time."

"HE BOUGHT THE PAPER AND HASTILY OPENED IT."

The Editor pushed back his chair and took a hasty turn up and down the room. "Why, it's pure bosh," he exclaimed, petulantly. "We should make ourselves the laughing-stock of Europe to print news like that if it wasn't true. And how can it be true? It's too absurd. This fellow wants to take us in and play a trick upon us for being dismissed. How can he possibly know what happened in Russia half an hour ago, when our own correspondent hasn't wired, when there's nothing from any of the news agencies? He made a lucky guess last night, and is playing on that."

The paper was sent to press as usual; the Editor went home, and the foreign editor who stayed an hour later in case anything of great importance should happen was about to follow him, when there came a telegram

announcing the birth of an heir to the Russian Throne. The machines were stopped, a page altered, and part of the issue of next morning's *Thunderer* contained the tidings. All the other morning papers had it also.

It was the Editor's custom to have a copy of the *Thunderer* brought to his bedside every morning with the other leading dailies. Before he got up he used to run through them all. Opening his own paper first, he could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the announcement with large headlines of the birth of the Russian heir.

"What on earth's the meaning of this?" he said to himself. "Can my people have been fools enough to believe that impostor and put this stuff in as soon as my back was turned?" Then he hastily opened the other papers, and was startled to see that they also contained the same important item of news. "Can he have hoaxed the lot of them?" thought the Editor, as he tubbed and dressed with more than his usual haste. "Can he have run round to all the offices in a cab, and induced them to believe his story? And have they all been fools enough to trust him?"

"THE EDITOR'S DAUGHTER WAS VASTLY ASTONISHED."

The Editor's beautiful daughter was vastly astonished when her father hurriedly left home without breakfast. He took a swift cab, drove direct to Marlborough House, and was astonished into speechlessness on being assured that the happy event had undoubtedly happened, in the course of the preceding night, at about the hour of half-past eleven, English time, adding that the King had been waked soon after one in the morning to have the telegram handed to him.

The Editor walked to his club, thinking deeply, and it was with some embarrassment that he exchanged greetings with his assistant about five o'clock at the office.

"Have we the address of that young man, Stafford?" asked the "chief." "It—er—might, perhaps, be worth while to send for and question him."

"I have tried already to find him," said the assistant, "but without success. He left no address when he called, and they know nothing at the lodgings he occupied more than a year ago when he was on the paper."

Something before midnight, when the pages would soon be passed finally for press, the great Editor was amazed at himself to find that he was becoming unaccountably fidgety. It was with a distinct sense of relief that he took from the hand of a messenger a card bearing the name, "Mr. Robert Stafford." "Show him in," said the Editor, promptly, and the young man entered with a grave bow and a courteous "Good evening, sir."

"You bring me, no doubt, some wonderful piece of news, Mr. Stafford?" questioned the "chief," with an air of condescending jocularity. "What is it to-night? The death of a great man, the discovery of the North Pole——"

"My news to-night is certainly serious," replied the young man. "There is a rising *en masse* of the negroes of the Southern States against the whites. It has been secretly planned for months. A horrible massacre has begun; great parts of Alabama and Georgia are in the hands of the blacks. They first seized the telegraph offices and cut the wires——"

"Then, if the wires were cut to begin with, how can *you* know anything of what has

taken place?" The Editor leaned forward and glared severely at the young man as he launched his crushing question. "Come, come, sir; this won't do! You go too fast! That twice already you have successfully tampered with telegraph clerks, bribing them to give you early information, I can understand—such things have been done before, though it's a risky game and a felony; but that you should come here pretending to know what is happening three thousand miles away, in the Southern States of America, when by your own confession you admit the wires are cut and the districts isolated——" He broke off abruptly and pressed an electric bell upon his table. A messenger came at once. "I wish to cable to New Orleans; telephone immediately to see if the wire's open." The Editor sat frowning and drumming with a paper-knife on the table, casting now and then a suspicious glance at his visitor, who stood calmly examining the pattern of the wall-paper. With a quick knock the messenger returned. "They can only take the cable at your risk, sir," he announced. "There's some unexplained interruption at the other end." The Editor dismissed him with a nod, rose to the full height of his imposing figure, and faced his visitor.

"Your extraordinary story seems so far confirmed," he said. "Kindly give me some further particulars."

"I do not know many details yet," was the quiet answer, "though further information will reach me soon. I can only tell you that the blacks are well armed, that there has been fighting in the streets in many places; that a gigantic negro named Joe Paterson, formerly a railway-shunter, seems to be the leading spirit; that whites have been mercilessly butchered in the remoter districts, to the number of many hundreds."

"I should be mad to print all this without the least indication as to how you received the intelligence."

The hint fell on stony ground. "As you will, sir." Stafford moved towards the door with the calm bearing of a Galileo before the council. The Editor had a deep knowledge of human nature, and the confident fire in the introspective eyes caused him a certain discomfort.

"Stay!" Stafford turned on the threshold. "I *will* publish something of this wonderful story," relented the chief; then, his scepticism re-awakening, he wagged a threatening forefinger. "But if you are deceiving me, mind, I shall have no mercy on you—none!" The young man smiled serenely, bowed to the forefinger, and departed.

Next morning the Editor waked at an unusually early hour with all his faculties on the stretch. Sitting up in bed, he opened the *Thunderer* and read the few cautious words in a conspicuous position of the middle page: "As we go to press a rumour reaches us of a rising of negroes in some of the Southern States of the Union, accompanied by sanguinary acts of violence. It is said that the rebellion has been long planned and has already attained alarming dimensions. The rumour is unconfirmed, and we publish it with all reserve." Not one of the other morning papers had any reference to the event.

All day the Editor went about in a mood of apprehension. At his club he was bombarded with questions; the contents bills of an evening paper bore in large letters the words: "Alarming statement in the *Thunderer*. Is it a hoax?" and when he reached his office he found that the American Ambassador and a messenger from the Foreign Office had been among the many callers to inquire into the extraordinary rumour. As the night wore on, to the selfish but infinite relief of the Editor, telegrams began to arrive confirming in the fullest particulars the details which Stafford had supplied the night before. Refugees fleeing to the sea-coast and into neighbouring States carried with them wild tales of a savage uprising of the oppressed blacks, of an awful revenge that was being taken for bloody acts of Lynch-law. United States troops were moving with all speed to the scene; but precise facts were difficult to obtain owing to the continued interruption of the wires. The Editor wiped his forehead, with a sigh of divided emotions. The *Thunderer* had had its "scoop"; but how much more dramatically complete would have been its success if he had dared to give in full, and with assurance, all the particulars with which Stafford had furnished him. In short, the Editor wished that he had "gone nap."

He found himself longing for midnight. For the last three nights midnight and a visit from Stafford had been synonymous. But this time the rule was broken. Midnight came and no Stafford. The "chief" made excuses for stopping late at the office, but at length he had to go home with a vague sense of flatness and disappointment. He was annoyed with himself for his neglect in not having secured the mysterious young

man's address when he called last, though, of course, it would not have done to seem anxious; and he visited his annoyance on the assistant-editor.

Another day passed and still Stafford made no sign. A halfpenny daily published a bit of exclusive news, and the great man asked himself if the finger of his discharged "sub" was in it.

"I wonder if we've lost Stafford?" casually remarked the assistant on the third night. The Editor shrugged his shoulders as if the matter were of no importance, but he had never liked his subordinate less; and, at home and in bed, he dreamed of missing Stafford and a piece of news of world-wide importance. With this dream in his mind he somewhat shamefacedly gave orders that if Mr. Stafford should call that night he was to be at once shown in. Expecting the call he grew quite nervous, and attributed his condition to dyspepsia, but he expected in vain.

On the fifth night, however, he started at the sound of a rap on his door as the clocks had finished striking twelve. Stafford answered his "Come in," and he was only just able to restrain an exclamation of "At last!"

He changed it into a "How do you do?" of marked cordiality, and genially added, "I'm glad to see you again."

"Thank you, sir," replied Stafford. "I saw the advertisement in the *Daily Record*, requesting me to call at the office of the *Thunderer*."

"Oh, indeed—er—I wasn't aware—my assistant perhaps may have thought——" The great man was well-nigh reduced to stammering.

"I beg your pardon," said Stafford; "I supposed it possible that you wished to see me here again, and, not having my address, had adopted that means. Since you don't ——" he took a step towards the door, but the Editor, half rising, arrested him with a gesture.

"I do," he admitted. "I do. Come, Mr. Stafford, the time for mystery has gone by. You have proved your point beyond a doubt. Do you want me to believe you a magician, or are you ready to explain by what method you are able to obtain earlier information than newspapers and Governments can command?"

"I've brought it with me in a cab," said Stafford, "in case you would like to see it."

"In a cab?" The echo was almost a gasp, so extraordinary seemed the announcement. But the Editor controlled himself, emulating Stafford's coolness. "Oh, bring it in by all means," he murmured, and sank back in his chair.

Stafford went out and was gone for some minutes. Presently sounds of heavy footsteps, as of men carrying a burden, reached the ears of the "chief," and an instant later Stafford reappeared with a commissionaire. Between them they bore a large rosewood box, which they placed upon a table. When the commissionaire had left them alone Stafford asked permission to lock the door, which was granted. "You know all about Marconi?" he said, with his hand on the box. "Well, I've gone one better, that's all."

"THE EDITOR, CURIOUSLY EXCITED, FOUND HIMSELF PEERING AT AN APPARATUS OF INTRICATE PARTS."

He lifted the lid from the box, and the Editor, curiously excited, found himself peering at an apparatus of intricate parts, with coiled wires, springs, and an automatic printing-machine like that of the familiar "ticker."

"Marconi's difficulty," Stafford went quietly on, "was in his coherer and relay. He used metallic filings in his coherer, which was a little tube, you know. He thought that the coherence was a sort of absolute quantity that was produced in all its completeness by the electric impulse. That was wrong. I have invented a new coherer" (he touched a small upright brass case, with an elaborate net-work of vibrating wires), "and with this I can receive, practically instantaneously, electric impulses transmitted from no matter what distance. The conversion of the electric impulses into visible writing is, of course, simplicity itself."

"Still, I don't understand," said the Editor. "The electric impulses don't reach you by chance. Someone must transmit them, and by a machine similar to this. Am I not right?"

"Perfectly. I patented this machine in every European country and in the States something less than a year ago, a little while after I left the *Thunderer*. I made no public announcement of it at the time, for I wanted to give tests that even *you* could not withstand. I have an aunt, Mrs. D'Arcy —your daughter's friend—who believes in me; she was the only person who did—and she gave me money. I made half-a-dozen transmitters, and took them to half-a-dozen foreign countries. They are in St. Petersburg, in Constantinople, in Berlin, in Paris, in New York, in Yokohama, in the hands of trustworthy persons all in a position to receive early news of important events. These persons are paid by me—they are my correspondents."

"That must cost you something!" murmured the Editor.

"It does, but thanks to the machine itself, I am able to afford it. The first test I made was to take advantage of a piece of early information I got from Wall Street, to go in for a little deal on the Stock Exchange. I cleared £20,000 in a couple of days."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the great man, meditatively, a marvellous vista opening before him.

"Yes. You can quite understand that the field there is practically unlimited; but that isn't much in my line, except in special cases. I leave it to those who care for it."

"And the news of the negro rising! How did you get that?"

"Chance favoured me there. My New York correspondent's a Southerner; he was called South by family business, took his transmitter with him, and sent me early news. You see this lever? It disconnects the machine. I press it down thus, and the apparatus is ready to receive messages." At the instant the "ticker" began to work. Eagerly the Editor watched the words that appeared, transmitted by invisible waves of electric energy straight from the Japanese capital, passing by the shortest path through a great portion of the solid earth itself, penetrating unnoticed, unsuspected, through brick walls or human bodies, able to record themselves on this machine, and on this machine only in the whole world, for it alone was tuned to vibrate sympathetically with the transmitting instrument.

"Yokohama," the message began. "Grave news has just arrived that the Russians have landed in force in Korea and have captured the capital by a *coup de main*. Intense indignation here. Frenzied crowds in the streets. The Japanese Government has declared war, and orders for mobilization of the entire forces of the country have been issued." Then, suddenly, the ticker was still.

When the business of sending the momentous news to press was over, and an enormous "scoop" assured for next morning's *Thunderer* (there were to be no doubts, no reservations this time), the Editor turned to Stafford, who stood thoughtfully beside his closed rosewood box.

"You're a wonderful fellow—a valuable man for England!" he enthusiastically exclaimed. "Now, how much will you take to give the *Thunderer* the exclusive use of this instrument? Shall we say ten thousand a year?"

"Money does not tempt me as it once might — a year ago, for instance," said Stafford.

"Twenty thousand, my dear fellow."

"You see, I can easily make five times that sum."

"But, look here, you *came* to me. You gave me news worth thousands. You must have had some object in doing that."

"I had."

"Well?"

"I wanted to remind you, if I got the chance, that you had asked me to call again when I could prove that I wasn't mad and could make an income of ten thousand a year. You said then that when that was the case I might refer to a subject you wished closed for that day. It has been nearer to my heart ever since than anything else. Do you remember what it was, sir?"

"Good gracious, you wanted to marry my daughter!"

"And do want it, more than ever."

"Are you driving a bargain with me, my boy?"

"That would be about it, sir, if only I were at all sure of her. She—I think she liked me once. But I promised you to say nothing without your consent. And that's a year ago."

The Editor stroked his beard.

"H'm!" he ejaculated. "I—er—I've had you a good deal in my mind these last five days. I'd never spoken to my daughter about you before, but I did mention your name yesterday, quite—er—incidentally. I told her you were back in town and had called at the office."

"What did she say?" asked Stafford, a flash of eagerness escaping his calm eyelids.

"She didn't say much, but—she got rather red. I never saw her look so pretty. When I went out she—kissed me twice, and ran upstairs singing, some love song or other. I wondered what made her so demonstrative; she isn't like that as a rule. But—er—if one puts two and two together, it strikes me there mightn't be any great difficulty in our coming to terms. And, by Jove, I should be proud, Mr. Stafford, to have you for my son-in-law."

Stafford held out his hand. The Editor shook it.

"I TOLD HER YOU WERE BACK IN TOWN."

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LXIX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

FAIR TRADE.

ACCORDING to present appearances the next General Election is afar off. But, as experience in 1874 and 1880 testifies, General Elections sometimes come like a thief in the night. What will be the main plank of the platform on which the present Government will stand to claim a renewal of office? In 1895 they came in as defenders of the Union of Great Britain and Ireland. Last year they were returned to office on the crest of the wave of war in South Africa. What next?

MR. FLAVIN IN AN ORATORICAL MOOD.

Aware of the risk of prophesying "onless you know," I, putting it less assertively, will say I should not be surprised to see His Majesty's present Government go to the country under the flag of Fair Trade. It is probable that in such case his colleagues must be prepared to part with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Even that is not an absolute necessity. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is a stout Free-Trader, but the exigencies of the hour have compelled him to put a shilling duty on export of coal. That, as Mr. Flavin in an oratorical moment would say, is opening the door to the thin end of the wedge. For the rest His Majesty's Ministers, one and all, are open to conviction on the question of Fair Trade.

The basis of my own suspicion in the matter is knowledge of the fact that one of the most powerful and persuasive of them is already converted. Remembering his history and his early personal associations, a very startling conversion it is. But in the present Cabinet there have been others to equal it.

FLEECING THE CHOSEN OF THE FLOCK.

On his installation the new Bishop of London had his experience enlarged in the field of fees. It is a high honour to be selected for a seat on the Episcopal Bench. The honour bestowed, it seems the most natural thing in the world to take the seat and there an end on't. But that is only the beginning of it. As everyone knows, whilst the gift of a Bishopric rests with the Prime Minister, the nominee is elected by the Bench of Bishops. Virtually by command of the Sovereign, the Crown Office issues a *congé d'élire*. This means money, which has to come out of the Bishop's pocket. The warrant costs £10; the certificate, £16 10s.; letters patent, £30; the docquet, 2s. The Episcopal Bench, having duly elected the nominee of the Prime Minister, return the name to the Crown Office and the Royal Assent is signified. This involves duplication of the charges, with the difference that the cost of the certificate is increased by 10s. to make it even money.

Next follows a process known as restitution of temporalities. In pursuance of this duty the new Bishop is fined £10 for the warrant, £31 10s. 6d. for the certificate, £30 for letters patent, and the inevitable 2s. for the docquet, a hardship only partially lightened by spelling the word with a "q" and a "u." These sums disbursed, the new Bishop reasonably thinks he may retire to his palace, if the See provides one. But the Home Office next steps on the scene and demands Exchequer fees. The *congé d'élire*, already handsomely paid for, means another £7 13s. 6d. Equal sums are demanded for letters recommendatory, Royal Assent, and restitution of temporalities. The oath of homage is thrown in for £6 6s. 6d., which the Biblical knowledge of the Bishop will

THE BISHOP'S BILL—"DEAR ME! LONDON'S A DREADFULLY EXPENSIVE PLACE."

remind him is the number of the Beast. Next comes the Board of Green Cloth demanding £15 os. 2d. (what was it Mr. Mantalini said about the coppers?), being homage fees to be distributed among the heralds and the Earl Marshal.

On the Bishop taking his seat in the House of Lords, gentlemen in the Lord Great Chamberlain's Office fob £5. The Cathedral bellringers get £10 10s. for jubilation on the ceremony of enthronization, the choir being paid £6 17s. 4d. On the same happy occasion the Precentor draws £10 10s. and the chapter clerk £9 14s. 8d., this last in addition to £21 6s. 8d., his fees on the Bishop's election. The Archbishop's officers are not backward in coming forward to congratulate the new Bishop. The Secretary bringing the Archbishop's fiat for confirmation collars £17 10s. The Vicar-General draws fees on confirmation amounting to £31 os. 10d., with £10 5s. to spend on the church where the ceremony takes place. Nine guineas go to the Deputy-Registrar as fees on mandate of induction, the customary fee to the Bishop's secretaries payable on such occasion being £36 5s.

The clerk at the Crown Office is fain to be satisfied with a humble gratuity of half a guinea, less than you would tip your boy at Eton or Harrow. But this moderation is only apparent. He pockets two guineas for what he calls petty expenses, and when the Bishop takes his seat in the House of Lords he claims no less than £14.

The total amount of fees payable on entering a bishopric, made up of these quaint details, is £423 19s. 2d. Curates for whom the Episcopal Bench is on the distant, peradventure unapproachable, horizon will recognise, with secret pleasure, that the high estate has its drawbacks. In parish annals there is a well-known story of a gifted clerk on the occasion of the visit of the Bishop giving out a paraphrased version of the hymn:—

> Why skip ye so, ye little hills, and wherefore do ye hop?
> Is it because you're glad to see His Grace the Lord Bi-shop?

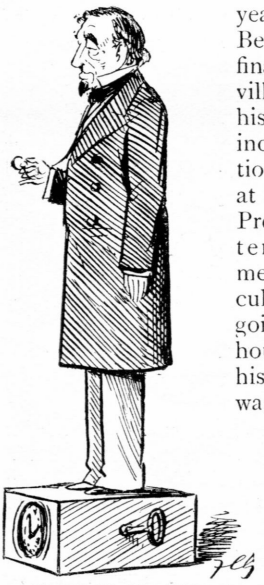
That is questionable. There can be no doubt skipping and hopping (figuratively, of course) go on at the Crown Office, the Home Office, the Office of the Lord Great Chamberlain, in the Archbishop's offices, in the precincts of the Dean and Chapter, and eke at the Board of Green Cloth, when a new Bishop is nominated. The exercise is more vigorous when an Archbishop comes to the throne, since in his case the fees are doubled.

CHAOS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The casual procedure in the House of Lords contrasts sharply with the well-ordered and strictly-obeyed precepts of the House of Commons. Practically there is no discipline of debate in the House of Lords. Though the Lord Chancellor is called the Speaker, and draws £4,000 a year as emolument of the office, he has no authority over members even remotely akin to that wielded in the House of Commons from the Chair. He cannot call to order a member wandering from the chorus of debate; he may not call upon one peer to succeed another. If, as has occasionally happened, two peers rise together, each declining to give way, motion is made that one or other shall take precedence, and thereupon the House divides.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S DILEMMA.

In one of Lord Beaconsfield's last appearances in the House of Lords it seemed for a while that such collision was imminent. Towards the close of an important debate Lord Granville presented himself at the table to fulfil the appointed duty of Leader of the Opposition, winding up debate from his side of the House, to be followed in due course by the Premier. At the same moment Lord Beaconsfield rose, and began a speech. Lord Granville, gentlest and most courteous of men, found this more than he could stand. He angrily protested, seemed for a while inclined to insist on his right, but finally gave way. A year later, when Lord Beaconsfield was at final rest, Lord Granville told the secret history of the strange incident. In anticipation of making a speech at a particular hour the Premier had administered to himself a medical stimulant calculated to keep him going for the necessary hour he would be on his legs. The debate was unexpectedly prolonged. The time had come when he must speak, and speak he did. Lord Granville took the opportunity of expressing



WOUND UP AND TIMED.

his profound regret that, ignorant of the tragic necessity that environed the aged Premier, he had even for a moment stood in his way.

RATHER MIXED.

The most striking illustration of the absolute helplessness of the House of Lords in the absence of Standing Orders such as govern debate in the Commons is within the memory of many now seated in the Chamber. The second reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill being put down for a certain Monday, a noble lord resident in Scotland prepared an elaborate speech and set out for London. Timing his journey so as to reach Euston shortly after noon, he missed connection with the London train, and found it impossible to be at Westminster till the next day. On arriving at the House of Lords he found that the first business was a resolution on the subject of opening museums on a Sunday. He had with him the manuscript of his precious speech on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. It was too good to be lost. He might, of course, save it till next year, when the hardy annual would reappear. But life is uncertain ; there is no time like the present.

Accordingly, when the noble lord in charge of the resolution on the Opening Museums on Sundays had made an end of speaking, the noble baron, who holds historic rank in the peerage of Scotland, followed, and delivered his speech on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. The Lord Chancellor sat aghast on the Woolsack. The few peers present moved restlessly in their seats and deprecatingly coughed. No one had power to stop the bold baron, who went on to the uttermost sentence.

THE LATE MR. STANSFELD AND MAZZINI.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND DOWNING STREET.

To the difficult and delicate question of the private occupations and public appointments of His Majesty's Ministers, Lord Salisbury, with his accustomed freshness, contributed the appointment of Lord Hardwicke to the India Office. The Under-Secretary of State for India was, at the time of his appointment, a working member of a London Stock Exchange firm. Heretofore it had been regarded as a moot point whether a member of the Ministry might properly hold connection with a business firm. To have one roaming all over the Stock Exchange was an arrangement that nearly took away the breath of so imperturbable a body as the House of Lords. The question being formally raised, Lord Hardwicke frankly explained that he could not afford, for the prize of the temporary emolument of a Minister of the Crown, to abandon his business in the City. All he could promise was that he would cut his connection with his firm as long as he was Secretary of State for India.

There the amazing matter ended, a new and startling precedent having been created in one of Lord Salisbury's wanton moments. Some of the Premier's predecessors have taken another view of the matter. Lord Rosebery seized the occasion unreservedly to express his during the debate that arose on the Hardwicke incident. Mr. Gladstone was exigent in insistence on the wholesome rule that precludes possibility of conflict between personal financial considerations and the interests of the State. I remember Mr. Mundella telling me at the time he accepted office in 1892 that he did so at actual pecuniary sacrifice. The salary of President of the Board of Trade did not cover the aggregate amount of income derived by him from various directorships. He resigned a considerable number. Unfortunately he retained his seat on the Board of a New Zealand loan company, whose affairs coming into Court were made the subject of drastic comment by the presiding judge. The consequence was Mr. Mundella's abrupt retirement from public life honourably pursued through many years.

A DEBIT AND CREDIT ACCOUNT.

Mr. Childers, more fortunate in the conclusion of the matter, was, like Mr. Mundella, a sufferer in pocket when he first joined a Ministry. When, in 1864, Mr. Stansfeld was driven out of office in connection with the Mazzini incident, Lord Palmerston offered Mr. Childers office as Junior Lord of the Admiralty. Always a business man, the young member for Pomfret, undazzled by the opening, consulted his ledger, and found that, consequent upon necessary resignations of company directorships, acceptance of the post would involve a sacrifice of £2,100 a

year. After some hesitation, finding it would be permissible to retain some of his salaried directorships, he accepted the post. This last concession was communicated in a letter from Mr. Brand, then Whip of the Liberal Party, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons. It is valuable as an authority upon an ever-recurring question.

"Lord Palmerston," Mr. Brand wrote, "desires me to say he sees no objection to a member of the Government retaining other employment, provided that employment can be carried on without prejudice to the Queen's Service, which has the paramount claim. Subject to that rule, he leaves it to you to determine what class of business you may, as a member of the Government, properly retain. He thinks that the rule should be applied with strictness to foreign undertakings."

This is a pretty generous construction of the problem, quite in keeping with Pam's easy-going disposition. It will be remembered it was by a breach of the one imperative condition that poor Lord Henry Lennox came to grief. If, in spite of all temptation, he had never become a director of the Lisbon Tramways Co. he might have shared to the end the spoils of his friend Mr. Disraeli's victory at the polls of 1874.

THE LATE LORD HENRY LENNOX.

DOD'S GRANDFATHER.

An appreciative reader of these pages has sent me a little volume of rare interest. To give it its full title it is: "The Royal Calendar or Complete and Correct Annual Register for England, Scotland, Ireland, and America for the year 1801." A principal feature is a list of members of the eighteenth Parliament of Great Britain summoned to meet for their first Session in September, 1796. "Printed for J. Debrett, Piccadilly," it is the progenitor of the volume known to later generations as Dod.

Looking down the list of members sitting in the House of Commons exactly a hundred years ago I am struck by recurrence of names familiar in the House sitting to-day and in others that have immediately preceded it. There is Nisbet Balfour, a Lieutenant-General in the Army, Colonel of the 39th Regiment. He shared the representation of Arundel with a member of the family name of the member for Shrewsbury, and of an even better known Mr. Greene who had a seat in the Parliament of 1874. There is a Samuel Whitbread and a Robert John Buxton, who both had kinsmen sitting in the last Parliament, one still on the Front Opposition Bench.

When George III. was King there was in the House of Commons a John Lubbock, banker, in London, as there was through many years of the reign of Queen Victoria. Also there was a Benjamin Hobhouse and a James Stuart Wortley, Recorder of the borough of Boffiney, Cornwall, for which he sat at Westminster. We have a Stuart Wortley in the House to-day. But where is the borough of Boffiney, which a hundred years ago returned two members to Parliament? There is a John Whitmore, a Charles Sturt, a Robert Manners, a Michael Hicks-Beach, forebear of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who a hundred years ago represented Cirencester, and lived at Williamstrip Park, Gloucestershire. There is a Cavendish Bentinck, whereas a recent Parliament had two, familiarly known as "Big Ben" and "Little Ben," both gone over to the majority. There is a Robert Curzon, not of the family of the Viceroy of India, but a progenitor of the popular Ministerial Whip, Lord Randolph Churchill's brother-in-law, who last Session left the Commons to take his seat in the Upper House.

The earlier days of the century saw a Sir Henry Fletcher in the House of Commons, as did its closing term. There was John Lowther, Charles Villiers, of course Sir Watkin Williams Wynn; Lord George Cavendish, only brother of the Duke of Devonshire; Cropley Ashley, brother of Lord Shaftesbury; Edward Bouverie, Thomas Wyndham, Sir Edward Knatchbull, a Sam Smith unfamiliar with modern music-halls, knowing nothing of Piccadilly at midnight; William Montagu Scott, who never dreamed a lineal descendant among members of the House of Commons would call himself Scott Montagu and drive a motor-car; Charles Long, of Trinton Hall, Suffolk; Thomas Manners Sutton, later Speaker of the House; Sir Matthew White Ridley, representing Newcastle-on-Tyne; Charles Shaw-Lefevre, another name later on connected with the Speaker's Chair; Lionel Damer, to whom sixty years after succeeded Dawson Damer, whose eccentricities occasionally disturbed the Parliament of 1874; Edward Stanley; Leveson Gower; Lord

William Russell, youngest brother of the Duke of Bedford; Simon Harcourt; William Brodrick, Secretary to the East India Board; John Henry Petty, son of the Marquis of Lansdowne; Lord John Douglas Campbell, second son of the Duke of Argyll.

Amongst members of this Parliament whose names live in history was Spencer Perceval, who at that time held no higher post than the extinct one, doubtless carrying a good salary, of Surveyor of the Meltings and Clerk of the Irons in the Mint. In 1809 he became Prime Minister, and was done to death by Bellingham, who shot him as he entered the Lobby of the House on 11th May, 1812. The spot where he fell is marked to this day by a brass plate let into the floor of what is now the corridor leading from the Houses of Parliament into Old Palace Yard.

George Canning, member for Wendover, Bucks, was Joint Paymaster of the Forces, a Commissioner for the Affairs of India, and Receiver-General of the Alienation Office, a post long ago alienated from connection with the Exchequer in the way of salary. Charles Fox was seated for the City of Westminster; whilst the Right Hon. Henry Temple Viscount Palmerston, LL.D., sat for Winchester, living during the Session at East Sheen; through the recess at his later more famous country seat, Broadlands. William Wilberforce, not yet having tackled the slavery question, sat for Yorkshire, a broad area, whose representation he shared with Henry Lascelles, son of Lord Harewood.

"PAM" AS A WINCHESTER BOY.

MINISTERIAL SALARIES.

Considerable variation in the amount of Ministerial salaries has taken place in the past century. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a hundred years ago Lord Grenville, was paid at the rate of £2,500 a year, against the £5,000 Lord Lansdowne to-day receives. Mr. Dundas, Secretary of State for War, had £2,000 a year, against Mr. Brodrick's £5,000. On the other hand, the Duke of Portland, Home Secretary, drew £6,000 against Mr. Ritchie's five. There was then no Secretary of State for India, but Mr. Dundas, President of the Board of Commissioners for the Affairs of India, received £2,000. William Pitt did exceedingly well in the matter of salaries. As First Lord of the Treasury he received £4,000. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he had another £1,800, whilst as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports he had not only Walmer Castle for a residence, but a payment of £3,000 a year to maintain it.

THE MACE AND THE SOVEREIGN.

The following interesting note, which reaches me from a well-known member of the House of Commons, further illustrates two points dealt with in the May Number: "I have been reading THE STRAND MAGAZINE, and there are in relation to your remarks two incidents which perhaps may be worth your notice. At the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's which took place shortly after my father was first elected to the Chair of the House of Commons many and earnest discussions took place as what was to be done with the Mace when the Queen entered the Cathedral. One person suggested that the Serjeant and Mace should pop behind a pillar when Her Majesty entered. Eventually it was arranged that a velvet covering should be thrown over it as the Queen entered.

"The second matter is, that I was Treasurer in Her Majesty's Household in Lord Rosebery's Government, and when one dined with the Speaker the funniest operation had to be gone through. By the antiquated table of precedence I ought to have gone in first. In order to obviate this Sir W. Harcourt walked in boldly first, and my name was then halloaed by the Secretary. I was forewarned as to all this; but it was very funny."

MRS. MAYBRICK.

Since the appearance in the November Number of THE STRAND of some remarks therein made in connection with the late Lord Chief Justice and Mrs. Maybrick, I have received many evidences of the interest the case still excites on the other side of the Atlantic. I have refrained from recurring to the matter, my part in the controversy being to contribute to its guidance some statements made to me by Lord Russell of Killowen, Mrs. Maybrick's advocate, and Lord Llandaff, the first Home Secretary whose duty it was to revise the judgment arrived at in the Criminal

Court in Liverpool, presided over by Mr. Justice Stephen.

I have, however, been much struck by a passage in one of the newspapers forwarded to me. "When," it is written, "Mr. Lucy holds up his hands in astonishment at the marvellous consensus of opinion of various Home Secretaries he seems to us to manifest remarkable blindness—for one so long Behind the Speaker's Chair—as to the vicarious nature of that opinion. It is more possible that the conclusions of Mr. Matthews, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Matthew White Ridley were all drawn for them by the same gentleman, or at least that the same gentleman helped these various Home Secretaries to come to the same conclusion."

THEY ALL SAID "NO."

HOME OFFICE DOCUMENTS.

I confess that this touches an important point. The papers which at his request were furnished to Lord Llandaff when he was at the Home Office were doubtless selected and submitted under the direction of the judge whose evil opinion of the prisoner was unconcealed. The Home Secretary of the day having dealt with the documents, they would be pigeon-holed for future reference. Unless some important fresh evidence in the meantime turned up, Mr. Asquith would have precisely the same data on which to form a judgment. Sir Matthew White Ridley would in turn be similarly limited, and so with Mr. Ritchie.

Assuming the possibility of animus being shown in the selection of the papers, of which there is no proof, this state of things, to a certain extent, diminishes the effect of the opinion in which a succession of Home Secretaries have shown themselves united.

HOW THE HOME SECRETARIES PROCEEDED.

Lord Llandaff's precise position is set forth in his public statement of the reason that induced him to commute the capital sentence to penal servitude for life. "Although," he said, "the evidence leads clearly to the conclusion that the prisoner administered and attempted to administer arsenic to her husband with intent to murder, yet it does not wholly exclude reasonable doubt whether his death was in fact caused by the administration of arsenic."

That sentence coldly and accurately conveys the impression Lord Llandaff enlarged upon in private conversation some time after he quitted the Home Office. He, indeed, went so far as to declare his belief that Mrs. Maybrick, having deliberately planned and systematically carried out murderous design, she ought to have been hanged. But, eagerly catching at doubt of the efficacy of her efforts, he advised the Queen to respite the wretched woman.

In that view, arrived at, I believe, by the same pathways, two successive Home Secretaries have concurred. Mr. Asquith, challenged on the subject, protested that "As in every criminal case coming before me, I carefully examined the case of Mrs. Maybrick. I did not feel bound by the decision of my predecessor in office. I brought to bear upon it such judgment as I possess, and I decided honestly, conscientiously, with absolute impartiality."

Everyone who knows Mr. Asquith will accept that assurance to its fullest extent.

A Lightning Modeller.

By Frank Holmfield.

Illustrations from Photographs.

THERE are tremendous possibilities in a lump of modelling clay—when manipulated by a skilled artist.

Such will be the conclusion that must be arrived at by anyone who has witnessed, at the London Pavilion, the remarkable performance of Mr. De Bessell, before whose lissom fingers an unshapely mass of brown mud-mixture assumes, in an almost incredibly short space of time, forms and features as true to life as may be.

There is a slap-dash and "go-ahead" style about Mr. De Bessell's work which adds to his artistic performance a drollness irresistible to most people. Whilst he is always thoroughly in earnest, he manages—I will not say unconsciously — to make the most hardened cynic chuckle with mirth.

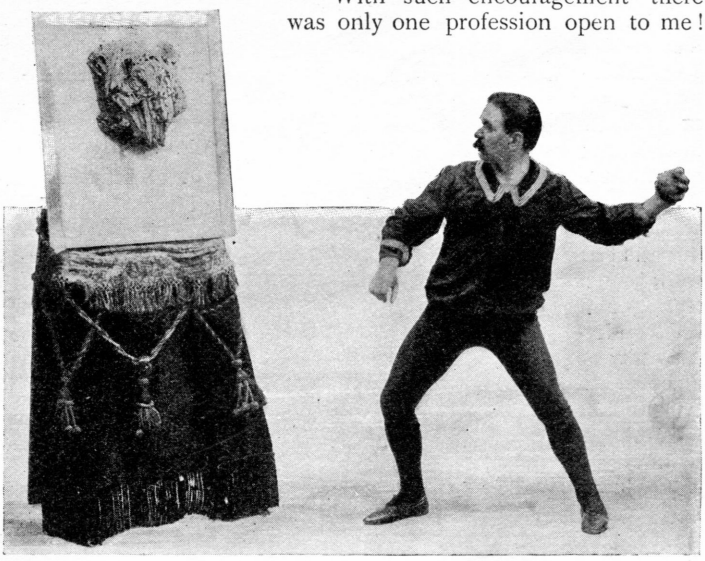
His is a truly unique entertainment. With an oblong slab of wood fitted upon an ordinary easel, and supplemented by a big lump of the necessary material and ten deftly artistic fingers, he can produce effects simply marvellous in detail, considering the wonderfully short time occupied.

The smart variety theatre "turn" known as "lightning modelling" originated with Mr. De Bessell. And he may be said to have retained a monopoly of the interesting and amusing entertainment. Of course, there are the usual crop of imitation "acts." The writer has seen some of these. But in skill, artistic effect, and humour they are simply not in the running with the original. To produce a first-class caricature in clay of, say, Mr. Kruger within a space of 100sec. is a feat not to be tackled by any save the smartest modellers. And certainly Mr. De Bessell is smart, ahead of all others.

One can't become a successful lightning modeller at a moment's notice — nor at a year's, for the matter of that! It has taken the subject of this article the greater portion of his lifetime to reach the standard of smartness and artistic completeness.

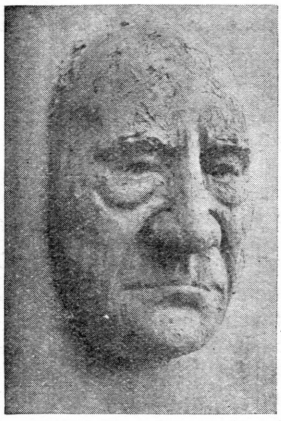
"From my very earliest schooldays," said Mr. De Bessell to me, "I always had a liking for such work. They told me, too, that my mud pies and sand castles were always eminently superior to the efforts of my most enthusiastic playfellows! I have even been complimented," went on the clay king humorously, "by one of my school teachers on the excellence of what I'm afraid was a rather rude caricature model of his own face!

"With such encouragement there was only one profession open to me!



HURLING THE CLAY AT THE MODELLING SLAB.

I went on the stage! Yes; after a great deal of study under some of the best masters in the States"—Mr. De Bessell hails therefrom—"I saw that there was an opening for such an original 'turn.' There was absolutely nothing like it. It was quite new. And you know what managers want. They are always crying out for novelty—and not often with success, so scarce has become the material to be drawn upon.



KRUGER BEFORE GETTING HIS HAT AND WHISKERS.

"It was not long before I found myself in England — by the way, what an extraordinary theatre-going nation England is! The enormous patronage given to the 'halls' particularly astonishes us Americans, even accustomed as we have been to big audiences."

Clay modelling on the stage would be rather slow under ordinary methods of manipulation. In fact, it would not "go" were there not plenty of life and dash introduced.

Mr. De Bessell's methods "fill the bill." As soon as he has made his bow to the audience he catches up a great chunk of clay in his hands. Standing a yard or two away from the modelling slab he hurls lump after lump, with unerring aim and wonderful rapidity, at its centre, to the sound of lively orchestral tunes.

THE HAT AND WHISKERS ARE ADDED.

Every lump is thrown with a particular purpose, and even before the artist's fingers touch it the outline of a face is plainly discernible. As soon as he has hurled the last lump at the slab, with a rush he has crossed to the easel and with extraordinary swiftness his fingers are darting hither and thither. A dab here, a pinch there, a rub yonder, a punch below—those deft fingers get in their work. Not a tool is used from beginning to end, only the fingers. In and out, out and in, they twist and twirl in a truly bewildering fashion.

"DE WET'S SLIPPED THROUGH!"

In something like fifteen seconds that mass of brown clay has been pinched, punched, rubbed, and shoved into features which the spectator begins to recognise as having come within his vision somewhere at some time—he can't exactly say. Fingers and thumbs raise both eyebrows in a certain peculiar twist only known to be characteristic of one man—"the whole discovery is now found out," as they say in the melodramas. Those eyebrows have given the necessary expression to the incomplete features. It is our old friend Kruger! But where are his famous whiskers? Wait a moment.

A few little lumps of clay are flung from the lightning modeller's hands. They form a fringe to the face—and are Kruger's whiskers in embryo. A few quick dashes of the artist's fingers, and the hirsute

"DE WET'S CAUGHT!"

ornamentation is complete!

Kruger's hat has played as big a part in caricature as did the collar of a famous statesman. Without his hat Kruger would be a mere nonentity. Shall this particular Kruger remain hatless? Never! Grabbing up one more lump of the pliable clay, Mr. De Bessell's fingers soon model it into the typical old "topper" of renown. Another second and it is reposing, somewhat jauntily perhaps, on the well-worn cranium. Kruger is all there. The entire operation has taken up 1min. 43 2-5sec. by Benson's chronograph.

MODELLING AN OLD WOMAN.

Who has ever seen a picture of Kruger otherwise than depicting a very worried state of mind? Well, Mr. De Bessell shows us what Oom Paul would look like if he were ever persuaded to smile. The effect, however, is not particularly complimentary. Even though adorned with a smile, Kruger refuses to be beautiful. The model is now supposed to represent Kruger on hearing for the tenth time that De Wet has "slipped through."

SHE LAUGHS.

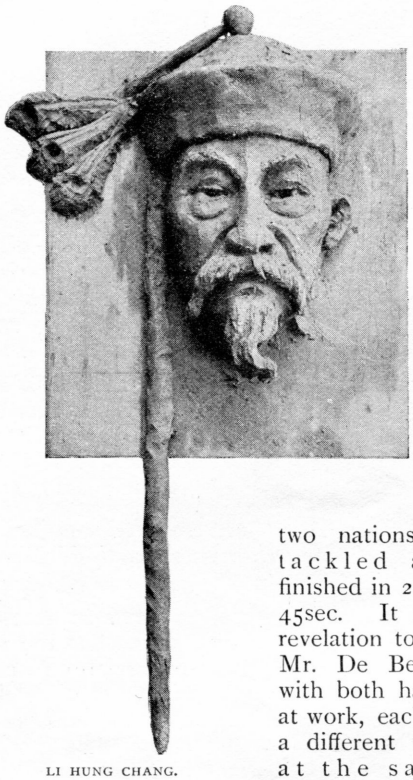
Another movement or two of the artist's deft hands, and lo! we see Kruger as he will be when the sad but inevitable news arrives at last that "De Wet is captured."

The next operation of the clay shows that the venerable Boer is to be made good use of. His whiskers are whisked away; his hat decapitated and turned into an old woman's bonnet. The features are still Kruger's, but the change in accessories has transmogrified him into an old woman in a state of intense grief. This presently changes to a different frame of mind, until a punch below the chin from the modeller's clenched fist produces a lugubrious effect on the old lady's features.

Next we are treated to another lightning production of a present-day celebrity. This is no less a personage than Li Hung Chang, who, with pig-tail, peacock's feathers and all, turns from a mass of clay to an excellent model of the wily Chinese statesman in the course of 1min. 25$\frac{3}{5}$sec. A truly wonderful feat.

A PUNCH UNDER THE CHIN AND SHE WEEPS.

"John Bull and Jonathan," a tribute to the excellent feeling existing between the



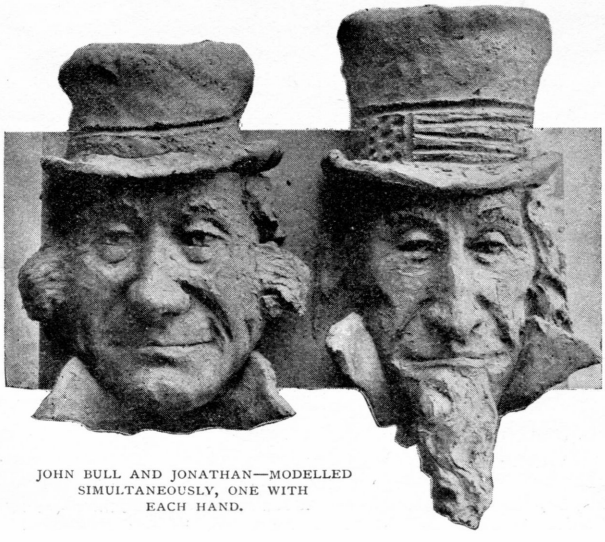
LI HUNG CHANG.

two nations, is tackled and finished in 2min. 45sec. It is a revelation to see Mr. De Bessell with both hands at work, each on a different face, at the same time!

Such an entertainment does not run for any length of time without meeting with some odd little experiences. I have referred to the hurling of the clay from Mr. De Bessell's hands on to the modelling slab. This has led to more than one little humorous episode, as the following anecdote proves—the victim might differ as to the point of the humour.

In Vienna last year the lightning modeller had begun as usual to hurl the clay upon the slab preparatory to forming a caricature. He stood about two yards away. He had barely begun to throw when the electric light throughout the theatre was accidentally turned off. Thinking that it would be a good hit if, during the temporary darkness, he could get the caricature partly done, the modeller continued hurling the clay. Suddenly he heard an awful howl of agony. At the same moment the electric light was switched on discovering the stage manager (who had rushed across the dark stage to see what had happened to the lights) endeavouring to remove from his features a huge lump of the clay, which, coming with full force from the modeller's hand, had struck him across the eyes, which were black for days afterwards.

LI HUNG CHANG IS THROWN AWAY.



JOHN BULL AND JONATHAN—MODELLED SIMULTANEOUSLY, ONE WITH EACH HAND.

[The writer desires to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Frank Glenister, the manager of the Pavilion, in enabling the accompanying photographs to be secured under difficult circumstances.—F. H.]

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. Jacobs

CHAPTER VI.

FOR the first few days after his return Sunwich was full of surprises to Jem Hardy. The town itself had changed but little, and the older inhabitants were for the most part easily recognisable, but time had wrought wonders among the younger members of the population : small boys had attained to whiskered manhood, and small girls passing into well-grown young women had in some cases changed even their names.

The most astonishing and gratifying instance of the wonders effected by time was that of Miss Nugent. He saw her first at the window, and with a ready recognition of the enchantment lent by distance took the first possible opportunity of a closer observation. He then realized the enchantment afforded by proximity. The second opportunity led him impetuously into a draper's shop, where a magnificent shop-walker, after first ceremoniously handing him a high cane chair, passed on his order for pins in a deep and thrilling baritone, and retired in good order.

By the end of a week his observations were completed, and Kate Nugent, securely enthroned in his mind as the incarnation of feminine grace and beauty, left but little room for other matters. On his second Sunday at home, to his father's great surprise, he attended church, and after contemplating Miss Nugent's back hair for an hour and a half came home and spoke eloquently and nobly on "burying hatchets," "healing old sores," "letting bygones be bygones," and kindred topics.

"I never take much notice of sermons myself," said the captain, misunderstanding.

"Sermon?" said his son. "I wasn't thinking of the sermon, but I saw Captain Nugent there, and I remembered the stupid quarrel between you. It's absurd that it should go on indefinitely."

"Why, what does it matter?" inquired the other, staring. "Why shouldn't it? Perhaps it's the music that's affected you; some of those old hymns——"

"It wasn't the sermon and it wasn't the hymns," said his son, disdainfully; "it's just common sense. It seems to me that the enmity between you has lasted long enough."

"I don't see that it matters," said the captain; "it doesn't hurt me. Nugent goes his way and I go mine, but if I ever get a chance at the old man, he'd better look out. He wants a little of the starch taken out of him."

"Mere mannerism," said his son.

"He's as proud as Lucifer, and his girl takes after him," said the innocent captain. "By the way, she's grown up a very good-looking girl. You take a look at her the next time you see her."

His son stared at him.

"She'll get married soon, I should think," continued the other. "Young Murchison, the new doctor here, seems to be the favourite. Nugent is backing him, so they say; I wish him joy of his father-in-law."

"THE MOST ASTONISHING AND GRATIFYING INSTANCE OF THE WONDERS EFFECTED BY TIME WAS THAT OF MISS NUGENT."

Jem Hardy took his pipe into the garden, and, pacing slowly up and down the narrow paths, determined, at any costs, to save Dr. Murchison from such a father-in-law and Kate Nugent from any husband except of his choosing. He took a seat under an old apple tree and, musing in the twilight, tried in vain to think of ways and means of making her acquaintance.

Meantime they passed each other as strangers, and the difficulty of approaching her only made the task more alluring. In the second week he reckoned up that he had seen her nine times. It was a satisfactory

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total, but at the same time he could not shut his eyes to the fact that five times out of that number he had seen Dr. Murchison as well, and neither of them appeared to have seen him.

He sat thinking it over in the office one hot afternoon. Mr. Adolphus Swann, his partner, had just returned from lunch, and for about the fifth time that day was arranging his white hair and short, neatly-pointed beard in a small looking-glass. Over the top of it he glanced at Hardy, who, leaning back in his chair, bit his pen and stared hard at a paper before him.

"Is that the manifest of the *North Star*?" he inquired.

"No," was the reply.

Mr. Swann put his looking-glass away and watched the other as he crossed over to the window and gazed through the small, dirty panes at the bustling life of the harbour below. For a short time Hardy stood gazing in silence, and then, suddenly crossing the room, took his hat from a peg and went out.

"Restless," said the senior partner, wiping his folders with great care and putting them on. "Wonder where he's put that manifest."

He went over to the other's desk and opened a drawer to search for it. Just inside was a sheet of foolscap, and Mr. Swann with growing astonishment slowly mastered the contents.

"See her as often as possible."

"Get to know some of her friends."

"Try and get hold of the old lady."

"Find out her tastes and ideas."

"Show my hand before Murchison has it all his own way."

"It seems to me," said the bewildered shipbroker, carefully replacing the paper, "that my young friend is looking out for another partner. He hasn't lost much time."

He went back to his seat and resumed his work. It occurred to him that he ought to let his partner know what he had seen, and when Hardy returned he had barely seated himself before Mr. Swann with a mysterious smile crossed over to him, bearing a sheet of foolscap.

"Try and dress as well as my partner," read the astonished Hardy. "What's the matter with my clothes? What do you mean?"

Mr. Swann, in place of answering, returned to his desk and, taking up another sheet of foolscap, began to write again, holding up his hand for silence as Hardy repeated his question. When he had finished his task he brought it over and placed it in the other's hand.

"Take her little brother out for walks."

Hardy crumpled the paper up and flung it aside. Then, with his face crimson, he stared wrathfully at the benevolent Swann.

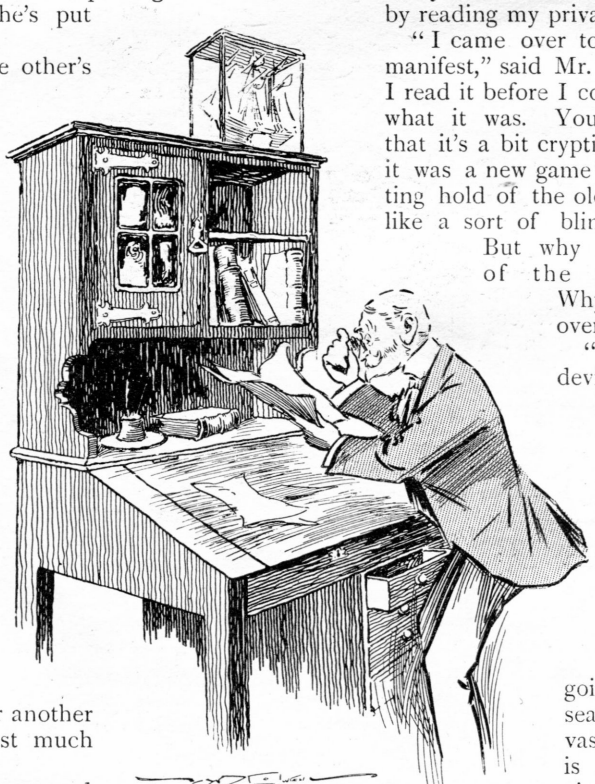
"It's the safest card in the pack," said the latter. "You please everybody; especially the little brother. You should always hold his hand—it looks well for one thing, and if you shut your eyes——"

"I don't want any of your nonsense," said the maddened Jem. "What do you mean by reading my private papers?"

"I came over to look for the manifest," said Mr. Swann, "and I read it before I could make out what it was. You must admit that it's a bit cryptic. I thought it was a new game at first. Getting hold of the old lady sounds like a sort of blind-man's buff. But why not get hold of the young one? Why waste time over——"

"Go to the devil," said the junior partner.

"Any more suggestions I can give you, you are heartily welcome to," said Mr. Swann, going back to his seat. "All my vast experience is at your service, and the best and sweet-



"MR. SWANN WITH GROWING ASTONISHMENT SLOWLY MASTERED THE CONTENTS."

est and prettiest girls in Sunwich regard me as a sort of second father."

"What's a second father?" inquired Jem, looking up—"a grandfather?"

"Go your own way," said the other; "I wash my hands of you. You're not in earnest, or you'd clutch at any straw. But let me give you one word of advice. Be careful how you get hold of the old lady; let her understand from the commencement that it isn't her."

Mr. Hardy went on with his work. There was a pile of it in front of him and an accumulation in his drawers. For some time he wrote assiduously, but work was dry after the subject they had been discussing. He looked over at his partner and, seeing that that gentleman was gravely busy, re-opened the matter with a jeer.

"Old maids always know most about rearing children," he remarked; "so I suppose old bachelors, looking down on life from the top shelf, think they know most about marriage."

"I wash my hands of you," repeated the senior, placidly. "I am not to be taunted into rendering first aid to the wounded."

The conscience-stricken junior lost his presence of mind. "Who's trying to taunt you?" he demanded, hotly. "Why, you'd do more harm than good."

"Put a bandage round the head instead of the heart, I expect," assented the chuckling Swann. "Top shelf, I think you said; well, I climbed there for safety."

"You must have been much run after," said his partner.

"I was," said the other. "I suppose that's why it is I am always so interested in these affairs. I have helped to marry so many people in this place, that I'm almost afraid to stir out after dark."

Hardy's reply was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Edward Silk, a young man of forlorn aspect, who combined in his person the offices of messenger, cleaner, and office-boy to the firm. He brought in some letters, and placing them on Mr. Swann's desk retired.

"There's another," said the latter, as the door closed. "His complaint is Amelia Kybird, and he's got it badly. She's big enough to eat him, but I believe that they are engaged. Perseverance has done it in his case. *He* used to go about like a blighted flower——"

"I am rather busy," his partner reminded him.

Mr. Swann sighed and resumed his own labours. For some time both men wrote in silence. Then the elder suddenly put his pen down and hit his desk a noisy thump with his fist.

"I've got it," he said, briskly; "apologize humbly for all your candour, and I will give you a piece of information which shall brighten your dull eyes, raise the corners of your drooping mouth, and renew once more the pink and cream in your youthful cheeks."

"Look here——" said the overwrought Hardy.

"Samson Wilks," interrupted Mr. Swann, "number three, Fullalove Alley, at home Fridays, seven to nine, to the daughter of his late skipper, who always visits him on that day. Don't thank me, Hardy, in case you break down. She's a very nice girl, and if she had been born twenty years earlier, or I had been born twenty years later, or you hadn't been born at all, there's no saying what might not have happened."

"When I want you to interfere in my business," said Hardy, working sedulously, "I'll let you know."

"Very good," replied Swann; "still, remember Thursdays, seven to nine."

"Thursdays," said Hardy, incautiously; "why, you said Fridays just now."

Mr. Swann made no reply. His nose was immersed in the folds of a large handkerchief, and his eyes watered profusely behind his glasses. It was some minutes before he had regained his normal composure, and even then the sensitive nerves of his partner were offended by an occasional belated chuckle.

Although by dint of casual and cautious inquiries Mr. Hardy found that his partner's information was correct, he was by no means guilty of any feelings of gratitude towards him; and he only glared scornfully when that excellent but frivolous man mounted a chair on Friday afternoon, and putting the clock on a couple of hours or so, urged him to be in time.

The evening, however, found him starting slowly in the direction of Fullalove Alley. His father had gone to sea again, and the house was very dull; moreover, he felt a mild curiosity to see the changes wrought by time in Mr. Wilks. He walked along by the sea, and as the church clock struck the three-quarters turned into the alley and looked eagerly round for the old steward.

The labours of the day were over, and the inhabitants were for the most part out of doors taking the air. Shirt-sleeved house-

holders, leaning against their door-posts smoking, exchanged ideas across the narrow space paved with cobble-stones which separated their small and ancient houses, while the matrons, more gregariously inclined, bunched in little groups and discussed subjects which in higher

"FULLALOVE ALLEY."

circles would have inundated the land with libel actions. Up and down the alley a tiny boy all ready for bed, with the exception of his nightgown, mechanically avoided friendly palms as he sought anxiously for his mother.

The object of Mr. Hardy's search sat at the door of his front room, which opened on to the alley, smoking an evening pipe, and noting with an interested eye the doings of his neighbours. He was just preparing to draw himself up in his chair as the intruder passed, when to his utter astonishment that gentleman stopped in front of him, and taking possession of his hand shook it fervently.

"How do you do?" he said, smiling.

Mr. Wilks eyed him stupidly and, releasing his hand, coyly placed it in his trouser-pocket and breathed hard.

"I meant to come before," said Hardy, "but I've been so busy. How are you?"

Mr. Wilks, still dazed, muttered that he was very well. Then he sat bolt upright in his chair and eyed his visitor suspiciously.

"I've been longing for a chat with you about old times," said Hardy; "of all my old friends you seem to have changed the least. You don't look a day older."

"I'm getting on," said Mr. Wilks, trying to speak coldly, but observing with some gratification the effect produced upon his neighbours by the appearance of this well-dressed acquaintance.

"I wanted to ask your advice," said the unscrupulous Hardy, speaking in low tones. "I daresay you know I've just gone into partnership in Sunwich, and I'm told there's no man knows more about the business and the ins and outs of this town than you do."

Mr. Wilks thawed despite himself. His face glistened and his huge mouth broke into tremulous smiles. For a moment he hesitated, and then noticing that a little group near them had suspended their conversation to listen to his he drew his chair back and, in a kind voice, invited the searcher after wisdom to step inside.

Hardy thanked him, and, following him in, took a chair behind the door, and with an air of youthful deference bent his ear to catch the pearls which fell from the lips of his host. Since he was a babe on his mother's knee sixty years before Mr. Wilks had never had such an attentive and admiring listener. Hardy sat as though glued to his chair, one eye on Mr. Wilks and the other on the clock, and it was not until that ancient timepiece struck the hour that the ex-steward suddenly realized the awkward state of affairs.

"Any more 'elp I can give you I shall always be pleased to," he said, looking at the clock.

Hardy thanked him at great length, wondering, as he spoke, whether Miss Nugent was of punctual habits. He leaned back in his chair and, folding his arms, gazed thoughtfully at the perturbed Mr. Wilks.

"You must come round and smoke a pipe with me sometimes," he said, casually.

Mr. Wilks flushed with gratified pride. He had a vision of himself walking up to the front door of the Hardys, smoking a pipe

in a well-appointed room, and telling an incredulous and envious Fullalove Alley about it afterwards.

"I shall be very pleased, sir," he said, impressively.

"Come round on Tuesday," said his visitor. "I shall be at home then."

Mr. Wilks thanked him and, spurred on to hospitality, murmured something about a glass of ale, and retired to the back to draw it. He came back with a jug and a couple of glasses, and draining his own at a draught, hoped that the example would not be lost upon his visitor. That astute person, however, after a modest draught, sat still, anchored to the half-empty glass.

"I'm expecting somebody to-night," said the ex-steward, at last.

"No doubt you have a lot of visitors," said the other, admiringly.

Mr. Wilks did not deny it. He eyed his guest's glass and fidgeted.

"Miss Nugent is coming," he said.

Instead of any signs of disorder and preparations for rapid flight, Mr. Wilks saw that the other was quite composed. He began to entertain a poor idea of Mr. Hardy's memory.

"She generally comes for a little quiet chat," he said.

"Indeed!"

"Just between the two of us," said the other.

His visitor said "Indeed," and, as though some chord of memory had been touched, sat gazing dreamily at Mr. Wilks's horticultural collection in the window. Then he changed colour a little as a smart hat and a pretty face crossed the tiny panes. Mr. Wilks changed colour too, and in an awkward fashion rose to receive Miss Nugent.

"Late as usual, Sam," said the girl, sinking into a chair. Then she caught sight of Hardy, who was standing by the door.

"It's a long time since you and I met, Miss Nugent," he said, bowing.

"Mr. Hardy?" said the girl, doubtfully.

"Yes, miss," interposed Mr. Wilks, anxious to explain his position. "He called in to see me; quite a surprise to me it was. I 'ardly knowed him."

"The last time we three met," said Hardy, who to his host's discomfort had resumed his chair, "Wilks was thrashing me and you were urging him on."

Kate Nugent eyed him carefully. It was preposterous that this young man should take advantage of a boy and girl acquaintance of eleven years before—and such an acquaintance!—in this manner. Her eyes expressed a little surprise, not unmixed with hauteur, but Hardy was too pleased to have them turned in his direction at all to quarrel with their expression.

"You were a bit of a trial in them days," said Mr. Wilks, shaking his head. "If I live to be ninety I shall never forget seeing Miss Kate capsized the way she was. The way she——"

"SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF HARDY."

"How is your cold?" inquired Miss Nugent, hastily.

"Better, miss, thankee," said Mr. Wilks.

"Miss Nugent has forgotten and forgiven all that long ago," said Hardy.

"Quite," assented the girl, coldly; "one cannot remember all the boys and girls one knew as a child."

"Certainly not," said Hardy. "I find that many have slipped from my own

memory, but I have a most vivid recollection of you."

Miss Nugent looked at him again, and an idea, strange and incredible, dawned slowly upon her. Childish impressions are lasting, and Jem Hardy had remained in her mind as a sort of youthful ogre. He sat before her now a frank, determined-looking young Englishman, in whose honest eyes admiration of herself could not be concealed. Indignation and surprise struggled for supremacy.

"It's odd," remarked Mr. Wilks, who had a happy knack at times of saying the wrong thing, "it's odd you should 'ave 'appened to come just at the same time as Miss Kate did."

"It's my good fortune," said Hardy, with a slight bow. Then he cocked a malignant eye at the innocent Mr. Wilks, and wondered at what age men discarded the useless habit of blushing. Opposite him sat Miss Nugent, calmly observant, the slightest suggestion of disdain in her expression. Framed in the queer, high-backed old chair which had belonged to Mr. Wilks's grandfather, she made a picture at which Jem Hardy continued to gaze with respectful ardour. A hopeless sense of self-depreciation possessed him, but the idea that Murchison should aspire to so much goodness and beauty made him almost despair of his sex. His reverie was broken by the voice of Mr. Wilks.

"A quarter to eight?" said that gentleman incredulously; "it can't be."

"I thought it was later than that," said Hardy, simply.

Mr. Wilks gasped, and with a faint shake of his head at the floor abandoned the thankless task of giving hints to a young man who was too obtuse to see them; and it was not until some time later that Mr. Hardy, sorely against his inclinations, gave his host a hearty handshake and, with a respectful bow to Miss Nugent, took his departure.

"Fine young man he's growed," said Mr. Wilks, deferentially, turning to his remaining visitor; "greatly improved, I think."

Miss Nugent looked him over critically before replying. "He seems to have taken a great fancy to you," she remarked.

Mr. Wilks smiled a satisfied smile. "He came to ask my advice about business," he said, softly. "He's 'eard two or three speak o' me as knowing a thing or two, and being young, and just starting, 'e came to talk it over with me. I never see a young man so pleased and ready to take advice as wot he is."

"He is coming again for more, I suppose?" said Miss Nugent, carelessly.

Mr. Wilks acquiesced. "And he asked me to go over to his 'ouse to smoke a pipe with 'im on Tuesday," he added, in the casual manner in which men allude to their aristocratic connections. "He's a bit lonely, all by himself."

Miss Nugent said, "Indeed," and then, lapsing into silence, gave little occasional side-glances at Mr. Wilks, as though in search of any hidden charms about him which might hitherto have escaped her.

At the same time Mr. James Hardy, walking slowly home by the edge of the sea, pondered on further ways and means of ensnaring the affections of the ex-steward.

CHAPTER VII.

THE anticipations of Mr. Wilks were more than realized on the following Tuesday. From the time a trim maid showed him into the smoking-room until late at night, when he left, a fêted and honoured guest, with one of his host's best cigars between his teeth, nothing that could yield him any comfort was left undone. In the easiest of easy chairs he sat in the garden beneath the leafy branches of apple trees, and undiluted wisdom and advice flowed from his lips in a stream as he beamed delightedly upon his entertainer.

Their talk was mainly of Sunwich and Sunwich people, and it was an easy step from these to Equator Lodge. On that subject most people would have found the ex-steward somewhat garrulous, but Jem Hardy listened with great content, and even brought him back to it when he showed signs of wandering. Altogether Mr. Wilks spent one of the pleasantest evenings of his life, and, returning home in a slight state of mental exhilaration, severely exercised the tongues of Fullalove Alley by a bearing considered incompatible with his station.

Jem Hardy paid a return call on the following Friday, and had no cause to complain of any lack of warmth in his reception. The ex-steward was delighted to see him, and after showing him various curios picked up during his voyages, took him to the small yard in the rear festooned with scarlet-runner beans, and gave him a chair in full view of the neighbours.

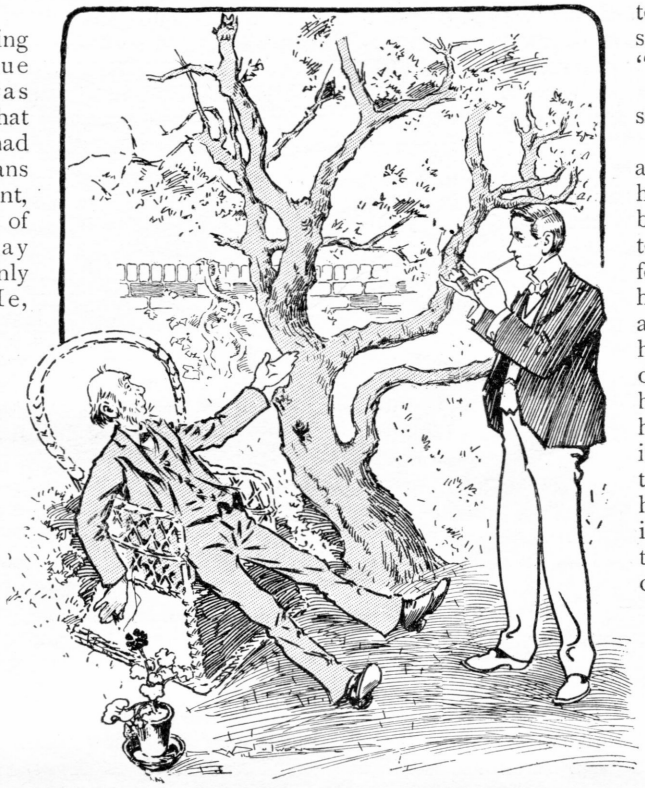
"I'm the only visitor to-night?" said Hardy, after an hour's patient listening and waiting.

Mr. Wilks nodded casually. "Miss Kate

came last night," he said. "Friday *is* her night, but she came yesterday instead."

Mr. Hardy said, "Oh, indeed," and fell straightway into a dismal reverie from which the most spirited efforts of his host only partially aroused him.

Without giving way to undue egotism it was pretty clear that Miss Nugent had changed her plans on his account, and a long vista of pleasant Friday evenings suddenly vanished. He, too, resolved to vary his visits, and, starting with a basis of two a week, sat trying to solve the mathematical chances of selecting the same as Kate Nugent; calculations which were not facilitated by a long-winded account from Mr. Wilks of certain interesting amours of his youthful prime.



"UNDILUTED WISDOM AND ADVICE FLOWED FROM HIS LIPS."

Before he saw Kate Nugent again, however, another old acquaintance turned up safe and sound in Sunwich. Captain Nugent walking into the town saw him first: a tall, well-knit young man in shabby clothing, whose bearing even in the distance was oddly familiar. As he came closer the captain's misgivings were confirmed, and in the sunburnt fellow in tattered clothes who advanced upon him with outstretched hand he reluctantly recognised his son.

"What have you come home for?" he inquired, ignoring the hand and eyeing him from head to foot.

"Change," said Jack Nugent, laconically, as the smile left his face.

The captain shrugged his shoulders and stood silent. His son looked first up the road and then down.

"All well at home?" he inquired.

"Yes."

Jack Nugent looked up the road again.

"Not much change in the town," he said, at length.

"No," said his father.

"Well, I'm glad to have seen you," said his son. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said the captain.

His son nodded and, turning on his heel, walked back towards the town. Despite his forlorn appearance his step was jaunty and he carried his head high. The captain watched him until he was hidden by a bend in the road, and then, ashamed of himself for displaying so much emotion, turned his own steps in the direction of home.

"Well, he didn't whine," he said, slowly. "He's got a bit of pride left."

Meantime the prodigal had reached the town again, and stood ruefully considering his position. He looked up the street, and then, the well-known shop of Mr. Kybird catching his eye, walked over and inspected the contents of the window. Sheath-knives, belts, tobacco-boxes, and watches were displayed alluringly behind the glass, sheltered from the sun by a row of cheap clothing dangling from short poles over the shop front. All the goods were marked in plain figures in reduced circumstances, Mr. Kybird giving a soaring imagination play in the first marking, and a good business faculty in the second.

At these valuables Jack Nugent, with a view of obtaining some idea of prices, gazed for some time. Then passing between two suits of oilskins which stood as sentinels in the doorway, he entered the shop and smiled affably at Miss Kybird, who was in charge. At his entrance she put down a piece of fancy-work, which Mr. Kybird called his

sock, and with a casual glance at his clothes regarded him with a prejudiced eye.

"Beautiful day," said the customer; "makes one feel quite young again."

"What do you want?" inquired Miss Kybird.

Mr. Nugent turned to a broken cane-chair which stood by the counter, and, after applying severe tests, regardless of the lady's feelings, sat down upon it and gave a sigh of relief.

"I've walked from London," he said, in explanation. "I could sit here for hours."

"Look here——" began the indignant Miss Kybird.

"Only people would be sure to couple our names together," continued Mr. Nugent, mournfully. "When a handsome young man and a good-looking girl——"

"Do you want to buy anything or not?" demanded Miss Kybird, with an impatient toss of her head.

"No," said Jack, "I want to sell."

"You've come to the wrong shop, then," said Miss Kybird; "the warehouse is full of rubbish now."

The other turned in his chair and looked hard at the window. "So it is," he assented. "It's a good job I've brought you something decent to put there."

He felt in his pockets and, producing a silver-mounted briar-pipe, a battered watch, a knife, and a few other small articles, deposited them with reverent care upon the counter.

"No use to us," declared Miss Kybird, anxious to hit back; "we burn coal here."

"These'll burn better than the coal you buy," said the unmoved customer.

"Well, we don't want them," retorted Miss Kybird, raising her voice, "and I don't want any of your impudence. Get up out of our chair."

Her heightened tones penetrated to the small and untidy room behind the shop. The door opened, and Mr. Kybird in his shirt-sleeves appeared at the opening.

"Wot's the row?" he demanded, his little black eyes glancing from one to the other.

"Only a lovers' quarrel," replied Jack. "You go away; we don't want you."

"Look 'ere, we don't want none o' your nonsense," said the shopkeeper, sharply;

"'WHAT DO YOU WANT?' INQUIRED MISS KYBIRD."

"and, wot's more, we won't 'ave it. Who put that rubbish on my counter?"

He bustled forward, and taking the articles in his hands examined them closely.

"Three shillings for the lot—cash," he remarked.

"Done," said the other.

"Did I say three?" inquired Mr. Kybird, startled at this ready acceptance.

"Five you said," replied Mr. Nugent, "but I'll take three, if you throw in a smile."

Mr. Kybird, much against his inclinations, threw in a faint grin, and opening a drawer produced three shillings and flung them separately on the counter. Miss Kybird thawed somewhat, and glancing from the customer's clothes to his face saw that he had a pleasant eye and a good moustache, together with a general air of recklessness much appreciated by the sex.

"Don't spend it on drink," she remarked, not unkindly.

"I won't," said the other, solemnly; "I'm going to buy house property with it."

"Why, darn my eyes," said Mr. Kybird, who had been regarding him closely; "darn my old eyes, if it ain't young Nugent. Well, well!"

"That's me," said young Nugent, cheerfully; "I should have known you anywhere, Kybird: same old face, same old voice, same old shirt-sleeves."

"'Ere, come now," objected the shopkeeper, shortening his arm and squinting along it.

"I should have known you anywhere," continued the other, mournfully; "and here I've thrown up a splendid berth and come all the way from Australia just for one glimpse of Miss Kybird, and she doesn't know me. When I die, Kybird, you will find the word 'Calais' engraven upon my heart."

Mr. Kybird said, "Oh, indeed." His daughter tossed her head and bade Mr. Nugent take his nonsense to people who might like it.

"Last time I see you," said Mr. Kybird, pursing up his lips and gazing at the counter in an effort of memory; "last time I see you was one fifth o' November when you an' another bright young party was going about in two suits o' oilskins wot I'd been 'unting for 'igh and low all day long."

Jack Nugent sighed. "They were happy times, Kybird."

"Might ha' been for you," retorted the other, his temper rising a little at the remembrance of his wrongs.

"Have you come home for good?" inquired Miss Kybird, curiously. "Have you seen your father? He passed here a little while ago."

"I saw him," said Jack, with a brevity which was not lost upon the astute Mr. Kybird. "I may stay in Sunwich, and I may not—it all depends."

"You're not going 'ome?" said Mr. Kybird.

"No."

The shopkeeper stood considering. He had a small room to let at the top of his house, and he stood divided between the fear of not getting his rent and the joy to a man fond of simple pleasures, to be obtained by dunning the arrogant Captain Nugent for his son's debts. Before he could arrive at a decision his meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a stout, sandy-haired lady from the back parlour, who, having conquered his scruples against matrimony some thirty years before, had kept a particularly wide-awake eye upon him ever since.

"Your tea's a-gettin' cold," she remarked, severely.

Her husband received the news with calmness. He was by no means an enthusiast where that liquid was concerned, the admiration evoked by its non-inebriating qualities having been always something in the nature of a mystery to him.

"I'm coming," he retorted; "I'm just 'aving a word with Mr. Nugent 'ere."

"Well, I never did," said the stout lady, coming farther into the shop and regarding the visitor. "I shouldn't 'ave knowed 'im. If you'd asked me who 'e was I couldn't ha' told you—I shouldn't 'ave knowed 'im from Adam."

Jack shook his head. "It's hard to be forgotten like this," he said, sadly. "Even Miss Kybird had forgotten me, after all that had passed between us."

"Eh?" said Mr. Kybird.

"Oh, don't take any notice of him," said his daughter. "I'd like to see myself."

Mr. Kybird paid no heed. He was still thinking of the son of Captain Nugent being indebted to him for lodging, and the more he thought of the idea the better he liked it.

"Well, now you're 'ere," he said, with a great assumption of cordiality, "why not come in and 'ave a cup o' tea?"

The other hesitated a moment and then, with a light laugh, accepted the offer. He followed them into the small and untidy back parlour, and being requested by his hostess to squeeze in next to 'Melia at the small round table, complied so literally with the order that that young lady complained bitterly of his encroachments.

"And where do you think of sleeping to-night?" inquired Mr. Kybird after his daughter had, to use her own expressive phrase, shown the guest "his place."

Mr. Nugent shook his head. "I shall get a lodging somewhere," he said, airily.

"There's a room upstairs as you might 'ave if you liked," said Mr. Kybird, slowly. "It's been let to a very respectable, clean young man for half a crown a week. Really it ought to be three shillings, but if you like to 'ave it at the old price, you can."

"Done with you," said the other.

"No doubt you'll soon get something to do," continued Mr. Kybird, more in answer to his wife's inquiring glances than anything else. "Half a crown every Saturday and the room's yours."

Mr. Nugent thanked him, and after making a tea which caused Mr. Kybird to congratulate himself upon the fact that he hadn't offered to board him, sat regaling Mrs. Kybird and daughter with a recital of his adventures in Australia, receiving in return a full and true account of Sunwich and its people up to date.

"There's no pride about 'im, that's what I like," said Mrs. Kybird to her lord and master as they sat alone after closing time over a glass of gin and water. "He's a nice young feller, but bisness is bisness, and s'pose you don't get your rent?"

"I shall get it sooner or later," said Mr. Kybird. "That stuck-up father of 'is 'll be in a fine way at 'im living here. That's wot I'm thinking of."

"I don't see why," said Mrs. Kybird, bridling. "Who's Captain Nugent, I should like to know? We're as good as what 'e is, if not better. And as for the gell, if she'd got 'alf Amelia's looks she'd do."

"'Melia's a fine-looking gal," assented Mr. Kybird. "I wonder——"

He laid his pipe down on the table and stared at the mantelpiece. "He seems very struck with 'er," he concluded. "I see that directly."

"Not afore I did," said his wife, sharply.

"See it afore you come into the shop," said Mr. Kybird, triumphantly. "It 'ud be a strange thing to marry into that family, Emma."

"She's keeping company with young Teddy Silk," his wife reminded him, coldly; "and if she wasn't she could do better than a young man without a penny in 'is pocket. Pride's a fine thing, Dan'l, but you can't live on it."

"I know what I'm talking about," said Mr. Kybird, impatiently. "I know she's keeping company with Teddy as well as wot you do. Still, as far as money goes, young Nugent'll be all right."

"'Ow?" inquired his wife.

Mr. Kybird hesitated and took a sip of his gin and water. Then he regarded the wife of his bosom with a calculating glance which at once excited that lady's easily kindled wrath.

"You know I never tell secrets," she cried.

"Not often," corrected Mr. Kybird, "but then I don't often tell you any. Wot would you say to young Nugent coming into five 'undred pounds 'is mother left 'im when he's twenty-five? He don't know it, but I do."

"HE REGARDED THE WIFE OF HIS BOSOM WITH A CALCULATING GLANCE."

"Five 'undred," repeated his wife, "sure?"

"No," said the other, "I'm not sure, but I know. I 'ad it from young Roberts when 'e was at Stone and Dartnell's. Five 'undred pounds! I shall get my money all right some time, and, if 'e wants a little bit to go on with, 'e can have it. He's honest enough; I can see that by his manner."

Upstairs in the tiny room under the tiles Mr. Jack Nugent, in blissful ignorance of his landlord's generous sentiments towards him, slept the sound, dreamless sleep of the man free from monetary cares. In the sanctity of her chamber Miss Kybird, gazing approvingly at the reflection of her yellow hair and fine eyes in the little cracked looking-glass, was already comparing him very favourably with the somewhat pessimistic Mr. Silk.

(To be continued.)

A Glance at "Vanity Fair."

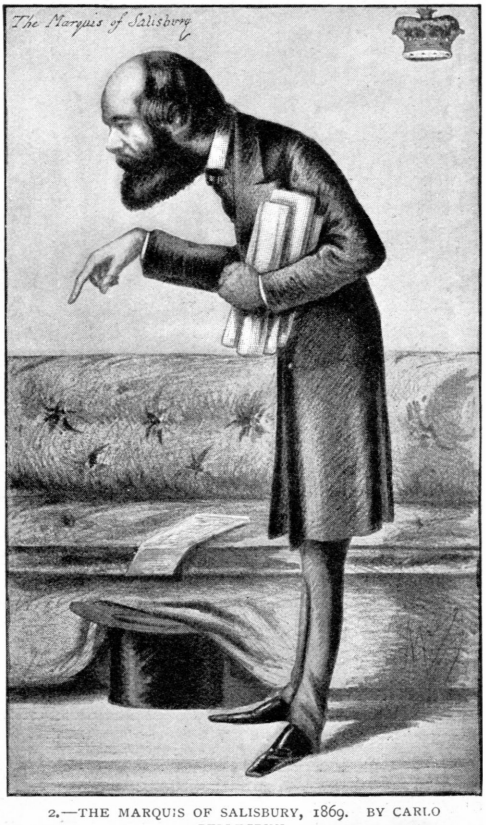
By J. Holt Schooling.

[*All the accompanying cartoons are from the pages of "Vanity Fair," and they are shown here by special permission.*]

THE first number of *Vanity Fair* was published November 7, 1868. It was the first of the modern weekly society journals. In the thirteenth number, published January 30, 1869, the first of the famous cartoons was included—the long series of the most remarkable portraits of the men who live or who have lived prominently in Vanity Fair. We have here actual portraits, whose truth is most deftly emphasized by the admixture of caricature—not lessened by it. For this reason one may say rightly that the *Vanity Fair* cartoons more truly show to us the men as they were, or as they are, than many a more ambitious canvas painted by an artist who must not introduce that peculiar shade of emphatic caricature truth which is contained in the brilliant cartoons of *Vanity Fair*.

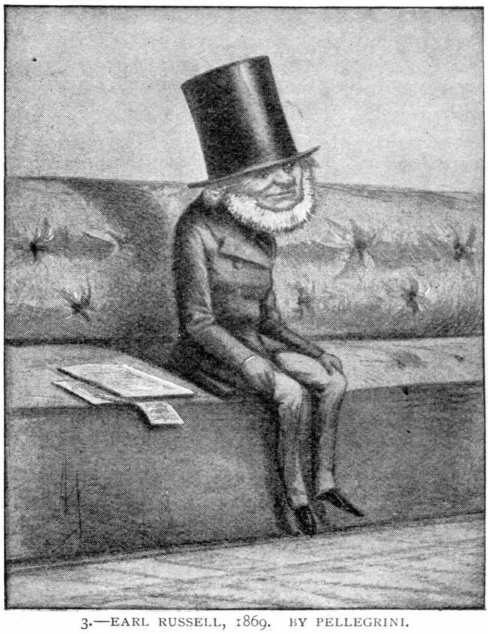
The first cartoon published by *Vanity Fair* was that shown in No. 1, of Lord Beaconsfield when he was plain Benjamin Disraeli. As I have said, it was issued with the thirteenth number of *Vanity Fair*, and it was by an accident that this leading feature of a well-known society paper was introduced into its life. One day, thirty-two years ago, Mr. Bowles, the proprietor of the paper, chanced to meet at dinner Signor Carlo Pellegrini, an Italian refugee, who was a clever artist, and the result of that chance meeting was the institution of the *Vanity Fair* cartoons.

1.—BENJAMIN DISRAELI. THE FIRST "VANITY FAIR" CARTOON, JANUARY 30TH, 1869. BY CARLO PELLEGRINI.



2.—THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, 1869. BY CARLO PELLEGRINI.

Cartoon No. 2 shows us a portrait of Lord Salisbury in the year 1869; *then*, he was described by "Jehu Junior," the writer of the biographies in *Vanity Fair*, as "too honest a Tory for his party and his time." *Now*, he seems to us to be a very honourable, capable, level-headed, far-seeing statesman, who during the years 1896–1901 has steered this country through many most difficult and complex places of danger created by the pressure of foreign affairs.



3.—EARL RUSSELL, 1869. BY PELLEGRINI.

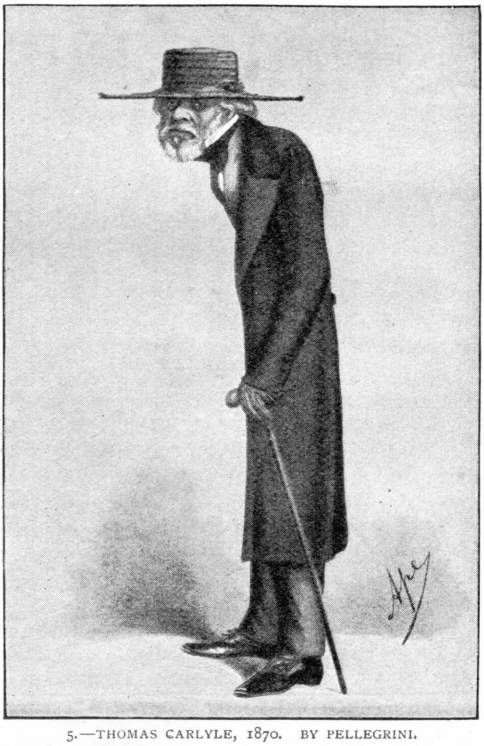
In No. 3 we have a picture of Earl Russell—Lord John Russell. He was Prime Minister of England during 1846–1852 and during 1865–1866; he was a great Liberal statesman, quite honest and courageous, and he died quietly in 1878.

We all know Sir William Harcourt. He was Mr. W. G. G. V. Vernon-Harcourt, M.P., when cartoon No. 4 was published in 1870.

The Sage of Chelsea — Thomas Carlyle — looks at us from No. 5. He was, says "Jehu Junior," "the stoutest-hearted Pagan, tempered by Christianity, that ever breathed."

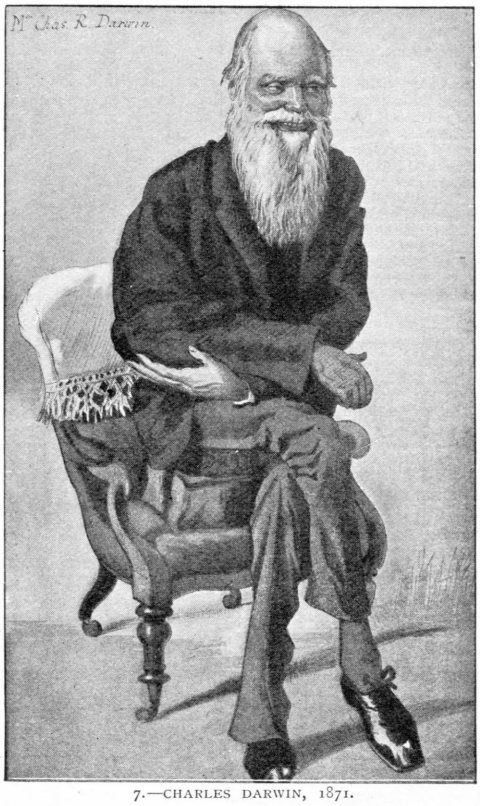
The cartoon of the Marquis of Lorne, now Duke of Argyll, No. 6, was published

4.—SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, 1870. BY THOMPSON.



5.—THOMAS CARLYLE, 1870. BY PELLEGRINI.

6.—THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, 1870. BY PELLEGRINI.

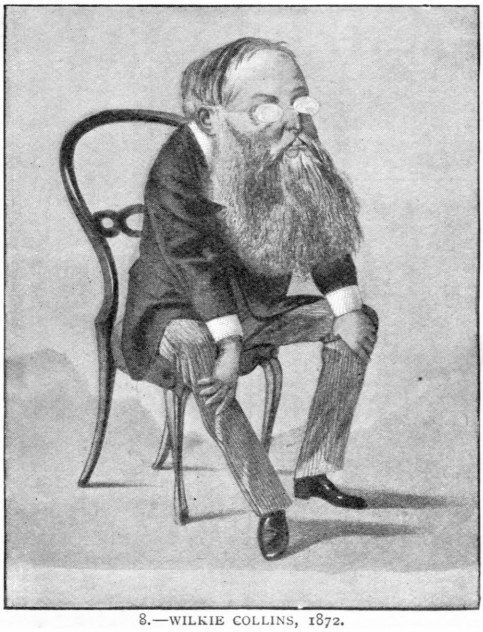


7.—CHARLES DARWIN, 1871.

in *Vanity Fair* just after the announcement of his engagement to marry the Princess Louise.

In No. 7 the late Mr. Charles Darwin looks glad that he has been naturally selected to survive. Mr. Wilkie Collins, the first "sensation" novelist, is shown in No. 8.

Mr. John Ruskin is shown to us in cartoon No. 9, as he was in the year 1872. During his working days he proved himself to be "a very Turner in the use of English prose," and he was a most generous and self-willed man. He wrote magnificently about art and about other things — political economy, for example—where his claim to our admiration is more doubtful.



8.—WILKIE COLLINS, 1872.

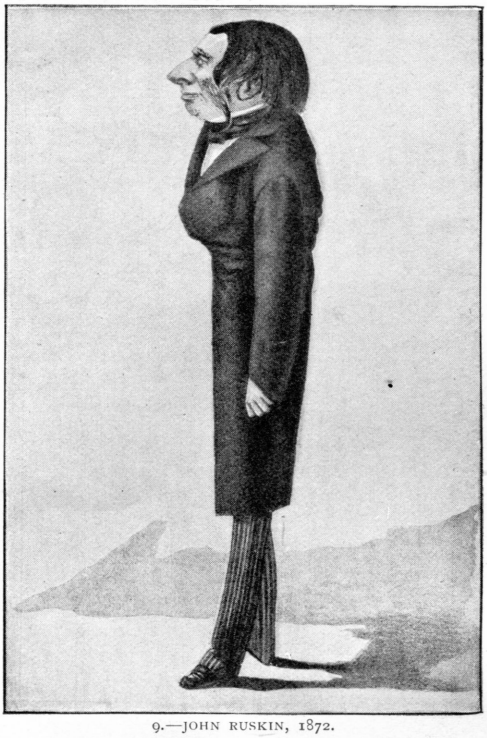
And yet he wrote the following very sensible letter, in May, 1886, to a person who had asked him for some money to pay a debt on a chapel :—

Sir, — I am scornfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing! My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is, Don't get into debt; starve and go to Heaven—but don't borrow. Try first begging; I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing! But don't buy things you can't pay for! And, of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges—or in a sand-pit, or in a coal-hole—first? And, of all manner of churches thus

idiotically built, iron churches are the damnablest to me. And, of all the sects of believers in any ruling spirit—Hindoos, Turks, Feather idolaters, and Mumbo Jumbo, Log and Fire Worshippers, who want churches, your modern English Evangelical sect is the most absurd, and entirely objectionable and unendurable to me! All which they might very easily have found out from my books—any other sort of sect would!—before bothering me to write it to them. Ever, nevertheless, and in all this saying, your faithful servant, JOHN RUSKIN.

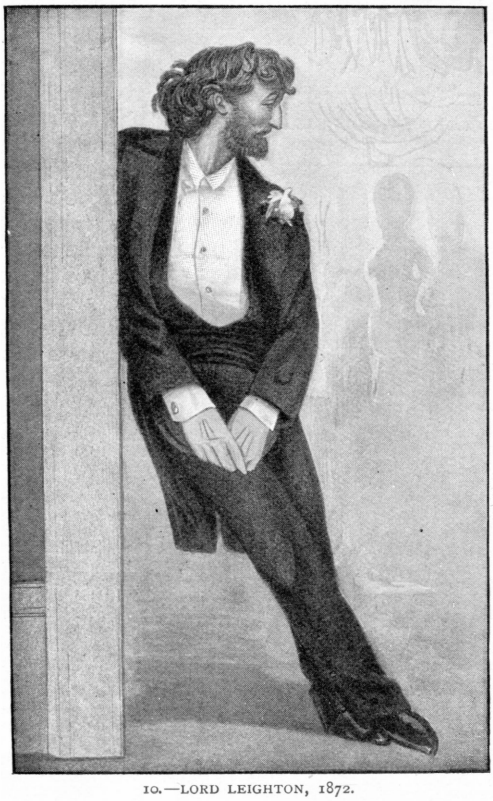
The recipient of this pleasing letter promptly sold it, and so got some money for his tin-pot chapel.

Cartoon No. 10 represents Mr. Frederick Leighton, A. R. A., a beautiful man with a delicate taste for form and colour, who in later life became Lord Leighton, P.R.A.

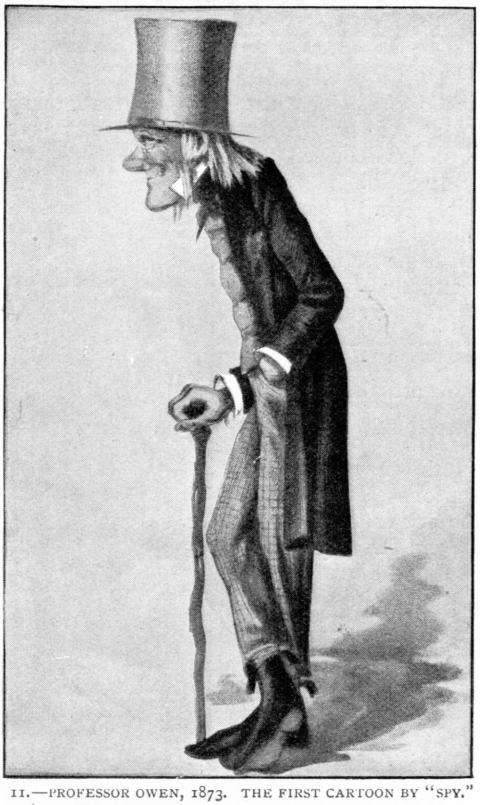


9.—JOHN RUSKIN, 1872.

The next cartoon, No. 11, is very interesting, apart from its intrinsic merit as a fine portrait of the late Professor Richard Owen—the eminent zoologist, anatomist, and palæontologist (I don't know what this last word means)—shortly, he was called "Old Bones." For this fine cartoon is the first that was done for *Vanity Fair* by Mr. Leslie Ward ("Spy"), who for more than twenty-eight years has been so prominent in the *Vanity Fair* cartoons.

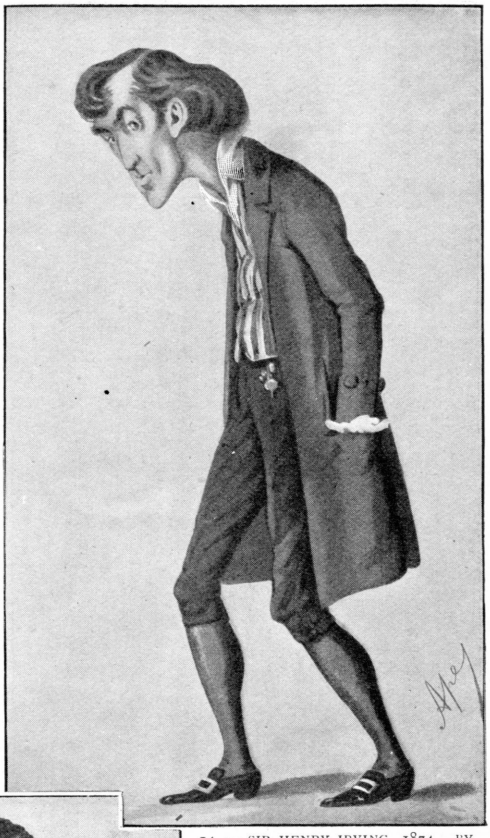


10.—LORD LEIGHTON, 1872.

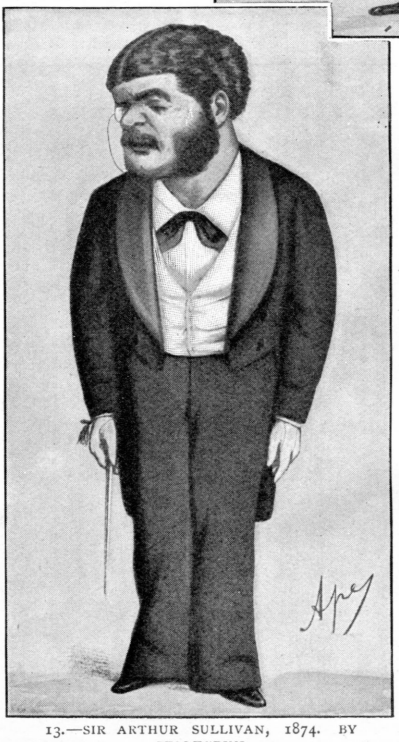


11.—PROFESSOR OWEN, 1873. THE FIRST CARTOON BY "SPY."

12.—ANTHONY TROLLOPE, 1873. BY LESLIE WARD.



14. — SIR HENRY IRVING, 1874. BY PELLEGRINI.

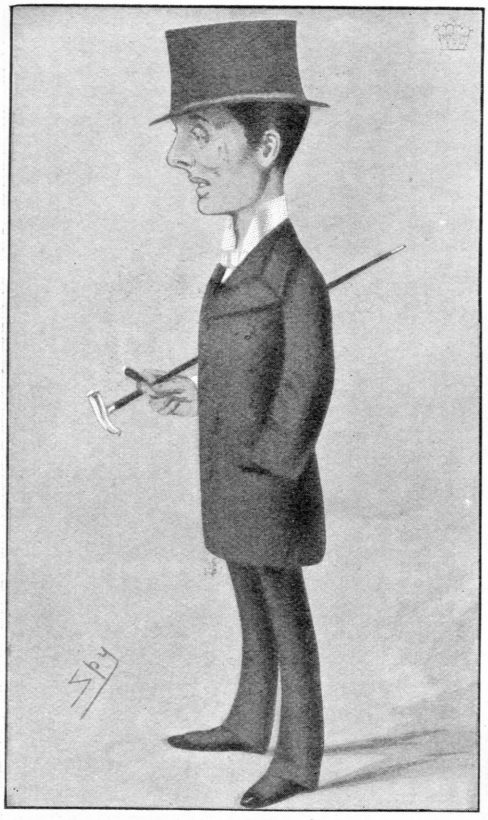


13.—SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1874. BY PELLEGRINI.

Mr. Leslie Ward is the son of the late E. M. Ward, R.A., and of Henrietta Ward, the painter, and he is also the great-grandson of James Ward, R.A., so famous "Spy" has a plenty of artistic talent in his heredity. He was educated at Eton, he is a sportsman, and the most modest of men as to his own work, which is, as we shall see for ourselves, fully equal to the best thing that Carlo Pellegrini ever did. Moreover, Mr. Ward is able to make a good cartoon out of any of his long list of subjects awaiting weekly execution: but Pellegrini, who was a chartered libertine, would undertake only those cartoons whose subjects were obviously well adapted to caricature representation in *Vanity Fair*.

Mr. Leslie Ward became connected with *Vanity Fair* in 1873 by the chance sight that Sir John Millais got of one of young Ward's caricatures. Millais was a friend of Leslie Ward's father, and he promptly marched the young artist off to Mr. Gibson Bowles at the office of *Vanity Fair*, and introduced him with the words, "Here is the man you want!"

Mr. Leslie Ward *was* the man wanted,



15.—LORD ROSEBERY, 1876. BY LESLIE WARD.

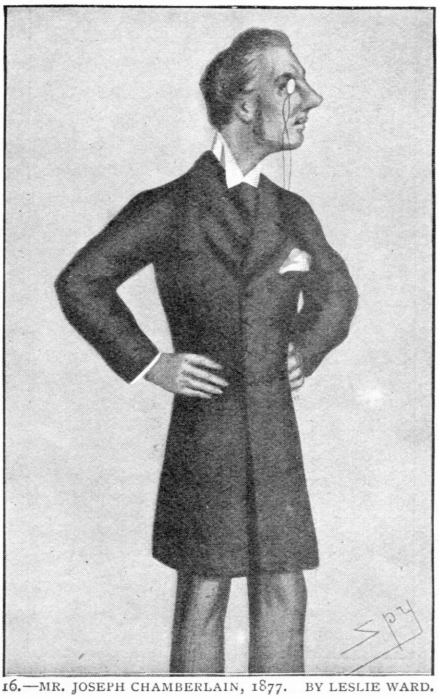
17.—DR. W. G. GRACE, 1877. BY LESLIE WARD.

and he has remained "wanted" by *Vanity Fair* and by the British public ever since.

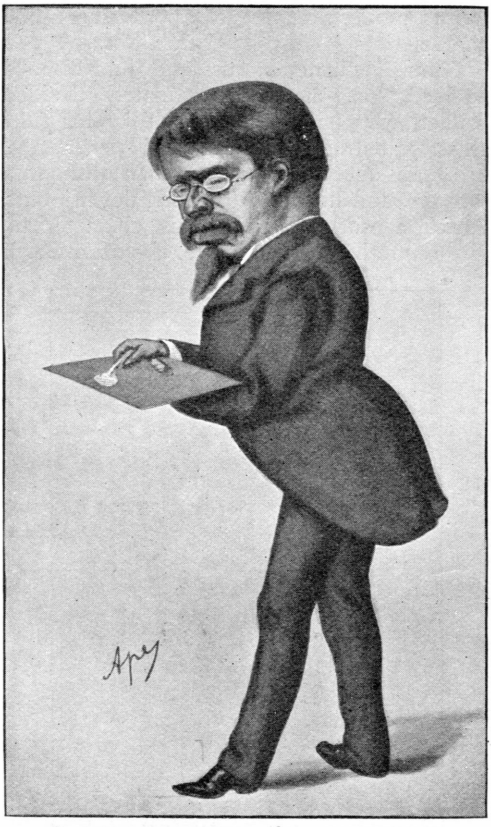
His cartoon in No. 12, of Mr. Anthony Trollope, did not please the novelist, but the late Edmund Yates was so impressed by the truth of this cartoon that when he was starting his newspaper, *The World*, Mr. Yates asked Leslie Ward to do a cartoon for it weekly. But Mr. Ward was not able to undertake the work.

No. 13 was done by Pellegrini; its subject is the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer of the beautiful tuneful music which has so often been joined in the Savoy operas with the quaint and polished wit of Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

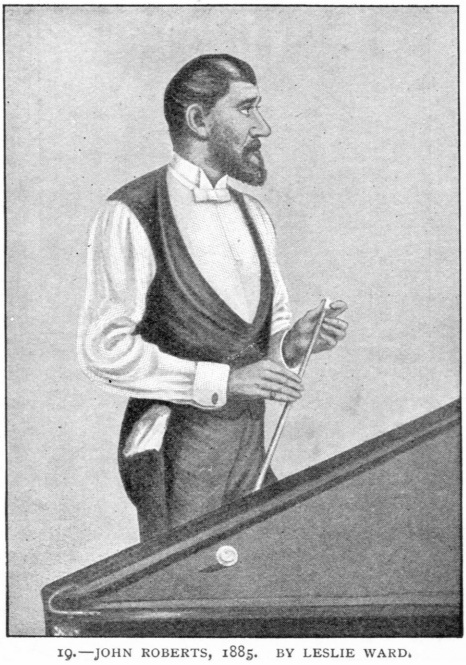
Sir Henry Irving was Mister and thirty-seven when, in 1874, Pellegrini made cartoon No. 14, representing Henry Irving as *Mathias* in "The Bells"; a piece of acting that, with *Digby Grand* in "The Two Roses," had then lately done much to send our leading actor to the top of the tree.



16.—MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, 1877. BY LESLIE WARD.



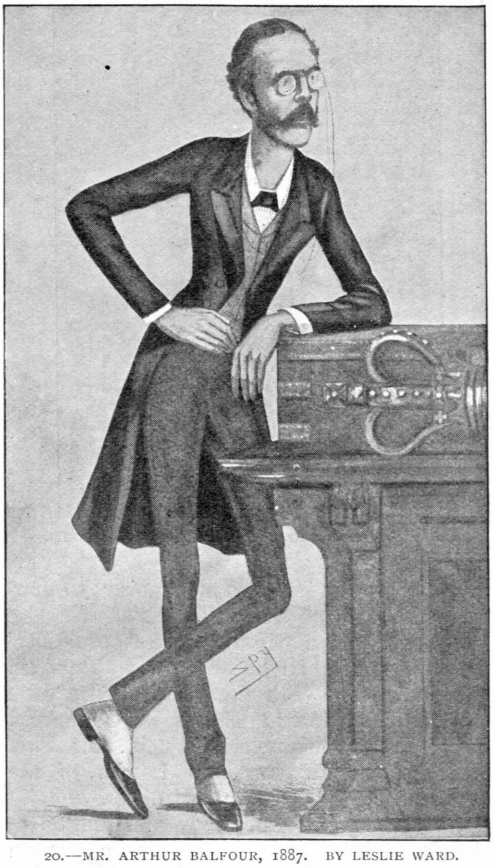
18.—SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA, 1879. BY PELLEGRINI.



19.—JOHN ROBERTS, 1885. BY LESLIE WARD.

The early portrait of Lord Rosebery seen in No. 15 was done by Leslie Ward in 1876, when the young Primrose was engrossed with his horses and trainers and with getting his racing colours—*eau de nile* and primrose—well to the front at Epsom and Ascot. The concluding and prophetic words of the notice in *Vanity Fair* that faced this cartoon were, "He may, if he will, become a statesman and a personage."

Mr. Leslie Ward went to Birmingham for



20.—MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR, 1887. BY LESLIE WARD.

the purpose of "doing" Cardinal Manning, but he did Mr. Chamberlain instead—see No. 16.

The cartoon of Dr. W. G. Grace, No. 17, was done in Mr. Leslie Ward's studio; W. G. dressed for the occasion.

Cartoon No. 18, of Sir. L. Alma-Tadema, was done by Pellegrini.

Mr. John Roberts, the greatest of billiard-players, chalks his cue in No. 19. To see this man play a series of cannons round the table makes one think that the balls are

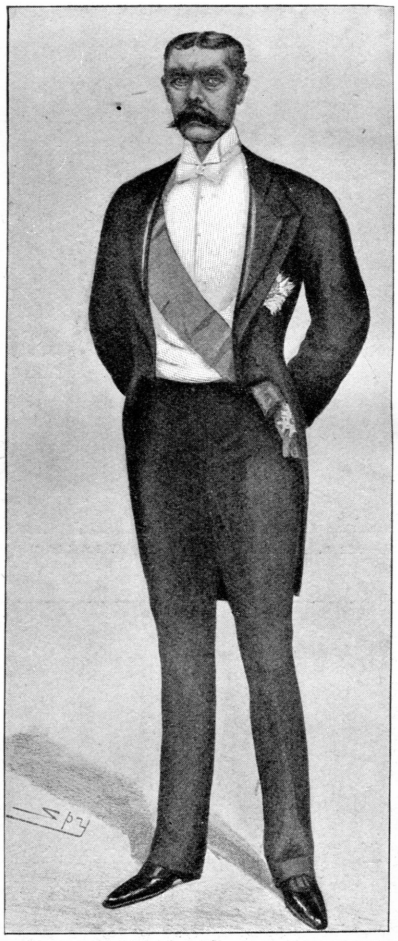
21.—GEORGE MEREDITH, 1896. BY MAX BEERBOHM.

drawn about by invisible mechanism, so marvellously easy and true are his strokes.

No. 20 is the "Industrious Apprentice" of years ago, when he and Lord Randolph Churchill were both members of the little Fourth Party in the House of Commons. This most popular statesman is now First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House. He will be Prime Minister.

Mr. Max Beerbohm's only contribution to *Vanity Fair* is shown in No. 21—a cartoon of Mr. George Meredith—done more after the older fashion of caricature than in the more modern style of portraiture that characterizes Mr. Leslie Ward's work.

Grim Kitchener looms large in No. 22—a hard, long-headed, obstinately-decided soldier, who has made himself by his foresight, attention to detail, and persistence. He won control of the Soudan without a mistake, and he is now carrying out in South Africa a work in which his characteristic virtues are having their sure, if slow, reward.



22.—LORD KITCHENER, 1899. BY LESLIE WARD.

Spangle-Winged.

By L. T. Meade

and Clifford Halifax.

I MAKE no excuse. The odds were in favour of virtue, a respectable life, and a happy conclusion when the time came for the curtain to fall. I had never suffered the pangs of hunger or the anxious throes of poverty—my health was good, and my intellect, I was proud to think, above the average. I was a scientist of no mean attainments, a medical man for whom one of the laurel wreaths of the profession was a possibility. Nevertheless I fell. I plead no excuse; on the contrary, I would heap upon myself every epithet of censure and contempt, for I of all men should have done differently. I fell, and I reap the consequences. As I write these words death is within a very measurable distance—a few more days, and that cold embrace will caress me.

But—to begin.

My name is George Matchen, and I am at the present time thirty-two years of age. I have a competence of about £800 a year; there has, therefore, never been any absolute need for me to earn my own living. I consider such a sufficiency rather a curse than a blessing; it cuts away from under a man's feet the natural desire for that work which means bread. I had bread without work, and although I had a strong predilection for the medical profession, when I found myself fully qualified it seemed that I could better serve my fellow-men by taking up what is known as preventive medicine than any other branch. It was my pleasure to follow in the footsteps of the great discoverers who undoubtedly are the lights of our profession. Such men as Koch, Pasteur, Professor Fraser, Sanarelli, and last, but not least, Dr. Patrick Manson, were beacon-lights to follow at a measurable distance. Manson's recent discoveries with regard to malaria aroused my deepest interest, and in the summer of last year I determined to make investigations on his lines for myself.

For this purpose I resolved to spend a month on the Campagna near Rome. I would, in imitation of those who had gone before me, provide myself with a mosquito-proof hut with wire gauze doors and windows, and carry on my investigations in the most malarial district of this unhealthy spot. The cause of the spread of malaria was all but proved, but the wild hope animated me that it might be my happy privilege to discover the remedy. If I could prevent the organism taking effect in man, or eliminate it when once it had entered his body; and secondly, if the mosquito itself could be destroyed, malaria, one of the greatest curses to which the human race is liable, would cease to exist.

The mere thought of such a remote and glorious contingency made my somewhat cold heart beat fast and filled me with a laudable enthusiasm. Yes, if I was anything I was a scientist, but I had another passion. This passion had grown with my growth, until silently but surely it had assumed big proportions.

I was deeply and I may say remorselessly in love with a young girl of the name of Rachel Denza. I say remorselessly, for as the sequel will prove my love was absolutely and completely selfish. I had known Rachel since she was a child. Her father was a distinguished colonel in the Army, who at the time of this story had retired from the Service. Colonel Denza adored his only child, and Rachel lived for her father. In my eyes she was extremely beautiful, although I cannot analyze her features. Her whole personality had long ago taken such complete possession of my heart that I had lifted her quite out of the ordinary region of young womanhood. When she appeared a soft sunshine seemed to come with her, a gentle warmth to emanate from her gracious young presence, and a complete and absolute contentment to visit me. I spoke little in her presence—I never made love to her in the ordinary sense—to be with her was sufficient. That she could ever be the wife of another I dismissed as an impossibility. For years I had claimed her as my own property, and that without

any sanction on her part. If she guessed that I loved her she never said so. We were excellent friends; Rachel gave me almost as many confidences as if I were her brother, and I make little doubt now that she had not the most remote idea of the passionate feelings which animated my breast when I looked at her.

It was on the day before I left England for my labours on the Campagna that I first ventured to speak openly to Miss Denza. I had written to request a private interview, but my letter had not at all prepared her for what took place. She was startled, not so much by the vehemence of my words as by my looks and actions, for when I saw that she was unprepared for my declaration of love I grew strangely agitated, restless, and unlike myself. I paced the room; I struggled

"I PACED THE ROOM."

to restrain my emotion. When I saw her cheeks turn white and her eyes avoid mine, anguish, which I little supposed could ever visit my heart, took possession of me. But for long years I had been training in self-control, and I soon managed to compose myself.

"I have taken you by surprise," I said; "but you know at last. Your answer, Rachel, your answer!"

"You have startled and distressed me," she began.

"You can leave all that out," was my reply. "Rachel, is it yes or no?"

"I cannot marry you, George," she said then, "for I do not love you."

This was a staggerer. I tried hard to win her to make an admission of regard for me. She was frightened, but very steadfast in her words.

"I shall never marry any man whom I do not love," she said.

"Is it possible you can look me in the face and say that you do not love me?" I said.

She did look me full in the face then, and her reply, low and quiet, fell on my heart like lead.

"Yes," she said.

"Then you have deceived me all these years."

"I have never willingly deceived you. I had no idea of this; I am terribly pained and sorry."

I turned from her, rage as well as agony choking my voice. Once again I regained my self-control, and then I said, in a low voice:—

"You say that you will only marry a man whom you love?"

"That is so."

"Then you will marry me."

"I do not love you."

"I shall make you love me; when you love me you will marry me."

"I shall never love you in that way," she answered.

"You will," I replied. "Rachel, listen. Make up your mind, prepare yourself for what is going to happen. You will never marry any man but me; as there is a God in Heaven, I swear that I will be your husband, and no one else."

She started away and I noticed an expression of fear coming into her eyes. I did not say any more, but my mind was made up. If I had intended Rachel to be mine before I asked her, I was now like a man possessed on the subject.

The next day I went to Rome. The time of year was favourable for my project, Rome being distinctly malarial in the month of August. I began to make my investigations at once. My experiments from the first were more for the possible cure of malaria than on the cause of its dissemination, but in order to attain the one I had to investigate the other. It is now no secret that the parasite which causes malaria in the human subject is to be found within the bodies of certain mosquitoes. The special mosquito which disseminates this terrible disease has spotted wings and lays boat-shaped eggs. For the purpose of this story it is unnecessary to go too much into the scientific question, it being sufficient to say that when this mosquito has a meal off a man infected with malaria it can, and does, convey the disease to the next healthy person whom it bites. Up to the present only the mosquito with spangled wings, the anopheles, has been discovered which is capable of conveying this dire infection from man to man, but in all probability there are many others of the species which can perform equally deadly work. As anopheles abounded on the portion of the Campagna where I had placed my hut I had abundant opportunities of studying them. Having taken the necessary precautions, and being in any case, as I considered, impervious to the bite of the mosquito, I remained free from the dread disease, and could occupy myself all day long in watching the natives of the place, who suffered much from the most malignant type of malaria, taking notes with regard to their various symptoms and examining the anopheles themselves. Thus I was occupied from morning till night, but it was when I lay down to sleep that the thought of Rachel returned to me. My madness with regard to her grew greater, not less. Each day I was more firmly resolved to make her my wife at any cost, and to inspire in her some of the passion for me which I felt so strongly for her. I had been a month on the Campagna when one morning I received the following letter:—

"My Dear George,—After our last painful interview I feel that it is only due to us both that I should inform you at as early a date as possible of my engagement."

The letter fell from my hands—an ugly word dropped from my lips. I was conscious of a strange faintness round my heart; then, uttering a savage curse, I sprang to my feet, took up Rachel's letter, and as I paced the narrow limits of the hut continued to read it:—

"I have just promised to marry Captain Channing, of the —— Lancers, whose regiment acted so brilliantly in the late Boer campaign. Geoffrey was invalided home, and we met a few weeks ago at the house of my cousins, the Pryors. From the first we liked each other, and when he asked me to be his wife I found that I loved him, and gladly accepted him. I do not mind telling you, George, who have always been my good friend, that I love Geoffrey with all my heart, and look forward with delight to our future. I hope you will send me your congratulations. I am the happiest girl in existence. You will be glad to know this, I am sure.

"I hope you are progressing satisfactorily with your work—some people say that it is a dangerous time to be in Rome. I only wish, my dear George, I could introduce you to Geoffrey.—Yours sincerely, Rachel Denza."

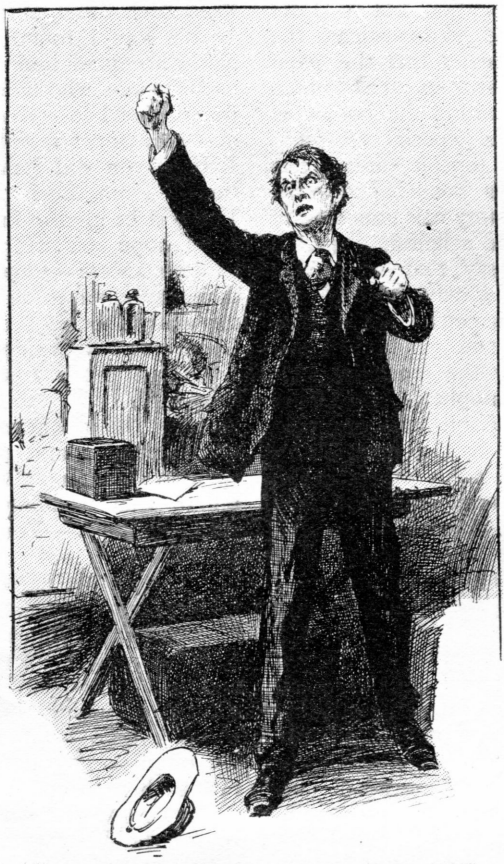
To this letter I sent an immediate and brief reply.

"My Dear Rachel," I wrote,—"I wish you happiness and prosperity. I consider Captain Channing a lucky man. Pray invite me to your wedding, and may our friendship continue.—Yours sincerely, George Matchen."

I posted this letter myself in Rome, and then returned down the Appian Way to my hut on the Campagna.

As I walked, looking outwardly calm and quiet enough, I was, within, nothing short of a smouldering volcano. The threat which I used in Rachel's presence was no idle one, and although I had written to her with such apparent coolness, I was resolved at any cost to carry it out to the bitter end. Rachel should never marry Channing; Rachel should be my wife at any cost. When a man gives himself over to such feelings as now animated me he is in danger of losing his mental balance, but I was naturally cool and wise, and had not the slightest idea of handing myself over to the penalties of the law. There was a strange beating in my heart and an answering pulse in my temples. Inwardly I was as a man torn and wronged. Between me and the time before I had received Rachel's letter spread an immeasurable distance. Before the arrival of that letter I was practically a humane scientist who loved his work and wished to benefit his fellow-men. Now, every thought was concentrated on one idea—how could I frustrate Channing, how could I make Rachel my wife? Before I slept that night I took the first step towards my terrible fall. I had a distant cousin of the

name of Marian Fletcher. She was a tall, dark, handsome girl, dashing in appearance and up-to-date in manner. She was the sort of woman I had always cordially disliked, but unfortunately for me I had the extreme penalty of attracting her. I was not conceited enough to suppose that she loved me, although I did know that I had always exercised an influence over her. From our earliest days Marian would do my bidding, and, imperious and wilful to others, would be little less than a slave to me. Now it occurred to me that she was the sort of woman to be my tool. Marian was visiting friends in the south of England. I knew her address, for we kept up a rather perfunctory correspondence, at least on my part. I wrote to her now on ordinary matters, but in the course of the letter I mentioned that I had heard of Rachel's engagement, and I begged Marian to furnish me with any particulars she could with regard to the character, ways of life, and circumstances of Captain Channing. In about a week's time I received a reply to this letter. Its contents were of deeper interest than even I had hoped.



"UTTERING A SAVAGE CURSE, I SPRANG TO MY FEET."

"MY DEAR GEORGE," wrote Marian,—"In reply to your letter I have a good deal to say. It is in my power to give you much information with regard to Rachel Denza's engagement. In the first place, the marriage between her and Captain Channing must be performed between now and the 1st of January next year, for by the will of Geoffrey Channing's late uncle, Sir Edward Marbury, he loses a large estate unless he marries before that date. Geoffrey is well off even without this money, but with it he will be an extremely rich man, able to give his wife every luxury. Now, pray listen to the divers and sundry chances which this world sometimes offers. You will start when I tell you that Geoffrey and I are first cousins; that Sir Edward Marbury was the uncle with whom I spent the greater part of my youth; and that if by any chance Geoffrey fails to marry before the 1st of January has expired, I, Marian Fletcher, come in for the property which he loses. I have no wish, believe me, to deprive him of his money, for I have abundance of my own; but at the same time his engagement more than interests me. When our uncle's will was read and this curious proviso was discovered Geoffrey was very angry and said he would never marry anyone, fortune or no fortune, except for love. Now, my dear George, I believe that Geoffrey has absolutely kept his word. Until he met Rachel he had never loved any woman. You ask about his character—he is honourable, good-looking, and by most people considered a very captivating man. I am fully convinced that he would far rather lose the fortune which will be his on the day he marries Rachel than satisfy the conditions of his uncle's will without love. Can any woman praise a man further? Well, luck attend him—he has won a prize amongst women. There seldom was a more beautiful woman than Rachel; you know that. She is not without means on her own account, although she could scarcely be called wealthy; but that fact matters little, for Rachel is in love; yes, George, madly, desperately in love, and love has transformed her. It has added to her beauty and accentuated her grace. She is now one of the most lovely women I have ever seen. They both make a splendid couple. It is

good to see two people so happy; or, George Matchen—is it good? Does it not stir certain qualities in the hearts of the spectators which are not altogether those of virtue? Forgive me, I have sometimes fancied that you had a tender place in your heart for the beautiful Miss Denza. Do you too lose by this marriage?—then we ought to sympathize one with the other, for if you lose the woman I lose the fortune. Have I anything more to tell you? Oh, yes. Colonel Denza has not been well and his doctors have ordered him to winter in Cairo. The entire party go to Egypt about the middle of November, where they will remain until after the wedding. Captain Channing of course accompanies them, and so also does your humble servant. Rachel in a letter which I have just received says she has heard from you and that you have given her your congratulations. Are these straight from your heart? I query.—Yours sincerely, MARIAN FLETCHER."

Marian's letter was the beginning of a frequent correspondence between us, the result being that the day came when I packed my traps, took my mosquito-hut to pieces, and started for Egypt a week after the Denzas had gone there. I too had made up my mind to winter in Cairo. The Denzas and their party put up at the Continental Hotel, but I took rooms at Shepheard's. For various reasons I preferred not to be under the same roof as Rachel. But I had not been six hours in Cairo before we met. I went to the Continental, and she greeted me in the great hall which forms one of the principal features of the place. Several visitors were standing about, and there was no one to notice the man who walked gravely forward and shook hands with the lovely girl who stood up and greeted him. No one could guess in the grave face of this man, in his few courteous words, that the passion of a murderer was consuming his heart.

"How well you look, George," said Rachel, and it seemed to me at that instant that she mocked me.

There was a wild beating in my ears, and her next words were almost inaudible. Then emotion passed away and I became watchful, circumspect, and resolved at any cost to hide my feelings.

"I must introduce you to Geoffrey," she said. "It is so good of you to have come to Cairo; your presence will just make our party complete. Ah, and here is Geoffrey."

She moved a step or two away, said something to a man who advanced to meet us, and the next moment Captain Channing and I had met. I looked him all over, taking his measure at a glance. When my eyes lit upon his well-formed face, his open and handsome brown eyes; when I perceived how kind Nature had been in giving him not only all the exterior attributes of manly beauty, but had further endowed him with a right, good, and honourable heart, I hated him with intense satisfaction. It was more agreeable to me in my present mood to hate than to love, but I had to be wary.

My conversation as I talked to Channing was light and agreeable; our laughter rang out. Presently Colonel Denza and Marian appeared. Although we both knew that we should meet in Cairo we each of us expressed surprise at seeing the other.

"How nice this is!" said Marian, and as she spoke she looked me full in the face, and I beheld in her big, black eyes a look of *knowledge*. I felt uncomfortable—she seemed to read me through. But she quickly put me at my ease by suggesting that we should all sit out on the moonlit terrace and enjoy our coffee and cigarettes. Towards the end of the evening Rachel and I found ourselves for a moment alone. She turned immediately and just touched my hand with hers.

"How good you are, George!" she said. "You make me so happy. It is kind of you to be nice to Geoffrey."

"But why should I not be friendly, my dear Rachel?" was my answer.

She raised her brows a very little.

"It makes me happy," she said, simply.

I knew what she was thinking of. She was quite silent for a moment, and the moonlight fell on her slender figure. She looked, I thought, ethereal.

"I cannot help thinking of your words," she began.

I interrupted her.

"Rachel," I said, in a hoarse voice, "let the curtain drop between the past and the present; a man is not accountable for what he says when he is mad."

"And you are sane now, George, are you not?" she asked, in a tone of great relief.

"Absolutely."

"How glad I am! You do not mind my talking to you now and then of my great happiness?"

"Treat me as your old friend, Rachel, and tell me what you will."

"We are to be married," she said, "two days after Christmas, in a little over three weeks. We are going to India for our wedding trip."

I bowed.

"You will be present at my wedding, will you not, George?"

"Certainly," I answered. I said this with marked emphasis, for as I intended to be the bridegroom on that auspicious occasion I should, of course, not be absent.

A moment later I took my leave. As I was going from the Continental to Shepheard's Hotel, a distance of a few yards, I saw under the shade of the big terrace the figure of Marian Fletcher. She stretched out her hand as I passed and touched me.

"You did it very well indeed," she said, "and you gave yourself away to no one but me."

"What do you mean by saying that, Marian?" I replied.

"I have acquired the power of reading your heart," she answered. "It is a subtle one, George Matchen, but I have the gift of reading it through and through."

"May I not see you back to the Continental?" was my answer.

"You may when we have walked up and down here in the shade. I came out on purpose. No one will see us, and even if anyone does I do not care. We are old friends, and I must know exactly the part I am to play."

"The part you are to play?" I replied, my heart beating quickly.

"I intend to help you," she answered, and she laid her hand on my arm.

Rachel's hand was the last to touch me—it seemed to me now that Marian's touch was profanation. I started away, almost rudely. She observed the gesture, and her black eyes flashed.

"The wedding takes place in three weeks," she said. "You are agreeable, of course?"

"It shall never take place," I answered, in a low voice. "I have vowed, and I mean to keep my vow."

"Bravo!" she answered me. "I thought as much. George, I too have good reason to wish this marriage not to take place."

"By the way, of course you have," I replied. "How much money comes to you if Channing fails to marry before the 1st of January?"

"My late uncle's house and estate, and something like £50,000 in Consols. A big fortune," she continued, "but I do not care so much for that; something else influences me."

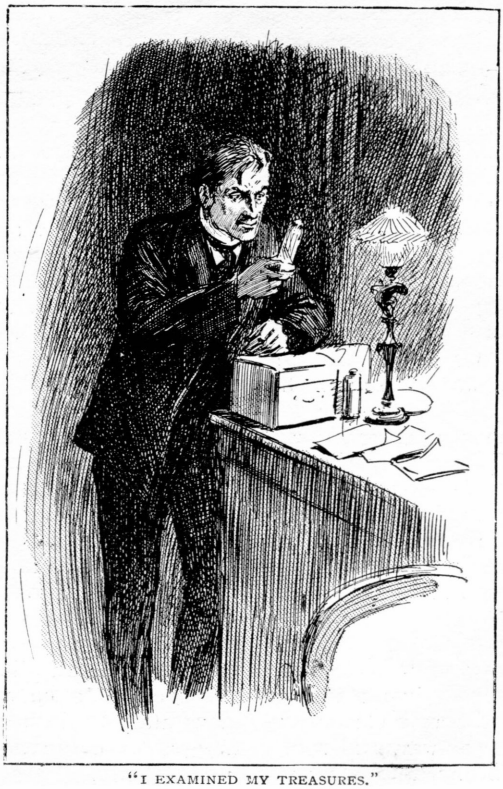
"What?" I asked.

"You," she replied. "You, George Matchen. Do you not know that I love you?"

"Do not say it, Marian," I answered, hoarsely.

"It is easy to say 'Don't,'" she replied, "when the deed is done, and when nothing can alter facts. Do you know how many men I have refused for your sake? And, yes, even if I do receive that fortune, I vow that I will marry no one but you. You have made a vow to marry one woman, while another woman has made a vow to marry you. Now you see your position."

I laughed somewhat ruefully.



"I EXAMINED MY TREASURES."

"You do not put things too pleasantly," I said.

"You will acquiesce by-and-by, for you must," she replied. "But we must both clearly understand. You do not wish the marriage—we both have strong reasons why it should never take place. We both intend to act with cleverness, we both intend to hide our real feelings; that is enough for to-night, our further consideration must be how we are to take the steps we wish to take."

"Aye," I said. "Good-night, Marian."

She did not take my hand this time; she glided away. I returned to my hotel, but not to sleep.

During my recent experiments on the Campagna I had followed Manson's discoveries. The spangle-winged mosquito, small, light as air, almost transparent, scarcely visible to the naked eye, carried within its tiny body a weapon of death almost as sure and certain as the assassin's knife.

Before leaving the precincts of that malarial district I had secured several of these mosquitoes in a bottle. The bottle was, of course, provided with a breathing apparatus, and in order to keep the insects alive I fed them on bananas, but I knew that in order to insure the truth of Manson's theory I must give the mosquitoes a malarial victim to feed upon. How could I find such a victim?

To-night I examined my treasures. I held the bottle between myself and the light. They seemed in good condition. I lay down to sleep in the small hours and my sleep was troubled by dreams. I awoke early, jumped up and dressed hastily. After breakfast I determined to pass away the morning hours in the far-famed bazaars. As I walked there now through the crowded streets, the air, light, dry, exhilarating, insensibly cheered my spirits; the weight which had lain against my heart lifted, and although my mind was irrevocably made up I determined to enjoy the present. As I strolled along the narrow streets, knocking up against Arabs and Egyptians as I did so, and finally entered under the low portal which led to the bazaars, I wondered if I should meet Rachel here. Most girls like to visit these homes of curiosities and articles of *vertu*. I thought of Rachel and of her alone as I passed between the gaily set-out counters, and listened to the eager remarks of the merchants as they advertised their wares. I thought of Rachel's glorious eyes, the ring in her voice, the immeasurable comfort which one glance at her afforded me. I should be a madman indeed if I did not make a frantic struggle to secure so great a prize. I walked on and on, shouted to in broken English by the Arabs as they stood behind their counters. But the moonstones, the turquoises, the bracelets, the necklets, the kerchiefs, the rich embroideries, did not attract me; I saw them without seeing them. Presently I passed right through the bazaar of varieties, down through the Turkish quarters, and into the Silver Bazaar. Here one could see the metal itself formed into bangles, bracelets, and brooches before one's eyes. It was the fashion for each visitor in Cairo to visit this special bazaar. A more dangerous and hideous-looking place it was scarcely possible to find. There was barely room for me to walk between the stalls; men of all Eastern nationalities, Arabs, Egyptians, Bedouins, Syrians, peered at me as I passed by. The crafty face of a Greek looked into mine; the suave, smooth, expressionless countenance of an Arab was within a foot or two of my own face. It would, I knew, be easy for these men to bind me hand and foot, to rob and murder me, and there would be an end for all time of George Matchen; but no one was interested in me to that extent. I passed by, buying nothing and exciting no comment whatsoever. I was just about to come out again when a man who was standing by a counter and examining some soft silver bangles attracted my attention. The place was lit artificially, and the flame of a torch fell on his face. I stopped when I saw him, and a spasm of mingled agony and delight crossed my heart. He was a sad-looking object—his face was so thin that the bones all but protruded; it was sallow, too, with a sickly sallowness which spoke of deranged liver and blood-poisoning; his black eyes were sunken in his head; he coughed as he spoke, and as I approached him and stared almost rudely into his face I saw him shiver as if with sudden rigor. Beyond doubt, dark as was his complexion, he was a European—perhaps an Englishman; beyond doubt, also, he was suffering from malaria. I knew this at once; I knew also that the malaria which was draining his life-blood was of the kind known as malignant. Now, all malarias are intermittent, and this man was in the stage of this fell disease when the fever for a short time had relaxed its grip. He completed his bargain with the silver merchant and I followed him out of the bazaar. He took no notice whatever of me, but walked languidly, tottering slightly as he did so. Suddenly he almost fell. This was my opportunity. I went quickly to his side and offered him my arm.

"You are ill," I said, speaking in French. "Can I assist you to a carriage?"

He replied to me at once in excellent English.

"I was mad to come out," he said. "Thank you for your courtesy. I shall be very much obliged if you will see me into a victoria."

I observed that he was past all other speech. I led him gently to the end of the street and put him into a carriage. He gave the driver the name of the Continental Hotel. Again there came a grip at my

"I WENT QUICKLY TO HIS SIDE AND OFFERED HIM MY ARM."

heart, but this time it was altogether one of satisfaction.

Cairo is perhaps the last place on earth where malaria is to be found; the extreme dryness of the climate makes such a disease all but impossible. This man, therefore, must have come to Cairo already attacked. I needed such a victim. Beyond doubt he was the tool to execute the deadly work which I had in hand. That evening I had a private conversation with Marian.

"There is a man under this roof very ill," I said. "Do you happen to know about him?"

"Are you alluding to Mr. Aldis?" she said at once.

"Perhaps so," I replied. "I met a man to-day at the Silver Bazaar; he was suffering from malignant malaria. Oh, it is not infectious; you need not start. I helped him to a carriage and he gave the address of this hotel. I am interested."

Then I looked at her and stopped speaking. Her face became watchful and eager.

"Tell me something about malaria," she said, in a whisper.

I hated her as she came nearer to me; I hated her still more when she lowered her voice; all the same, I knew I must use her.

"Malaria in all forms is deadly," I said. "It works havoc on the constitution. Malignant malaria as a rule kills, and quickly. The man I helped to-day will shortly die."

"Could you not be of service to this suffering individual?" was her next question, made after a pause. "There is doubtless," she continued, "no one else in Cairo who has so thoroughly studied the deadly complaint."

"That I am sure is the case," I replied.

"Perhaps you would like to see Mr. Aldis?"

I looked full at her, then I lowered my eyes.

"Wait a moment," she said. "I know the manager—I will go and speak to him."

She jumped up and left me. In a few minutes she returned to my side.

"I think Mr. Aldis will see you," she said, in a whisper. "A message has been sent to his apartments. He is very ill this evening, but refuses to see any of the doctors of the place. It is possible, therefore, that he may give you the pleasure of prescribing for him."

"Then, in that case," I answered, abruptly, "I will leave the hotel for a few minutes. If a message comes in my absence keep it for me, will you?"

I went straight to Shepheard's. I reached my own room. There I took a bottle which contained my pet mosquitoes from its hiding-place and held it between me and the light. Opening this bottle with extreme care I transferred two of the winged insects to another and smaller bottle. These I christened on the spot Lucifer and Diabolis. I smiled strangely as I watched their attenuated, shadowy forms. They immediately settled themselves at the bottom of the bottle. They looked languid; doubtless they were weak for want of their proper food.

"I am prepared, my friends, to give you a meal to-night," I said to them.

I slipped the bottle into my pocket and went back to the hotel.

"Oh, George," said Rachel, the moment I appeared, "there is a poor man dreadfully ill upstairs; the concierge has been to inquire for you; the man, a Mr. Aldis, wants to know if you will pay him a professional visit."

"With pleasure," I replied. "Ah, there is the concierge; I will speak to him."

I went up to the man, said a few words, and a moment later was taken up in the lift to Aldis's room. He had a large room on the third floor. The man flung open the door, announced—"Dr. George Matchen," and shut it behind him. The patient was bending over a wood fire in all the first rigor of a terrible attack.

"How do you do?" he said, just nodding to me and speaking with difficulty, for his teeth chattered so. "I have to thank you for your kindness to-day; I did not know, then, that I was being helped by a doctor, and one who the manager tells me has specially studied the infernal disease which is bringing me to the grave. I do not suppose you can do anything for me, but all the same it is kind of you to call."

"I may possibly be able to give you a little relief," was my reply. Then I sat down by his side and asked him a few questions.

He was far gone, indeed, with acute malignant malaria. He told me he had contracted it in New Guinea, that the attacks were becoming more and more frequent and his strength less and less. He had fled from the deadly place to Cairo hoping to recover, but his own supposition was that he was too deeply imbued with the disease for any chance of cure, and was to a certainty dying.

"I shall never go out again," he said, "until I am carried from here. I have declined, however, to go to a hospital, and I do not want a nurse; I can manage myself."

As he spoke he cowered yet nearer to the fire. I took out my glass bottle and, unobserved by him, removed the cork and let one of the spangle-winged mosquitoes free. I then turned and sat down near the patient.

I tried to draw him to talk on other matters, but he was too ill even to answer my questions. I knew that I was cruel, almost brutal; but was he not my tool—should I not be a madman to lose this chance of acquiring what I desired? Presently there sounded on my ears the well-known musical hum of a mosquito. It came nearer and yet nearer; passing me by, it selected the sick man as its victim. A moment later and my spangle-winged beauty alighted on the invalid's hand. He immediately raised the other hand to brush it off, but before he could do so I interposed.

"One moment," I cried; "this is most curious. Let me secure this mosquito; it is surely not one of the ordinary kind one finds here."

As I spoke I laid my hand lightly on the mosquito. It fluttered in its unwelcome prison. I put it back into my bottle. The invalid gazed at me in astonishment.

"The brute has bitten me," he said. "It is early in the year for mosquitoes in Cairo, but I have been bitten before."

"Indeed," I answered, with eagerness. "Yes, I see you have mosquito curtains round your bed."

"The season has been so warm that they have never died off as is their usual habit," was his answer. "But excuse me, doctor, I think I shall get into bed; the second stage of my disease is approaching."

I now changed my manner and helped him to the utmost of my ability. I sat with him until the fury of the attack had spent itself, and it was late before I left his room.

From that hour Frank Aldis was my patient. I visited him once or twice a day. I spoke to my friends downstairs of the interesting case which had come under my notice. I specially mentioned how extremely favourable it was for my special investigations. Marian watched me morning, noon, and night—she was intensely interested; Captain Channing mildly so; but Rachel scarcely listened to me. For the time she was altogether absorbed; it was her nature to be polite to everyone, but I could see that she lived in a dream-world, and only Captain Channing's voice and Captain Channing's face had power to make her heart awake. I saw the light of love in her eyes whenever she looked at him—but for that look which was never directed towards me I might have paused and considered; as it was I was obdurate. I had now fed all my mosquitoes one by one from the veins of my malarious patient, but Lucifer and Diabolis I still kept in a bottle by themselves—they were fully primed to do what destruction lay in their power. Meanwhile the days flew. Christmas Day arrived, and two days afterwards the wedding was to take place. On that day Marian watched me much as a cat watches a mouse. As to Captain Channing and Rachel, they were more and

more absorbed in each other. On Christmas night I knew that the time had come to strike. For this purpose I must secure the services of Marian Fletcher. I asked her, therefore, as the evening approached to stroll with me on the terrace. The night was balmy, like an English midsummer. There were several guests sitting about; the waiters in their quaint Oriental costumes were darting here and there supplying the different small tables with coffee and cigarettes. Marian and I moved into the shade where no one walked or lingered.

"Well?" she said.

I turned to her. "Will you help me?" I asked.

"On a condition," she replied, very slowly.

"You come in for the fortune, Marian, that is the condition."

"You marry me, George. That is my condition," she answered.

I looked her full in the eyes.

"You ask the impossible," I said. "I want to remove a certain man from my path because I love the girl who is engaged to him. How can you expect me to marry you?"

"This is a case of revenge," she answered, lightly. "You deprive Rachel Denza of her lover and her fortune, but you marry me afterwards. The whole thing is well conceived, and I can and will help you."

I was silent, thinking hard. I could not do what I intended to do without her help; at the same time nothing on this earth would induce me to marry her.

"Listen, Marian," I said, softly. "What we do we must do to-night. You and I step down from the paths of respectability and enter the shady paths of crime—deliberate and wicked crime—to-night. We will talk of the conditions afterwards. If you fail to help me on this night, which is already upon us, it will be too late."

"In any case I get the fortune," she said, softly, under her breath. "What am I to do to-night, Dr. Matchen?"

I took a glass bottle from my pocket.

"In this," I said, "is a mosquito."

She laughed.

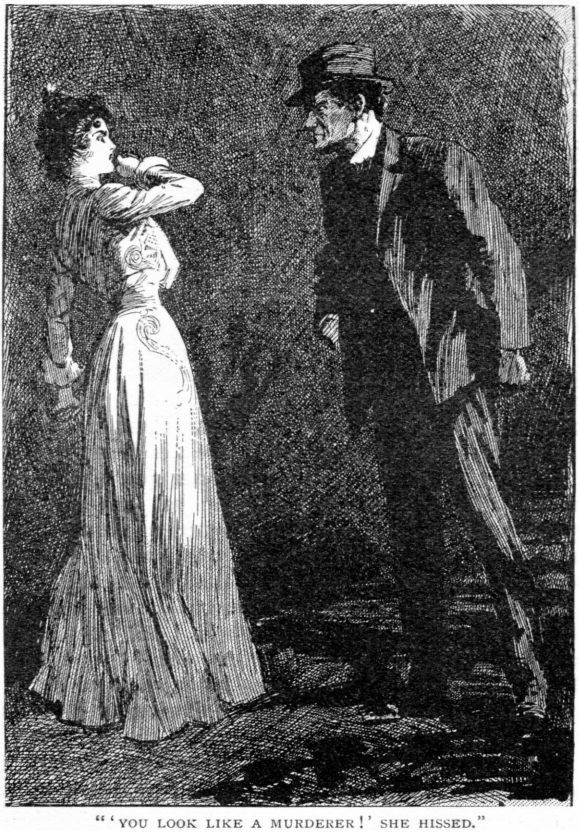
"Really," she answered; "we descend from the sublime to the ridiculous. I am not partial to mosquitoes; one got inside my curtains last night and bit me savagely on my neck; my neck is inflamed. Did you not notice the ugly mark at dinner?"

"I did not," I replied. "But listen, pray. There are mosquito curtains, are there not, round all the beds?"

"Of course."

"In what room does Captain Channing sleep, Marian?"

"On the same corridor with the rest of our party. All our rooms adjoin; his is the farthest off, then Colonel Denza's, then mine, then Rachel's."



"'YOU LOOK LIKE A MURDERER!' SHE HISSED."

"Then your course is easy," I answered. "Pray go upstairs some time this evening when no one is by, enter Captain Channing's room, open the curtains of his bed, and let the insect which rests in this bottle have its freedom *inside* the curtains. When you are quite certain that it is safe within, tuck the curtains down again and come away. The work is easy," I continued, and I gave a light laugh.

"Work easy, pay heavy," she answered.

Just then a waiter carrying a tray with glasses

passed us. The reflection of a bright light in one of the rooms of the hotel caused the glasses to gleam. There was a second reflection on Marian's face and on mine.

"You look like a murderer," she hissed, "and you want me to be one, too."

"Ask no questions," I replied. "What is a mosquito? Keep your secret. If you do your work well you will at least be an heiress, one of the richest women in England. —There."

I thrust the bottle which contained Diabolis into her hand. Diabolis was full-fed and ripe to pursue his deadly work.

The next morning, by invitation, I breakfasted at the Continental with the Denzas. The whole party were in high spirits. Captain Channing, in particular, looked in radiant health; but I noticed to my own intense satisfaction that he rubbed his cheek, and I observed the small but sure bite of a mosquito in the little red patch which irritated him. Rachel's eyes met mine; she noticed the direction of Captain Channing's hand, and, bending towards him, said :—

"So you were the victim last night?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, turning to her.

"I was bitten the night before; I see that those horrid creatures attacked you last night."

"Do you mean the mosquitoes?" he asked, immediately. "It is surprising that they should be active at this time of the year. Of course, one knows there are always a few in Cairo, but a most persistent brute had got into my mosquito curtains; it worried me indescribably: I managed, however, to kill it at last."

So Diabolis was dead! I smiled grimly to myself. Captain Channing jumped up and asked Rachel if she had finished breakfast. They went out together; Marian and I found ourselves alone.

"When will the poison begin to work?" she asked.

"Hush!" I replied. "Walls have ears."

"But when?" she persisted.

"Probably this afternoon."

"Is one dose sufficient?"

"It would be safer to give a second," was my answer, after a moment's hesitation. "Can you help me to do this, Marian?"

"Certainly I can. Will you let me have the bottle which contains the insect before night?"

I nodded. She looked full at me.

"You clearly understand what my collaboration in this matter implies?"

"You get the money," was my answer.

"And the man," she continued.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"You know, Miss Fletcher," I said, "that I only love one woman, Rachel Denza."

"And she is good," replied Marian, slowly. "A nice husband you would make for a good woman! You had much better be content with me. Like ought to mate with like in this world. I at least shall never reproach you, for we shall both be in the same box."

I made no answer. Not one single thrill of remorse had visited me. If I ever had a heart it was now hard as iron. I was only thinking of the result which a second dose of poison would certainly produce. Rachel, deprived both of fortune and lover, must assuredly turn to me. My work could not be spoilt now. I must soothe and satisfy Marian later on, but at any cost she must complete what she had begun.

Just then Rachel came up to us. Her face was a little pale and a trifle anxious.

"I am so glad you have not gone," she said, eagerly. "Geoffrey is not well; he complains of shivering and headache. It is impossible that he could have caught malaria, but certainly the symptoms seem very like those from which Mr. Aldis suffers."

"Do not be anxious," I replied. "Malaria is not infectious in the ordinary sense, but I will go and see him; where is he?"

"He has gone to his room to lie down; he feels very sick."

"Better and better," I whispered to myself.

I ran upstairs and saw Channing. He had slight rigor, which I knew would soon increase; he had also sick headache. He could not understand his own sensations.

"Give me something to put me right, won't you, Matchen?" he said, when he saw me. "It is no end of a nuisance to be knocked up to-day, for remember I marry Rachel to-morrow."

"That you do not, sir," was my inward comment.

Aloud I said :—

"I will prescribe something for you, and the main thing is not to worry."

I went downstairs and ordered a harmless compound. It was by no means my intention to cut the attack short, even if I could do so.

In the evening I inquired for Captain Channing. He was now very ill, indeed, and all thought of to-morrow's ceremony was abandoned. Colonel Denza was anxious and spoke to me.

"I hope Channing will be able to be

married on the following day," he said. "You have doubtless heard of the curious will which provides him a fortune if he takes to himself a wife before or on the first of the New Year?"

"I have heard of it," I replied, briefly. "He is suffering from malaria, and there are symptoms which point to a malignant type, but I hope the attack will have died down by the morning."

Colonel Denza looked very anxious. I saw that I was not wanted, and went back to my hotel.

I returned later to put my glass bottle into Marian Fletcher's hand.

"I am appointed nurse," she said, "for the time being; you see how everything suits, but do not forget our bargain."

I nodded to her and went away. Again, that night, callous wretch that I was, I slept, but I awoke early and went to the hotel. Captain Channing had got over the first acute attack, and was lying on his pillows, languid, weak, and indifferent. Rachel was standing in the room; she turned when she saw me.

"This is our wedding-day," she said, "but Geoffrey says he cannot marry me to-day."

"Why, of course not," I replied. "How could you be so cruel as to expect it?"

She fell on her knees beside his couch and took one of his feverish hands in hers.

"I have a headache myself," she said; "it is caused by disappointment."

"Darling, I shall be all right to-morrow," he said, and, making an effort, he raised her little hand to his lips and kissed it.

The sight maddened me. I made a remark, ordered the prescription which I had made up yesterday to be renewed, and left the room. Colonel Denza was standing on the landing.

"Well," he said, "how is the patient? Any improvement?"

"There is not the least doubt, Colonel," I replied, "that Captain Channing is suffering from malignant malaria. The fact is he ought not to marry for some time."

"He must marry before the 1st. We must get through the ceremony somehow to-morrow."

"Ah," I answered, "I do not think you will."

"It is worse than provoking," said the Colonel. "I do not want to be heartless, believe me, Matchen, but to throw away such a fortune! Surely a great effort ought to be made to comply with the uncle's will."

"I will do my best," I answered. "But would you like to call in another doctor?"

"Certainly not; no one knows so much about malaria as you do."

Just then Rachel passed me, going languidly and very slowly to her room. I was struck by the feebleness of her step and followed her.

"Are you ill, Rachel?" I said. "Is this little disappointment more than you can bear?"

"Believe me, it is not the money," she answered, and tears filled her lovely eyes. "It is the sight of his suffering—the change in his face. Oh, you do not think he will die?"

"I WAS STRUCK BY THE FEEBLENESS OF HER STEP."

"No, no," I said, as soothingly as I could. "But you really are ill."

"I do not know what is the matter," she answered. "I feel much as Geoff did yesterday morning, shivery, tired, headachy."

"You are nervous," I replied. "You cannot possibly be contracting malaria. Now, go like a good girl and lie down."

She left me. Again I observed that feeble walk. She was a tall, strong girl, but she absolutely tottered as she went down the long corridor. Her walk reminded me of Aldis as he tottered up the street after leaving the Silver Bazaar.

I could not quite account for the strange, fierce nervousness which suddenly arose within me, nor could I in the least understand the vague fear which clutched at my heart and shook me to the foundations of my being. I went downstairs; Marian sat reading an English newspaper. She raised her eyes when I approached.

"All going well, eh?" she inquired.

I sat down near her.

"How can you look so cool and indifferent?" I said. "Sometimes I wonder if you are a woman at all."

"As much woman as you are man, dear sir," was her gentle response. "But how go the patients?"

"The patients!" I cried. "There is only one patient; he is bad enough, God knows."

"I fancy there are two," she replied.

"Two?" I cried. "Two?"

Then I remembered Rachel's condition. I looked full at Marian. My very heart stood still—the words I tried to utter froze on my lips.

"There are likely to be two," continued Marian, in a low tone. She stood up as she spoke. "Come out on the terrace, Dr. Matchen."

I followed her. The terrace was absolutely deserted. We stood side by side in the shade caused by the big hotel. The sunshine blazed hot everywhere else; a number of Arab women carrying necklaces, feathers, and other things to sell came up and proffered their wares. Marian ordered the women off with an imperious gesture.

"Dr. Matchen," she said, facing me and looking me full in the eyes, "I asked you for a promise last night you virtually refused to give. Remembering that man above all things is frail, weak, and uncertain, anxious to have his own way at any cost, but not anxious to perform that which is afterwards expected of him—to make all safe, I took the matter into my own hands. It does not suit my wishes that Captain Channing should die and Rachel live, beautiful and free. I think you call your favourite mosquitoes Diabolis and Lucifer. Diabolis poisoned Captain Channing on the night of the 25th; Lucifer poisoned Rachel last night."

"What do you mean?" I cried.

I took her by her shoulders and turned her round.

"What do you mean?" I hissed again in her face.

"What I say. Take your hands off. I took the one step possible to take. They are both ill now, and it is—yes, your doing and mine. Cure them if you can."

I did not say a word—I was incapable of speech. I turned from Marian, walked across the hall of the big hotel, and, not waiting for the lift, bounded up the stairs three steps at a time to the third story. I turned down the corridor where the Denzas' rooms were situated. Rachel's door was slightly ajar; I heard voices within. Her father was standing by the bedside. The girl herself was lying on the bed; she had not troubled to undress, but from where I stood I noticed the frightful rigor which caused her to shiver from head to foot. Colonel Denza saw me, and asked me to enter.

"Ah, Matchen," he said, "you are the very man. What can you make of this? Are not Rachel's symptoms singularly like those from which Channing suffered yesterday?"

I went up to the bed and took the small, hot hand in my clasp. The pulse was galloping—it did not need me to lay my finger upon it to know that the girl's temperature was high.

"You must get into bed, Rachel," I said, as gently as I could speak. "You are more ill than I thought; I will get a nurse from the hospital to see after you."

"I am so cold," she answered, and her teeth chattered.

I bent towards her.

"Tell me," I said, "and speak truly. Were you bitten by anything last night?"

"Bitten?" she answered, pressing her hand to her eyes and pushing back her hair. "How funny! I had forgotten. Of course I was. A mosquito got inside my curtains; it bit my little finger and my wrist: see how inflamed they are. I lit a candle and hunted for the little wretch, but could not find it. Oh, how my head aches; how giddy I am!"

"I will get you a nurse; we will soon have you all right," I said; but my face must have

belied my words. I motioned to Colonel Denza and we both left the room.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Matter!" I cried. "Only God knows. Your daughter is infected with the same horrible thing from which Captain Channing is suffering. Yes, they will be cured; they must be cured. I take it upon me to say that is almost a certainty; but they are both ill—alarmingly so. Get nurses from the hospital, my dear sir. Do not allow Miss Fletcher near them; any excuse—infection—what you like. I am off to—to do that which I mean to do."

"But the marriage—the marriage on the 1st!" cried the agonized father.

"Marriage!" I answered. "Colonel Denza, you may be thankful if you keep your daughter. Go on your knees to Almighty God and ask Him to spare her life. Do not keep me now."

"But where are you going?" he called after me. "Are there no immediate steps to be taken?"

"Yes, yes. Dose her with quinine, dose them both with quinine. I will prescribe the dose. Do not keep me, I beg of you."

I rushed from the hotel. I was like a madman, like one possessed; and yet, and yet, I was not as guilty as I had been when I awoke that morning. It was given to me at the eleventh hour to repent, to repent with the agony which lost souls must feel in purgatory. Little did I care then whether Rachel married the man she loved or not. All I required of the God who made her was her life.

"Oh, spare her young and beautiful life!" I cried, and then I thought no more of the past, but only of the present. I must take means.

While studying the great malarial question on the wide plains of the Campagna I had, as I have already stated, thought much of the possibility of a remedy or a cure—something which should destroy the parasites in the blood. I had already made extensive experiments in this direction, but hitherto, I must own, without marked success. Still, in moments when I could think clearly and devote my whole time to the question, I had wild dreams of a certain disinfectant which I called by the name of spirileen. Spirileen was a mixture of more than one strong disinfectant, and could be introduced by inoculation into a healthy or infected subject at will. Up to the present, as I have said, I had found no certain results, but I was nearly mad now, and determined, come what would, to try to inoculate Rachel.

I went to my rooms, shut myself in, worked up my subject carefully for a few hours, and then went back to the Continental. There was a hush and quiet over the place. Everyone in the hotel knew what had occurred: that the bride and bridegroom of to-morrow were both literally lying at death's door. The manager of the hotel looked disturbed; if it were known that an attack of malignant malaria was assailing his guests he himself would be ruined. He came to me to ask what it meant.

"Can you throw any light on the subject, sir?" was his inquiry. "Panic is beginning which will empty the hotel; several people have already gone. Mr. Aldis is so bad he is not expected to live out the day."

"What do you say?" I asked.

I started, turned, and faced him.

"Just what I say, sir. Mr. Aldis is not expected to hold out until night, and Miss Fletcher, one of your party, sir, has already started for Alexandria *en route* for England."

This was a relief which the man must have seen reflected in my face. I evaded any further questions from him and rushed upstairs. I went to Aldis's door and knocked. A feeble voice responded. I opened the door and entered. The man was lying weak unto death on his bed. He could scarcely speak, his face was cadaverous, the signs of approaching death were manifest.

If I saved him—and surely in such an extreme case any experiment was justifiable—then Rachel at such a much earlier stage of the complaint would be delivered. I went straight up to Aldis and bent over him.

"I am nearly gone," he said to me.

"I have something that I want to try," I said. "It is kill or cure. May I?"

He gave a vague nod; I doubt if he understood me. I had my syringe ready, and within two minutes I had inoculated him. I sat down by him then and waited for the result. I had watched his case for days now, and I knew when the fever would begin to return. It was due. The temperature ought to rise within half an hour. I sat and watched the clock as a man who is drowning watches to see whether the saving rope will reach him. When the clock struck I took Aldis's temperature. It was normal; there was no rise. I took it again in half an hour; still no rise.

"What is this?" I said. "Your attack is not coming back."

I observed that his eyes were a shade brighter. I gave him a stimulant. I sat

with him for another hour; still no rise of temperature, no sign of the terrible recurrence of the fever. Already he looked better; he was able to turn in bed and to watch me. I gave him a second dose of the disinfectant and then left him. My mind was made up; I went straight to Rachel's room.

She was in a paroxysm of extreme misery. The nurse whom Denza had summoned was seated by the bedside. Rachel was delirious; she did not know anyone.

"It is a very sharp attack, sir," said the nurse, in French.

"Yes," I answered, and then I took the girl's white hand and pushed up her sleeve, and introduced the spirileen.

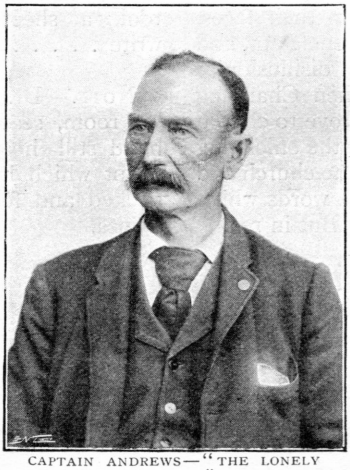
I must not make my story too long. Suffice it to say that by a miracle, as it seemed to me, Rachel Denza, Captain Channing, and, last but not least, Mr. Frank Aldis crept back from the gates of death to the shores of life. Step by step I watched them as the cruel enemy withdrew and life and health and strength returned to their faces. They all spoke of me as their benefactor, and I, coward that I was, could not disillusionize them. There came a day when Channing and Rachel, quite well again, drove to church together and were made one by the officiating priest. On that day I crept to the church and stayed there and listened to the words which took Rachel from me for ever. But in reality she had never been mine, and that which I had done in my madness had removed her immeasurable miles from me and my life. I was thankful that she was alive. I crept back to Shepheard's Hotel, for I was ill. I myself had been bitten by the deadly mosquitoes, heeding little what they did during those hours that I watched by Rachael's bed. Should I give myself the spirileen and so, perhaps, save my life? No; it seemed useless. The very desire for life had left me. Up to the present I had just strength to keep from my friends the fact that I was ill. I sat in my room between the raging paroxysms of fever and wondered what was before me. At least I might do one good. Spirileen, thought out by me, in very deed and truth my own discovery, the fruits of my months of labour, had proved efficacious. I would give my discovery to the world before I died. At intervals I had written my story, and there was just this one thing to add—the proportions and the natures of the disinfectants which made my protective. I took a sheet of paper and prepared to write . . . . .

NOTE.—Dr. Matchen was found dead in his room, seated by his writing-table, his hand still holding his pen. The manuscript which lay by his side was carefully packed and forwarded to his friend, Colonel Denza.

Across the Atlantic in a Twelve-Foot Boat.

By Frederick A. Talbot.

THE majority of travellers nowadays, when their peregrinations necessitate an ocean journey, invariably seek out the largest vessel afloat, since by this means the inconvenience and discomfort of *mal-de-mer*, if not entirely obviated, are at least considerably reduced. Yet there are one or two intrepid adventurers for whom the sea possesses no terrors, and who apparently court fate by crossing the Atlantic in small boats no larger than the emergency boats carried upon our ocean liners. The *doyen* of these solitary voyagers is Captain William A. Andrews, who, owing to his curious propensity for crossing the Atlantic in a small boat, has earned the sobriquet of "The Lonely Skipper." He holds the record both for having crossed the Atlantic in the smallest boat and in the quickest time by a craft of these diminutive dimensions.



CAPTAIN ANDREWS—"THE LONELY SKIPPER."
From a Photo. by D. P. Romero, Sevilla.

It was at Atlantic City, the Blackpool of New York and Philadelphia, that I encountered this interesting and daring navigator. Although bordering on his sixtieth year Captain Andrews is still hale and virile, and his weather-beaten face is a telling index of his sea-roving experiences. When I met him he was busily engaged in fashioning a small model of the collapsible boat in which he intends to cross to England this year.

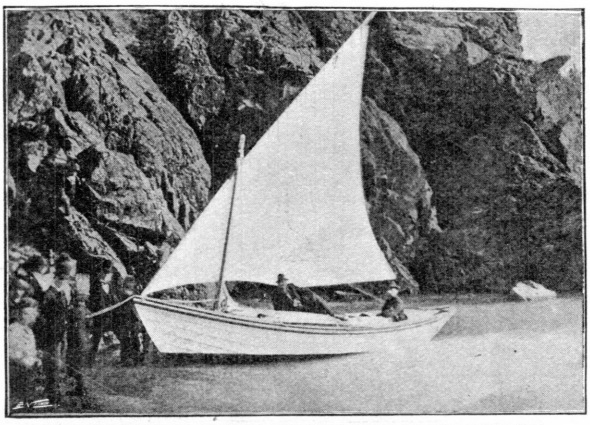
"Surely such an enterprise is fraught with considerable danger?" I ventured to remark, as he explained the principles of the construction of the frail argo, having an indelible impression of the fury of the Atlantic in a hurricane, and the havoc it wrought upon the greyhound upon which I was travelling.

"By no means," he replied. "Personally I feel far safer in my little boats than I do upon the deck of a steamer. You see, you have plenty of sea-room, and should unfavourable weather be encountered you can let the boat run before it. The only real danger incurred is from passing vessels, especially from the liners. I always endeavour to keep out of the track of the latter. I never carry lights at night, but simply trust to Providence. On one or two of my journeys I did display a white light at my mast-head, and from what I subsequently learned from the reports of vessels which had passed me during the night, my solitary will-o'-th'-wisp light occasioned considerable speculation among the superstitious sailors as to its origin."

Captain Andrews is not, as his name might imply, a captain in the strict sense of the word. He holds no certificate and, in fact, has never had a lesson in navigation in his life. He was originally engaged in a piano factory at Boston, but the trade became indifferent and he decided to establish a business of his own. That was in 1878. Before proceeding to this step, however, he desired a holiday and to see the old country. The Exposition Universelle was being celebrated in Paris in that year, and so he determined to visit it with a view to extending his knowledge.

"The chief point I had to consider, however," he continued, "was how to get across. I was not in a position to pay for my passage in the ordinary way, but I had heard that a man named Johnson had crossed the ferry in 1875 in a small boat 20ft. in length, and since success had crowned his effort I saw no reason why I should not emulate his achievement. I mentioned the matter to my brother Walter, who immediately approved of the idea, and we at once completed our arrangements for our novel journey. I went down to Gloucester to the shipbuilder who had constructed Johnson's boat and ordered a similar craft 16ft. in length. But the boat-builder refused to build it less than 20ft. in

length, as he was apprehensive of its being sufficiently safe. Seeing argument was useless I let him have his own way, and in five days the boat, which we called the *Nautilus*, was delivered to us. We set out from Boston, Massachusetts, on June 8th, 1878. A huge crowd gathered to wish us *bon voyage*, and a large fleet of boats accompanied us for a short distance. We did not get far before we encountered our first disaster in the shape of a broken compass. We put back into Beverley, and I seized the opportunity of waiting for the re-adjustment of the compass to have the sleeping accommodation rendered more comfortable. My bunk was only 11in. in width by 8in. high, and I had to lie upon my side with the hatch open. This was due to the centre-board of the boat. The advantage of having such a small bunk is that one can brace oneself securely therein, so that when the vessel pitches and rolls there is no danger of being hurled out of the berth. The boat was not ballasted, and is the only craft that has ever accomplished such a journey under such conditions. When the alterations had been made and the compass re-arranged we made a fresh start. The weather was frightful, the wind blowing from the north-east, and no vessel would put to sea. Nothing daunted, and chafing at the delay already caused, we decided to put off, though everything augured an unsuccessful passage. Fortunately, however, the weather moderated when we got well out to sea.



CAPTAIN ANDREWS AND HIS BROTHER LAND IN MULLION COVE, CORNWALL, AFTER CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.
From a Photo. by E. Chickering.

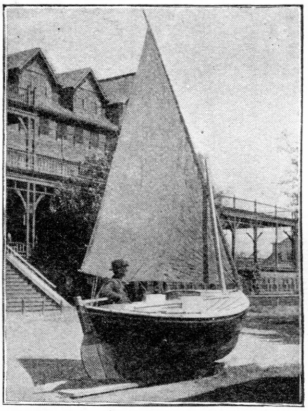
"When we dropped out of sight of land that night we vaguely wondered whether we should ever see it again. I had never been to sea before; I had no idea of navigation, and naturally had never taken an observation of the sun. Our plight seemed hopeless and the attempt foolhardy. But we resolved to continue the journey, come what might. We took the observation of the sun whenever possible, and settled upon our course as well as we could. During the trip we spoke thirty-seven vessels, and by their aid could rectify any errors that we had made in our calculations regarding longitude and latitude. In spite of our deficient knowledge in this respect we struck the Bishop's Rock off the Scilly Islands, and for which we had been making our way dead in a fog, so that we had not erred much in our observations. We made up to the Scilly Islands, and the following day entered the English Channel and ran into Penzance, being under the impression that it was Falmouth. We experienced a difficult time in these waters. A north-east gale was blowing and we got into the Lizard Race—the terror of all mariners. The sea was running high, and the tide was sweeping us along backwards against the wind at a speed of nine miles an hour. We finally landed at Mullion Cove, and right glad we were for the opportunity to get ashore to stretch our limbs after being cramped up in the narrow confines of our little boat for forty-five days. We subsequently made our way to Havre, thence to Paris. After the exhibition we returned to England, where we stayed for several months exhibiting our boat, since the episode had aroused considerable attention. We then returned to the States, and shortly after our arrival home my brother was taken ill and succumbed to the malady."

Since the death of his brother Captain Andrews has always entered upon his various expeditions alone. Although his first trip had been so uniformly successful it was not until ten years later that he decided to undertake another similar excursion. Curiously enough, on this occasion, as with the former, the incentive was the Paris Exhibition. But this time he determined to reap some pecuniary benefit from the undertaking, owing to the public interest that had been created by the accomplishment of his former trip. He thereupon set to work to construct another vessel. The *Nautilus* had been considered small, but this next craft was still more

diminutive, being only 15ft. in length over all. He originally intended to christen it the *Mermaid*, but when his projected trip was noised abroad an enterprising showman, scenting dollars in such a side-show, induced Captain Andrews to take his boat upon a short tour, and to call it the *Dark Secret*.

"At first," commented the Captain, "I was not in favour of calling her by such a name. It sounded ominous. But he was adamant. At last I told him I would only consent to do so for £100, thinking that the mention of such a high figure would preclude further insistence upon his part. To my surprise, however, he closed with me immediately. He also made another contract with me that I should tour with him with my boat for forty-seven weeks at a weekly remuneration of £20 and expenses.

"I started from the pier at Point of Pines near Boston on June 17th. The advantage of starting from Boston is that the journey is some 250 miles shorter, and one enters the Gulf Stream much earlier, the warmth of which is very appreciable, while it carries you along at a splendid pace. More than 28,000 people witnessed my departure, and as I had contracted to receive a percentage of the pier receipts for this event I netted a further £280. On this occasion I had the boat constructed with a hollow keel in which I intended to carry my water, but before I sailed I was supplied with hygeia water in bottles. I then admitted sea water into the keel to ballast the boat. I had scarcely got clear of the land, however, when I experienced rough weather. A strong head wind was blowing and the seas were running very high. Still I pushed on steadily, hoping that the elements would become more propitious. But my anticipations were doomed to disappointment, for the weather became worse. I was buffeted about for sixty-two days and made no progress. In fact I was driven back. After I had been out for a month I spoke a vessel which informed me that I was only 150 miles off Boston. This news depressed me, but at the end of another fortnight when I spoke another vessel I was informed that I was only 100 miles out.



CAPTAIN ANDREWS IN THE "DARK SECRET," AT POINT OF PINES.
From a Photo. by E. Chickering.

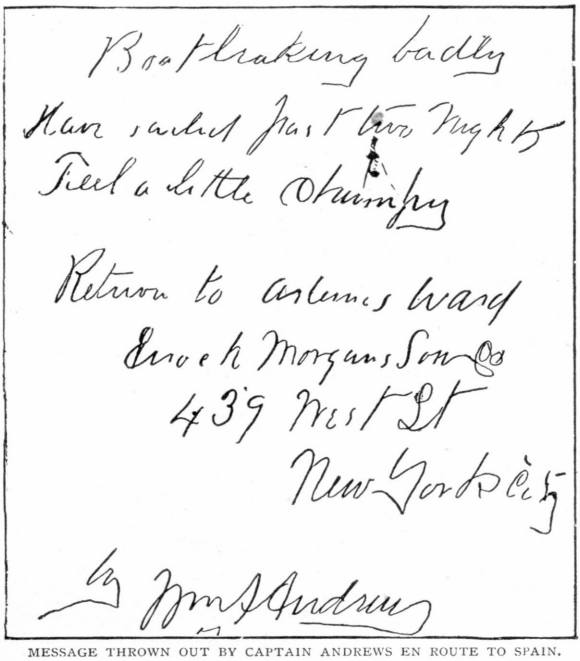
"To aggravate matters my water gave out, and when I spoke a Norwegian barque a few days later I was glad in one sense of the word to get on board and to sit down to a hearty meal in the captain's room after two months' subsistence upon canned food.

"When I reached America I learned that a Mr. J. Lawlor had successfully crossed over to England in a small boat, and had created a tremendous sensation. This put me upon my mettle, and I resolved to make another try. I ordered another boat, the *Mermaid*, the same dimensions as the *Dark Secret*. While the boat was being built I met Lawlor and we agreed to race across the Atlantic for £1,000 and a silver cup. This was the first trans-Atlantic race with small boats, and it aroused widespread interest. We started together from the Ocean Pier near Boston on June 17th, 1891, just before nightfall, amid the huzzas of a large concourse of people. The weather was extremely rough. When we got away from land we decided upon our respective courses. Lawlor went north and I went south. Lawlor, however, must have changed his course soon after leaving me, since I passed his sprit, which he had cast adrift. By this I saw that he was taking the same course as I projected. My theories in this direction were further substantiated when I spoke a vessel which informed me that they had passed Lawlor, 'all well,' three days before about a thousand miles ahead of me. As for myself I encountered successive disasters. My boat capsized seven times, and on one occasion I was clinging to her bottom for half an hour. She was wrongly constructed. Lawlor had fitted his boat with a lead keel, so that if she capsized she would right herself immediately. My boat would not do this. I had to right her the best way I could. To make matters worse, five days after we set out I ran into a cyclone. The seas were so heavy that my boat was practically crippled. All my stores were damaged and my water was lost. Under these circumstances I decided to seek assistance from a passing steamer. I sighted the *Elbruz*, of Antwerp, and was taken on board. I proceeded with her to Antwerp, and sold my boat for a handsome sum to a syndicate

of showmen. I then went to London and met Lawlor, who had safely made a place near Land's End, and then went to Portsmouth, having accomplished the journey in about forty-three days."

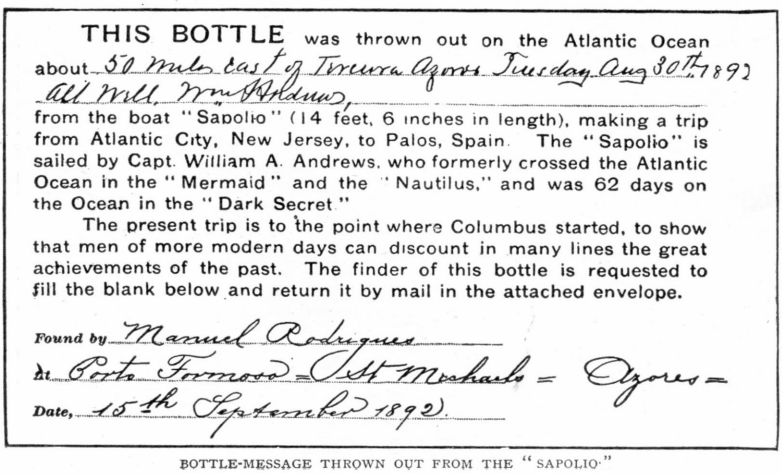
Although the last two attempts to cross the ferry had resulted in failure, Captain Andrews was by no means daunted, and wagered Lawlor that he would cross in thirty days. Lawlor also decided to endeavour to lower his own record, and for this purpose both competitors set to work to construct special vessels. Captain Andrews christened his the *Flying Dutchman*, an auspicious name. Lawlor called his the *Christopher Columbus*.

"While my vessel was being built I was commissioned by the manufacturers of a well-known domestic commodity to name the vessel the *Sapolio* and to undertake the trip on their behalf. I communicated to Lawlor my projected course, which was to be from Cape Race to Queenstown, a distance of only 1,800 miles. Lawlor replied that his designs were precisely the same. But I suddenly learned that a celebration was to be held in Spain, in honour of Columbus, since the year was the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. It then suddenly occurred to me that it would create a sensation if I were to sail for the very town from which Columbus had set out on his expedition. The *Sapolio* was 14ft. over all, with a beam of 5ft. and a depth of 2ft. 3in. She was collapsible. I had thirty-nine square feet in the sails. Lawlor, anxious to reap primary honours, started on his trip before I was ready, but he never reached his destination, for he was never heard of again. His tragic end did not deter me from my purpose, and so I set out on July 20th, 1892. On this occasion Fortune was kind to me. The weather was all that could be desired, and the wind was so favourable that I reached the Azores in thirty days, a distance of 2,500 miles. Profiting by my previous experience with the *Mermaid*, I had a lead keel provided to the *Sapolio*, and it was a gigantic success. From the Azores I proceeded to Portugal, made my way up the coast, and finally reached the Spanish towns of Huelva and Palos."



MESSAGE THROWN OUT BY CAPTAIN ANDREWS EN ROUTE TO SPAIN.

Upon his arrival in Spain the population became demented with delight. A large crowd met him at the landing-stage and the air was filled with vigorous cheering. The ladies with their courtly


THIS BOTTLE was thrown out on the Atlantic Ocean about 50 miles East of Terceira Azores Tuesday Aug 30th 1892
All Well. Wm H Andrews,
from the boat "Sapolio" (14 feet, 6 inches in length), making a trip from Atlantic City, New Jersey, to Palos, Spain. The "Sapolio" is sailed by Capt. William A. Andrews, who formerly crossed the Atlantic Ocean in the "Mermaid" and the "Nautilus," and was 62 days on the Ocean in the "Dark Secret"

The present trip is to the point where Columbus started, to show that men of more modern days can discount in many lines the great achievements of the past. The finder of this bottle is requested to fill the blank below and return it by mail in the attached envelope.

Found by Manuel Rodrigues
At Porto Formoso = 1st Michaels = Azores =
Date, 15th September 1892.

BOTTLE-MESSAGE THROWN OUT FROM THE "SAPOLIO"

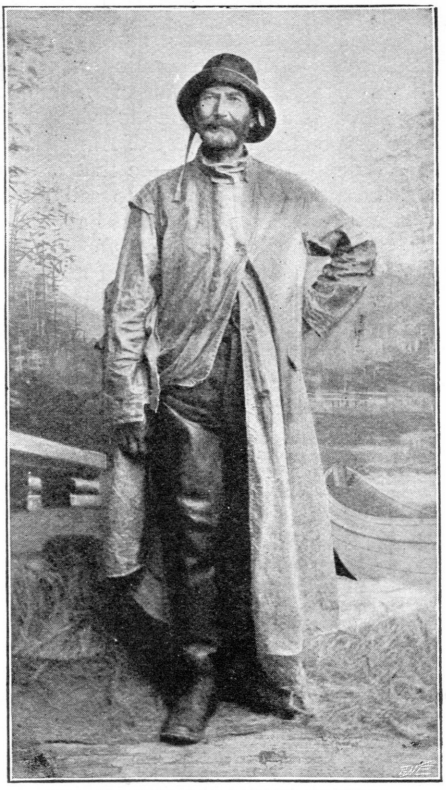
CAPTAIN ANDREWS'S ARRIVAL AT HUELVA, SPAIN, AFTER CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.
From a Photo. by D. P. Romero, Seville.

Spanish grace waved their handkerchiefs and greeted him with flowers as he was paraded round the streets upon the shoulders of some of the swarthier citizens. Distinguished celebrities entertained him upon every side. The streets were thronged with enthusiastic sightseers. One old lady was heard to remark by the Captain that the event ought to be recorded in "natural history." The papers published glowing and lengthy accounts of his wonderful voyage. The Government paid his expenses until his departure, making him a guest of the Crown. The Queen herself sent him an invitation, of which the Captain cherishes pleasant memories. Photographers besieged him upon every side. He distributed no fewer than 560 photos of himself and boat to interested and curious sightseers. One enthusiast requested a piece of the American flag which had flown at the masthead of the *Sapolio*, but as his request was not complied with he satisfied himself by taking the whole flag. Another gentleman was anxious to secure a photograph of the Captain. The latter, desirous to oblige, withdrew five photographs from his pocket in order to let the gentleman make his own selection. But the Spaniard excitedly grabbed the whole five photographs and decamped exultingly.

"I thought he not only took the cake," remarked the Captain, when relating the incident, "but the wind out of me at the same time,"

"Surely the monotony of travelling alone for so long must exert a depressing influence?" I queried.

"I do not notice it. You see, I have a regular routine of work to perform during the day. In addition to attending to the boat I keep a log, and also write an account of my experiences as I progress, for the American papers. These packages of manuscript, together with letters, I hand to the captains of the various ships I meet, with the request that they will kindly post

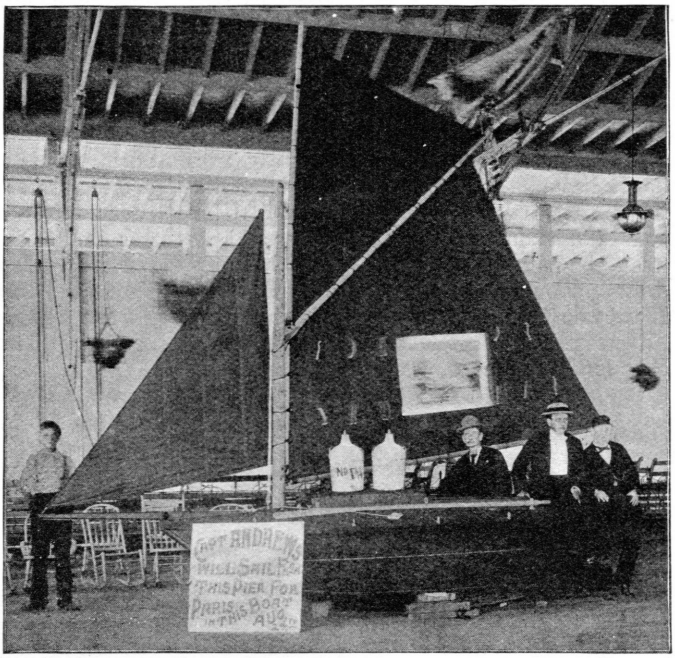


CAPTAIN ANDREWS ON LANDING AT HUELVA.
From a Photo. by D. P. Romero, Seville.

them when they get ashore. I sleep when I feel so inclined. Formerly at night time I used to 'heave to' while I slept, but now I have fitted a device by which I am able to set the vessel's course before I turn in and she will steer herself during the few hours I am asleep. I average in fair weather about 100 miles every twenty-four hours, which is by no means a despicable daily run considering the size of the boat."

Since Captain Andrews completed his memorable trip to Spain in thirty-five days he has made two other attempts to cross the Atlantic, but on neither occasion has he achieved his purpose. The first of these two trips was made in 1898 in the *Phantom Ship*—an unlucky name according to marine traditions—13ft. in length, and carrying twelve square yards of sail. Curiously enough, the boom of this craft was longer than the boat itself.

"From the very commencement this voyage was unfortunate. Owing to unforeseen circumstances I could not take my departure until August 24th, and as a consequence I encountered the full force of the September gales. I started from Atlantic City. I had not got far out when my first trouble overtook me. My boat leaked like a sieve, and I had to work might and main baling the water out, otherwise she would have foundered. The sea was rough and the boat constantly heeled over and lay upon her side, with the result that the water swamped her. The tins containing my provisions were knocked about and punctured, so that their contents were spoiled and rendered unfit to eat. By September 20th I found I had no food. I had been twenty-seven days at sea and was now progressing very favourably, making about 100 miles a day. But I could not subsist upon nothing, and I soon realized that unless I fell in with a ship it would go hard with me. On September 27th I espied a vessel. I hailed her, but she took no notice. I put on all sail and sped after her. They did not observe me for the reason that they were busily engaged in taking in their sails, which had been damaged by the storms. I presently attracted their attention, and they hove to. When I came alongside they hauled me aboard and my boat after me, which they stowed away. You can form a comprehensive idea of the diminutive size of this boat when I tell you that when folded up she was only 4in. thick. Curiously enough, this vessel fulfilled the superstitious traditions of the sea, which is that any vessel which speaks a phantom ship is eventually lost. This ship subsequently went down off Dunkerque. No doubt had the sailors observed the name of my boat they would have refused to take me aboard, so strong are their superstitious natures.



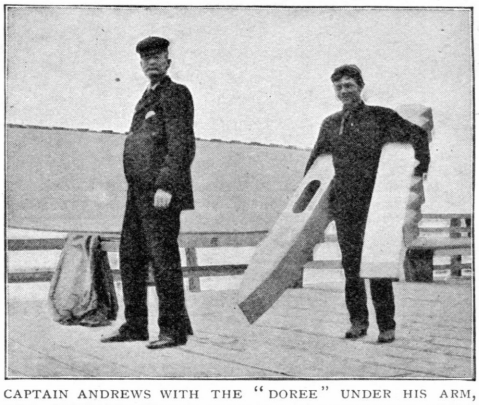
THE "PHANTOM SHIP," LENGTH 13FT., AFTERWARDS CUT DOWN INTO THE "DOREE,' LENGTH 12FT.
From a] [*Photograph.*

"When I again reached Atlantic City I could not rest, but immediately set about making preparations for another voyage. I had the *Phantom Ship* dismembered and rebuilt, only on this occasion she measured but 12ft. in length, and is the smallest vessel that ever essayed to cross the Atlantic. I re-christened her the *Doree*."

Captain Andrews was to be accompanied on this expedition by Professor Miller, who created a tremendous sensation by stating that he was going to cross the herring-pond by means of Shanks's pony. He interviewed the Captain on the subject, and although the

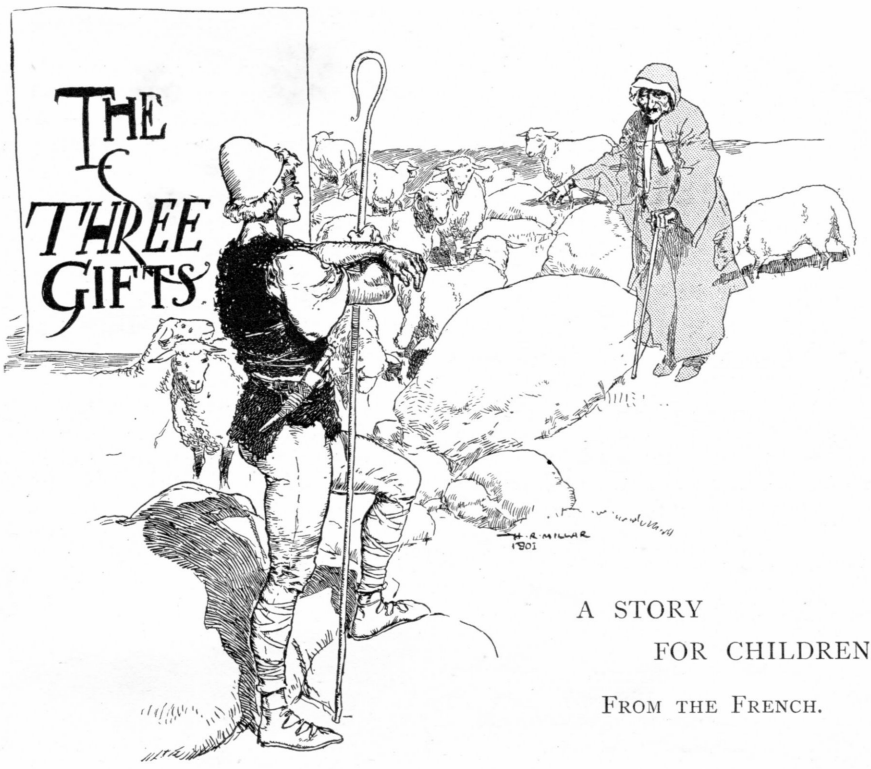
intrepid lonely voyager was naturally very sceptical of Miller's ability to achieve the feat, he consented to construct the necessary walking shoes in which the latter anticipated accomplishing the journey. In our illustration Professor Miller is seen with his special walking shoes under either arm. They each measured about 5ft. in length. As will be seen, they resembled miniature canoes in design, with a small orifice in the centre to admit the foot, and were furnished with corrugated soles. Being manufactured of wood they were, of course, buoyant, so that Miller had little fear of being dragged under water. The absolute impracticability of his being able to withstand the enormous potency of the waves in mid-Atlantic never appealed to the Professor. Confident of unqualified success he started upon his foolhardy trip, but it was not long before the folly of his scheme dawned upon him very forcibly. He could not maintain his equilibrium, and, as was to be naturally expected, he was simply drifted about at the mercy of the waves. After vainly endeavouring to make headway Miller was at last reluctantly compelled to abandon the idea of walking from Atlantic City to England.

"I think this was the most remarkable trip I have undertaken, since, although I did not accomplish my object, I passed through a succession of experiences such as I never wish to meet with again. I was supplied with a large stock of Saratoga water, a natural effervescent drink. I sailed on June 17th from Atlantic City and made very fair progress. The weather was hot, and for some inexplicable reason I felt peculiarly drowsy. I had never experienced the sensation before. When I commenced writing my log, for the first few minutes the writing was quite bold and distinct, but it soon resolved itself into an unintelligible scrawl and I would fall asleep. At first I attributed the peculiarity to the heat. I took my observations in the usual manner, and conjectured that I was keeping a good course. One day when I fell in with a vessel, wishing to rectify any errors that I might possibly have made, I asked the captain for the longitude. He gave it to me, and you can judge of my surprise when I found that his observation was three days ahead of mine. That is to say, I had travelled three days farther than I imagined. I thought he must be in error. I asked him the date of the month. 'July 1st,' he retorted. 'You must be wrong,' I replied; 'it is only June 27th.' He quickly dissipated my doubt upon this point, and I was at my wits' end to account for such a flagrant error in my calculations. I continued my journey in a dazed condition. One day when it was abnormally hot I laid down in my bunk. Immediately I experienced a strange feeling of asphyxiation. I jumped up in alarm. Thinking it must be fancy on my part I once more lay down, and the same curious sensation overtook me. I thereupon sought to discover the reason for this peculiarity. It was not a difficult search, for I found that the cork stoppers to my bottles of Saratoga water had shrunk under the influence of the intense heat, and that the carbonic acid gas had escaped and had collected in the bottom of the boat. This was the solution of my curious drowsy feeling. I could now account for my error in longitude. I must have been unconscious for those three days, since I never had the slightest recollection of them. Since I had now discarded my water I kept a sharp look-out for a vessel to replenish my supply. The first ship I spoke was bound for Liverpool, where I was eventually landed."



CAPTAIN ANDREWS WITH THE "DOREE" UNDER HIS ARM, AND PROFESSOR MILLER WITH THE WOODEN SHOE-BOATS IN WHICH HE PROPOSED TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC.
From a Photograph.

The trip Captain Andrews is going to make this year is in reply to a challenge issued by Captain Blackburn, of Gloucester, Mass., who a short time ago successfully crossed to England from his town. It is to be a race similar to that organized by Andrews and Lawlor. The stipulations are that the boat must not exceed 20ft. in length. Captain Andrews proposes to make his attempt in a boat 12ft. long, since his experience with the *Doree* convinced him that a craft of this dimension was splendidly adapted to such an expedition.



A STORY
FOR CHILDREN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

IN a distant country lived a young shepherd named Kletch.

Although poor he was not unhappy, for he was good and generous.

One day, as he was with his flock upon some waste ground, an old woman came along.

When Kletch saw her he took off his cap politely and said: "Good-day, mother!"

"You are a well-mannered youth," returned the old woman, in a cracked voice. "Now, give me one of those sheep; you will never repent it if you will oblige me by doing so."

"Very well. Choose for yourself," said Kletch.

The old woman chose a sheep. Then, drawing from under her cloak an exceedingly large umbrella, which had evidently been mended many times, she said: "Here is something in return for your kindness. At the right time, and in the proper place, don't forget to use it, and be sure *never to promise anything unconditionally*."

With that the old woman went off. Kletch was greatly mystified by her peculiar behaviour and strange speech, but he took care of the umbrella.

Another time Kletch was pasturing his sheep on a lonely plain when another old woman came along.

The young man removed his cap as before.

"Will you be kind enough to give me two sheep?" said the old woman.

"Choose them for yourself, mother," replied Kletch. The woman quickly chose two sheep. As she was going away she turned to the shepherd and placed in his hands an old handkerchief big enough to serve as a tablecloth. "Here," remarked she, "is something in return for your generosity. Use it at the proper time and place, but *never promise anything unconditionally*."

Kletch took care of the handkerchief.

Another day, as he was taking his sheep up a rugged cliff, a third old woman made her appearance. After being saluted most politely by Kletch she coolly asked him for three sheep.

"Dear me," thought the poor fellow, "if this kind of thing goes on much longer I shall soon be rid of the whole flock."

But he could not refuse to do a kindness, so again he said: "Choose, good mother."

Without the least hesitation the old woman chose three sheep. Then, before she disappeared with them, she gave Kletch a common-looking bottle, saying as she did so: "Take this in return. At the proper place and time don't forget to use it, and be sure that you *never promise anything unconditionally*."

Kletch put the bottle in his hut by the side of his other queer presents, and thought no more of the matter.

About this time the King's daughter attained the age at which Princesses are usually married. She was extremely beautiful, but had the not uncommon desire that everybody and everything should be subject to her wishes.

When the King proposed a powerful Prince as a possible husband for her she said, "Sire, I have made up my mind to marry no man who cannot command the rain."

The King was very angry. "Where do you imagine I am to find such a man?" he exclaimed. "You may just as well say that you will not marry at all!"

"I am determined not to yield on this point," replied the Princess, in a tone which told her father that further argument would be useless.

"Very well," said the King; "I will see what can be done."

Even Kletch, in his remote country home, heard of the Princess's extraordinary idea. He left his sheep to the care of his dog and set off for town.

"Here," he said to himself, "is an opportunity for using my umbrella."

The rain was pouring down. But the umbrella was as big as a tent, and the lad thought that he should be well protected.

As he grasped the huge thing he said:—

"What a miserable day for a journey!"

The rain ceased immediately.

"How very curious!" said Kletch.

He was startled by a hoarse voice, which said:—

"I am at your service; but in return you must promise to marry my daughter."

"All right!" answered Kletch; "I promise, but only on one condition."

"What is that?" asked the voice.

"That I will tell you at the proper time."

Kletch continued his journey. Having reached the Royal castle he heard a herald announcing, with a flourish of trumpets, that any man who could make the rain fall or cease at pleasure should be the Princess's husband. No man offered himself. Then Kletch stepped forward and was brought into the courtyard. Rain was pouring in torrents. The King and his daughter were looking down from a grand balcony. When the Princess saw the poorly-dressed young man she called out:—

"What does this beggar want? Give him his alms and send him off about his business."

"I am not a beggar," said Kletch.

"Well, what do you want?" inquired the King.

"To be your Majesty's son-in-law."

"Are you mad?"

"No, I am thankful to say."

"Be off!" roared the King.

The rain had ceased, and at this moment the sky was clear. But Kletch opened his umbrella, and again the rain fell in torrents.

"Wonderful!" remarked the King.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Princess.

Kletch closed his umbrella, and the rain

"AGAIN THE RAIN FELL IN TORRENTS."

stopped at once. The Princess was rather frightened. Her father began to scold her.

"You see now," he said, "into what a scrape your ridiculous notion has brought us. Here am I pledged to take this man into our family."

"Don't worry," said the Princess. "No harm is done yet." Then, turning to the young shepherd, she asked:—

"What is your name?"

"Kletch, madam, at your service."

"Well, Kletch, I admit that you have an exceptional power, but I have decided only to marry a man who can govern the wind."

Then she and her father retired from the balcony and Kletch had to go away.

He felt sad. All night long instead of sleeping he thought of the beautiful Princess. At an early hour the next morning he returned to the town. This time he brought with him the handkerchief which he had received for the two sheep.

As he walked quickly along a strong wind began to blow. "What miserable weather for a journey!" thought Kletch, and it so happened that at that moment he took from his pocket the enormous handkerchief.

The wind dropped immediately.

"How strange!" said the youth.

Then a voice spoke. "I am at your service," it said; "but promise in return to marry my daughter."

"I may do so," replied Ketch, "upon one condition."

"What is that?" inquired the voice, amid shrill, whistling sounds.

"I will name the condition at the proper time."

Kletch went on until he reached the castle. When the Princess saw him coming she called to him: "I have not changed my mind. If you cannot control the wind, it is of no use for you to come here."

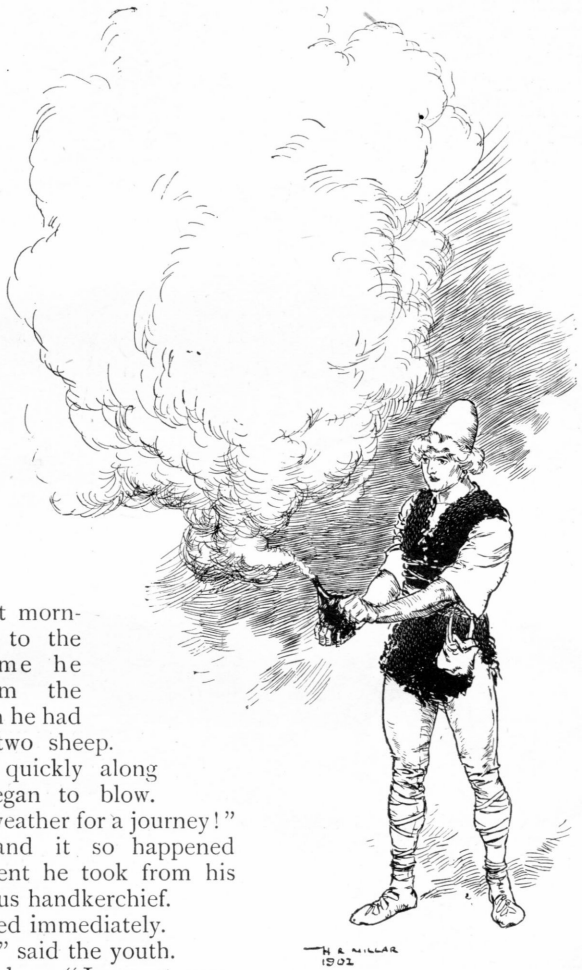
The young man touched his handkerchief. Up sprang a hurricane, which shook all the chimneys and caused all the windows to rattle.

"Look at that!" said the King.

"Dear me!" remarked his daughter.

Kletch drew the handkerchief from his pocket. The storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

"You certainly possess a great power," said the Princess. She began to feel some interest in this young man. Looking at him with more attention than she had hitherto bestowed upon him she saw that, in spite of his rags, he was a fine fellow, straight and handsome as the greatest noble at the Court. "However," she continued, "I shall only wed a man who can command the sun."



H. R. MILLAR 1902

"AT ONCE A THICK VAPOUR PROCEEDED FROM THE BOTTLE."

Kletch went away in low spirits. He had fallen in love with the Princess, and thoughts of her again banished sleep from his eyes.

At daybreak the next morning he was on his way to town. The sun shone brightly. "How hot it is!" thought Kletch. "I shall be melted before I reach the castle!"

Feeling very thirsty, he took out the little bottle which had been given him for the three sheep, intending to drink its contents. At once a thick vapour proceeded from the bottle, formed as it condensed into a big

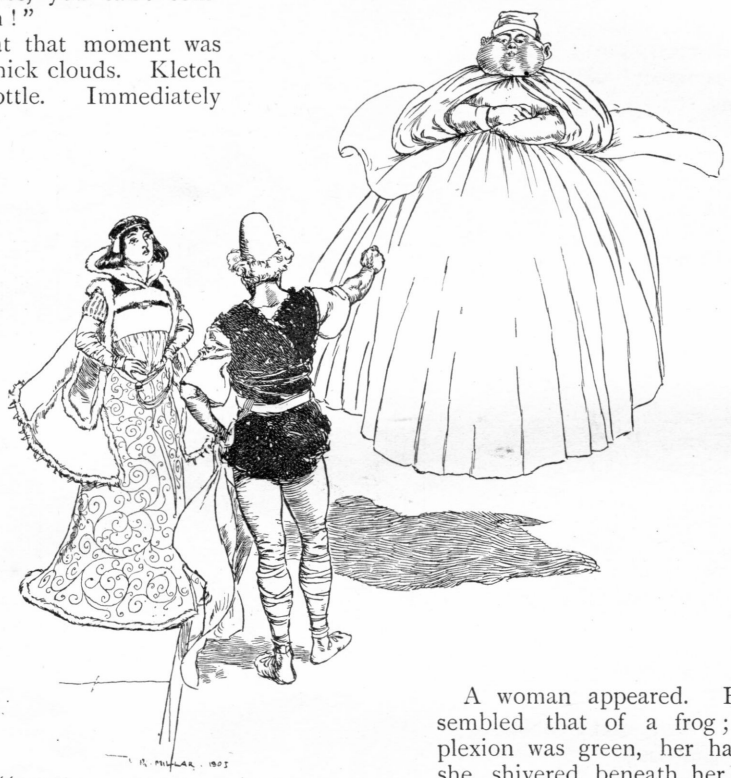
white cloud, and totally obscured the sun's rays.

"What an extraordinary thing!" said the shepherd. Then a voice said: "I am at your service; but you must promise to marry my daughter."

Kletch, as before, agreed to this proposition, but only upon a condition which he refused to state.

When he drew near to the castle he saw the Princess coming to meet him. "You may as well go back," she said, "for, of course, you can't command the sun!"

The sun at that moment was covered by thick clouds. Kletch took his bottle. Immediately



"'I PROMISED TO MARRY HER,' SAID KLETCH, 'ON ONE CONDITION.'"

the clouds melted away and the sun shone in full splendour.

The Princess was troubled and perplexed. How *could* she marry a poor, miserable shepherd? She tried to show Kletch how impossible such a union would be.

Kletch scarcely knew what to say. "I love you," he remarked; "is not that enough?"

The Princess did not think so. She was proud of her birth and rank.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "Am I to marry a fellow whom nobody else will have?"

"Is that all that troubles you?" said her lowly lover. "I can speedily put *that* right. Will you marry me if I can prove that for your sake I refuse three wives?"

"How am I to believe you?" returned the Princess. "Certainly you are not bad-looking, but what woman could wish to bear your name?"

"Patience!" said Kletch.

He opened his big umbrella, and down came the rain.

"Bring out your daughter!" he cried.

A woman appeared. Her face resembled that of a frog; her complexion was green, her hair wet, and she shivered beneath her rain-soaked clothing.

"I promised to marry this woman," said Kletch to the Princess, "but only upon one condition."

"What was that?"

"That I liked her; I do *not* like her, therefore I reject her."

He closed his umbrella. The rain ceased to fall, and the woman, weeping bitterly, disappeared. The shepherd touched his handkerchief. Up sprang the wind.

"Bring forth your daughter!" cried Kletch.

Immediately there appeared a tremendous, balloon-like person, with ugly, inflated cheeks,

"I promised to marry *her*," said Kletch, "on one condition."

"What was it?"

"That I liked her. I do *not* like her, so I refuse to wed her."

He waved the handkerchief. The wind grew silent and the daughter flew away like an air-ball.

Kletch took out his bottle, and straightway the sun smiled.

"Bring forth your daughter!" cried the youth.

A tall woman, with red hair, a face like a pumpkin, and eyes like glowing coals, presented herself.

"The sun wishes me to be his son-in-law,"

"THE PRINCESS EXTENDED TO HIM HER LOVELY HAND."

said Kletch to the Princess, "but I have made one condition."

"What is that?"

"That his daughter should please me; she does *not* please me, therefore I reject her."

He waved the bottle, whereupon a dense mass of clouds covered both the sun and his daughter.

Then Kletch fell at the Princess's feet. The kind-hearted old King, who began to think that it would be rather a fine thing to have a son-in-law who could control the weather, was about to embrace him, when he was stopped by his daughter.

"You have great power," said she to her lover, "and hitherto you have done all that I have asked. There is just one more thing which I hope you will not refuse me."

"What is it?" asked Kletch, in great excitement.

"It is this: that when we are married *I* shall regulate the weather!"

"Oh, yes! yes! yes!" exclaimed the enraptured swain, and straightway the Princess extended to him her lovely hand, which he seized and covered with kisses.

At this propitious moment three fairies arrived upon the scene, having travelled in dragon-drawn cars. These were none other than the three old women whose gifts had brought such luck to the fortunate shepherd. Of course, they were present at the wedding, which was the grandest ever known.

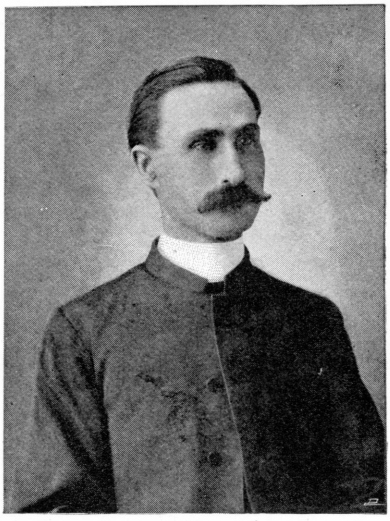
When the good old King died Kletch was supposed to reign in his stead. As a matter of fact, it was the Queen, his wife, who really governed.

This state of things was so entirely satisfactory to both parties, and also to all their loyal subjects, that ever since their time it has been the custom, nearly all over the world, for ladies to have the upper hand.

XXV.—A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

SO oft has it been stated that truth is stranger than fiction that the aphorism has become trite; yet it is an undeniable fact that every day there are enacted dramas that would make the fame of an author, and yet which are permitted to pass unnoticed.

Such a real life romance has been disclosed by the announcement that the Rev. Joseph Griffis, who for the past five years has been the pastor of the South Presbyterian Church of Buffalo, New York, would resign his pulpit and devote the rest of his life to missionary work among the Indians of the Western United States. Thus is added the dramatic climax to a life that has been replete with adventure.



THE REV. JOSEPH K. GRIFFIS (WHO WAS KIDNAPPED BY INDIANS).
From a Photo. by A. Hillman.

Born in Texas, the hero of this chequered career was stolen at the age of two years by Indians, who massacred his mother. The child was raised as an Indian boy and knew no other life than that of the red men, nor did he learn that he was not one of them by birth until he was ten years old. When sixteen years of age he enlisted in the United States army, deserted for a fancied grievance, was captured and sentenced to death, but managed to escape. He was forced to flee, and from that time he has been by turns tramp, member of the Salvation Army, evangelist, theological student, minister, and missionary.

"Despite my youth spent as a savage," he remarked in a recent interview, "I have not a drop of Indian blood in my veins. This is a fact I find hard to realize when I recall the eagerness with which I went to the chase, followed the war-path, and exultingly returned to the wigwam with the scalp of my enemy dangling from my belt.

"In 1864 my father, a well-to-do American ranchman, moved to the south-western part of Oklahoma, bordering on Texas. At this time the West was the real Indian frontier; the war-cry of the Indian was a familiar sound, and the massacre of the white men a horrible but frequent sight. My father was one of a little handful of hardy Americans who formed a small settlement on the site of what is now Gainesville.

"One day the Kiowa Indians, who were the least friendly of any of the tribes, and who were strong in numbers and skilled in warfare, made a raid on the settlement. The whites were taken completely by surprise, and with the exception of a few who were taken as captives were brutally massacred. My mother fell in the fight, for these red men had no mercy on women or children, but an old Kiowa warrior, who is still alive and well remembers the scene, told me many times that she defended her life and mine with fierce courage; 'fought like red squaw,' he would exclaim, enthusiastically.

"My father had gone to a neighbouring town on the day of the massacre. When he returned to his home he found the settlement deserted, houses burned, and bodies of his neighbours and friends charred and mutilated.

"He searched long and earnestly for me, and offered a large ransom for my return, but the Indians, fearing punishment, hid me safely and refused to give me up. Where I lived until the death of my parent I do not know, but when he died I was taken to the wigwam of Big Bow, the chief of the Kiowas.

"I can recall my life from that time very vividly. Big Bow was very kind to me, and his squaw cared for me with all the tenderness an Indian mother is capable of bestowing, and they are very fond of their children. I entered into all the sports of the Indian youth, trained myself in the handling of the bow and arrow, and could bring home game of which any huntsman might be proud.

"When I was about ten years old something occurred which changed my life and made me a wanderer. I was travelling with a small band of Indians under Big Bow, and just as we were about to pitch our tents we

were captured by a company of American infantry. A soldier, who seemed friendly towards us, called me to him and commenced questioning me. He asked if I were a Kiowa. I answered that I was, and that Big Bow and his squaw were my mother and father. The soldier seemed to doubt this statement, remarking that I did not look much like an Indian despite my togs, for I dressed in the regular Indian costume, paint, skins, feathers, and everything that marks the red man's clothes from those of the whites. I was just leaving my questioner when he called me back and asked to see my left arm. He had noticed the vaccination mark that proved me to be of white origin. The commanding officer then took me to Big Bow and asked him to tell my history. This he refused to do at first, denying indignantly that I was a white man's son, but, after much persuasion, he was finally induced to tell my history.

"The officer of the infantry took me in charge, and, with the aid of Big Bow, who thought it might be to my advantage to be thrown among my own people, got in communication with my uncle, who lived in Texas. When my identity was proved my uncle came for me and took me with him to Texas, where I was forced to put aside my Indian habits and live the life of a civilized white boy.

"This restraint soon became irksome, and I longed to go back to the wild, adventursome, roving life of the Kiowas. I loved the rough kindness of the Indians, their courage, and restless, roving ways. I detested the mean, hampering, little conventionalities of the whites, and I made up my mind to return to the life that was a part of me.

"After staying long enough with my uncle to gain his trust and confidence, and when the strict watch that had been kept over my comings and goings had been released, I slipped out of the town and ran away to join the Indians.

THE REV. JOSEPH K. GRIFFIS IN THE COSTUME OF HIS FOSTER FATHERS.
From a Photograph.

"I journeyed for days over the prairies and mountains, enduring all manner of hardships, but happy in the fact that I was free and on my way to the people I loved. I had lost track of Big Bow, and I doubt if he would have kept me with him had I returned, for he felt that I should be given back to my people. After travelling for several weeks without falling in with the Indians I finally struck through the forests to a camp that I had often heard of. There I met some straggling Utes and became one of them.

"This tribe met with reverses, and I joined the Cheyennes, and, later, a little band of Kiowas. For six years I led the roving life of these tribes, hunted, fought, and lived with them, and at times forgot that I was a 'pale face.'

"In 1878, although I was not more than sixteen, I enlisted in the United States Army. I was put in Company K 16th Infantry, and did scout duty for some time. I won an important horse-race, which attracted the attention of Captain Crews, of the 4th Cavalry, and thinking to do me a kindness he offered to engage me as scout and interpreter on soldier's pay. I accepted the commission and served two and a half years, when we were sent on the trail of a band of Cheyennes, who had left the reservation on a foraging expedition. Because of an insult I had received at the hands of the commanding officer I had several months been planning to desert. Two soldiers went with me on the trail, and when we met the Cheyennes we joined them, but were soon met by the soldiers, who were too strong for us and overthrew the band.

"The Indians, being mounted, fled, and we alone were captured and taken back to camp. I was given a drum-head court-martial and sentenced to be shot at retreat. Just before the execution was to take place Captain Crews said he had decided to postpone it for thirty days, during which time I

was to be put in the guard-house at Fort Reno for safe keeping.

"In the guard-house with me was a young soldier known only by the name of 'Gee Wiz,' a daring chap and jolly comrade. We often talked together about our captivity and planned means of escape. One day when the vigilant watch was relaxed somewhat Gee Wiz cut a hole in the roof of the guard-house and, watching our chance, we crawled through the aperture out into the bright daylight, warm sunshine, and fresh air. In a few minutes the whole camp was roused, and a hot chase commenced. We had the start, and soon were lost to the pursuers. We went seventy-five miles south, nearly starving *en route*, but enjoying our freedom and chance to live. When we were at a safe distance from camp Gee Wiz and I separated, and I have never seen him since. For three years I roamed about the country, living the life of a tramp, and finally I drifted to London, Ontario.

"It was in this city that I first knew the Salvation Army. I was roaming around the streets in an aimless fashion when I was attracted by the service they were holding in the open air, and stayed a while to listen. The sermon made a deep impression upon me, and I after that attended many meetings, until I became converted and joined the Army. While still in London I was sent to gaol for beating a drum in the street, contrary to the law, and during my imprisonment I studied the English language. After my release I joined the Salvation Army once more and remained with them for three years, when I became an evangelist, and ten years ago I was ordained minister and came to Buffalo.

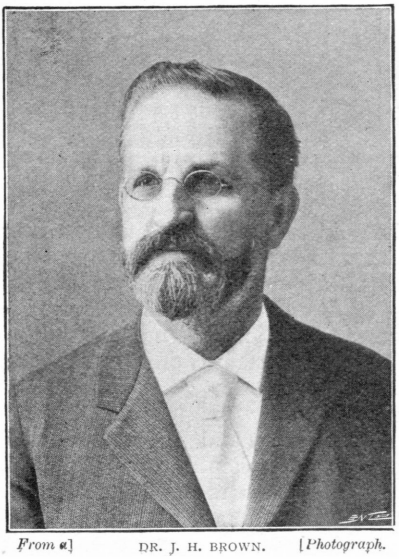
"Not until four years ago did I secure immunity from the death sentence which was pronounced upon me for deserting. And now I am preparing for a missionary's life, and in a few days I shall be back to Oklahoma and the scenes of my boyhood to work among my red brothers. My knowledge of their language and character will help me greatly in my work. Having been one of them for so many years I know best how to appeal to them, and I shall consider my early years well spent if they assist me to civilize the red men and help them to a better life."

XXVI.—A WHITTLER OF GENIUS.

By C. B. Smith.

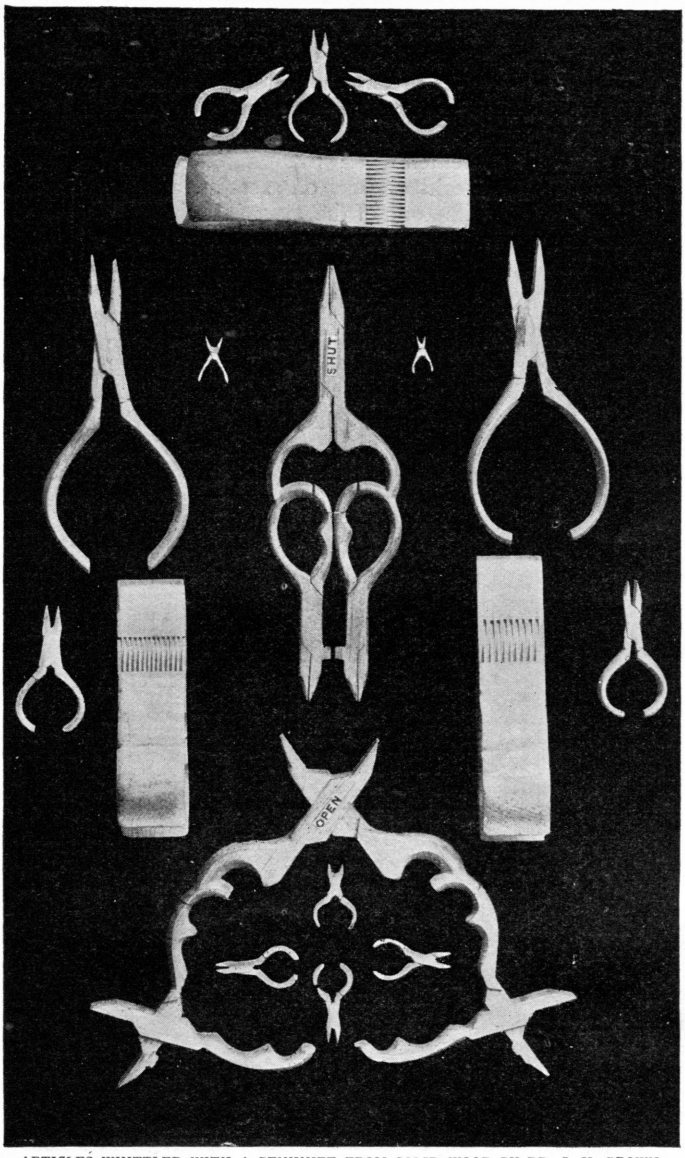
In looking over my old numbers of The Strand, as I often do, I ran across the article on whittling in the June number of 1900 by Mr. J. W. Russell, which attracted my attention, which he calls wonderful, which I do not gainsay. But as you have possibly heard that the "Yankee" is a whittler of reputation the world over, and as I have a friend whom I think most wonderful, I thought I would call your attention to some of his work, which is done only for pastime as he has an idle opportunity.

He is Dr. J. H. Brown, of Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass., one of our noted dentists, a gentleman now about sixty-five years old, who enjoys probably the best practice of anyone in our city. I have prevailed on him to allow me to photograph an assortment of pincers from one to sixteen joints each; the smallest was made from one-quarter of a match, and less than ½in. long, with a perfect joint, which I saw him make in 15min. The largest one has sixteen joints, and is made from a piece of wood ¾in. thick. This one was made in four hours. The wonderful part is the fact that there is no piecing or glueing, but all made from one piece of wood. He has many times offered to anyone 1,000dols. who has not seen his to cut one like it in four days. In all his wood-work he uses a pocket-knife.



From a] DR. J. H. BROWN. [*Photograph.*

Dr. Brown is a genius in many ways mechanical, and can make almost anything that comes into his head, either with metal or wood. He once had in his house a miniature landscape, made by himself, 3ft. by 5ft., with a fountain in the centre made of shell, playing



ARTICLES WHITTLED WITH A PENKNIFE FROM SOLID WOOD BY DR. J. H. BROWN.
From a Photograph.

water a foot high, the overflow of which supplied a little river winding through the flowers (representing trees). At one side was a water-wheel running, the other side a windmill. Drinking from the fountain was a bird, which would raise its head as if swallowing, very natural to life.

In front of the fountain was a little white mouse on apparently a solid rock, eating a kernel of corn; through a hole in the rock on which he sat ran the wires that turned his head to look at you and raised his paws to his mouth. All worked at the same time and ran by the water from the main pipes in his house, and could be shut off at will. Above all this were seventy-five pots of flowers filling the bow-window.

It was a grand sight and was the talk of the town for years. He was obliged to pack it away owing to the large number of visitors who called to see it.

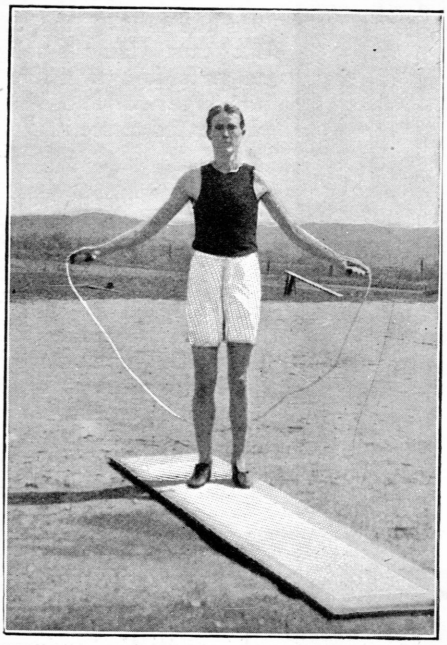
XXVII. — THE SKIPPING CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

By Fred A. Talbot.

The record-breaker is inseparable from America. Be it either in work or play, an astonishing feat must be accomplished. The results of these efforts to attain priority and notoriety have been the creation of some unique records, and in some instances the feats have gained widespread notice as remarkable achievements of physical endurance. Notwithstanding this curious tendency in the States it is doubtful whether one would have thought it possible to establish a record in connection with the young lady's favourite pastime of skipping. Yet this is the case, and the record is not held by any member of the fair sex, but by Mr. Fred Connor, of New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

Curiously enough, the idea of establishing a skipping record appears to have originated in this country; at any rate, an Englishman was the first man to gain publicity in this direction. The holder of this unique championship was no other than William Plimmer, the well-known English pugilist. Some six or seven years ago he decided to ascertain how long he could skip without once stopping or pausing. He enlisted the assistance of some friends to witness the event. Owing to the curious nature of the competition considerable interest was

manifested, an effect due to a great extent, no doubt, to the fame he had accomplished in connection with his pugilistic encounters. An ordinary rope was provided, and Plimmer commenced his task. He had to turn the rope himself, that is to say, he did not skip while assistants placed at either end turned the rope for him. Plimmer succeeded in making 3,926 consecutive jumps without a single miss or pause. It was considered a magnificent performance, and Plimmer was fêted accordingly.



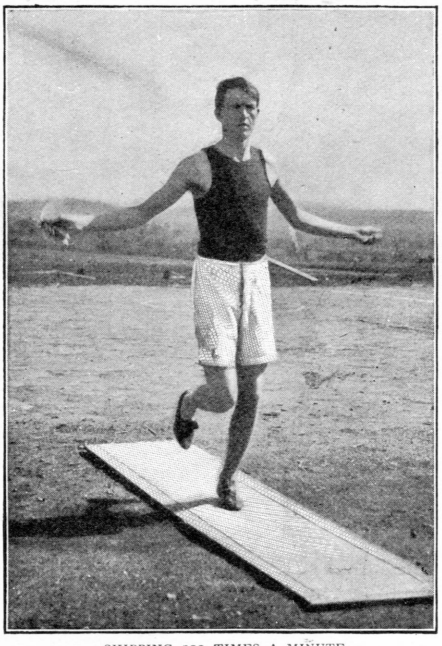
FRED CONNOR, THE CHAMPION SKIPPER—STARTING POSITION.
From a Photograph.

But the glory of the achievement of the English pugilist was short-lived. A challenger appeared on the scene in the person of Mr. Connor, who stated that he would excel Plimmer's record. The conditions were to be exactly the same, and the *venue* of the contest was to be Oil City, Pennsylvania. So eminently successful was Connor in this attempt that Plimmer's record was lowered by 109 jumps, Connor having accomplished 4,035 skips. The new champion's achievement was somewhat more noteworthy than that of Plimmer, since he had used the backward lope or step, which made the task much more difficult.

Although beaten, Plimmer made no attempt to retrieve the "blue ribbon," but another rival, Mr. Mullen, eclipsed Connor's record by skipping against time. This latest opponent made 5,000 skips in one hour. The forward lope was utilized throughout, and the feat was regarded as being remarkable, since the strain of skipping incessantly for such a length of time and at such a speed is tremendous. Skipping is one of the most healthy forms of exercise, and at the same time one of the most fatiguing.

This achievement by Mullen stimulated Connor to further effort. He soon announced that he would further increase the record, and on March 1st, 1896, the attempt was made. Mullen's record on this occasion was hopelessly broken, for Connor carried off fresh laurels by making 7,000 skips in 1hr. 45min. Although on the average for the hour this aggregate does not equal that of Mullen, since Connor only made 4,000 skips in the sixty minutes as against the former's 5,000 in the same time, yet the feat was far more important, and is still the record for skipping for the longest time without a pause or miss. As with the case of the competitor he vanquished, Connor availed himself of the forward lope entirely. Great difficulty was at times experienced by the umpires in recording the skips, owing to the rapidity with which the competitor turned the rope.

By this wonderful exhibition, which was not only a remarkable skipping performance but also a splendid physical feat, Connor

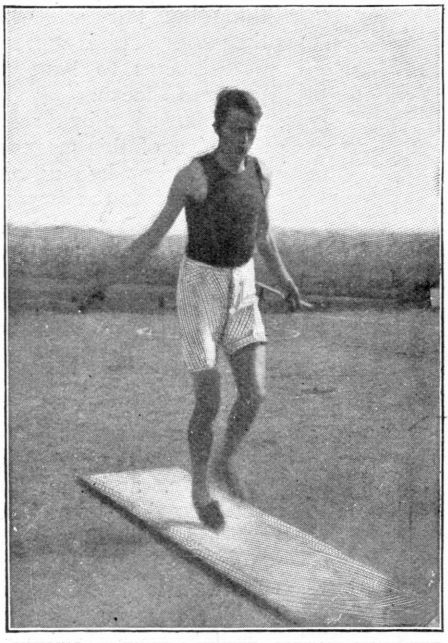


SKIPPING 120 TIMES A MINUTE.
From a Photograph.

firmly established his claim to the championship, and since then no other challengers have succeeded in wresting it from him. Connor has since devoted his energies mainly to pace instead of to staying power, and in this direction he has also achieved some startling successes.

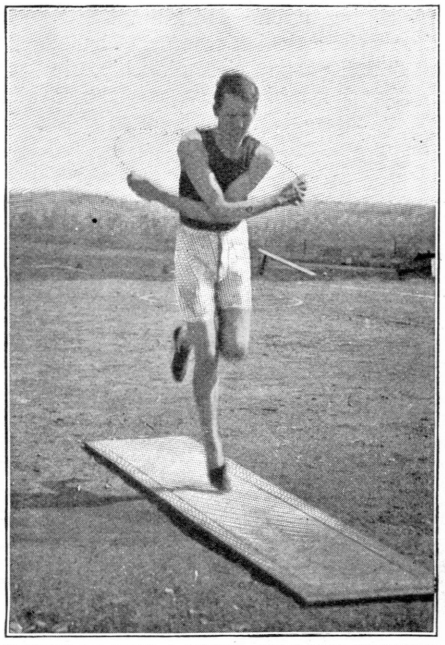
Shortly after his disposal of Mullen he had a sharp spurt of 500 jumps in 2min. 22sec., an average of about 3½ skips per second. This was a rapid piece of work, but continued practice has enabled him to increase his speed enormously. Occasionally he attains such a pace that the camera fails to record the rope distinctly, but simply gives a confused blurr showing the rope whizzing through the air. Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining the photographs illustrating this article, and it was not until after several attempts had been made that successful photographs were obtained.

On December 24th, 1897, Connor succeeded in lowering the last remaining record in connection with skipping. This latter was



SKIPPING 300 TIMES A MINUTE—FORWARD MOVEMENT.
From a Photograph.

established some little time previously by Mr. Frank Nucles, of Auburn, New York State, who accomplished 2,000 skips in 14min. 30sec. This averages a speed for the hour of about 8,000 jumps, so that it will be recognised that Connor set himself a formidable task in attempting to eclipse this feat. The contest was decided at the Young Men's Christian Association, Oil City, and Connor gained another gigantic success. He lowered Nucles's record by 2min. 51sec., because he accomplished the 2,000 jumps in 11min. 39sec., an hourly speed of over 10,300 jumps—truly a magnificent performance.



SKIPPING 300 TIMES A MINUTE—CROSS-ROPE MOVEMENT.
From a Photograph.

It might be naturally supposed that to watch Connor skipping, especially in the longer contests, was a tedious process and devoid of interest. Such is far from being the case, however. Connor is a typical athlete, and he can introduce considerable variety into his steps that relieves the monotony of the spectacle. There is the forward lope, ordinary running style, which is the easiest and speediest step; back lope, which is both difficult and fatiguing; double jump, front hop, cross arm hop, and so forth. With such a variety of movements, when one continual action becomes tiring, he can obtain relief by adopting some other step. Then, again, he is continually altering his pace. At one moment he is proceeding along in an easy, regular step, while at another he is turning the rope so quickly that his feet do not appear to touch the ground, and the revolving rope makes a peculiar and fascinating hiss in its progress.

Three days after his defeat of Nucles's exploit he created another fast record by making 7,000 skips in 47min. 45sec., at the Oil City Athletic Club. The following

week he completed an even finer performance by making 10,111 steps in 1hr. 18min., which still ranks as one of his finest and fastest performances. His last exhibition was given at Warren, Pennsylvania, some time ago, when he made 1,000 jumps in 5min. 17sec. Since that time Connor has been resting upon his triumphs, awaiting patiently the arrival of the next challenger to the skipping-rope championship, but apparently other athletes are content to allow Connor to remain in undisputed possession of his unique record.

XXVIII.—A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

AFTER two and a half years of steady labour William Jankowsky, a young carriage-builder of Brooklyn, U.S.A., has completed the most remarkable timepiece known to the annals of the craft. Not only does this clock keep correct time, but it has several sets of chimes, electric lights, a phonograph, a music-box, a procession of ecclesiastical figures, a couple of miniature breech-loading cannon, a gas warming device, an electric fan, and an alarm. It took Mr. Jankowsky just one year to collect the materials desired, to draft the design, and cut out with a scroll-saw the hundreds of pieces of wood used in the construction.

The whole affair stands 8ft. high and 4ft. in width and 3ft. deep. The woods used in making it are ebony, white maple, oak, mahogany, and walnut.

In the winter time the clock is connected with a gas stove, and automatically warms up the room in the morning, while during the hot summer days it operates an electric fan. When the clock is wound up and its various devices put into operation it affords an amusing entertainment, for this wonderful timepiece does practically everything but talk, and when the phonograph is started it even seems to have the power of speech.

From a] WILLIAM JANKOWSKY AND HIS WONDERFUL CLOCK. [*Photograph.*

When visited by a representative of this magazine Mr. Jankowsky ushered his guest into the drawing-room and promptly exhibited the clock.

"There she stands; a pretty ornament, is it not?" he smilingly asked, pointing to the unique time-teller; "that represents two and a half years of hard labour and thought.

"I am a carriage-maker by trade, and am kept busily employed during the day, so I had only my evenings to work on my clock. Many and many a time I sat up until the wee small hours perfecting my design or finishing some delicate bit of carving. Two batteries are employed in producing the force necessary to operate all the devices pertaining to this timepiece. I will set it going.

"As you will notice, first

one hears the tinkling of a fine set of chimes in the twin tower. Those towers represent hours of hard labour, and are, to my thinking, the crowning glory of the clock. The scrollwork and intricate design of the woodwork of these towers called forth all my ingenuity.

"The soldier guarding the towers suggested to me the cannons underneath. As the hours strike these four cannon go off with a bang, produced by an ordinary powder cap. I have been told that the firing of the cannon combined with the martial airs which the phonograph and organ send forth, together with the beating of the drums, give the impression of the waging of a fierce war.

"The clock is lighted by forty small electric bulbs, and when these tiny lights flash out here and there the procession of figures in the balcony of the clock slowly starts in motion and passes in review.

"Taking the working of the different devices in order, after a brief pause the melody of the chimes is succeeded by a familiar air evoked from the music-box concealed in the centre of the clock body. When this has ceased the phonograph in the lower half of the structure begins in crescendo tones Sousa's march. At the climax the twin cannon are fired by electricity.

"In cold weather I set a battery by my clock, and at the desired hour half-a-dozen gas-jets in a stove are ignited, and the room is warmed before I have finished breakfast. In warm weather I attach an electric fan, which is similarly regulated; thus in winter my clock keeps me warm, while in summer it cools me."

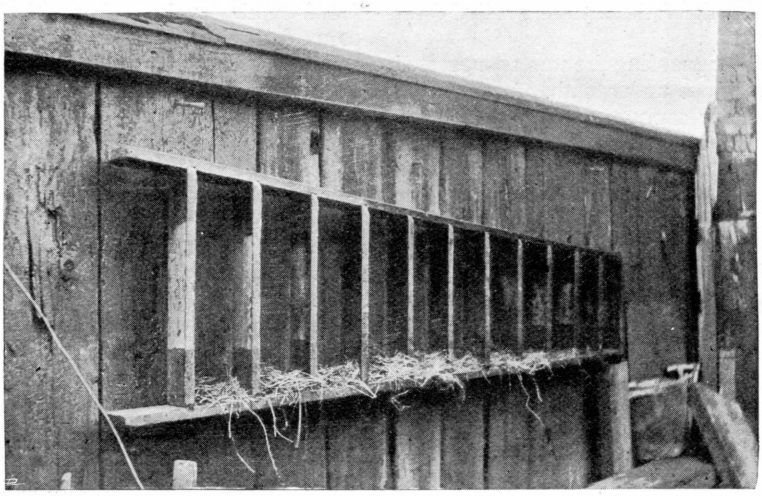
XXIX.—BEATING TIME BY SEARCH-LIGHT.

UPON the occasion of one of the elections in New York City a short while ago it was decided to give a massed band selection in the Madison Square one evening. A difficulty however arose, which threatened to prevent the realization of the scheme. How were the various bands to be kept in time? It was obviously impossible for a man to conduct the mammoth orchestra, owing to the darkness. How the dilemma was successfully surmounted may be seen from our illustration. At the summit of the tall tower, crowning the building known as the Madison Square Gardens Building, a huge electric search-light was erected, and the brilliant ray of light emanating from this search-light served as the bâton. It was manipulated up and down in steady, regular beats, and the bands were thus enabled to keep time. The upward and downward movements of this unique bâton may be distinctly observed by the flashes of the light.

From a] THE SEARCH-LIGHT BEATING TIME TO THE MAMMOTH ORCHESTRA. *[Photograph.*

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

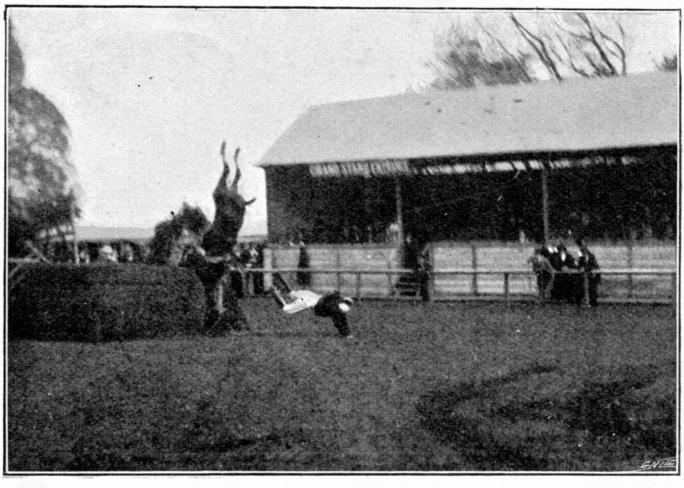


A CURIOUS NESTING OCCURRENCE.

"I send you a photograph of no fewer than ten birds' nests which I took at the beginning of April, built in each step of a step-ladder that was hung on the wall of a pumping engine-house yard here. The engine in question had not been at work for over a week, and in the meantime these birds had started building their nests. Three of them contained eggs when found. The birds forsook their homes as soon as the owners started using the engine again. What is most remarkable is that all the nests are built by thrushes, which birds I have never known to build together before."—Mr. P. Phillips, 28, Oxford Street, Bletchley.

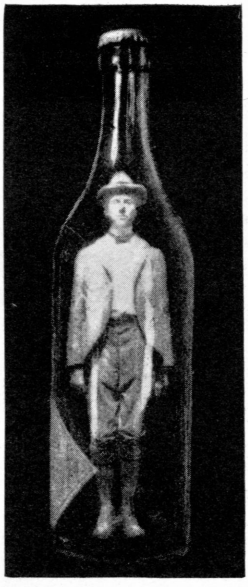
A TOPSY-TURVY HORSE.

"I have pleasure in sending you herewith what is considered a unique photograph of a falling horse. This was taken by myself at the Somerset Agricultural Show held at Taunton on May 10th. The horse failed to rise sufficiently at the bank, which he struck with his chest, and the impetus caused him to turn a complete somersault, the picture showing it completely upright. The horse fell by the side of the rider, both of whom escaped unhurt."—Mr. H. M. Cooper, 29, East Street, Taunton. [We congratulate Mr. Cooper on the wonderful luck and no mean skill which have enabled him to secure this remarkable photograph at the psychological moment. This is probably the most curious instantaneous photograph which has appeared in the Curiosities section up to the present.]

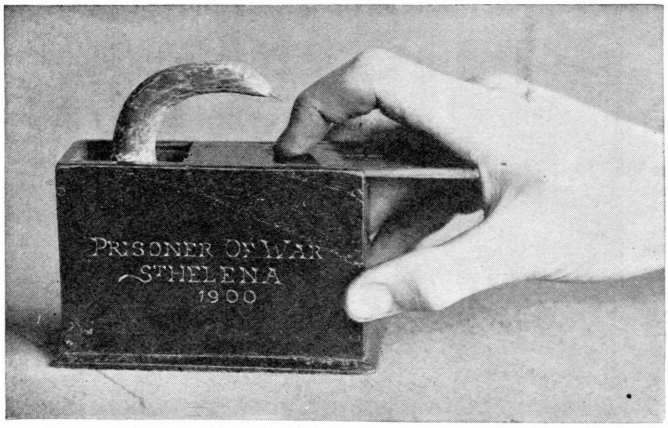


"CORKED UP."

"The man shown inside the bottle, a picture of which I send you, was alive and well, though the bottle was an ordinary pint one. The illusion is, of course, purely a photographic one."—Mr. C. H. Breed, Lawrenceville, New Jersey.



* Copyright, 1901, by George Newnes, Limited.

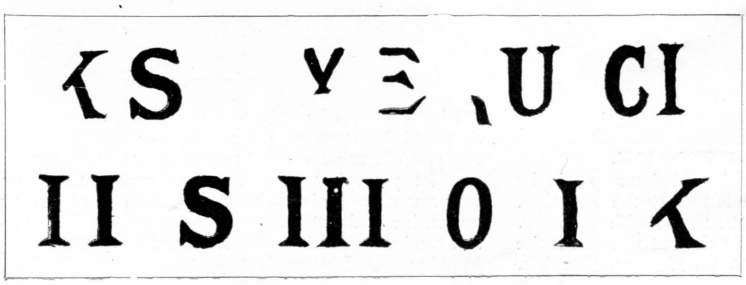


A BOER PRISONER'S CUNNING.

"Herewith a photograph of a quaint snake puzzle box, manufactured by one of the Boer prisoners of war at St. Helena. A number of the Boer prisoners of war at St. Helena, and also in Ceylon, are very clever at wood-carving, and several of them are making a considerable income by carving on pipes, which I imagine is a much more agreeable occupation than sitting behind boulders, on kopjes, under the persistent fire of the merciless rooinek. On opening the lid, by causing it to slide with the forefinger, the snake seen in the photo. suddenly emerges therefrom and inflicts a prick by means of the point of a pin cunningly fixed in its mouth."—Master C. A. E. Cadell, Fox Hill Lodge, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

WHAT IS IT?

"This is not Chinese, Japanese, or any other 'ese.' It is English, or rather it would be if the two lines were merged into one. Those who cannot read the sentence as it stands might copy the two separate lines, precisely as given, one line on either side of a piece of cardboard, cut exactly to size, and pasted back to back on cardboard or some such substance. A small hole should be pierced in either end of the cardboard through which a couple of pieces of very fine twine, about the length of one's finger, should be threaded. Give the twine a rapid circular movement between the fingers and thumbs and the writing will at once be apparent. Fascinating ladies are hereby cautioned against trying the experiment in the presence of up-to-date young men, for the sentence is a command—a command, moreover, inviting prompt compliance."—Mr. C. H. Chandler, 20, Allison Road, Harringay, N.



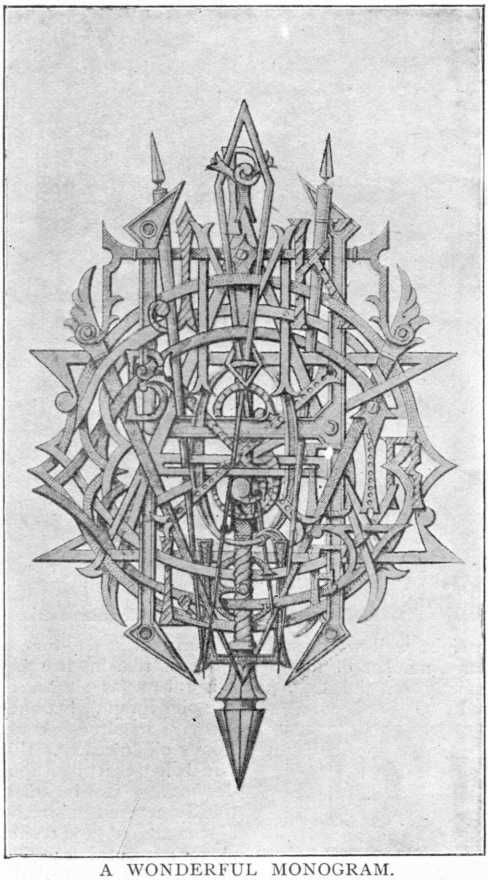
NOT A PEAR TREE.

"Things often are not what they seem. This tree at first sight looks as if it were covered with large, luscious pears, or some equally delectable fruit. However, a closer inspection of the photograph will reveal the fact that the 'fruit' consists of nothing more or less than dozens of flying foxes. This particular tree is in the town of Madras, and in the evening it is

a sight well worth seeing. During the day-time a large number of the flying foxes remain hanging quietly on the tree, like huge bats (as shown in the photograph), but after sunset hundreds come from all quarters, this tree being a regular rendezvous. It is then thickly covered with the ugly creatures, and would make a most interesting photo., but, owing to darkness, this is quite out of the question."—The Rev. H. C. B. Stone, M.A., Chaplain, Waverley House, Egmore, Madras.

HORNGARTH PLANTING.

"The ancient custom of planting the 'penny-hedge' or 'horngarth' was observed at Whitby on the 15th May last. In Henry II.'s time the lords of Ugglebarnby and Sneaton hunted a boar into a hermit's chapel. It died, and the hounds were kept out by the hermit, whom the lords in their anger slew. The dying hermit decreed that as penance the lords had, at each Ascension Eve, to gather wood and carry it to the water's edge at low tide and drive in stakes. Should the erection not withstand three tides the lands of the lords should be forfeited to the Abbot of Whitby. The ceremony is performed yearly in Whitby harbour by Mr. Isaac Hutton and Mr. John Rickinson, the latter representing the lord of the manor. The blowing of the horn, which is over 500 years old, and the custom of crying 'Out on ye! Out on ye!' was observed as usual. The photo. shows the hedge in course of construction."—Mr. Henry N. Pulman, 6, York Terrace, Whitby.

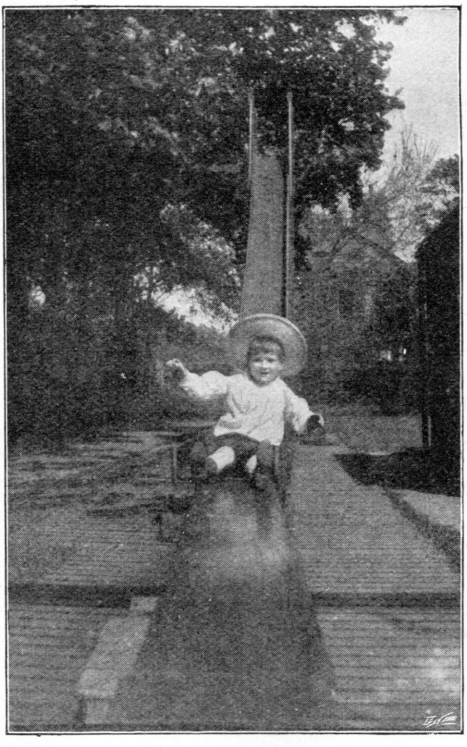


A WONDERFUL MONOGRAM.

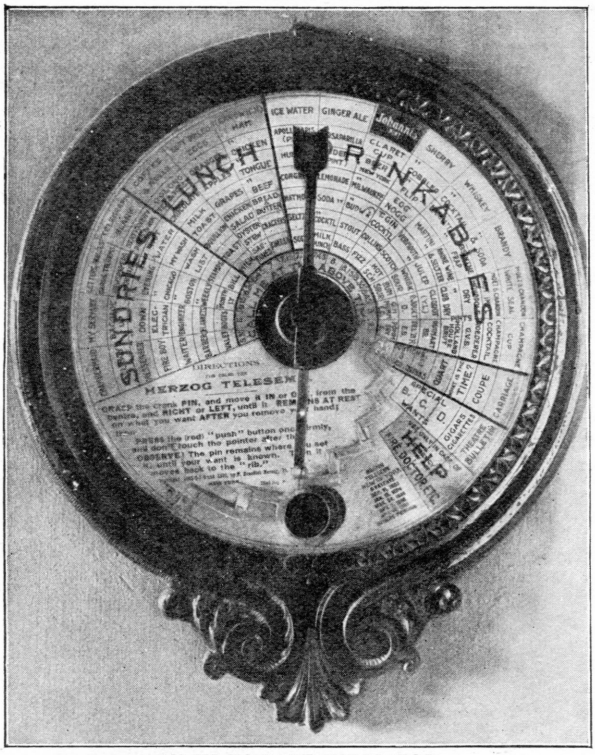
"I send you a monogram invented and made by myself. It contains all the letters of the alphabet, twenty-six in all. They can be traced with patience. The letter N is the smallest (in the centre), and is the only indistinct one."—Mr. C. W. Hooper, Keswick.

A HOME-MADE TOBOGGAN.

"I send you a snap-shot of my youngest brother, taken as he was descending our toboggan at a probable rate of twenty miles an hour. This sort of amusement will perhaps appear novel to most people,



but is a source of much pleasure to children. It is ascended by steps at the far side, and when at the top you either sit down 'naturally' or upon a mat, and let yourself 'go.' The sun makes the wood very smooth and glassy, and with the aid of a little turpentine and beeswax rubbed in an excellent surface can be obtained."—Mr. E. F. Guthrie, Lyndhurst, Mossley Hill, Liverpool.



AN UP-TO-DATE INDICATOR.

"This photograph represents one of the indicators placed in the bedrooms at the Holland House, New York. The pointer is shifted to any of the 'wants' printed on the dial, and, on ringing a bell, a similar indicator is actuated in the office, and a servant is at once dispatched. This is a great saving in large hotels like the Holland House." — Mr. Marcus Smith, the Cross-ways, Totteridge Green, Herts.

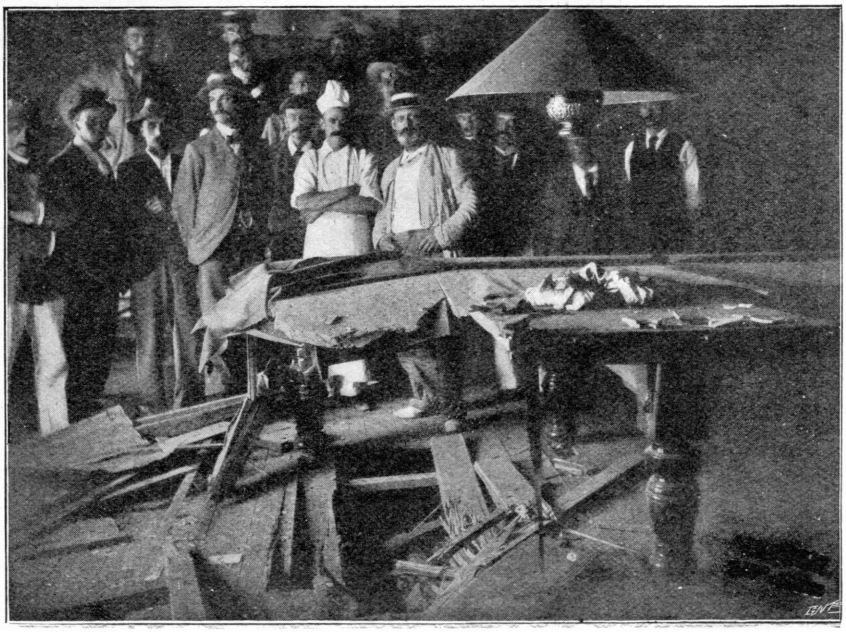
"DANGEROUS!"

"I have thought that this photograph of myself might be suitable for your Curiosity pages, and should be pleased to hear that such was the case. It was taken at the top of a very nasty hill near Cloughton, Scarborough, by a friend. Some people are inclined to think the

board much more dangerous than the hill."—Mr. C. E. Colling, 93, Victoria Road, Scarborough.

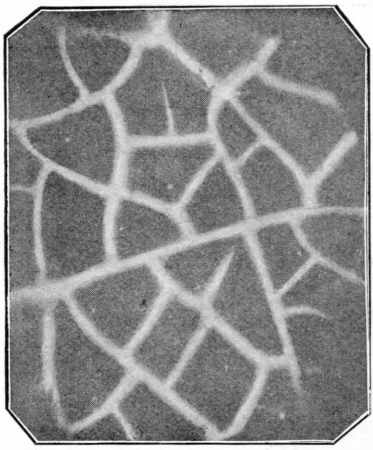
THE "BIGGEST BREAK" ON RECORD.

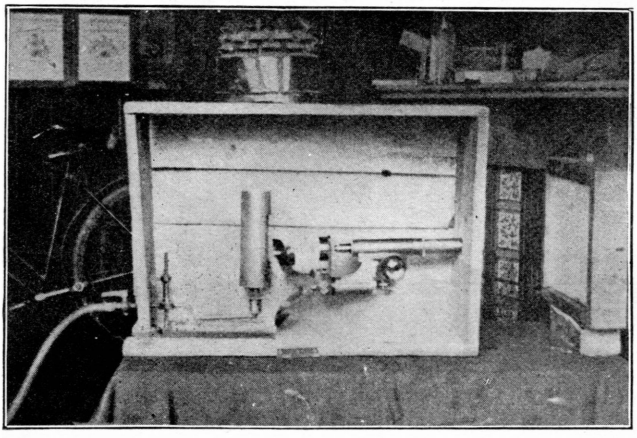
The effects of a "cannon game" and a "shell-out" by a 100lb. shell fired from the Boer trenches at Kampersdorp into Kimberley, a distance of four miles. This unusual performance took place on a Thurston billiard table at the Buffalo Club, Kimberley, on February 7th, 1900.



THE SKIN OF A SPIDER.

"I am sending you a picture of what at first looks like ordinary wire netting, but in truth it is a spider's skin enlarged one thousand times. The apparatus shown in the second picture for enlarging such minute objects was invented by a boy of fifteen. The picture I am sending of it is, of course, not quite like it was originally, as it is impossible to photograph it while in the dark room. The spider which possessed this skin was only a very small money spider, and was about one-fiftieth the size of one of the squares on the skin.

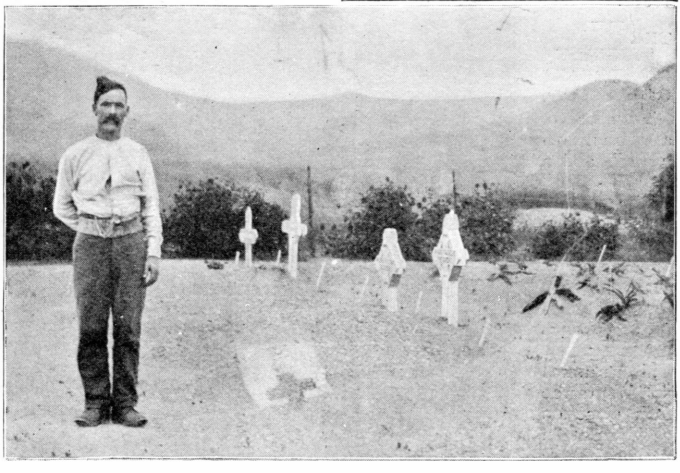




I also wish to add that this was the *second* picture the boy ever took, and I think it exceedingly good."— Mr. H. B. Dresser, Malvernhurst, Malvern.

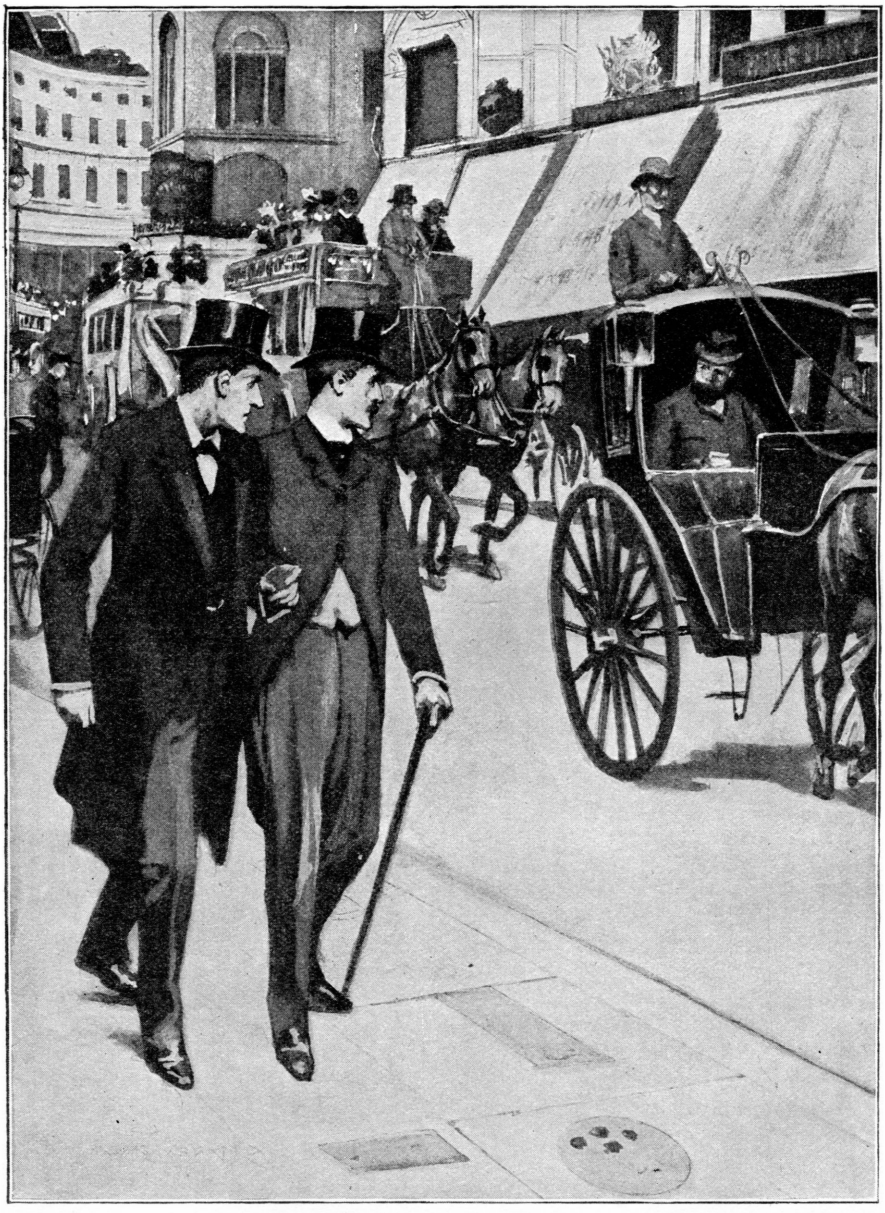
THE SHADOW IN THE GRAVEYARD.

"I am at present (April 18th) in South Africa. This photo. was taken in Charlestown, Natal, Military Graveyard. Majuba rises to the left. When I developed the negative I noticed a cross and some figures on it, and these can be seen in the print. I cannot account for the occurrence. The time of day was noon; the sun was hidden by clouds. There were no shadows either from the morgue-man or the graves. How do you account for it?" — Mr. R. H. Parker, 13, North Park Road, Harrogate, Yorkshire.



THE "GREAT EASTERN'S" STEAM WHISTLE.

"When the *Great Eastern* was broken up in Liverpool some few years ago I purchased the large steam whistle which I now have, and send you a photo. of it, trusting it will be of interest to your readers. The whistle is made of brass and weighs 98lb., its height measuring 33in." — Mr. F. G. White, 23, Adelaide Street, Blackpool.



"THERE'S OUR MAN, WATSON! COME ALONG."

(*See page* 253.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxii. SEPTEMBER, 1901. No. 129.

The Hound of the Baskervilles.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER III.

THE PROBLEM.

I CONFESS that at these words a shudder passed through me. There was a thrill in the doctor's voice which showed that he was himself deeply moved by that which he told us. Holmes leaned forward in his excitement and his eyes had the hard, dry glitter which shot from them when he was keenly interested.

"You saw this?"

"As clearly as I see you."

"And you said nothing?"

"What was the use?"

"How was it that no one else saw it?"

"The marks were some twenty yards from the body and no one gave them a thought. I don't suppose I should have done so had I not known this legend."

"There are many sheep-dogs on the moor?"

"No doubt, but this was no sheep-dog."

"You say it was large?"

"Enormous."

"But it had not approached the body?"

"No."

"What sort of night was it?"

"Damp and raw."

"But not actually raining?"

"No."

"What is the alley like?"

"There are two lines of old yew hedge, 12ft. high and impenetrable. The walk in the centre is about 8ft. across."

"Is there anything between the hedges and the walk?"

"Yes, there is a strip of grass about 6ft. broad on either side."

"I understand that the yew hedge is penetrated at one point by a gate?"

"Yes, the wicket-gate which leads on to the moor."

"Is there any other opening?"

"None."

"So that to reach the Yew Alley one either has to come down it from the house or else to enter it by the moor-gate?"

"There is an exit through a summer-house at the far end."

"Had Sir Charles reached this?"

"No; he lay about fifty yards from it."

"Now, tell me, Dr. Mortimer—and this is important—the marks which you saw were on the path and not on the grass?"

"No marks could show on the grass."

"Were they on the same side of the path as the moor-gate?"

"Yes; they were on the edge of the path on the same side as the moor-gate."

"You interest me exceedingly. Another point. Was the wicket-gate closed?"

"Closed and padlocked."

"How high was it?"

"About 4ft. high."

"Then anyone could have got over it?"

"Yes."

"And what marks did you see by the wicket-gate?"

"None in particular."

"Good Heaven! Did no one examine?"

"Yes, I examined myself."

"And found nothing?"

"It was all very confused. Sir Charles had evidently stood there for five or ten minutes."

"How do you know that?"

"Because the ash had twice dropped from his cigar."

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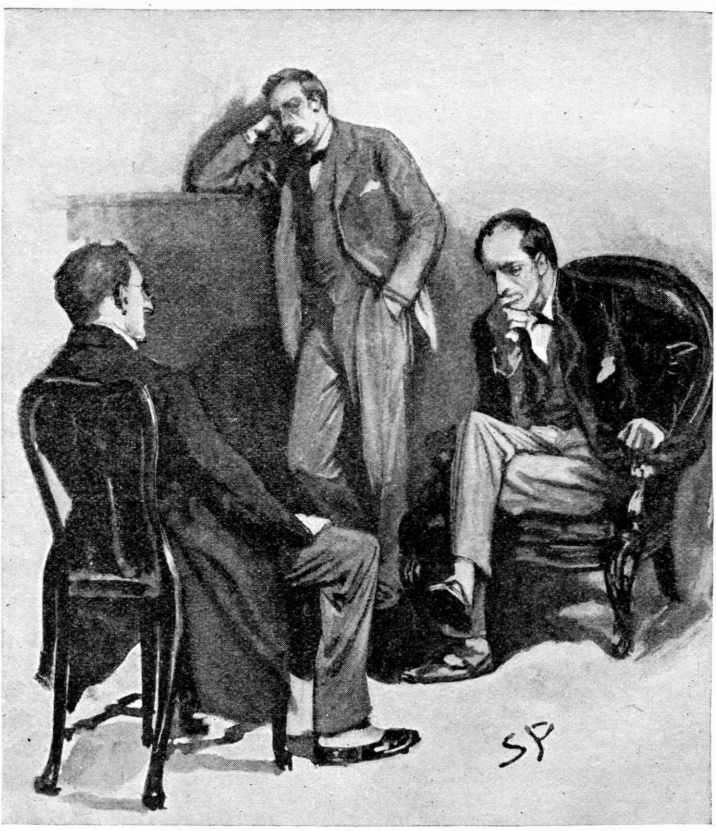
"Excellent! This is a colleague, Watson, after our own heart. But the marks?"

"He had left his own marks all over that small patch of gravel. I could discern no others."

Sherlock Holmes struck his hand against his knee with an impatient gesture.

"If I had only been there!" he cried. "It is evidently a case of extraordinary interest, and one which presented immense opportunities to the scientific expert. That gravel page upon which I might have read so much has been long ere this smudged by the rain and defaced by the clogs of curious peasants. Oh, Dr. Mortimer, Dr. Mortimer, to think that you should not have called me in! You have indeed much to answer for."



"YOU HAVE INDEED MUCH TO ANSWER FOR."

"I could not call you in, Mr. Holmes, without disclosing these facts to the world, and I have already given my reasons for not wishing to do so. Besides, besides——"

"Why do you hesitate?"

"There is a realm in which the most acute and most experienced of detectives is helpless."

"You mean that the thing is supernatural?"

"I did not positively say so."

"No, but you evidently think it."

"Since the tragedy, Mr. Holmes, there have come to my ears several incidents which are hard to reconcile with the settled order of Nature."

"For example?"

"I find that before the terrible event occurred several people had seen a creature upon the moor which corresponds with this Baskerville demon, and which could not possibly be any animal known to science. They all agreed that it was a huge creature, luminous, ghastly, and spectral. I have cross-examined these men, one of them a hard-headed countryman, one a farrier, and one a moorland farmer, who all tell the same story of this dreadful apparition, exactly corresponding to the hell-hound of

the legend. I assure you that there is a reign of terror in the district and that it is a hardy man who will cross the moor at night."

"And you, a trained man of science, believe it to be supernatural?"

"I do not know what to believe."

Holmes shrugged his shoulders.

"I have hitherto confined my investigations to this world," said he. "In a modest way I have combated evil, but to take on the Father of Evil himself would, perhaps, be too ambitious a task. Yet you must admit that the footmark is material."

"The original hound was material enough to tug a man's throat out, and yet he was diabolical as well."

"I see that you have quite gone over to the supernaturalists. But now, Dr. Mortimer, tell me this. If you hold these views, why have you come to consult me at all? You tell me in the same breath that it is useless to investigate Sir Charles's death, and that you desire me to do it."

"I did not say that I desired you to do it."

"Then, how can I assist you?"

"By advising me as to what I should do with Sir Henry Baskerville, who arrives at Waterloo Station"—Dr. Mortimer looked at his watch—"in exactly one hour and a quarter."

"He being the heir?"

"Yes. On the death of Sir Charles we inquired for this young gentleman, and found that he had been farming in Canada. From the accounts which have reached us he is an excellent fellow in every way. I speak now not as a medical man but as a trustee and executor of Sir Charles's will."

"There is no other claimant, I presume?"

"None. The only other kinsman whom we have been able to trace was Rodger Baskerville, the youngest of three brothers of whom poor Sir Charles was the elder. The second brother, who died young, is the father of this lad Henry. The third, Rodger, was the black sheep of the family. He came of the old masterful Baskerville strain, and was the very image, they tell me, of the family picture of old Hugo. He made England too hot to hold him, fled to Central America, and died there in 1876 of yellow fever. Henry is the last of the Baskervilles. In one hour and five minutes I meet him at Waterloo Station. I have had a wire that he arrived at Southampton this morning. Now, Mr. Holmes, what would you advise me to do with him?"

"Why should he not go to the home of his fathers?"

"It seems natural, does it not? And yet, consider that every Baskerville who goes there meets with an evil fate. I feel sure that if Sir Charles could have spoken with me before his death he would have warned me against bringing this the last of the old race, and the heir to great wealth, to that deadly place. And yet it cannot be denied that the prosperity of the whole poor, bleak country-side depends upon his presence. All the good work which has been done by Sir Charles will crash to the ground if there is no tenant of the Hall. I fear lest I should be swayed too much by my own obvious interest in the matter, and that is why I bring the case before you and ask for your advice."

Holmes considered for a little time.

"Put into plain words, the matter is this," said he. "In your opinion there is a diabolical agency which makes Dartmoor an unsafe abode for a Baskerville—that is your opinion?"

"At least I might go the length of saying that there is some evidence that this may be so."

"Exactly. But surely, if your supernatural theory be correct, it could work the young man evil in London as easily as in Devonshire. A devil with merely local powers like a parish vestry would be too inconceivable a thing."

"You put the matter more flippantly, Mr. Holmes, than you would probably do if you were brought into personal contact with these things. Your advice, then, as I understand it, is that the young man will be as safe in Devonshire as in London. He comes in fifty minutes. What would you recommend?"

"I recommend, sir, that you take a cab, call off your spaniel who is scratching at my front door, and proceed to Waterloo to meet Sir Henry Baskerville."

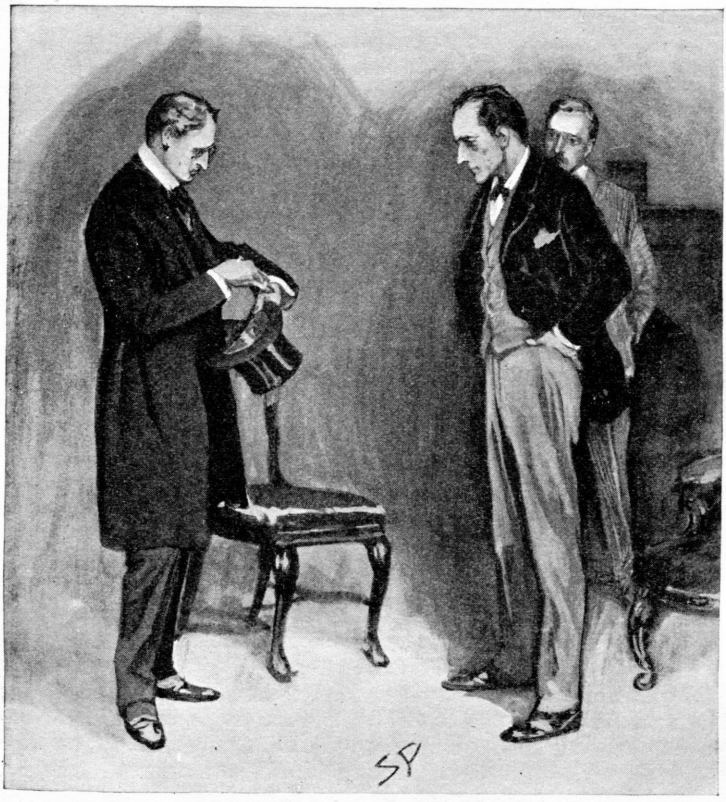
"And then?"

"And then you will say nothing to him at all until I have made up my mind about the matter."

"How long will it take you to make up your mind?"

"Twenty-four hours. At ten o'clock to-morrow, Dr. Mortimer, I will be much obliged to you if you will call upon me here, and it will be of help to me in my plans for the future if you will bring Sir Henry Baskerville with you."

"I will do so, Mr. Holmes." He scribbled the appointment on his shirt cuff and hurried off in his strange, peering, absent-minded fashion. Holmes stopped him at the head of the stair.



"HE SCRIBBLED THE APPOINTMENT ON HIS SHIRT CUFF."

"Only one more question, Dr. Mortimer. You say that before Sir Charles Baskerville's death several people saw this apparition upon the moor?"

"Three people did."

"Did any see it after?"

"I have not heard of any."

"Thank you. Good morning."

Holmes returned to his seat with that quiet look of inward satisfaction which meant that he had a congenial task before him.

"Going out, Watson?"

"Unless I can help you."

"No, my dear fellow, it is at the hour of action that I turn to you for aid. But this is splendid, really unique from some points of view. When you pass Bradley's would you ask him to send up a pound of the strongest shag tobacco? Thank you. It would be as well if you could make it convenient not to return before evening. Then I should be very glad to compare impressions as to this most interesting problem which has been submitted to us this morning."

I knew that seclusion and solitude were very necessary for my friend in those hours of intense mental concentration during which he weighed every particle of evidence, constructed alternative theories, balanced one against the other, and made up his mind as to which points were essential and which immaterial. I therefore spent the day at my club and did not return to Baker Street until evening. It was nearly nine o'clock when I found myself in the sitting-room once more.

My first impression as I opened the door was that a fire had broken out, for the room was so filled with smoke that the light of the lamp upon the table was blurred by it. As I entered, however, my fears were set at rest, for it was the acrid fumes of strong coarse tobacco which took me by the throat and set me coughing. Through the haze I had a vague vision of Holmes in his dressing-gown coiled up in an arm-chair with his black clay pipe between his lips. Several rolls of paper lay around him.

"Caught cold, Watson?" said he.

"No, it's this poisonous atmosphere."

"I suppose it *is* pretty thick, now that you mention it."

"Thick! It is intolerable."

"Open the window, then! You have been at your club all day, I perceive."

"My dear Holmes!"

"Am I right?"

"Certainly, but how——?"

He laughed at my bewildered expression.

"There is a delightful freshness about you, Watson, which makes it a pleasure to exercise any small powers which I possess at your expense. A gentleman goes forth on a showery and miry day. He returns immaculate in the evening with the gloss still on his hat and his boots. He has been a fixture therefore all day. He is not a man with

intimate friends. Where, then, could he have been? Is it not obvious?"

"Well, it is rather obvious."

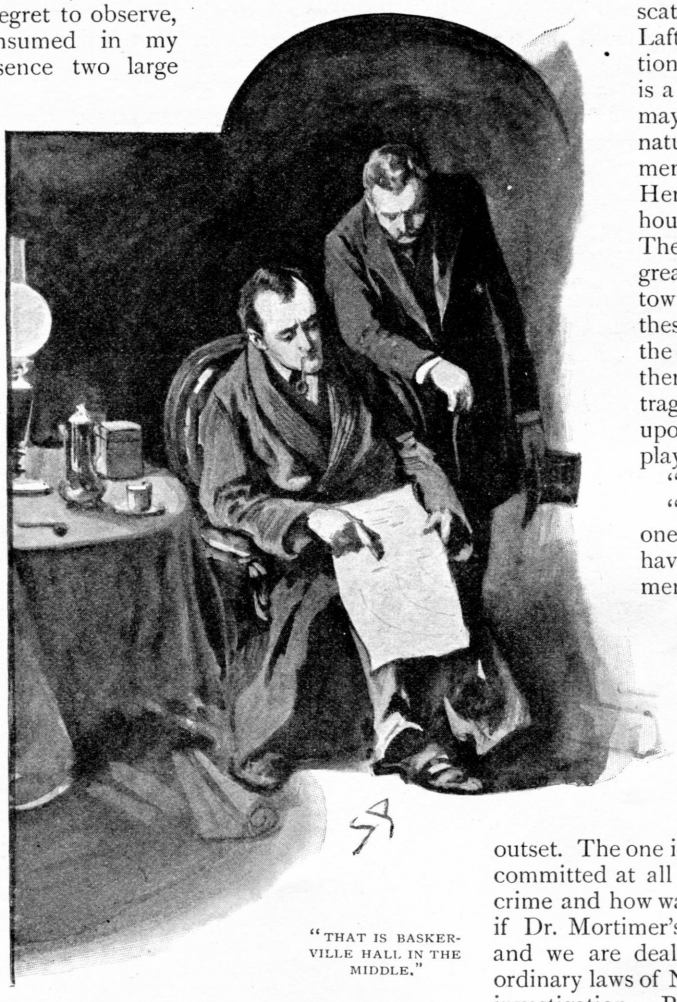
"The world is full of obvious things which nobody by any chance ever observes. Where do you think that I have been?"

"A fixture also."

"On the contrary, I have been to Devonshire."

"In spirit?"

"Exactly. My body has remained in this arm-chair, and has, I regret to observe, consumed in my absence two large pots of coffee and an incredible amount of tobacco. After you left I sent down to Stamford's for the Ordnance map of this portion of the moor, and my spirit has hovered over it all day. I flatter myself that I could find my way about."



"THAT IS BASKERVILLE HALL IN THE MIDDLE."

"A large scale map, I presume?"

"Very large." He unrolled one section and held it over his knee. "Here you have the particular district which concerns us. That is Baskerville Hall in the middle."

"With a wood round it?"

"Exactly. I fancy the Yew Alley, though not marked under that name, must stretch along this line, with the moor, as you perceive, upon the right of it. This small clump of buildings here is the hamlet of Grimpen, where our friend Dr. Mortimer has his headquarters. Within a radius of five miles there are, as you see, only a very few scattered dwellings. Here is Lafter Hall, which was mentioned in the narrative. There is a house indicated here which may be the residence of the naturalist—Stapleton, if I remember right, was his name. Here are two moorland farmhouses, High Tor and Foulmire. Then fourteen miles away the great convict prison of Princetown. Between and around these scattered points extends the desolate, lifeless moor. This, then, is the stage upon which tragedy has been played, and upon which we may help to play it again."

"It must be a wild place."

"Yes, the setting is a worthy one. If the devil did desire to have a hand in the affairs of men——"

"Then you are yourself inclining to the supernatural explanation."

"The devil's agents may be of flesh and blood, may they not? There are two questions waiting for us at the outset. The one is whether any crime has been committed at all; the second is, what is the crime and how was it committed? Of course, if Dr. Mortimer's surmise should be correct, and we are dealing with forces outside the ordinary laws of Nature, there is an end of our investigation. But we are bound to exhaust all other hypotheses before falling back upon this one. I think we'll shut that window again, if you don't mind. It is a singular thing, but I find that a concentrated atmosphere helps a concentration of thought. I have not pushed it to the length of getting into a box to think, but that is the logical outcome of my convictions.

Have you turned the case over in your mind?"

"Yes, I have thought a good deal of it in the course of the day."

"What do you make of it?"

"It is very bewildering."

"It has certainly a character of its own. There are points of distinction about it. That change in the footprints, for example. What do you make of that?"

"Mortimer said that the man had walked on tiptoe down that portion of the alley."

"He only repeated what some fool had said at the inquest. Why should a man walk on tiptoe down the alley?"

"What then?"

"He was running, Watson—running desperately, running for his life, running until he burst his heart and fell dead upon his face."

"Running from what?"

"There lies our problem. There are indications that the man was crazed with fear before ever he began to run."

"How can you say that?"

"I am presuming that the cause of his fears came to him across the moor. If that were so, and it seems most probable, only a man who had lost his wits would have run *from* the house instead of towards it. If the gipsy's evidence may be taken as true, he ran with cries for help in the direction where help was least likely to be. Then, again, whom was he waiting for that night, and why was he waiting for him in the Yew Alley rather than in his own house?"

"You think that he was waiting for someone?"

"The man was elderly and infirm. We can understand his taking an evening stroll, but the ground was damp and the night inclement. Is it natural that he should stand for five or ten minutes, as Dr. Mortimer, with more practical sense than I should have given him credit for, deduced from the cigar ash?"

"But he went out every evening."

"I think it unlikely that he waited at the moor-gate every evening. On the contrary, the evidence is that he avoided the moor. That night he waited there. It was the night before he made his departure for London. The thing takes shape, Watson. It becomes coherent. Might I ask you to hand me my violin, and we will postpone all further thought upon this business until we have had the advantage of meeting Dr. Mortimer and Sir Henry Baskerville in the morning."

CHAPTER IV.

SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE.

OUR breakfast-table was cleared early, and Holmes waited in his dressing-gown for the promised interview. Our clients were punctual to their appointment, for the clock had just struck ten when Dr. Mortimer was shown up, followed by the young Baronet. The latter was a small, alert, dark-eyed man about thirty years of age, very sturdily built, with thick black eyebrows and a strong, pugnacious face. He wore a ruddy-tinted tweed suit, and had the weather-beaten appearance of one who has spent most of his time in the open air, and yet there was something in his steady eye and the quiet assurance of his bearing which indicated the gentleman.

SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE.

"This is Sir Henry Baskerville," said Dr. Mortimer.

"Why, yes," said he, "and the strange thing is, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, that if my friend here had not proposed coming round to you this morning I should have come on my own. I understand that you think out little puzzles, and I've had one this morning which wants more thinking out than I am able to give to it."

"Pray take a seat, Sir Henry. Do I understand you to say that you have yourself had some remarkable experience since you arrived in London?"

"Nothing of much importance, Mr. Holmes. Only a joke, as like as not. It was this letter, if you can call it a letter, which reached me this morning."

He laid an envelope upon the table, and we all bent over it. It was of common quality, greyish in colour. The address, "Sir Henry Baskerville, Northumberland Hotel," was printed in rough characters; the post-mark "Charing Cross," and the date of posting the preceding evening.

"Who knew that you were going to the Northumberland Hotel?" asked Holmes, glancing keenly across at our visitor.

"No one could have known. We only decided after I met Dr. Mortimer."

"But Dr. Mortimer was no doubt already stopping there?"

"No, I had been staying with a friend," said the doctor. "There was no possible indication that we intended to go to this hotel."

"Hum! Someone seems to be very deeply interested in your movements." Out of the envelope he took a half-sheet of foolscap paper folded into four. This he opened and spread flat upon the table. Across the middle of it a single sentence had been formed by the expedient of pasting printed words upon it. It ran: "as you value your life or your reason keep away from the moor." The word "moor" only was printed in ink.

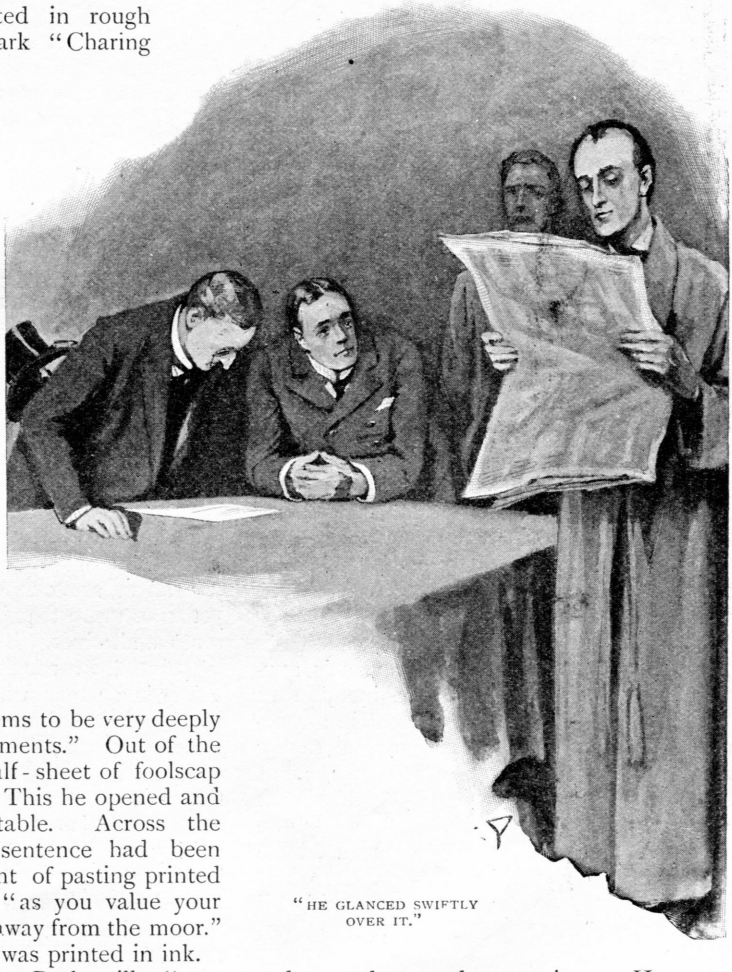
"Now," said Sir Henry Baskerville, "perhaps you will tell me, Mr. Holmes, what in thunder is the meaning of that, and who it is that takes so much interest in my affairs?"

"What do you make of it, Dr. Mortimer? You must allow that there is nothing supernatural about this, at any rate?"

"No, sir, but it might very well come from someone who was convinced that the business is supernatural."

"What business?" asked Sir Henry, sharply. "It seems to me that all you gentlemen know a great deal more than I do about my own affairs."

"You shall share our knowledge before you leave this room, Sir Henry. I promise you that," said Sherlock Holmes. "We will confine ourselves for the present with your permission to this very interesting document, which must have been put together and posted yesterday evening. Have you yesterday's *Times*, Watson?"



"HE GLANCED SWIFTLY OVER IT."

"It is here in the corner."

"Might I trouble you for it—the inside page, please, with the leading articles?" He glanced swiftly over it, running his eyes up and down the columns. "Capital article this on Free Trade. Permit me to give you an extract from it. 'You may be cajoled into imagining that your own special trade or

your own industry will be encouraged by a protective tariff, but it stands to reason that such legislation must in the long run keep away wealth from the country, diminish the value of our imports, and lower the general conditions of life in this island.' What do you think of that, Watson?" cried Holmes, in high glee, rubbing his hands together with satisfaction. "Don't you think that is an admirable sentiment?"

Dr. Mortimer looked at Holmes with an air of professional interest, and Sir Henry Baskerville turned a pair of puzzled dark eyes upon me.

"I don't know much about the tariff and things of that kind," said he; "but it seems to me we've got a bit off the trail so far as that note is concerned."

"On the contrary, I think we are particularly hot upon the trail, Sir Henry. Watson here knows more about my methods than you do, but I fear that even he has not quite grasped the significance of this sentence."

"No, I confess that I see no connection."

"And yet, my dear Watson, there is so very close a connection that the one is extracted out of the other. 'You,' 'your,' 'your,' 'life,' 'reason,' 'value,' 'keep away,' 'from the.' Don't you see now whence these words have been taken?"

"By thunder, you're right! Well, if that isn't smart!" cried Sir Henry.

"If any possible doubt remained it is settled by the fact that 'keep away' and 'from the' are cut out in one piece."

"Well, now—so it is!"

"Really, Mr. Holmes, this exceeds anything which I could have imagined," said Dr. Mortimer, gazing at my friend in amazement. "I could understand anyone saying that the words were from a newspaper; but that you should name which, and add that it came from the leading article, is really one of the most remarkable things which I have ever known. How did you do it?"

"I presume, doctor, that you could tell the skull of a negro from that of an Esquimaux?"

"Most certainly."

"But how?"

"Because that is my special hobby. The differences are obvious. The supra-orbital crest, the facial angle, the maxillary curve, the——"

"But this is my special hobby, and the differences are equally obvious. There is as much difference to my eyes between the leaded bourgeois type of a *Times* article and the slovenly print of an evening halfpenny paper as there could be between your negro and your Esquimaux. The detection of types is one of the most elementary branches of knowledge to the special expert in crime, though I confess that once when I was very young I confused the *Leeds Mercury* with the *Western Morning News*. But a *Times* leader is entirely distinctive, and these words could have been taken from nothing else. As it was done yesterday the strong probability was that we should find the words in yesterday's issue."

"So far as I can follow you, then, Mr. Holmes," said Sir Henry Baskerville, "someone cut out this message with a scissors——"

"Nail-scissors," said Holmes. "You can see that it was a very short-bladed scissors, since the cutter had to take two snips over 'keep away.'"

"That is so. Someone, then, cut out the message with a pair of short-bladed scissors, pasted it with paste——"

"Gum," said Holmes.

"With gum on to the paper. But I want to know why the word 'moor' should have been written?"

"Because he could not find it in print. The other words were all simple and might be found in any issue, but 'moor' would be less common."

"Why, of course, that would explain it. Have you read anything else in this message, Mr. Holmes?"

"There are one or two indications, and yet the utmost pains have been taken to remove all clues. The address, you observe, is printed in rough characters. But the *Times* is a paper which is seldom found in any hands but those of the highly educated. We may take it, therefore, that the letter was composed by an educated man who wished to pose as an uneducated one, and his effort to conceal his own writing suggests that that writing might be known, or come to be known, by you. Again, you will observe that the words are not gummed on in an accurate line, but that some are much higher than others. 'Life,' for example, is quite out of its proper place. That may point to carelessness or it may point to agitation and hurry upon the part of the cutter. On the whole I incline to the latter view, since the matter was evidently important, and it is unlikely that the composer of such a letter would be careless. If he were in a hurry it opens up the interesting question why he should be in a hurry, since any letter posted up to early morning would reach Sir Henry before

he would leave his hotel. Did the composer fear an interruption—and from whom?"

"We are coming now rather into the region of guess work," said Dr. Mortimer.

"Say, rather, into the region where we balance probabilities and choose the most likely. It is the scientific use of the imagination, but we have always some material basis on which to start our speculations. Now, you would call it a guess, no doubt, but I am almost certain that this address has been written in an hotel."

"How in the world can you say that?"

"If you examine it carefully you will see that both the pen and the ink have given the writer trouble. The pen has spluttered twice in a single word, and has run dry three times in a short address, showing that there was very little ink in the bottle. Now, a private pen or ink-bottle is seldom allowed to be in such a state, and the combination of the two must be quite rare. But you know the hotel ink and the hotel pen, where it is rare to get anything else. Yes, I have very little hesitation in saying that could we examine the waste-paper baskets of the hotels round Charing Cross until we found the remains of the mutilated *Times* leader we could lay our hands straight upon the person who sent this singular message. Halloa! Halloa! What's this?"

"HOLDING IT ONLY AN INCH OR TWO FROM HIS EYES."

He was carefully examining the foolscap, upon which the words were pasted, holding it only an inch or two from his eyes.

"Well?"

"Nothing," said he, throwing it down. "It is a blank half-sheet of paper, without even a watermark upon it. I think we have drawn as much as we can from this curious letter; and now, Sir Henry, has anything else of interest happened to you since you have been in London?"

"Why, no, Mr. Holmes. I think not."

"You have not observed anyone follow or watch you?"

"I seem to have walked right into the thick of a dime novel," said our visitor. "Why in thunder should anyone follow or watch me?"

"We are coming to that. You have nothing else to report to us before we go into this matter?"

"Well, it depends upon what you think worth reporting."

"I think anything out of the ordinary routine of life well worth reporting."

Sir Henry smiled.

"I don't know much of British life yet, for I have spent nearly all my time in the States and in Canada. But I hope that to lose one of your boots is not part of the ordinary routine of life over here."

"You have lost one of your boots?"

"My dear sir," cried Dr. Mortimer, "it is only mislaid. You will find it when you return to the hotel. What is the use of troubling Mr. Holmes with trifles of this kind?"

"Well, he asked me for anything outside the ordinary routine."

"Exactly," said Holmes, "however foolish the incident may seem. You have lost one of your boots, you say?"

"Well, mislaid it, anyhow. I put them both outside my door last night, and there was only one in the morning. I could get no sense out of the chap who cleans them. The worst of it is that I only bought the pair

last night in the Strand, and I have never had them on."

"If you have never worn them, why did you put them out to be cleaned?"

"They were tan boots, and had never been varnished. That was why I put them out."

"Then I understand that on your arrival in London yesterday you went out at once and bought a pair of boots?"

"I did a good deal of shopping. Dr. Mortimer here went round with me. You see, if I am to be squire down there I must dress the part, and it may be that I have got a little careless in my ways out West. Among other things I bought these brown boots—gave six dollars for them—and had one stolen before ever I had them on my feet."

"It seems a singularly useless thing to steal," said Sherlock Holmes. "I confess that I share Dr. Mortimer's belief that it will not be long before the missing boot is found."

"And, now, gentlemen," said the Baronet, with decision, "it seems to me that I have spoken quite enough about the little that I know. It is time that you kept your promise and gave me a full account of what we are all driving at."

"Your request is a very reasonable one," Holmes answered. "Dr. Mortimer, I think you could not do better than to tell your story as you told it to us."

Thus encouraged, our scientific friend drew his papers from his pocket, and presented the whole case as he had done upon the morning before. Sir Henry Baskerville listened with the deepest attention, and with an occasional exclamation of surprise.

"Well, I seem to have come into an inheritance with a vengeance," said he, when the long narrative was finished. "Of course, I've heard of the hound ever since I was in the nursery. It's the pet story of the family, though I never thought of taking it seriously before. But as to my uncle's death—well, it all seems boiling up in my head, and I can't get it clear yet. You don't seem quite to have made up your mind whether it's a case for a policeman or a clergyman."

"Precisely."

"And now there's this affair of the letter to me at the hotel. I suppose that fits into its place."

"It seems to show that someone knows more than we do about what goes on upon the moor," said Dr. Mortimer.

"And also," said Holmes, "that someone is not ill-disposed towards you, since they warn you of danger."

"Or it may be that they wish, for their own purposes, to scare me away."

"Well, of course, that is possible also. I am very much indebted to you, Dr. Mortimer, for introducing me to a problem which presents several interesting alternatives. But the practical point which we now have to decide, Sir Henry, is whether it is or is not advisable for you to go to Baskerville Hall."

"Why should I not go?"

"There seems to be danger."

"Do you mean danger from this family fiend or do you mean danger from human beings?"

"Well, that is what we have to find out."

"Which ever it is, my answer is fixed. There is no devil in hell, Mr. Holmes, and there is no man upon earth who can prevent me from going to the home of my own people, and you may take that to be my final answer." His dark brows knitted and his face flushed to a dusky red as he spoke. It was evident that the fiery temper of the Baskervilles was not extinct in this their last representative. "Meanwhile," said he, "I have hardly had time to think over all that you have told me. It's a big thing for a man to have to understand and to decide at one sitting. I should like to have a quiet hour by myself to make up my mind. Now, look here, Mr. Holmes, it's half-past eleven now and I am going back right away to my hotel. Suppose you and your friend, Dr. Watson, come round and lunch with us at two? I'll be able to tell you more clearly then how this thing strikes me."

"Is that convenient to you, Watson?"

"Perfectly."

"Then you may expect us. Shall I have a cab called?"

"I'd prefer to walk, for this affair has flurried me rather."

"I'll join you in a walk, with pleasure," said his companion.

"Then we meet again at two o'clock. Au revoir, and good morning!"

We heard the steps of our visitors descend the stair and the bang of the front door. In an instant Holmes had changed from the languid dreamer to the man of action.

"Your hat and boots, Watson, quick! Not a moment to lose!" He rushed into his room in his dressing-gown and was back again in a few seconds in a frock-coat. We hurried together down the stairs and into the street. Dr. Mortimer and Baskerville were still visible about two hundred yards ahead of us in the direction of Oxford Street.

"Shall I run on and stop them?"

"Not for the world, my dear Watson. I am perfectly satisfied with your company if you will tolerate mine. Our friends are wise, for it is certainly a very fine morning for a walk."

He quickened his pace until we had decreased the distance which divided us by about half. Then, still keeping a hundred yards behind, we followed into Oxford Street and so down Regent Street. Once our friends stopped and stared into a shop window, upon which Holmes did the same. An instant afterwards he gave a little cry of satisfaction, and, following the direction of his eager eyes, I saw that a hansom cab with a man inside which had halted on the other side of the street was now walking slowly onwards again.

"There's our man, Watson! Come along! We'll have a good look at him, if we can do no more."

At that instant I was aware of a bushy black beard and a pair of piercing eyes turned upon us through the side window of the cab. Instantly the trap-door at the top flew up, something was screamed to the driver, and the cab flew madly off down Regent Street. Holmes looked eagerly round for another, but no empty one was in sight. Then he dashed in wild pursuit amid the stream of the traffic, but the start was too great, and already the cab was out of sight.

"There now!" said Holmes, bitterly, as he emerged panting and white with vexation from the tide of vehicles. "Was ever such bad luck and such bad management, too? Watson, Watson, if you are an honest man you will record this also and set it against my successes!"

"Who was the man?"

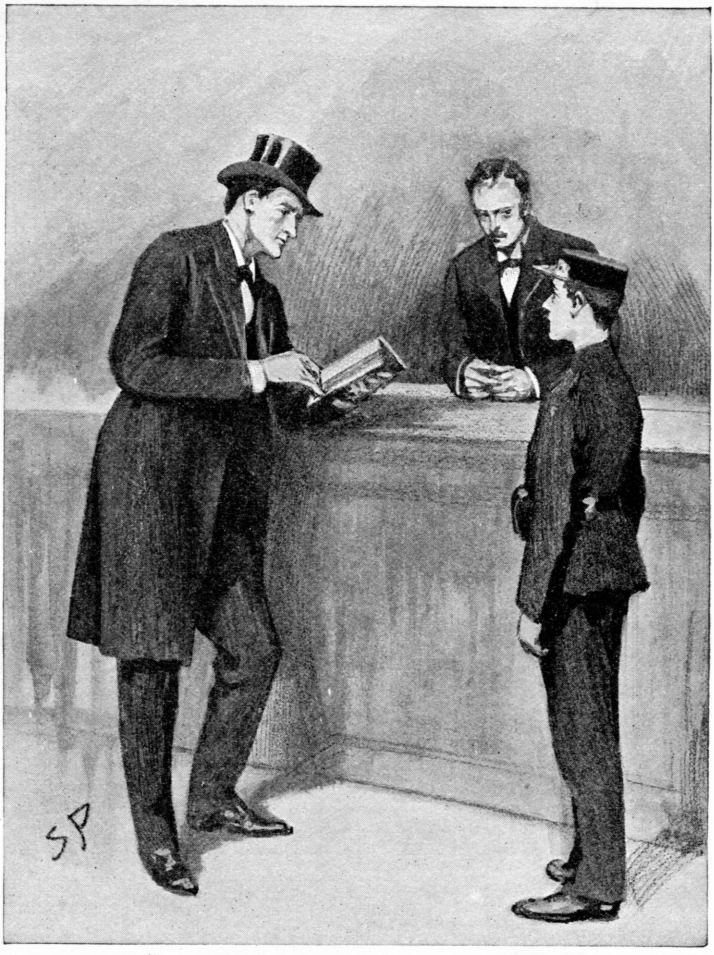
"I have not an idea."

"A spy?"

"Well, it was evident from what we have heard that Baskerville has been very closely shadowed by someone since he has been in town. How else could it be known so quickly that it was the Northumberland Hotel which he had chosen? If they had followed him the first day I argued that they would follow him also the second. You may have observed that I twice strolled over to the window while Dr. Mortimer was reading his legend."

"Yes, I remember."

"I was looking out for loiterers in the street, but I saw none. We are dealing with a clever man, Watson. This matter cuts very deep, and though I have not finally made up my mind whether it is a benevolent or a malevolent agency which is in touch with us, I am conscious always of power and design. When our friends left I at once



"HERE ARE THE NAMES OF TWENTY-THREE HOTELS."

followed them in the hopes of marking down their invisible attendant. So wily was he that he had not trusted himself upon foot, but he had availed himself of a cab, so that he could loiter behind or dash past them and so escape their notice. His method had the additional advantage that if they were to take a cab he was all ready to follow them. It has, however, one obvious disadvantage."

"It puts him in the power of the cabman."

"Exactly."

"What a pity we did not get the number!"

"My dear Watson, clumsy as I have been, you surely do not seriously imagine that I neglected to get the number? 2704 is our man. But that is no use to us for the moment."

"I fail to see how you could have done more."

"On observing the cab I should have instantly turned and walked in the other direction. I should then at my leisure have hired a second cab and followed the first at a respectful distance, or, better still, have driven to the Northumberland Hotel and waited there. When our unknown had followed Baskerville home we should have had the opportunity of playing his own game upon himself, and seeing where he made for. As it is, by an indiscreet eagerness, which was taken advantage of with extraordinary quickness and energy by our opponent, we have betrayed ourselves and lost our man."

We had been sauntering slowly down Regent Street during this conversation, and Dr. Mortimer, with his companion, had long vanished in front of us.

"There is no object in our following them," said Holmes. "The shadow has departed and will not return. We must see what further cards we have in our hands, and play them with decision. Could you swear to that man's face within the cab."

"I could swear only to the beard."

"And so could I—from which I gather that in all probability it was a false one. A clever man upon so delicate an errand has no use for a beard save to conceal his features. Come in here, Watson!"

He turned into one of the district messenger offices, where he was warmly greeted by the manager.

"Ah, Wilson, I see you have not forgotten the little case in which I had the good fortune to help you?"

"No, sir, indeed I have not. You saved my good name, and perhaps my life."

"My dear fellow, you exaggerate. I have some recollection, Wilson, that you had among your boys a lad named Cartwright, who showed some ability during the investigation."

"Yes, sir, he is still with us."

"Could you ring him up?—thank you! And I should be glad to have change of this five-pound note."

A lad of fourteen, with a bright, keen face, had obeyed the summons of the manager. He stood now gazing with great reverence at the famous detective.

"Let me have the Hotel Directory," said Holmes. "Thank you! Now, Cartwright, there are the names of twenty-three hotels here, all in the immediate neighbourhood of Charing Cross. Do you see?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will visit each of these in turn."

"Yes, sir."

"You will begin in each case by giving the outside porter one shilling. Here are twenty-three shillings."

"Yes, sir."

"You will tell him that you want to see the waste paper of yesterday. You will say that an important telegram has miscarried and that you are looking for it. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"But what you are really looking for is the centre page of the *Times* with some holes cut in it with scissors. Here is a copy of the *Times*. It is this page. You could easily recognise it, could you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"In each case the outside porter will send for the hall porter, to whom also you will give a shilling. Here are twenty-three shillings. You will then learn in possibly twenty cases out of the twenty-three that the waste of the day before has been burned or removed. In the three other cases you will be shown a heap of paper and you will look for this page of the *Times* among it. The odds are enormously against your finding it. There are ten shillings over in case of emergencies. Let me have a report by wire at Baker Street before evening. And now, Watson, it only remains for us to find out by wire the identity of the cabman, No. 2704, and then we will drop into one of the Bond Street picture galleries and fill in the time until we are due at the hotel."

(*To be continued.*)

The History of the British Association.

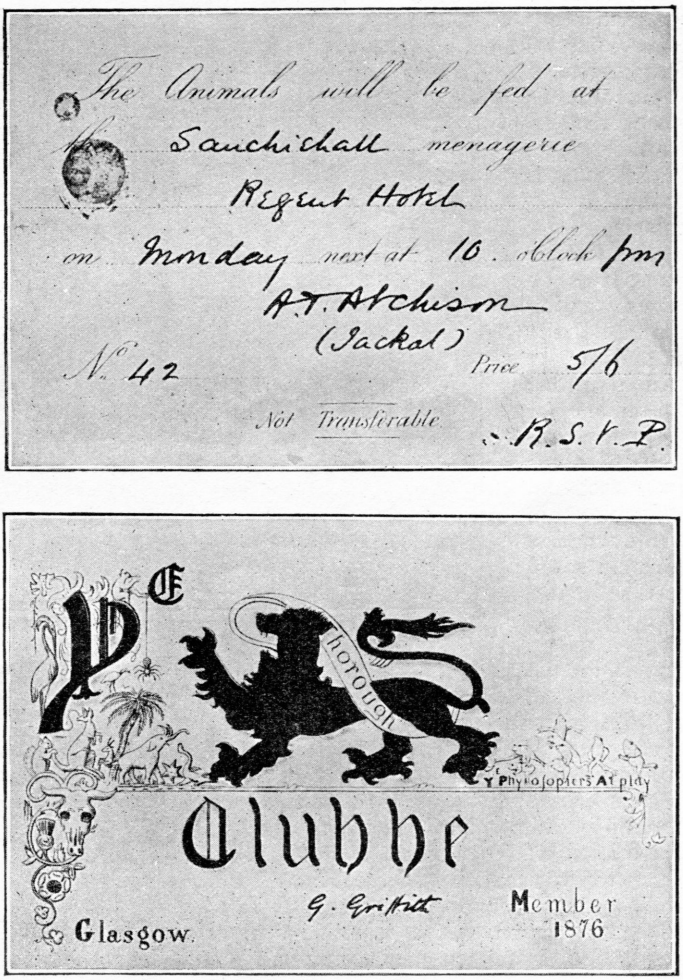
By John Mills.

ON the eleventh day of the current month there will be a great concentration of leading men of science in the City of Glasgow. Chemists, physicists, mathematicians, astronomers, naturalists, geographers, explorers, engineers, economists, and other specialists in every branch of human knowledge will, for one free and easy week, quit the usual routes of research and sit down together by the River Clyde, not to weep, but to cheerfully present to each other, to the world, and to posterity the fruits which they have individually gleaned in the scientific vineyard during the last twelve months.

It is interesting to note, in passing, that among the members of the Association there is a combination called the Red Lion Club. It was founded by the late Edward Forbes and others, and a dinner generally takes place at the meeting. The members of the club are called Lions, and the President the Lion King. New members are known as cubs, and the arrangements are in the hands of two jackals, or the lions' providers. "The great feature is the discourse of the senior jackal, illustrated with diagrams, repetitions of experiments, and so forth, in which the errors, scientific and other, in the various presidential addresses and the chief papers of the meeting are pointed out, and suggestions suited to the character of the club thrown out. Manifestations of applause are usually made by roaring, though it is regarded as a breach of etiquette for a cub to do more than wag his coat-tail, and if he offends against this rule he is liable to be called to order by the Lion King and removed." A ticket of invitation to the club is here reproduced.

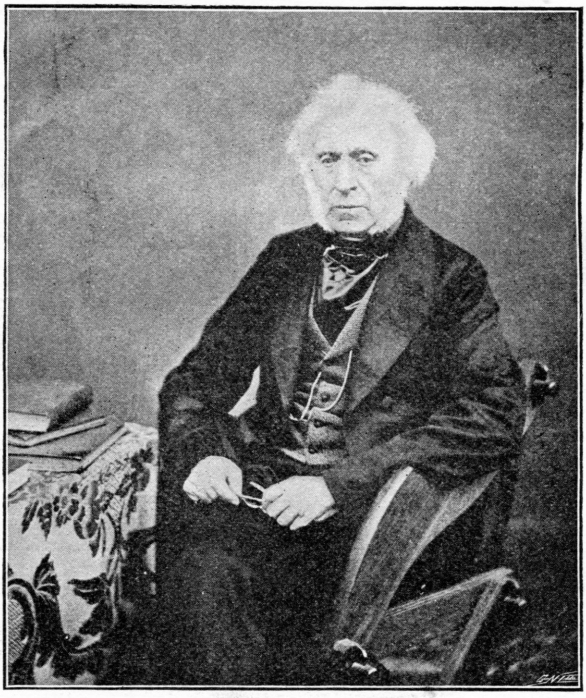
The Association is not a secret confraternity of men jealously guarding the mysteries of their profession. It invites the public at large to share its advantages, having as one of its objects to break down those imaginary and hurtful barriers which exist between men of science and so-called men of practice.

Just now, while preparations are in progress for the great meeting in Glasgow, it is opportune to glance at the origin, aims, and history of the Association, and to point out its use to the general public. I may



BACK AND FRONT OF INVITATION CARD OF THE RED LION CLUB.

say at the outset that His Majesty's subjects are equivalent to shareholders in a gigantic co-operative movement, in which the members of the British Association form the Board of Directors, and every man, woman, and child, though ignorant of the fact, receives regular and substantial dividends, increasing year by year as time rolls on. The Association has been and is an unseen body of far-sighted men working down in the foundations of social structures; strengthening the hands of statesmen in making laws for the public good; suggesting, aiding, and executing schemes for filling the public granaries while we are far advanced down the foreigner's throat, three-fourths of our food supplies coming from abroad; formulating ways and means for raising coal from greater depths at a time when the exhaustion of the upper seams is coming threateningly near; better water supplies to large towns, improved drainage, broader and sounder education for the people; the seeds of these and a thousand other reforms in our everyday life were sown, watered, and the young plants tenderly nursed at the meetings of the British Association.



SIR DAVID BREWSTER, WHO SUGGESTED THE FORMATION OF THE ASSOCIATION. [*From a*] [*Photo.*

Probably there is no one alive to-day out of the 325 members who attended the first meeting held at York on Tuesday, 27th of September, 1831, in the Museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, and at which Lord Milton presided. The Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, father of the Right Hon. Sir William Harcourt, was the virtual founder of the Association. Of a scientific turn of mind, he constructed a laboratory, and, aided by his friends Davy and Wollaston, occupied himself in chemical analysis. While he was President of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society the following letter from Sir David Brewster was received by the secretary, Professor John Phillips, who acted as Secretary of the Association up to the year 1862, and was President at the Birmingham meeting in 1865:—

Allerly, Melrose, 23rd Feb., 1831.

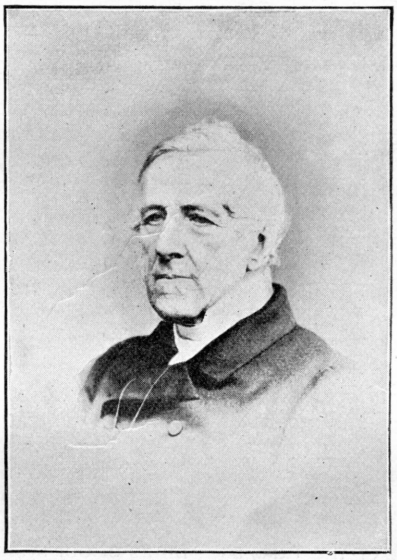
DEAR SIR,—I have taken the liberty of writing to you on a subject of considerable importance. It is proposed to establish *a British Association of Men of Science*, similar to that which has existed for eight years in Germany, and which is now patronized by the most powerful Sovereigns in that part of Europe. The arrangements for the first meeting are now in progress, and it is contemplated that it shall be held in York, as the most central city of the three kingdoms. My object in writing to you at present is, to beg that you would ascertain if York will furnish the accommodation necessary for so large a meeting, which might perhaps consist of above one hundred individuals; if the Philosophical Society would enter zealously into the plan; and if the Mayor and influential persons in the town and in the vicinity would be likely to promote its objects. The principal objects of the society would be to make the cultivators of science acquainted with each other — to stimulate one another to new exertions; to bring the objects of science before the public eye, and to take measures for advancing its interests and accelerating its progress. The society would possess no funds, make no collections, and hold no property; the expense of each anniversary meeting being defrayed by the members who are present. As these few observations will enable you to form a general opinion of the object in view, I shall only add that the time of meeting which is likely to be most convenient would be about the 18th or 25th July.—I am, etc.,

D. BREWSTER.

The Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt was a man of great intelligence, great influence in high places, and great energy. He possessed the

necessary resources for effectually helping Brewster to float this grand idea, and at the first meeting he set forth a more fully developed scheme with such skill, foresight, and good judgment, that it has remained practically unchanged to this day.

It was agreed that the Association should employ one week in every year in pointing out lines in which research should move, proposing problems to be answered and calculations to be made, and setting to work in the most useful manner the multitude of humbler labourers in science who were anxious to know how they might direct their studies with the greatest advantage to science in general. Mr. Harcourt then proceeded to read the plan of the Association in several resolutions. It was proposed a "British Association for the Advancement of Science" should be formed to give a stronger impulse and more systematic direction to the efforts of men of science in this country; that members of philosophical societies in the British Empire should become members, by desiring their names to be enrolled and contributing some small subscription; that the Association should meet annually at certain places in rotation.



THE REV. W. VERNON HARCOURT, THE VIRTUAL FOUNDER OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.
From a Photo.

There were no railways in 1831—at least none which could be of much use in aiding wayfarers to the ancient city of York. One year previous, in 1830, the Manchester and Liverpool line had been opened. Although letters of invitation were sent to all learned societies and all men known to be engaged in scientific work, the founders of the Association were quite prepared for many letters excusing non-attendance on account of distance, loss of time, and expense, and they did not even expect to see at the meeting men living in such far-off places as Cornwall! The means of travel were scanty and dear, available for the most part to the rich alone, and men of science, as a rule, are not rich; and for all ranks travelling then was beset with discomfort and risk. Correspondence by post was a slow business, and communication by telegraph was a dream of the future.

The birth of the British Association occurred just on the borderland between the England of our grandfathers, so much like the ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome, and the England of our day filled with magic wonders which would perhaps scare them back into their graves could they but see the transformations wrought since 1831. He, therefore, that would see the sun of science rise higher and higher on England's horizon, and witness the growth of the old sciences and germination of the new, must follow the migrations of this Association from town to town and watch the doings of the members. The first paper was read by John Dalton of Manchester, and was entitled "Experiments on the quantity of food taken by a person in health, compared with the quantity of secretions and insensible perspiration." The experiments by Dalton himself. At the very first meeting the Association began that system of reform which has earned for it the title of "The British Parliament of Science." At that time the Patent Laws were a serious impediment to both the progress of science and the free course of industry. It cost about £400 to get a patent through, and even then it was regarded as of no value until it had sustained a suit at law to establish its novelty. They also sought to reduce the tax on glass, which was so expensive that the manufacture of telescopes was carried on at a prohibitive cost, and in museums glass was too much of a luxury to be used for cases of specimens as we now see them. These museums, by the way, were the objects of much sarcasm in those days, and eminent men spoke contemptuously of "the stuffed ducks, the skeleton in the mahogany case, the starved cat and rat which were found behind a wainscot, the broken potsherd from an old barrow, the tattooed head of the New Zealand chief, the very unpleasant-looking lizards and snakes coiled up in the

spirits of wine, the flintstones and cockle shells."

It is curious to observe the large proportion of clergymen who formed the main body of the Association in its early days, and the almost complete absence of so-called professors of science. Now the order of things is entirely reversed. With the great development of scientific education during the last few decades professors have sprung up like mushrooms, and many of them shine as stars of the first magnitude in these yearly meetings. It is evident that the Association made a profound impression on the captains of industry throughout the land; many employers enrolled themselves as members—machinists, ironfounders, shipbuilders, agriculturists, and others, who recognised in the deliberations of this Parliament of Science the prime mover of progress in all that appertains to the improvement of trade, wholesome living, and intellectual refinement. At York, at Oxford, at Cambridge, in their initial gatherings, we see them in committee with their heads together, endeavouring to fix on some piece of work for the public good.

The tides? Any old salt at Hull, Liverpool, or Portsmouth can tell you one day at what time the tide will be up the next, but the man of Hull would not undertake to perform the part of prophet for Liverpool or Portsmouth. And so our Parliament of Science recognised that if a great number of observations of the ebb and flow of the tides were taken at many different places, accurate tables might be constructed which would render the prediction of the tides as certain as that of eclipses of the sun and moon. The conduct of this most important work was intrusted to the father of Lord Avebury (Sir John Lubbock), and it has been followed up by others, so that now tables are prepared in advance for all important ports in the civilized world.

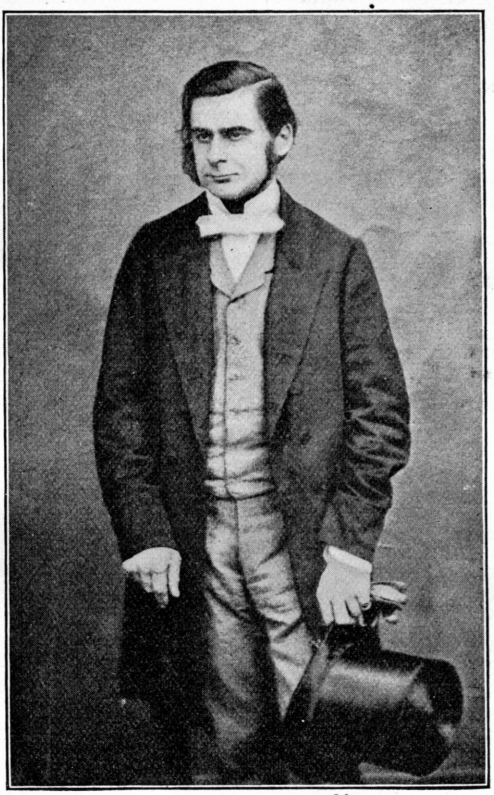
Oxford University, 1832, at the first meeting of the Association in that city, conferred the degree of Doctor on Faraday, Dalton, Brewster, and Brown. Lord Salisbury, as President of the Association in 1894, again at Oxford, told a story about this incident. He said: "A curious record came to light last year in the interesting biography of Dr. Pusey, which is the posthumous work of Canon Liddon. In it is related the first visit of the Association to Oxford in 1832. Mr. Keble, at that time a leader of University thought, writes indignantly to his friend to complain that the honorary degree of D.C.L. had been bestowed upon some of the most distinguished members of the Association. 'The Oxford doctors,' he says, 'have truckled sadly to the spirit of the times in receiving the hodge-podge of philosophers as they did!' It is amusing, at this distance of time, to note the names of the hodge-podge of philosophers whose academical distinctions so sorely vexed Mr. Keble's gentle spirit. They were Brown, Brewster, Faraday, and Dalton. When we recollect the lovable and severe character of Keble's nature, and that he was at that particular date probably the man in the University who had the greatest power over other men's minds, we can measure the distance we have traversed since that time, and the rapidity with which the converging paths of these two intellectual luminaries, the University and the Association, have approximated to each other."

Familiarity with railways from earliest childhood has rendered us almost oblivious to the risk of life, and long journeys are now undertaken with scarcely a thought of danger. Lord Francis Egerton, as President of the Association at Manchester in 1842, gave a picture of a different order when Bessel, who measured the distances of some of the stars, visited the Association. "If ever accident is destined to happen on the Birmingham and Grand Junction Railroad," said he, "I hope it may be spared us on an occasion when two such companions as Bessel and Herschel are trusting their lives to its axles. May they convey to us in health and safety the illustrious stranger, the accuracy of whose observations have enabled him to pass the limits of our system and the orbit of Uranus, and to measure and report the parallax and the distance of bodies, which no contrivance of optics can bring sensibly nearer to our vision—and which remain on the mirrors of our most powerful telescopes, the same points of unextended light which they appeared to the Chaldean shepherd."

Lord Brougham takes a more cheerful view, and looks into the future with genuine optimism. "What is it that enables man to move almost with the wings of a dove," he says, "and perform the various operations of business, or amusement, or pleasure, to attend to private affairs, or to public concerns, half-a-dozen times in the course of the day, at distances thirty miles asunder, which in former ages it would have taken a week to accomplish? What is it that makes the distance between Manchester and Liverpool nothing, which will enable us shortly to proceed from Liverpool to Birmingham,

or from Liverpool to London, in eight or ten hours at farthest? What is the power that annihilates, as it were, the space which separates different communities of men—or, walking on the waves, brings the continents buried in the heart of America down to the sea-coast, and civilizes their inhabitants by commerce and intercourse with their fellow-men? Why, it is steam, subdued to the use of man, and made as docile as and a thousand times more powerful than any domestic animal, instead of being the source of terror and dismay by its devastation."

Among the many useful national objects which have been promoted by the physical researches of the British Association there is one which calls for special notice, namely, the proposal of Robert Stephenson to carry an iron tube over the Menai Straits to sustain the great railway to Holyhead. "This bold proposal," said Sir R. Murchison, "could never have been realized if that great engineer had not been acquainted with the progress recently made in the knowledge of the strength of materials, and specially of iron; such knowledge being chiefly due to investigations in which the Association has taken, and is still taking, a conspicuous share, by the devotion of its friends and the employment of its influence." Nevertheless, at this period it was thought necessary to explain at each meeting the character and objects of the Association, and to vindicate it from the denunciations fulminated against it by individuals, and even by parties of men, who held it up as dangerous to religion and subversive of sound principles of theology. Now, so marked is the change in public feeling, that the Association is solicited by the clergy, no less than by the laity, to hold the meetings within their precincts.



PROFESSOR HUXLEY IN 1860.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

It was to the British Association at Glasgow in 1840 that Baron Liebig first communicated his work on the "Application of Chemistry to Vegetable Philosophy." The philosophical explanation there given of the principles of manuring and cropping gave an immediate impulse to agriculture, and directed attention to the manures which are valuable for their ammonia and mineral ingredients, and especially to guano, of which in 1840 only a few specimens had appeared in this country. The late Duke of Argyll, as president of the Association, again at Glasgow in 1855, speaking on this subject said, "Chemistry has come in with her aid to do the work of Nature, and as the supply of guano becomes exhausted, limited as its production must be to a few rainless regions of the world, the importance of artificial mineral manures will increase. Already considerable capital is invested in the manufacture of superphosphates of lime, formed by the solution of bones in sulphuric acid, the use of which was first recommended at the last Glasgow meeting. Of these artificial manures not less than 60,000 tons are annually sold in England alone."

But infallibility is not to be conceded even to the wise men of our Parliament of Science, as will be seen in the case of one of the greatest men of this or of any age—James Prescott Joule. Joule's own account of the general reception of his work is given in a note, dated 1885, to his "Collected Papers." He says: "It was in 1843 that I read a paper on the Calorific Effects of Magnetic Electricity and the Mechanical Value

of Heat to the chemical section of the British Association assembled at Cork. With the exception of some eminent men, including the Earl of Rosse and a few others, the subject did not excite much general attention; so that when I brought it forward again in 1847 the chairman suggested that, as the business of the section pressed, I should not read any paper, but confine myself to a short verbal description of my experiments. This I endeavoured to do, and, discussion not being invited, the communication would have passed without comment if a young man had not risen in the section and, by his intelligent observations, created a lively interest in the new theory. This young man was William Thomson" (Lord Kelvin). Now Joule's present ment stands on a pedestal.

From a] PROFESSOR TYNDALL IN 1860. *[Photo.*

Professor Schönbein, in addition to his report on ozone, brought to the Association a discovery which has proved to be of vast practical importance. The "gun-cotton" of Schönbein, the powers of which he exhibited to his colleagues, is an explosive substance, which was said to exercise a stronger projectile force than gunpowder, to possess the great advantages over it of producing little or no smoke or noise, and of scarcely soiling fire-arms; "whilst no amount of wet injures the new substance, which is as servicable after being dried as in its first condition. The mere mention of these properties is sufficient to suggest its extraordinary value in warlike affairs, as also in every sort of subterranean blasting." Nitro-glycerine was first exhibited to the Association by Professor de Vry at Ipswich in 1851.

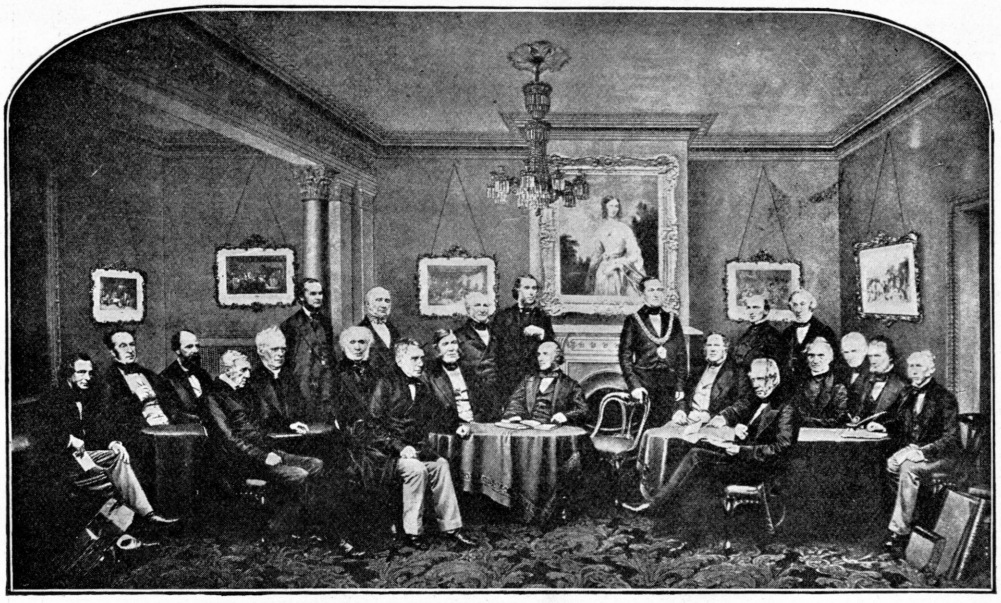
When it was announced at the meeting of the British Association in 1856 that a paper would be read on a new method of converting cast iron into malleable iron without the use of fuel the intelligence was received by many with a smile of incredulity, and not a few "practical men" went to "Section G" expecting to be entertained by the visionary schemes of some ingenious but idle enthusiast. Their expectations were utterly falsified. A graceful tribute of admiration was paid by Mr. Nasmyth to Henry Bessemer, who had made one of the greatest discoveries of the age. Mr. Bessemer's workshop was at Baxter House. The result of his experiments was the discovery of a process applicable to the arts of peace no less than to those of war. "It is difficult to assign any limits to the importance of an invention whose influence will be felt throughout the civilized world in the improved quality and diminished cost of one of the great staples of modern industry." Sir Henry Bessemer not only secured the legitimate reward of his industry and ingenuity by the grants of patent rights in almost every part of Europe, but alive to the greatness of his invention, he resolved to adopt a wise and liberal policy in the grant of licenses, and to place the use of the process within the reach of all persons who might be desirous of availing themselves of its important advantages.

One mode in which the Association has materially aided in the advancement of science is through the instrumentality of its

Observatory at Kew. The objects which have been attained by that important establishment are the trial and improvement of instrumental methods, and especially of those connected with the photographic registration of natural phenomena ; the verification of meteorological instruments, and the construction of standard barometers and thermometers ; the supervision of apparatus to be employed by scientific travellers, and the instruction of the observers in their use.

Sir William Fairbairn, as President of the mechanical section at Leeds, 1858, speaks as follows on the completion of the Atlantic Cable: "The consummation of telegraphic communication between the old and new world is the crowning triumph of the age, and I hail in common with every lover of science the immense benefits which the successful laying of the Atlantic cable is calculated to secure for mankind : it is another step forward in the great march of civilization, and the time is not far distant when we shall see individuals as well as nations united in social intercourse through the medium of the slender wire and the electric current. These are blessings which the most sanguine philosophers of the past never dreamed of ; they are the realizations of the age in which we live ; and I have to congratulate the section on what has already been done in the wide, and to some extent unexplored, field of this wonderful discovery."

A time of intense intellectual warfare now overtook, not only the British Association, but the whole civilized world. The publication of Darwin's revolutionizing works brought to light views on man's origin which made sad havoc of the poetic imaginings of long generations of teachers and spiritual leaders. At the Oxford meeting, in 1860, the late Professor Huxley championed the cause of science in the face of terrible opposition. How the great Darwin himself found solace may be gathered from this passage : "The astonishment which I felt on first seeing a party of Fuegians on a wild and broken shore will never be forgotten by me, for the reflection at once rushed into my mind — such were our ancestors. These men were absolutely naked and bedaubed with paint, their long hair was tangled, their mouths frothed with excitement, and their expression was wild, startled, and distrustful. They possessed hardly any arts, and, like wild animals, lived on what they could catch ; they had no government, and were merciless to everyone not of their own small tribe. . . . For my own part I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of



THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT MANCHESTER, 1861.
From a Photo. by A. Brothers, 14, St. Anne's Square, Manchester.

his keeper. . . . as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practises infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions."

The famous aeronauts, Glaisher and Coxwell, undertook their thrilling adventures in the air at the request of the British Association, and the expedition of H.M.S. *Challenger* was also born under the same roof. An interesting result of this deep-sea exploration has been to show that the depths of the ocean are no mere barren solitudes, as was until recent years confidently believed, but, on the contrary, present us many remarkable forms of life. We have, however, as yet but thrown here and there a ray of light down into the ocean abysses.

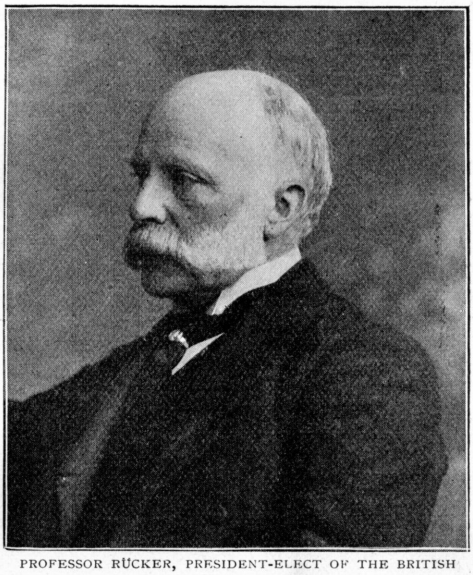
> Nor can so short a time sufficient be
> To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea.

Our Parliament of Science has been from the first, and still is, imbued with the spirit of prophecy. Lord Rayleigh, as President when the Association met at Montreal in 1884, said: "Looking forward to the future of electric lighting we have good ground for encouragement. Already the lighting of large passenger ships is an assured success, and one which will be highly appreciated by those travellers who have experienced the tedium of long winter evenings unrelieved by adequate illumination. At present we have no experience of a house-to-house system of illumination on a great scale and in competition with cheap gas; but preparations are already far advanced for trial on an adequate scale in London." Referring to the adventurous spirit of the Association in crossing the Atlantic to hold their meeting, he said: "It is no ordinary meeting of the British Association which I have now the honour of addressing. For more than fifty years the Association has held its autumn gathering in various towns of the United Kingdom, and within those limits there is, I suppose, no place of importance which we have not visited. And now, not satisfied with past successes, we are seeking new worlds to conquer."

From a] THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT BIRMINGHAM, 1865. *[Photo.*

Coming nearer still to our own day we find Sir William Crookes in his Presidential address at Bristol looking ahead to the time when food will not be obtainable at any price by dwellers in these islands without the artificial assistance of the chemist. The controversy raised by this remarkable speech obliged Sir William to write a book, "The Wheat Problem," in his own defence, in which he says: "I stated that, under present conditions of heedless culture, a scarcity of wheat is within appreciable dis-

tance; that wheat-growing land all over the world is becoming exhausted, and that at some future time—in my opinion not far distant—no available wheat land will be left. But I also pointed out that Nature's resources, properly utilized, are ample. I urged that, instead of being satisfied with an average world-yield of 12·7 bushels an acre, a moderate dressing of chemical manure would pull up the average to 20 bushels — thus postponing the day of dearth to so distant a period that we and our sons and grandsons may legitimately live without undue solicitude for the future. It was far from my intention to create a sensation, or to indulge in a 'cosmic scare.' After considerable study I placed before the public hard and formidable *facts*. I have been assailed with criticism — unfavourable, abusive, suggestive—but, having pondered disputed points, I cannot in any material degree modify my estimates of the future producing capacity of the wheat fields of the globe. . . . I have no wish to be gloomy, and certainly no wish to consider myself infallible. If at the end of another generation of wasteful culture my forecast is invalidated by the *unforeseen*, I cheerfully invite friends and critics to stone me as a false prophet."



PROFESSOR RÜCKER, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, 1901.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

The meeting at Dover, September 13, 1899, is memorable because it was the occasion of meeting on both sides of the Channel of the French and English Associations. The meeting of the French on this side at Dover and their reception of our Association at Boulogne are things to be remembered always by those who were privileged to be present on both occasions, when a real Continental embrace took place and Sir Michael Foster kissed the French President on both cheeks.

The meeting to be held at Glasgow a few days hence is likely to be one of the most interesting on record, and, combined with the additional attraction of the great exhibition, unusual numbers will wend their way northwards in search of health, pleasure, and information. The attendance at Newcastle in 1863 numbered 3,335; at York, in 1881 (the jubilee year of the Association), 2,533; and at Manchester in 1887, 3,838. These numbers will probably be far exceeded this year. The President-elect is Professor Arthur William Rücker, late of the Royal College of Science, South Kensington, and now President of the London University, a gentleman who has won great distinction in the domain of mathematical and physical science. Visitors are assisted by an index in the reception-room to inform the passer-by what paper in each section is at the time in course of reading or discussion. Telephonic communication also is established between the several sections and the reception-room for the convenience of members. Sometimes the proceedings are enlivened by warm controversy, and passages of arms between intellectual giants are now and then afforded to the great joy and admiration of the pigmies. There will be abundant hospitality for those who are lucky enough to find it: receptions, dinners, smoking concerts, excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood, popular lectures for visitors, reinforced by a large contingent of residents in the place—residents who would probably not go any long distance to attend, but among whom a fruitful spirit of inquiry is often awakened by the circumstances in which the objects, methods, and advantages of science are brought home to their doors. The more abstruse papers and addresses which furnish the natural food of some of the sections are pleasantly lightened; in others, by histories of the adventures and observations of great travellers, or by dissertations which are not without bearing upon moot points of contemporary politics. Other forms of entertainment are provided for those—and they are many—who regard the annual British Association meeting as a gigantic picnic.

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. Jacobs.

CHAPTER VIII.

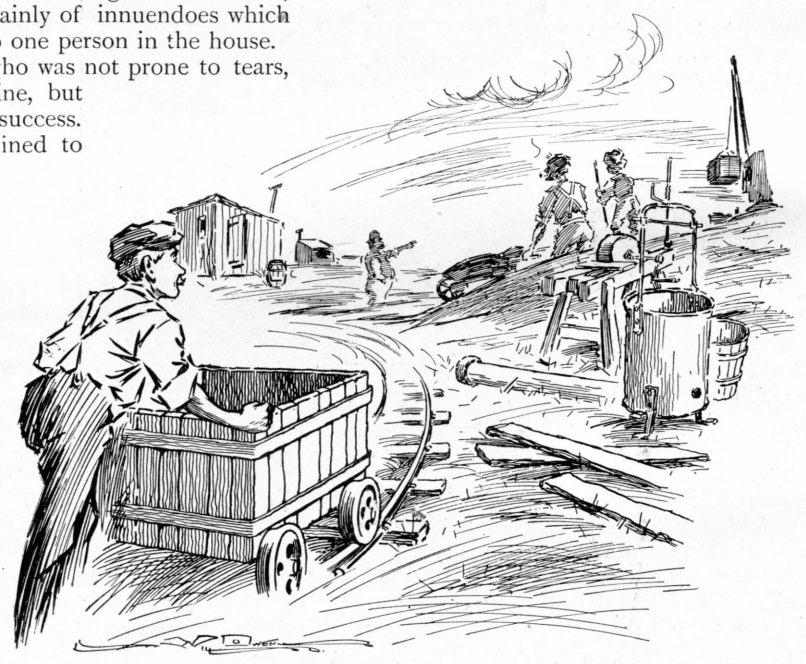
MR. NUGENT'S return caused a sensation in several quarters, the feeling at Equator Lodge bordering close upon open mutiny. Even Mrs. Kingdom plucked up spirit and read the astonished captain a homily upon the first duties of a parent—a homily which she backed up by reading the story of the Prodigal Son through to the bitter end. At the conclusion she broke down entirely and was led up to bed by Kate and Bella, the sympathy of the latter taking an acute form, and consisting mainly of innuendoes which could only refer to one person in the house.

Kate Nugent, who was not prone to tears, took a different line, but with no better success. The captain declined to discuss the subject, and, after listening to a description of himself in which Nero and other celebrities figured for the purpose of having their characters whitewashed, took up his hat and went out.

Jem Hardy heard of the new arrival from his partner, and, ignoring that gentleman's urgent advice to make hay while the sun shone and take Master Nugent for a walk forthwith, sat thoughtfully considering how to turn the affair to the best advantage. A slight outbreak of diphtheria at Fullalove Alley had, for a time, closed that thoroughfare to Miss Nugent, and he was inclined to regard the opportune arrival of her brother as an effort of Providence on his behalf.

For some days, however, he looked for Jack Nugent in vain, that gentleman either being out of doors engaged in an earnest search for work, or snugly seated in the back parlour of the Kybirds, indulging in the somewhat perilous pastime of paying compliments to Amelia Kybird. Remittances which had reached him from his sister and aunt had been promptly returned, and he was indebted to the amiable Mr. Kybird for the bare necessaries of life. In these circumstances a warm feeling of gratitude towards the family closed his eyes to their obvious shortcomings.

He even obtained work down at the harbour through a friend of Mr. Kybird's. It was not of a very exalted nature, and caused more strain upon the back than the intellect, but seven years of roughing it had left him singularly free from caste prejudices, a freedom which he soon discovered was not shared by his old acquaintances at Sunwich. The discovery made him somewhat bitter, and when Hardy stopped him one afternoon as he was on his way home from work he tried to ignore his outstretched hand and continued on his way.



"HE EVEN OBTAINED WORK AT THE HARBOUR."

"It is a long time since we met," said Hardy, placing himself in front of him.

"Good heavens," said Jack, regarding him closely, "it's Jemmy Hardy—grown up spick

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and span like the industrious little boys in the school-books. I heard you were back here."

"I came back just before you did," said Hardy.

"Brass band playing you in and all that sort of thing, I suppose," said the other. "Alas, how the wicked prosper—and you were wicked. Do you remember how you used to knock me about?"

"Come round to my place and have a chat," said Hardy.

Jack shook his head. "They're expecting me in to tea," he said, with a nod in the direction of Mr. Kybird's, "and honest waterside labourers who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow—when the foreman is looking—do not frequent the society of the upper classes."

"Don't be a fool," said Hardy, politely.

"Well, I'm not very tidy," retorted Mr. Nugent, glancing at his clothes. "I don't mind it myself; I'm a philosopher, and nothing hurts me so long as I have enough to eat and drink; but I don't inflict myself on my friends, and I must say most of them meet me more than half-way."

"Imagination," said Hardy.

"All except Kate and my aunt," said Jack, firmly. "Poor Kate; I tried to cut her the other day."

"MISS KYBIRD STANDING IN THE DOORWAY OF THE SHOP."

"Cut her?" echoed Hardy.

Nugent nodded. "To save her feelings," he replied; "but she wouldn't be cut, bless her, and on the distinct understanding that it wasn't to form a precedent, I let her kiss me behind a waggon. Do you know, I fancy she's grown up rather good-looking, Jem?"

"You *are* observant," said Mr. Hardy, admiringly.

"Of course, it may be my partiality," said Mr. Nugent, with judicial fairness. "I was always a bit fond of Kate. I don't suppose anybody else would see anything in her. Where are you living now?"

"Fort Road," said Hardy; "come round any evening you can, if you won't come now."

Nugent promised, and, catching sight of Miss Kybird standing in the doorway of the shop, bade him good-bye and crossed the road. It was becoming quite a regular thing for her to wait and have her tea with him now, an arrangement which was provocative of many sly remarks on the part of Mrs. Kybird.

"Thought you were never coming," said Miss Kybird, tartly, as she led the way to the back room and took her seat at the untidy tea-tray.

"And you've been crying your eyes out, I suppose," remarked Mr. Nugent, as he groped in the depths of a tall jar for black-currant jam. "Well, you're not the first, and I don't suppose you'll be the last. How's Teddy?"

"Get your tea," retorted Miss Kybird, "and don't make that scraping noise on the bottom of the jar with your knife. It puts my teeth on edge."

"So it does mine," said Mr. Nugent, "but there's a black currant down there, and I mean to have it. 'Waste not, want not.'"

"Make him put that knife down," said Miss Kybird, as her mother entered the room.

Mrs. Kybird shook her head at him. "You two are always quarrelling," she said, archly, "just like a couple of—couple of——"

"Love-birds," suggested Mr. Nugent.

Mrs. Kybird in great glee squeezed round to him and smote him playfully with her large, fat hand, and then, being somewhat out of breath with the exertion, sat down to enjoy the jest in comfort.

"That's how you encourage him," said her daughter; "no wonder he doesn't behave. No wonder he acts as if the whole place belongs to him."

The remark was certainly descriptive of Mr. Nugent's behaviour. His easy assurance and affability had already made him a prime favourite with Mrs. Kybird, and had not been without its effect upon her daughter. The constrained and severe company manners of Mr. Edward Silk showed up but poorly beside those of the paying guest, and Miss Kybird had on several occasions drawn comparisons which would have rendered both gentlemen uneasy if they had known of them.

Mr. Nugent carried the same easy good-fellowship with him the following week when, neatly attired in a second-hand suit from Mr. Kybird's extensive stock, he paid a visit to Jem Hardy to talk over old times and discuss the future.

"You ought to make friends with your father," said the latter; "it only wants a little common sense and mutual forbearance."

"That's all," said Nugent; "sounds easy enough, doesn't it? No, all he wants is for me to clear out of Sunwich, and I'm not going to—until it pleases me, at any rate. It's poison to him for me to be living at the Kybirds' and pushing a trolley down on the quay. Talk about love sweetening toil, that does."

Hardy changed the subject, and Nugent, nothing loth, discoursed on his wanderings and took him on a personally conducted tour through the continent of Australia. "And I've come back to lay my bones in Sunwich Churchyard," he concluded, pathetically; "that is, when I've done with 'em."

"A lot of things'll happen before then," said Hardy.

"I hope so," rejoined Mr. Nugent, piously; "my desire is to be buried by my weeping great-grandchildren. In fact, I've left instructions to that effect in my will—all I have left, by the way."

"You're not going to keep on at this water-side work, I suppose?" said Hardy, making another effort to give the conversation a serious turn.

"The foreman doesn't think so," replied the other, as he helped himself to some whisky; "he has made several remarks to that effect lately."

He leaned back in his chair and smoked thoughtfully, by no means insensible to the comfort of his surroundings. He had not been in such comfortable quarters since he left home seven years before. He thought of the untidy litter of the Kybirds' back parlour, with the forlorn view of the yard in the rear. Something of his reflections he confided to Hardy as he rose to leave.

"But my market value is about a pound a week," he concluded, ruefully, "so I must cut my coat to suit my cloth. Good-night."

He walked home somewhat soberly at first, but the air was cool and fresh and a glorious moon was riding in the sky. He whistled cheerfully, and his spirits rose as various chimerical plans of making money occurred to him. By the time he reached the High Street, the shops of which were all closed for the night, he was earning five hundred a year and spending a thousand. He turned the handle of the door and, walking in, discovered Miss Kybird entertaining company in the person of Mr. Edward Silk.

"Halloa," he said, airily, as he took a seat. "Don't mind me, young people. Go on just as you would if I were not here."

Mr. Edward Silk grumbled something under his breath; Miss Kybird, turning to the intruder with a smile of welcome, remarked that she had just thought of going to sleep.

"Going to sleep?" repeated Mr. Silk, thunderstruck.

"Yes," said Miss Kybird, yawning.

Mr. Silk gazed at her, open-mouthed. "What, with me 'ere?" he inquired, in trembling tones.

"You're not very lively company," said Miss Kybird, bending over her sewing. "I don't think you've spoken a word for the last quarter of an hour, and before that you were talking of death-warnings. Made my flesh creep, you did."

"Shame!" said Mr. Nugent.

"You didn't say anything to me about your flesh creeping," muttered Mr. Silk.

"You ought to have seen it creep," interposed Mr. Nugent, severely.

"I'm not talking to you," said Mr. Silk, turning on him; "when I want the favour of remarks from you I'll let you know."

"Don't you talk to my gentlemen friends like that, Teddy," said Miss Kybird, sharply, "because I won't have it. Why don't you try and be bright and cheerful like Mr. Nugent?"

Mr. Silk turned and regarded that gentleman steadfastly; Mr. Nugent meeting his gaze with a pleasant smile and a low-voiced offer to give him lessons at half a crown an hour.

"I wouldn't be like 'im for worlds," said Mr. Silk, with a scornful laugh. "I'd sooner be like anybody."

"What have you been saying to him?" inquired Nugent.

"Nothing," replied Miss Kybird; "he's often like that. He's got a nasty, miserable, jealous disposition. Not that I mind what he thinks."

Mr. Silk breathed hard and looked from one to the other.

"Perhaps he'll grow out of it," said Nugent, hopefully. "Cheer up, Teddy. You're young yet."

"Might I arsk," said the solemnly enraged Mr. Silk, "might I arsk you not to be so free with my Christian name?"

"He doesn't like his name now," said Nugent, drawing his chair closer to Miss Kybird's, "and I don't wonder at it. What shall we call him? Job? What's that work you're doing? Why don't you get on with that fancy waistcoat you are doing for me?"

Before Miss Kybird could deny all knowledge of the article in question her sorely-tried swain created a diversion by rising. To that simple act he imparted an emphasis which commanded the attention of both beholders, and, drawing over to Miss Kybird, he stood over her in an attitude at once terrifying and reproachful.

"Take your choice, Amelia," he said, in a thrilling voice. "Me or 'im—which is it to be?"

"Here, steady, old man," cried the startled Nugent. "Go easy."

"Me or 'im?" repeated Mr. Silk, in stern but broken accents.

Miss Kybird giggled and, avoiding his gaze, looked pensively at the faded hearthrug.

"You're making her blush," said Mr. Nugent, sternly. "Sit down, Teddy; I'm ashamed of you. We're both ashamed of you. You're confusing us dreadfully proposing to us both in this way."

Mr. Silk regarded him with a scornful eye, but Miss Kybird, bidding him not to be foolish, punctuated her remarks with the needle, and a struggle, which Mr. Silk regarded as unseemly in the highest degree, took place between them for its possession. Mr. Nugent secured it at last, and brandishing it fiercely extorted feminine screams from Miss Kybird by threatening her with it. Nor was her mind relieved until Mr. Nugent, remarking that he would put it back in the pincushion, placed it in the leg of Mr. Edward Silk.

Mr. Kybird and his wife, entering through the shop, were just in time to witness a spirited performance on the part of Mr. Silk, the cherished purpose of which was to deprive them of a lodger. He drew back as they entered and, raising his voice above Miss Kybird's, began to explain his action.

"ME OR 'IM—WHICH IS IT TO BE?"

"Teddy, I'm ashamed of you," said Mr. Kybird, shaking his head. "A little joke like that; a little innercent joke."

"If it 'ad been a darning-needle now——" began Mrs. Kybird.

"All right," said the desperate Mr. Silk, "'ave it your own way. Let 'Melia marry 'im—I don't care—I give 'er up."

"Teddy!" said Mr. Kybird, in a shocked voice. "Teddy!"

Mr. Silk thrust him fiercely to one side and passed raging through the shop. The sound of articles falling in all directions attested to his blind haste, and the force with which he slammed the shop-door was sufficient evidence of his state of mind.

"Well, upon my word," said the staring Mr. Kybird; "of all the outrageyous——"

"Never mind 'im," said his wife, who was sitting in the easy chair, distributing affectionate smiles between her daughter and the startled Mr. Nugent. "Make 'er happy, Jack, that's all I ask. She's been a good gal, and she'll make a good wife. I've seen how it was between you for some time."

"So 'ave I," said Mr. Kybird. He shook hands warmly with Mr. Nugent, and, patting that perturbed man on the back, surveyed him with eyes glistening with approval.

"It's a bit rough on Teddy, isn't it?" inquired Mr. Nugent, anxiously; "besides——"

"Don't you worry about 'im," said Mr. Kybird, affectionately. "He ain't worth it."

"I wasn't," said Mr. Nugent, truthfully. The situation had developed so rapidly that it had caught him at a disadvantage. He had a dim feeling that, having been the cause of Miss Kybird's losing one young man, the most elementary notions of chivalry demanded that he should furnish her with another. And this idea was clearly uppermost in the minds of her parents. He looked over at Amelia and with characteristic philosophy accepted the position.

"We shall be the handsomest couple in Sunwich," he said, simply.

"Bar none," said Mr. Kybird, emphatically.

The stout lady in the chair gazed at the couple fondly. "It reminds me of our wedding," she said, softly. "What was it Tom Fletcher said, father? Can you remember?"

"'Arry Smith, you mean," corrected Mr. Kybird.

"Tom Fletcher said something, I'm sure," persisted his wife.

"He *did*," said Mr. Kybird, grimly, "and I pretty near broke 'is 'ead for it. 'Arry Smith is the one you're thinking of."

Mrs. Kybird after a moment's reflection admitted that he was right, and, the chain of memory being touched, waxed discursive about her own wedding and the somewhat exciting details which accompanied it. After which she produced a bottle labelled "Port wine" from the cupboard, and, filling four glasses, celebrated the occasion in a befitting but sober fashion.

"This," said Mr. Nugent, as he sat on his bed that night to take his boots off, "this is what comes of trying to make everybody happy and comfortable with a little fun. I wonder what the governor 'll say."

"I WONDER WHAT THE GOVERNOR 'LL SAY."

CHAPTER IX.

THE news of his only son's engagement took Captain Nugent's breath away, which, all things considered, was perhaps the best thing it could have done. He sat at home in silent rage, only exploding when the well-meaning Mrs. Kingdom sought to minimize his troubles by comparing them with those of Job. Her reminder that to the best of her remembrance he had never had a boil in his life put the finishing touch to his patience, and, despairing of drawing-room synonyms for the words which trembled on his lips, he beat a precipitate retreat to the garden.

His son bore his new honours bravely. To an appealing and indignant letter from his sister he wrote gravely, reminding her of the difference in their years, and also that he had never interfered in her flirtations, however sorely his brotherly heart might have been wrung by them. He urged her to forsake

such diversions for the future, and to look for an alliance with some noble, open-handed man with a large banking account and a fondness for his wife's relatives.

To Jem Hardy, who ventured on a delicate remonstrance one evening, he was less patient, and displayed a newly-acquired dignity which was a source of considerable embarrassment to that well-meaning gentleman. He even got up to search for his hat, and was only induced to resume his seat by the physical exertions of his host.

"I didn't mean to be offensive," said the latter.

"But you were," said the aggrieved man.

Hardy apologized.

"Talk of that kind is a slight to my future wife," said Nugent, firmly. "Besides, what business is it of yours?"

Hardy regarded him thoughtfully. It was some time since he had seen Miss Nugent, and he felt that he was losing valuable time. He had hoped great things from the advent of her brother, and now his intimacy seemed worse than useless. He resolved to take him into his confidence.

"I spoke from selfish motives," he said, at last. "I wanted you to make friends with your father again."

"What for?" inquired the other, staring.

"To pave the way for me," said Hardy, raising his voice as he thought of his wrongs; "and now, owing to your confounded matrimonial business, that's all knocked on the head. I wouldn't care whom you married if it didn't interfere with my affairs so."

"Do you mean," inquired the astonished Mr. Nugent, "that you want to be on friendly terms with my father?"

"Yes."

Mr. Nugent gazed at him round-eyed. "You haven't had a blow on the head or anything of that sort at any time, have you?" he inquired.

Hardy shook his head impatiently. "You don't seem to suffer from an excess of intellect yourself," he retorted. "I don't want to be offensive again, still, I should think it is pretty plain there is only one reason why I should go out of my way to seek the society of your father."

"Say what you like about my intellect," replied the dutiful son, "but I can't think of even one—not even a small one. Not—Good gracious! You don't mean—you can't mean——"

Hardy looked at him.

"Not that," said Mr. Nugent, whose intellect had suddenly become painfully acute—"not *her?*"

"Why not?" inquired the other.

Mr. Nugent leaned back in his chair and regarded him with an air of kindly interest. "Well, there's no need for you to worry about my father for that," he said; "he would raise no objection."

"*Eh?*" said Hardy, starting up from his chair.

"He would welcome it," said Mr. Nugent, positively. "There is nothing that he would like better; and I don't mind telling you a secret—she likes you."

Hardy reddened. "How do you know?" he stammered.

"I know it for a fact," said the other, impressively. "I have heard her say so. But you've been very plain-spoken about me, Jem, so that I shall say what I think."

"Do," said his bewildered friend.

"I think you'd be throwing yourself away," said Nugent; "to my mind it's a most unsuitable match in every way. She's got no money, no looks, no style. Nothing but a good kind heart rather the worse for wear. I suppose you know she's been married once?"

"*What!*" shouted the other. "*Married?*"

Mr. Nugent nodded. His face was perfectly grave, but the joke was beginning to prey upon his vitals in a manner which brooked no delay.

"I thought everybody knew it," he said. "We have never disguised the fact. Her husband died twenty years ago last——"

"Twenty——" said his suddenly enlightened listener. "Who?—What?"

Mr. Nugent, incapable of reply, put his head on the table and beat the air frantically with his hand, while gasping sobs rent his tortured frame.

"Dear—aunt," he choked, "how pleas—pleased she'd be if—she knew. Don't look like that, Hardy. You'll kill me."

"You seem amused," said Hardy, between his teeth.

"And you'll be Kate's uncle," said Mr. Nugent, sitting up and wiping his eyes. "Poor little Kate."

He put his head on the table again. "And mine," he wailed. "*Uncle Jemmy!*—will you tip us half-crowns, nunky?"

Mr. Hardy's expression of lofty scorn only served to retard his recovery, but he sat up at last and, giving his eyes a final wipe, beamed kindly upon his victim.

"Well, I'll do what I can for you," he observed, "but I suppose you know Kate's

off for a three months' visit to London to-morrow?"

The other observed that he didn't know it, and, taught by his recent experience, eyed him suspiciously.

"It's quite true," said Nugent; "she's going to stay with some relatives of ours. She used to be very fond of one of the boys—her cousin Herbert—so you mustn't be surprised if she comes back engaged. But I daresay you'll have forgotten all about her in three months. And, any way, I don't suppose she'd look at you if you were the last man in the world. If you'll walk part of the way home with me I'll regale you with anecdotes of her childhood which will probably cause you to change your views altogether."

In Fullalove Alley Mr. Edward Silk, his forebodings fulfilled, received the news of Amelia Kybird's faithlessness in a spirit of quiet despair, and turned a deaf ear to the voluble sympathy of his neighbours. Similar things had happened to young men living there before, but their behaviour had been widely different to Mr. Silk's. Bob Crump, for instance, had been jilted on the very morning he had arranged for his wedding, but instead of going about in a state of gentle melancholy he went round and fought his beloved's father—merely because it was her father—and wound up an exciting day by selling off his household gods to the highest bidders. Henry Jones in similar circumstances relieved his great grief by walking up and down the alley smashing every window within reach of his stick.

But these were men of spirit; Mr. Silk was cast in a different mould, and his fair neighbours sympathized heartily with him in his bereavement, while utterly failing to understand any man breaking his heart over Amelia Kybird.

His mother, a widow of uncertain age, shook her head over him and hinted darkly at consumption, an idea which was very pleasing to her son, and gave him an increased interest in a slight cold from which he was suffering.

"He wants taking out of 'imself," said Mr. Wilks, who had stepped across the alley to discuss the subject with his neighbour; "cheerful society and 'obbies—that's what 'e wants."

"He's got a faithful 'eart," sighed Mrs. Silk. "It's in the family; 'e can't 'elp it."

"But 'e might be lifted out of it," urged Mr. Wilks. "I 'ad several disappointments in my young days. One time I 'ad a fresh gal every v'y'ge a'most."

Mrs. Silk sniffed and looked up the alley, whereat two neighbours who happened to be at their doors glanced up and down casually, and retreated inside to continue their vigil from the windows.

"Silk courted me for fifteen years before I would say 'yes,'" she said, severely.

"Fifteen years!" responded the other. He cast his eyes upwards and his lips twitched. The most casual observer could have seen that he was engaged in calculations of an abstruse and elusive nature.

"I was on'y seven when 'e started," said Mrs. Silk, sharply.

Mr. Wilks brought his eyes to a level again. "Oh, seven," he remarked.

"And we was married two days before my nineteenth birthday," added Mrs. Silk, whose own arithmetic had always been her weak point.

"Just so," said Mr. Wilks. He glanced at the sharp white face and shapeless figure before him.

"A SPIRIT OF QUIET DESPAIR."

"It's hard to believe you can 'ave a son Teddy's age," he added, gallantly.

"It makes you feel as if you're getting on," said the widow.

The ex-steward agreed, and after standing a minute or two in silence made a preliminary motion of withdrawal.

"Beautiful your plants are looking," said Mrs. Silk, glancing over at his window; "I can't think what you do to 'em."

The gratified Mr. Wilks began to explain. It appeared that plants wanted almost as much looking after as daughters.

"I should like to see 'em close," said Mrs. Silk.

"Come in and 'ave a look at 'em," responded her neighbour.

Mrs. Silk hesitated and displayed a maidenly coyness far in excess of the needs of the situation. Then she stepped across, and five seconds later the two matrons, with consternation writ large upon their faces, appeared at their doors again and, exchanging glances across the alley, met in the centre.

"A RETURN VISIT."

They were more surprised an evening or two later to see Mr. Wilks leave his house to pay a return visit, bearing in his hand a small bunch of his cherished blooms. That they were blooms which would have paid the debt of Nature in a few hours at most in no way detracted from the widow's expressions of pleasure at receiving them, and Mr. Wilks, who had been invited over to cheer up Mr. Silk, who was in a particularly black mood, sat and smiled like a detected philanthropist as she placed them in water.

"Good evenin', Teddy," he said, breezily, with a side-glance at his hostess. "What a lovely day we've 'ad."

"So bright," said Mrs. Silk, nodding with spirit.

Mr. Wilks sat down and gave vent to such a cheerful laugh that the ornaments on the mantelpiece shook with it. "It's good to be alive," he declared.

"Ah, you enjoy your life, Mr. Wilks," said the widow.

"Enjoy it!" roared Mr. Wilks; "enjoy it! Why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't everybody enjoy their lives? It was what they was given to us for."

"So they was," affirmed Mrs. Silk; "nobody can deny that; not if they try."

"Nobody wants to deny it, ma'am," retorted Mr. Wilks, in the high voice he kept for cheering-up purposes. "I enjoy every day o' my life."

He filled his pipe, chuckling serenely, and having lit it sat and enjoyed that. Mrs. Silk retired for a space, and returning with a jug of ale poured him out a glass and set it by his elbow.

"Here's your good 'ealth, ma'am," said Mr. Wilks, raising it. "Here's yours, Teddy—a long life and a 'appy one."

Mr. Silk turned listlessly. "I don't want a long life," he remarked.

His mother and her visitor exchanged glances. "That's 'ow 'e goes on," remarked the former, in an audible whisper. Mr. Wilks nodded, reassuringly.

"I 'ad them ideas once," he said, "but they go off. If you could only live to see Teddy at the age o' ninety-five, 'e wouldn't want to go then. 'E'd say it was crool hard, being cut off in the flower of 'is youth."

Mrs. Silk laughed gaily and Mr. Wilks bellowed a gruff accompaniment. Mr. Edward Silk eyed them pityingly.

"That's the 'ardship of it," he said, slowly, as he looked round from his seat by the fireplace; "that's where the 'ollowness of things comes in. That's where I envy Mr. Wilks."

"Envy me?" said the smiling visitor; "what for?"

"Because you're so near the grave," said Mr. Silk.

Mr. Wilks, who was taking another draught of beer, put the glass down and eyed him fixedly.

"That's why I envy you," continued the

other. "I don't want to live, and you do, and yet I dessay I shall be walking about forty and fifty years after you're dead and forgotten."

"Wot d'ye mean—near the grave?" inquired Mr. Wilks, somewhat shortly.

"I was referring to your age," replied the other; "it's strange to see 'ow the aged 'ang on to life. You can't 'ave much pleasure at your time o' life. And you're all alone; the last withered branch left."

"*Withered branch!*" began Mr. Wilks; "'ere, look 'ere, Teddy——"

"All the others 'ave gone," pursued Mr. Silk, "and they're beckoning to you."

"Let 'em beckon," said Mr. Wilks, coldly. "I'm not going yet."

"You're not young," said Mr. Silk, gazing meditatively at the grate, "and I envy you that. It can only be a matter of a year or two at most before you are sleeping your last long sleep."

"Teddy!" protested Mrs. Silk.

"It's true, mother," said the melancholy youth. "Mr. Wilks is old. Why should 'e mind being told of it? If 'e had 'ad the trouble I've 'ad 'e'd be glad to go. But he'll 'ave to go, whether 'e likes it or not. It might be to-night. Who can tell?"

Mr. Wilks, unasked, poured himself out another glass of ale, and drank it off with the air of a man who intended to make sure of that. It seemed a trifle more flat than the last.

"So many men o' your age and thereabouts," continued Mr. Silk, "think that they're going to live on to eighty or ninety, but there's very few of 'em do. It's only a short while, Mr. Wilks, and the little children'll be running about over your grave and picking daisies off of it."

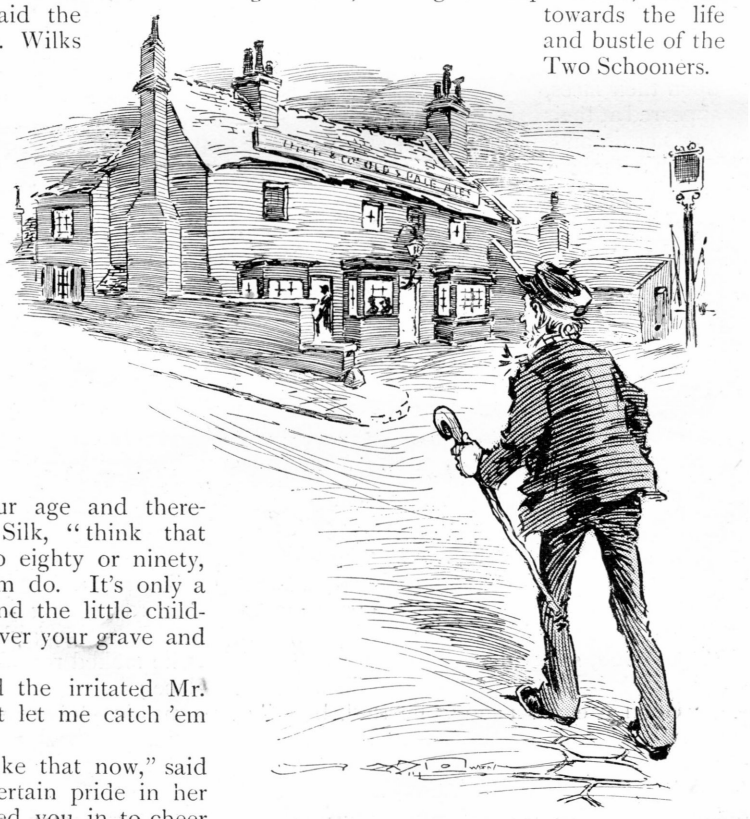
"Ho, will they?" said the irritated Mr. Wilks; "they'd better not let me catch 'em at it, that's all."

"He's always talking like that now," said Mrs. Silk, not without a certain pride in her tones; "that's why I asked you in to cheer 'im up."

"All your troubles'll be over then," continued the warning voice, "and in a month or two even your name'll be forgotten. That's the way of the world. Think 'ow soon the last five years of your life 'ave passed; the next five'll pass ten times as fast even if you live as long, which ain't likely."

"He talks like a clergyman," said Mrs. Silk, in a stage whisper.

Mr. Wilks nodded, and despite his hostess's protests rose to go. He shook hands with her and, after a short but sharp inward struggle, shook hands with her son. It was late in the evening as he left, but the houses had not yet been lit up. Dim figures sat in doorways or stood about the alley, and there was an air of peace and rest strangely and uncomfortably in keeping with the conversation to which he had just been listening. He looked in at his own door; the furniture seemed stiffer than usual and the tick of the clock more deliberate. He closed the door again and, taking a deep breath, set off towards the life and bustle of the Two Schooners.



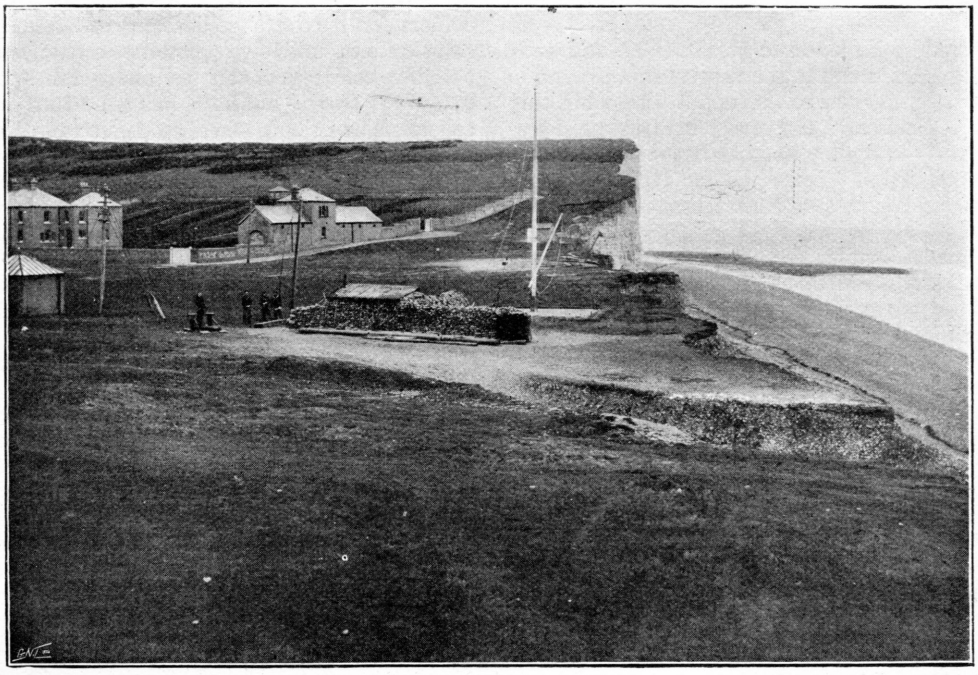
"HE SET OFF TOWARDS THE LIFE AND BUSTLE OF THE TWO SCHOONERS."

(To be continued.)

Hands Round the Coast.

By Alfred T. Story.

Illustrations from Photographs by W. Gregory & Co.



A TYPICAL COASTGUARD STATION.

ANYONE who has been much about our coasts cannot but have noticed the coastguard stations dotting them here and there like sentinels. North or south, east or west, almost wherever we touch the sea, at no great distance away there will be seen a little cluster of houses, a watch-tower, maybe, or look-out, and a flagstaff denoting a station of the coastguard. Generally, too, there will be a boat-house, with a stout pinnace or yawl, ready for any work that may be necessary, whether it be rescue or salvage. In some cases, as, for instance, when the station is on the top of a high cliff, as at Fairlight, near Hastings, boats would be of no use, for the simple reason that they could not be got down to the water. However, such stations may be signalling stations only. Fairlight itself is a war-signalling station, and used to belong to the War Department. Dungeness likewise is a war-signalling station. Both these are provided with the semaphore telegraph for signalling vessels at sea.

A coastguard station is usually composed of from six to eight men, although smaller or sub-stations may number but three; while there are stations counting a dozen or more men. The new station which is being built on the famous Pett Level, near Winchelsea, will have to accommodate seventeen men, all told. The sub-stations are generally attached to the larger ones, and are in charge of the officer who has command of that post.

Stations are grouped into divisions, which are under the charge of inspecting officers, generally commanders or lieutenants, who visit them periodically to see that everything is in order and that discipline is duly attended to. For at these stations drill and other duties have to be carried on as regularly as on board ship. To each coastguard division a cruiser is attached. It is usually cruising with only half its full complement of men; the other half are distributed amongst the stations comprised in the division, and if the need should arise for extra men they are at once drafted from the stations.

The coastguard is, of course, recruited exclusively from the Navy and the Naval Reserve, and every man connected with the

force is liable to be called up at any moment.

During these critical times each member of the coastguard has his ship and his place on that ship, and at a word from the Admiralty—it might be "mobilize"—up would go his kit on to his shoulder, and away he would tramp to the nearest railway station and so *en route* to the depôt where his ship lay. It is said that every man in the coastguard—and they number between 4,000 and 5,000 in all—could be on board his ship within twenty-four hours, though his station were at John o' Groat's, while the majority could be at their posts within half that time.

Said one of these men recently: "I not only know my ship, but I know my post in the ship, the number of my mess, and everything; and if the word were to come for me to start *now*, I could be in my place within six hours."

A coastguardsman is liable to be called upon for sea service at any time, and if of good character, and he has done nine years' service, he is always eligible for the coastguard when not on active duty on board ship. When a vessel is paid off all those who are willing to join the coastguard are asked to set down their names. These are sent up to the proper quarters, and in the course of a month or two, possibly in as many weeks, he receives an appointment, it may be to a station a few miles away, it may be to one "at the top o' the map," as one man put it, meaning some place Orkney or Shetland way.

"But of all places under the sun," said this individual, "save me from a station on the Thames. I spent two years at one not far from Gravesend, and the Lord preserve me from the like again. I'd rather be on a torpedo-boat destroyer. Half the year you can't lie still in your bed for the fog-horns. You perhaps just get your head on the pillow, when away one goes and you have to jump up and rush to the rescue. It's two iron colliers, or maybe a collier and a barge, in collision, not unlikely something worse; and possibly before you can get on to the spot one of the two, if not both, has gone into the cellar. The cellar's where you get your big drink—maybe your last one," explained the man with an odd attempt at pathos. "I've known nights when I've had to turn out of bed three times for one of them collisions. At other places," he added, "you can't get a collision for love or money."

A COASTGUARDSMAN ON DUTY.

The business of the coastguard is, of course, the protection of our shores; but in these "piping times" for the Navy it resolves itself into the protection of life and property. Formerly the coastguard was called upon to do a good deal by way of preventing smuggling; but there is now little of that, and that little, on the whole, of small consequence, although occasionally one hears of an individual more daring than the rest, or it may be a knot of individuals, being dropped upon when they thought they were doing a fairly safe business.

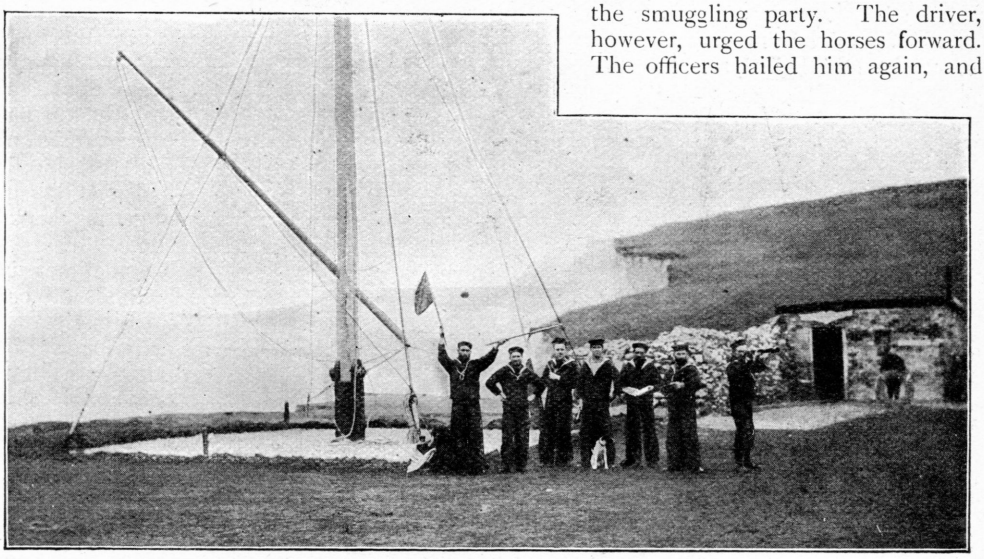
Not long since a shrewd coastguardsman stationed on the Thames overhauled the stewardess of a steamboat making trips to a Continental port, and found that her petticoats were lined with packets—known as blue-books—of tobacco. It was discovered that she had been engaged in this trade for years, and that her rendezvous in London was in a house in which, strangely enough, the captain of a revenue cutter lodged when in town.

That, however, was a very tame affair in comparison with a capture which took place on the Clyde some few years ago, and that caused not a little talk at the time, it read so much like a page from the exploits of Dirk Hatteraick.

The coastguard stationed at Gourock on the Clyde had for some time suspected that extensive tobacco smuggling operations were being carried on in the neighbourhood. It was believed that the tobacco, after being manufactured abroad into "sticks," was carefully packed into tin cases which, when filled, weighed from 20lb. to 80lb. each. These cases were hermetically sealed and placed on board a steamer bound for the Clyde. Attached to each case was a lengthened cord, and at the farther end was affixed a small cork float. On the steamer's arrival in the Clyde, between Inverkip and Gourock, the cases were thrown into the sea, the cork float denoting to the parties ashore who were in the secret where the "treasure" would be found. Towards nightfall boats would leave the beach, and those on board, after reaching the locality where the cases were supposed to be, would make believe to commence fishing with deep-sea lines. On the cases being brought to the surface they would, of course, be promptly got on board, and in the darkness the boat would be run ashore on a lonely part of the coast, where the cases could be silently beached.

Thus went the proceedings on the occasion in question. But it is part of the coastguard's duty to watch all steamers, and see who comes and goes; and on this eventful night it was known that some suspected persons had arrived by an incoming steamer. Accordingly, an extra close watch was kept on the coast. Very late a boat was seen to put off to the "fishing-ground" near Cloch, when a patrol party was at once mustered and set to observe their movements. A little before midnight the boat's crew was noticed rowing cautiously towards the shore, where a cab was seen to be in waiting, and, as there was no sign of any coastguard officer being about, the cases were speedily transferred from the boat to the cab.

Two of the men got inside the vehicle, and a start was made to drive towards Greenock. Suddenly the coastguard officers came upon the scene and, in the Queen's name, demanded the surrender of the smuggling party. The driver, however, urged the horses forward. The officers hailed him again, and said if he did not stop they would fire. This threat he paid no heed to, and so a blank cartridge was fired. Still the driver kept on, and, as he was speedily outdistancing his pursuers, it was necessary to act with decision. The commander of the party accordingly fired another shot, this time not blank. It was aimed at the horses, but took effect on the cab, and that so near the driver that he at once pulled up.



SIGNALLING TO PASSING SHIPS.

Immediately the cab stopped the two men inside jumped out and made off, and, as the coastguard were unable to pursue them and at the same time guard the booty, the smugglers escaped.

Meanwhile the driver, to save his skin,

gave the officers information which led them to pay a visit to the residence of a private gentleman not far away, whose coachman was the receiver of a great part of the smugglers' contraband goods. To the delight of the coastguard, 300lb. of foreign tobacco was discovered concealed in the coach-house,

RECEIVING A MESSAGE FROM A SHIP.

and another 450lb. in a dunghill. This "find," together with what was in the cab, proved the largest haul that had been made for many years, and the incriminated coachman was thereafter to be found at the one address for a long time to come.

This illustrates the work of the coastguard for one of its masters—the Customs. But the coastguard has to serve three masters, and to be equally attentive to each: the Customs, the Board of Trade, and the Admiralty. It is, as already noted, under the immediate jurisdiction of the Admiralty, and as a guard to the coast is a part of the naval service of the country. Many of the more important stations, especially those on the south coast, are connected with each other by telephone, as well as with the Admiralty offices at Whitehall by telegraph, so that a man-of-war, coming within sight of one of them, can signal a message through the coastguard station to head-quarters, and, of course, get a reply by the same means in a very short time. A gunboat may run near enough to shore to call the attention of a coastguard station, and so signal a telegram for transmission. Or it may ask them to send a boat off to receive some message or attend to other duty. One evening a small Channel Station was thus signalled. A boat put off; but as a dense fog came on its occupants rowed about for several hours trying in vain to find the cruiser. In the morning the latter again ran in-shore, signalled, and asked why a boat was not sent off as requested. Of course the answer was that such had been done, and that the men not only could not find the ship, but had great difficulty in getting back to shore.

Sometimes such method of communication is used for very odd purposes. On one occasion it is said —and the reader must take the yarn for what it is worth—a vessel called *The Parrot* signalled the message for transmission to Whitehall: "Chief boat *Parrot* lost—please send another." Either by mistake or in jest the word "boat" was left out, and so the message ran that the chief parrot was lost, and that another was required in its place. The story goes that after the message had been lying at the Admiralty for several months someone got hold of it and ordered a parrot from Jamrach's, and had it sent on to the *Parrot* gunboat, or whatever she was. Polly arrived on board all right, greatly, of course, to the surprise of the crew and command; but their surprise was much heightened when the bird eyed the lot of them standing round her cage, and with a good imitation of a laugh exclaimed, "My Gawd, what a one-eyed rating!"

As servants of the Customs Department the coastguard have to see that Her Majesty's

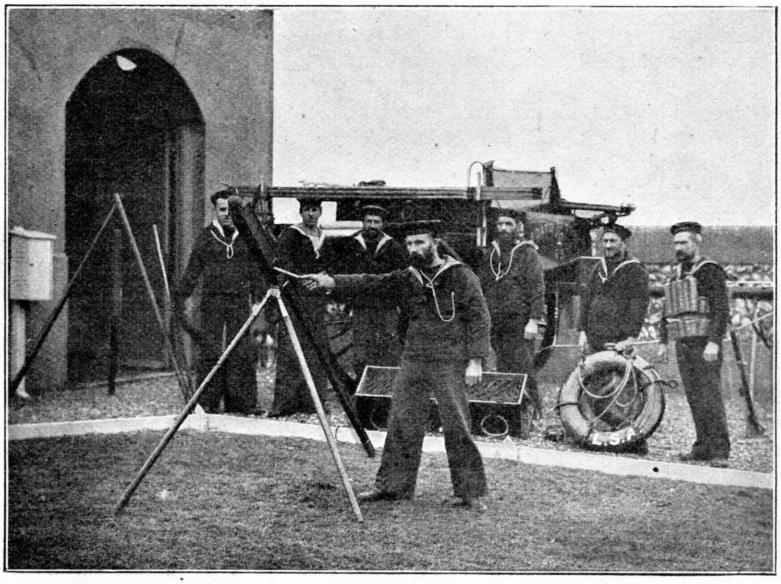
revenues are not defrauded, and as servants of the Board of Trade they are called upon to protect life and property. The latter is, perhaps, the department of their duties that is the most arduous. All who are in the habit of reading the newspapers know what danger is run by ships and men when storms and fogs arise. Then it is that the coastguard have to be actively in evidence, helping to save life and to protect property. If a ship becomes a wreck she at once falls under their charge; or, more properly speaking, she comes under their charge directly the captain and crew leave her. Then they are responsible to the owners and to the Board of Trade for every spar and every pound of cargo that is salvable, or rather to the "Wreck" department of that Board.

When once anything of the nature of wreckage has been reported to the Commission of Wrecks—it may be a boat with the name and address of the owner on it, a barrel of oil, or a fishing net from the next parish—it cannot be delivered to the owner or owners until the matter has gone through the required routine and the necessary number of clerks' hands.

Of course, when a large vessel is wrecked the salving of her cargo is no light matter, as anyone well knows who has been present when one has come ashore and there has been anything of a portable nature that could be got hold of. At such times it not infrequently happens that, if there hasn't been a soul in sight before, the spot soon swarms with people, "all intent on plunder," as a coastguard once put it. "They would eat you and the ship, too, if they could," he continued, "and you have to be nothing but eyes, or the whole ship and cargo would be carried off under your very nose. I have known men, when they have been helping to salve a cargo, pass tins of preserved meat from the vessel to their friends who were on the watch in sacks of coal. And, in fact, they are up to all sorts of dodges."

It is not many months since a woman was caught carrying off a bundle of valuable lace done up in the form of a baby, which she was hugging and talking to very fondly, when a coastguard, suspecting some ruse, asked to "have a look at the kid"; and when he found that it was no human bundle he out with some rich bluejacket slang about trying to "kid" the "pore sailor-man," adding, "but the pore sailor-man ain't agoing to stand your kid."

The coastguard's most dangerous and, perhaps, most important service is rendered in connection with the rescue of shipwrecked mariners. To enable them to give efficient aid in this respect they are provided with rocket apparatus by the Board of Trade; and one need only be acquainted with our coasts, especially the south coast, to be aware with what astonishing success the apparatus is often brought into requisition. It is not, of course, an easy matter in a heavy gale to send a line by means of a rocket over a distressed or sinking ship in such a way that it can be used to drag a hawser on board. Sometimes attempt after attempt is made in vain. But, the rope once secured, it is a comparatively easy matter with the aid of a basket or a trousers-buoy to bring passengers and crew to land, although the process is rather a slow one. Not long ago a splendid rescue was thus



FIRING A ROCKET.

effected at Bopeep, St. Leonards, the first persons to be brought ashore being a woman and a baby, the latter apparently none the worse for its early morning sea-bath. The rescue took place between seven and eight o'clock, and the spray every now and again broke completely over the basket bringing the mother and child to land.

During the terrific storm that occurred towards the end of September, 1896, a still more exciting scene was witnessed at Folkestone. One morning about six o'clock, the wind blowing a hurricane at the time, a coastguardsman who was on duty there saw in the grey haze a barque rapidly drifting ashore. As nothing short of a miracle could save her from going on the rocks, he at once communicated with the officer in command at Sandgate, and in a few minutes the rocket apparatus was horsed and on its way to the scene of the wreck. For by this time the vessel—which proved to be the *Agdar*, of Frederikstadt, timber-laden—had gone broadside on the rocks, between the promenade pier and the harbour, and was being swept every minute by drenching seas. Her crew were, of course, quite helpless, and could be seen in the dim, uncertain light, huddled together, expecting every moment to be washed overboard. The coastguard fired two rockets from the pier, but the wind was so terrific, and the rain so heavy, that they both missed the ship.

By this time the Folkestone lifeboat had been launched and was making for the wreck; and as in the meantime another barque, the *Baron Holberg*, was seen to be drifting to destruction at the same place as the *Agdar*, the coastguard moved the rocket apparatus down to the beach to render assistance to the new-comer, which in a very few minutes was crashing upon the rocks, dragging with her the wreckage of her mainmast, which had gone by the board a little while before she struck.

After several unsuccessful attempts communication was established with the *Baron Holberg*; a hawser was hauled on board and fastened to the vessel's windmill pump. One of the crew started to go ashore hand over fist; but when almost on land the rope broke, and he, of course, found himself struggling in the boiling waves. He was, however, speedily rescued by men joining hands and going to his aid. Another hawser was quickly made fast, and two more men were brought ashore. Then a heavier sea than usual carried away the windmill pump. Again the hawser was secured, this time to the mizzen-mast, and the remainder of the crew were got safely to land.

Several of the crew of the *Agdar* were taken off the vessel by the lifeboat, but the remainder were hauled through the surf by means of a line cleverly heaved on board by a coastguardsman. Altogether it was a smart piece of work, and did credit to the coastguard, but for whose promptitude and wealth of resource many of the men would doubtless have been lost.

Sometimes, unfortunately, the coastguard are obliged to witness the utter futility of their efforts through no fault of their own. This was strikingly the case when, a couple of years ago, the steam trawler *Nellie* was driven ashore in a tempest at Rattray Head, ten miles north of Peterhead. Immediately after the vessel struck three men were washed overboard by the heavy seas dashing over the doomed craft. The remainder of the crew took refuge in the rigging, where the waves continually went over them. The coastguardsmen successfully fired two rockets with lines right over the ship; but the castaways made no effort to haul the hawser on board, being evidently benumbed with the cold and exposure, and one by one they were licked off their perch in the tops and carried away by the breakers.

Many are the sights of the kind which the coastguard are compelled from time to time to witness, though never without doing their utmost to help. They are thus compelled because they are always on the look-out, day and night; and there is practically no part of the coast which is not patrolled by them. Every night a man on patrol duty at one station has to touch hands, so to speak, with the patrol of the next station on either side. One ought perhaps to add "weather permitting," although it has to be very exceptional weather for the duty to be omitted.

Sometimes this duty, light as it may seem, proves one of no small danger. To walk miles in a heavy downpour of rain, in dense fog, or in a high wind, is not a light matter at the best of times; but when the walk has to be done along the edge of a beetling cliff it often becomes extremely perilous. An instance of the kind occurred not long ago. A coastguardsman was on his way back after meeting the man from the next station, when he suddenly came upon a soldier and a sailor, who asked to be shown the way to the station he had left. He turned to show them, and in so doing he so completely lost his direction in the dense fog which was

prevailing that, though he made several attempts to recover the path, he on each occasion presently found himself on the verge of a precipitous cliff 200ft. above the sea. Not caring to run the risk of such a fall he made his way inland and returned by the high road.

If a river or arm of the sea intervenes the patrol is done by boat. In some cases the mouths of rivers, as at Burnham on the Crouch, are protected by a floating coastguard station.

Besides the night patrols there is a day patrol also, and many are the rescues from positions of imminent peril that have been effected by coastguardsmen thus on the look-out. Some years ago the writer witnessed a splendid piece of work of the kind from the cliffs south of Whitby. Two lovers had sauntered down on to the rocks and were there amusing themselves as lovers will, utterly oblivious of danger, when they suddenly became aware of the fact that the rising tide had cut off their retreat. It was an exceedingly lonely part, and though they cried their loudest and waved their handkerchiefs no one seemed to see them, and they had almost given themselves up to despair when a coastguardsman, coming that way, heard their cries and, procuring speedy assistance, succeeded by means of ropes in hauling them up the cliff.

A similar rescue was effected not long ago on the North Kent coast near to Reculvers. A little girl whose home was close to the shore had been to take her father's breakfast, and returning by a path along the edge of the cliff inadvertently stepped upon a piece of loose earth, which at once slid from under her feet, precipitating her half-way down to the beach, where fortunately she lodged on a projecting portion of the cliff. It was impossible for her either to climb up or to get down the cliff, and so she was kept a prisoner for hours. Sought everywhere in vain by the agonized mother, it was reserved for a coastguard officer to descry her asleep on her perilous perch, and to descend by means of a rope to her assistance, which he cleverly managed before she was aware of what was going on. Had her rescue been delayed much longer she must have been caught and drowned by the rising tide.

TO THE RESCUE.

Whenever anything out of the ordinary takes place within sight of their look-outs the coastguard have to be on the alert to render help if it should be required. Such was the case when, early one morning in June, 1897, the men of the coastguard station at Walmer saw smoke proceeding from the forepart of a large, full-rigged ship, which was being towed up the Channel by a foreign-looking tug. As it was thought something must be wrong a boat was put off to see if any assistance was required. When the coastguardsmen came alongside they found that it had just been discovered on board that the ship was on fire, and, indeed, in a very short time it was only too patent what was the matter, the hull of the ship at the bow-end having become red-hot.

The vessel turned out to be the *Micronesia*, of Liverpool, bound from Iquique to Ostend with a cargo of nitrate, which is at all times liable to fire from overheating. She was

being towed to her destination by an Ostend tug when, just before the coastguard came off to warn them, some of the crew had perceived smoke coming up from the fore-hold. The fire had evidently got such a secure grip that it was deemed useless to battle with it, and therefore, with the aid of the coastguard, most of the crew were transferred to the tug. Later in the day another tug ran up from Dover to assist, and the burning ship, enveloped in smoke and with fore-mast toppled over the port side, was run aground near Sandown Castle.

A curious incident happened in connection with this disaster. A gentleman belonging to Liverpool named Croft had a son on board the *Micronesia*, and wishing to see him after his voyage he went over to Ostend to meet him on his arrival. As the vessel, however, was considerably behind her time he could not wait any longer, and was crossing to Dover in the Ostend boat when, as they passed the Goodwin Sands, all on board were greatly excited to see a ship on fire. When they came near to the burning vessel glasses were naturally directed to her stern to see the name she bore and her port of origin. Imagine, then, the surprise of the father, and his dismay likewise, when he learned that she was the one for whose arrival he had been so patiently waiting at Ostend. However, he was not long at Dover before intelligence came from the coastguard that the ship's company were all in safety.

Nothing could better show the pluck and energy with which the coastguard go about their work than the rescue of four men which a party of them effected from the wreck of the German brigantine *Ernst* a year or two ago. During a November night the *Ernst* was driven on a shingle bank, Isle of Wight, and became a total wreck. The captain, the mate, and a seaman were rescued by the Totland lifeboat, the secretary of which had been apprised of the wreck by the station-officer of the Totland coastguard, who had received the information by telephone.

This took place between nine and ten in the morning. Somewhat later the officer of the coastguard at Stanpit was informed that four men of the *Ernst* were drifting towards Christchurch Head on a raft. Coastguardsmen were accordingly sent to the beach at Mudeford with cork jackets and surf-lines. After a time wreckage was seen in the distance, and the raft was sighted two miles off the shore drifting towards Warren Head. Three coastguardsmen, named respectively Brice, Rolls, and Saunders, acting under orders from Chief-boatman Exeter, proceeded to a point where it was deemed probable that the raft would come ashore. Upon the raft —which consisted of the cook-house roof— nearing the breakers it was feared that the poor fellows would be washed off and drowned. A man named Isaac Coakes made a gallant attempt to reach them, but, not wearing a cork jacket, he had no sooner gone into the water than he was hurled back on land. Coastguardsman William Henry Rolls thereupon stripped and, putting on a cork jacket, plunged into the surf and, being a fine swimmer, succeeded in reaching the raft. This was a distance of 200 yards away, and he did not reach it a moment too soon. For just as he came up to it two of the men were washed off and must inevitably have perished but for his holding them up, until his mate Saunders, who attended him with a surf-line, could relieve him of one of them. The other two men, despite their exhausted state, managed to keep afloat after being thrown off the raft until Isaac Coakes and his brother and W. Price brought them safely to land. Rolls and his charge also landed safely.

The men thus rescued had been without food for nearly two days, besides suffering many hours' exposure on a frail raft in a rough sea. They were taken to the coastguard station, and there received every possible kindness and attention.

The above incidents exemplify the various duties and dangers which the coastguard are called upon to perform. But there is still another way in which their services may be required, and that is when illicit trade is being carried on within the three-mile limit, over which British jurisdiction extends. An instance in point occurred a little while ago, when a Belgian steamer, illegally engaged in "coopering," as it is called—that is, selling spirits or tobacco to the English fishing fleet —was boarded by a body of coastguardsmen, and after a smart struggle was captured and carried into Yarmouth.

This kind of thing is not of infrequent occurrence, and not long ago a "cooper," as if conscious of her own illegal doings, went ashore on the Sussex coast, close to the Haddich coastguard station, and became a total wreck.

Not infrequently an amusing incident will occur in connection with these "coopers." They come alike from French, Belgian, and Dutch ports ; but they are so closely watched that it is seldom they get away without their sailing being reported to the coastguard, who,

of course, are then all on the alert for their arrival. Information of two such was sent not long since to the coastguard on the west coast of Ireland. The report was that they were making for the Irish fishing fleet. Naturally a very active look-out was kept. Finally a message came by wire to one station from its nearest neighbour, "Look out for 'cooper,' coming your way. Send out boats to intercept her."

A boat was at once manned and put off to meet her. In due course the signalled vessel came in sight. There could be no mistake, the description was so exact. She was accordingly hailed and ordered to lay to. That she did without demur, and the captain called out, "I know what you have come for. You take us for a 'cooper,' and we have, in fact, a thousand pounds of tobacco on board; you can come and see it if you like. But we are no 'cooper.' We are a mission-ship, bound for the Irish fishing fleet. Come on board and have a bit of something to eat and a pray, and you can see for yourselves." Which they did, and were satisfied.

The real "cooper" never turned up. The telegraph and the telephone disconcert these gentry very much. They also make naval operations difficult — as exemplified in the naval manœuvres. Here is an instance. When the opposing fleets were off the west coast of Ireland a coastguard on the look-out at a station some forty miles to the N.W. of Cork spied the enemy about twenty-eight miles away, north, proceeding in a southerly direction. He immediately notified Queenstown, where the opposing fleet was lying. The Admiral at once sailed out, and before the enemy had reached the coastguard station he was on her track, so that her contemplated operation was completely foiled.

NIGHT DUTY—ANSWERING DISTRESS SIGNALS BY BURNING A LIGHT.

On another occasion the enemy's fleet signalled the same station, asking for information. Before enlightening them in any way the coastguard asked for the countersign. This, of course, they could not give, and so they were parleyed with and held in hand until the station had communicated with the fleet at Queenstown, which was again out and upon them before they knew what they were about.

Every year the coastguard have to go up either for a fortnight's drill or to join the autumn manœuvres. This, because it brings them in contact with old comrades and with life, they account a holiday and enjoy accordingly.

The Making of a Speech.

THE ORATORICAL ART AS VIEWED BY MR. CHAMBERLAIN, SIR HENRY FOWLER, LORD KIMBERLEY, SIR CHARLES DILKE, MR. ASQUITH, LORD PEEL, THE EX-SPEAKER, MR. J. W. LOWTHER, THE DEPUTY-SPEAKER, EARL SPENCER, THE BISHOP OF RIPON, AND DR. CLIFFORD.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

Illustrations from Photographs by Elliott & Fry.

"THE orator is born, not made." To the universality of belief in this familiar platitude is largely due, I believe, the vast amount of poor speaking with which public bodies, from the House of Commons on an "off night" to the local cricket club at its annual dinner, are constantly afflicted. A few irrepressible speakers probably cherish the illusion that they are born orators, and most of the others, from the careless indifference with which they give utterance to their thoughts, seem to argue the hopelessness of any contest with the decree of Nature. But the experience of men who win distinction on the platform goes far to prove that, whilst the divine fire of a Gladstone or a Chatham is the gift of the gods, the art of eloquence is to be acquired, like other arts, by severe effort and strenuous labour. At least, that is the conclusion which has been forced upon my mind by inquiries I have been making among a number of representative men at the Senate and in the pulpit, my two leading questions being somewhat as follows:—

THE RIGHT HON. J. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

"What is your own method in the making of a speech?"

"Speaking from experience, what advice would you give to a novice who sought your aid in the art of public speaking?"

Mr. Chamberlain happens to have discussed the subject with some fulness in an address he gave to the Birmingham and Edgbaston Debating Society on the occasion of its jubilee a few years ago, and to this address he referred me when I put these questions to him. The Secretary of State for the Colonies mentioned that he joined the society in 1854, when eighteen years of age, and continued a member till 1863, during which period he always took an active part in the debates. Mr. Chamberlain's first speech was delivered on the night of his election to the society, in opposition to a resolution, "That the character and conduct of Oliver Cromwell do not entitle him to the admiration of posterity."

"No good argument," Mr. Chamberlain declared at the outset, "was ever perfectly rendered without serious labour, and if it be the fact, as I believe it is, as we have been told by a great French writer, that true eloquence consists in saying all that is proper and nothing more—it is the latter part of the condition which is most difficult, and more time will be taken in pruning away redundancies, in abandoning all that is not pertinent to the subject, than in preparing the language which is actually to be used. . . .

"I imagine that the experience of all of us will suggest instances in which even good speakers would have spoken better if they had adopted a little more compression. That means trouble, that means pain."

In Mr. Chamberlain's opinion John Bright was the greatest orator of his generation, and, having regard to the personal association which existed between them for many years, there is much interest in the account which he gives of Bright's method:—

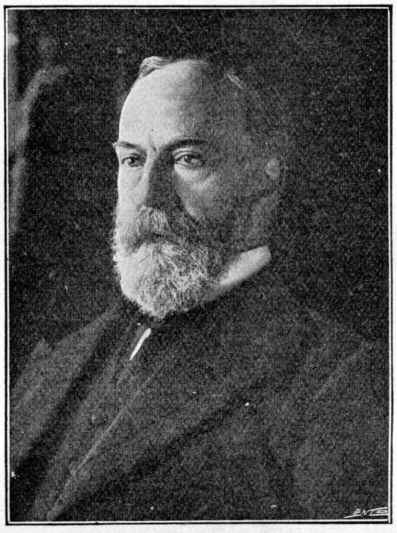
"Bright took infinite pains in the preparation of his speeches, giving even as much as a week or more to the elaboration of his thoughts; and he told me in regard to his method that his object was in the first place to grasp himself clearly the central idea and main principle that he wished to impress upon his hearers, then to state it in the simplest terms he could find, and, while avoiding

every superfluous word, every unnecessary argument, to reinforce the text by such illustrations and arguments as suggested themselves to his mind, 'and so,' he said, 'I hope that when I sit down my listeners will have understood and will retain the main thing, the main idea, that has been the object of my discourse.'

"Well," continued Mr. Chamberlain, "it is not all of us who can draw the bow of Ulysses. We cannot hope to imitate Mr. Bright in his highest flights, but we may all follow his example in grudging no labour and no time in order to make clear to others the truth as it appears to us."

One or two of Mr. Chamberlain's fellow-members of the Birmingham and Edgbaston Debating Society have placed on record their impressions of the right honourable gentleman's early oratory. At first, it seems, Mr. Chamberlain "learned his speeches by heart and somewhat painfully; his delivery, though always clear, was at first laboured."

"It was impossible," writes Mr. C. N. Mathew, who was hon. secretary of the society during part of the time of Mr. Chamberlain's membership, "not to be interested, edified, and often amused by the intelligence, point, and smartness of his speech. At the same time there was, especially in the earlier days of his career, a certain setness and formality of style that suggested that his speeches were anything but the inspiration of the moment, but had been made beforehand, and were being read off—the result of painstaking study, care, and elaboration." On one occasion, it is stated, Mr. Chamberlain actually broke down in proposing a toast at a semi-public dinner, and resumed his seat without finishing his speech. On the whole, therefore, Mr. Chamberlain's own experience goes to support his view as to eloquence—in its less exacting sense—being the result of persevering effort rather than of inherent talent.



SIR CHARLES DILKE, M.P.

I had a brief conversation with Sir Charles Dilke one night at the House of Commons, in the ranks of whose debaters he has for long held a foremost place.

"My earliest experience," said Sir Charles, "was obtained at the Cambridge Union. I spoke with some frequency and became President. The Cambridge Union at that time favoured a business-like style of speech as compared with the more oratorical manner of the Oxford Union, and this fact had its influence, I suppose, on my own training. A 'Freshman' who attempted anything like rhetorical flourish was apt to be laughed at. A speech full of facts and 'points' rather than phrases was best listened to, and this naturally led one to prepare the subject more than the speech—by which I mean getting up the facts and arguments carefully and leaving the language to take care of itself."

"And has your method always been the same?"

"Yes; after going round the world I went at once into Parliament. But although I had never felt nervous when speaking at Cambridge I was for some years very much afraid of the House of Commons, and never faced my audience without mental distress. But I gradually overcame this feeling and persevered in my old Cambridge method, carefully getting up every subject and preparing fairly full notes, but notes which were entirely concerned with the matter and not the manner of my speech."

"But I suppose a telling phrase in a political speech—such a phrase as goes all over the country—is scarcely ever impromptu?"

"Ah, I wonder! Lord Beaconsfield, who was the greatest of phrase-makers in his time, used to quote Bolingbroke and Burke in the earlier part of his career, and later in life used to quote himself. Some of the best phrases one hears in the House of Commons don't go over the country. Major Rasch, for instance, often says remarkably good things, but they don't give him fame. When bimetallism was under discussion he

summed up the whole economic philosophy of the question in two or three words. 'Mr. Speaker,' said Major Rasch, 'what is bimetallism? You take a shilling and call it eighteenpence.' The *bon mot* was excellent, but it did not catch on. As a rule, the famous phrase owes almost everything to the voice. Some of John Bright's most successful phrases would have sounded commonplace from a speaker with a less musical and expressive voice."

"But from your rule as to preparation, Sir Charles, would you not make an exception in favour of the peroration?"

"If you have got a very effective beginning and end, so much the better, of course. But nothing is more deplorable than to hear a man, towards the end of his speech, break off into a passage which he has obviously learned by heart—the transition from the spontaneous to the automatic is very painful. On the other hand, the difficulty in making an end is, as you say, a common trouble with inexperienced speakers, and to avoid these false finishes it is certainly well to have a concluding point fixed in your mind."

THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY FOWLER, M.P.

By way of commentary upon Sir Charles Dilke's conversation some interesting references to his career are to be found in Mr. H. W. Lucy's "Diary of Two Parliaments." For some time after he entered the House of Commons in 1868 Dilke, we are told, "was about as bad a speaker as one would find among an average score of members." In 1877, on the other hand, Mr. Lucy describes him as "one of the most effective speakers in the House."

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Fowler, M.P., who is a distinguished solicitor as well as an ex-Secretary of State, was kind enough to spare half an hour of his busy day to a discussion of this subject.

"Where did you graduate as a speaker?" I first asked Sir Henry, who has been described by a friendly opponent as a statesman who "never spoke without being master of his subject, and, though it was often complicated, he made it clear."

"At the Law Students' Debating Society, which I regularly attended during the years I was studying law in London. This society, which meets at the Law Institution in Chancery Lane, used to have debates—and still has, I believe—on general subjects as well as on questions of law. This was all the training I had, but it was valuable training because of the friendly criticism the members gave each other."

"And you were frequently speaking from that time forward?"

"Well, on returning to Wolverhampton I took an active interest in local life. Then, until I was elected to the House of Commons in 1880, I was frequently taking part in public meetings on free education and other political questions that were not then so popular as they afterwards became."

"Would you qualify in any way your opinion of debating societies, Sir Henry, as training grounds?"

"Well, I suppose there is some danger, as you have just suggested, of such societies encouraging speaking for speaking's sake. But this should not be much if the critical spirit on the part of the members furnishes healthy restraint. I am sure that since these societies became prevalent there has been a decided improvement in the general average of public speaking, although there is still, of course, a great deal of empty wordiness."

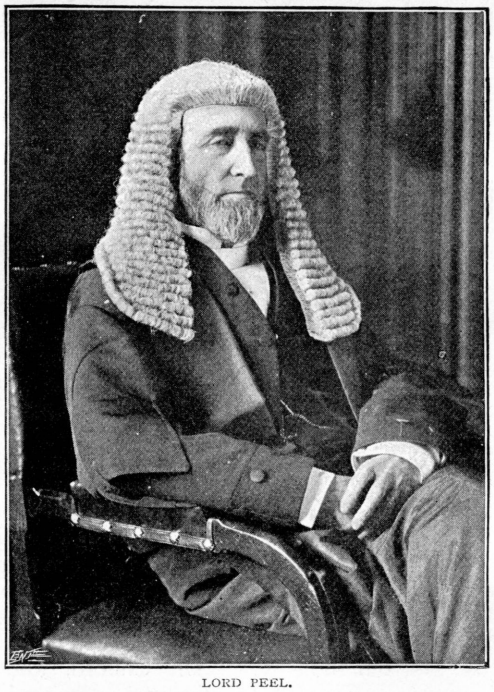
"Do you think this improvement corresponds to an improvement in the House of Commons?"

"Well, during the twenty years I have been a member there has been a considerable change in the House of Commons' style. The

business-like style is now most in favour; men care little for the rounded periods which pleased their fathers, and appreciate most the speeches which show most knowledge of the subject. The average of debating power is certainly higher, I should say. On the other hand, many more members read—or practically read—their speeches. At one time the House was much less lenient to this practice, and a story is told of a Lancashire member who, in using extremely full notes, was assailed with ironical cries of 'Read, read.' 'I am reading,' the poor man innocently replied."

Speaking of his own method, Sir Henry gave me to understand that it varied with the occasion. He never spared trouble in preparation of a subject, but sometimes his notes for an hour's speech would not occupy more than one sheet of letter-paper; at other times they would fill many.

"I find it advisable to have full notes," the right honourable gentleman added, "when dealing with figures, as in a Budget debate, or when speaking with a sense of exceptional responsibility, as in the debate which took place when I was at the India Office on the Indian Cotton Duties. Even with the best preparation and the most carefully prepared notes there is always some danger of saying something which you did not intend to say, or of omitting something which you did intend to say. I suppose there is no public speaker who has not sometimes used the wrong word because the right one was not forthcoming at the moment. This is one of the worst tribulations of the platform, particularly if a speaker is called over the coals for something which he really did not intend to say."



LORD PEEL.

To attempt to speak from memory was a course to be recommended only to those who had an exceptional faculty in this respect. "Bright's 'purple patches,' as they were called," remarked Sir Henry, in reminiscent mood, "were committed to memory, but as a rule he spoke from notes on small square cards. Lord Randolph Churchill used to write some of his speeches, but I recollect his telling me that he was able to remember them by writing them out once. As a rule, the strain on a memorizer is too great; there is always the possibility of a disastrous breakdown. This nervous strain seriously injured Dr. Punshon, the great preacher, I believe. Mr. Gladstone, with extraordinarily ample flow of language, never spoke in this way; he would prepare a sheaf of notes for a big speech, but in point of fact little or no use would be made of them. But, of course, the genius of oratory stands by itself, independent of method or rule. The real debater also, it seems to me, is born, and not made; an instinct for debate, such as Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Asquith possess, cannot be acquired. A statesman who has this instinct very strongly once told me that he could not enjoy a sermon; he was always thinking, 'What is the reply to this fellow?'

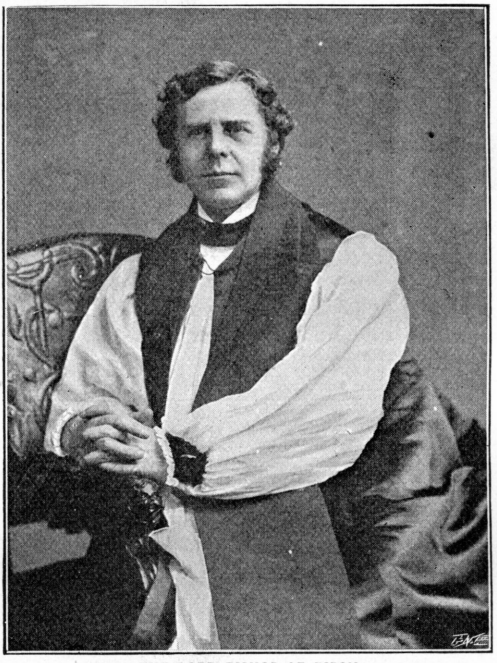
"But for the average man I should say that the best advice as to public speaking was this: Prepare your points and arguments well, but leave to the inspiration of the moment the language in which they are to be clothed."

Lord Peel, the ex-Speaker, sent me a brief reply, but as will be seen from its terms gave an instructive clue as to the opinions which, with his exceptional experience of the House of Commons, he personally holds on the subject.

"I have no 'method,'" writes Lord Peel,

"which I think it would be advantageous to send you. I recollect, however, a little book by—I think—the Bishop of Ripon which I cannot help saying would be useful in conveying advice and hints on the subject."

The book whose value Lord Peel thus endorses is entitled "Lectures on Preaching." As the name implies, Dr. Boyd Carpenter addresses himself through the work to pulpit aspirants, but, according to the high authority of the ex-Speaker, the Bishop's advice is equally applicable to platform aspirants, and I therefore give one or two illustrative extracts:—



THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

"Clear language—language, that is, which carries its own meaning straight, and without starting side-puzzles in the minds of your hearers—is the first condition of fitness of language. From this it will follow that what is simple and natural is best. The ambition of grand, high-sounding words is a poor ambition, and, like most mean ambitions, it defeats itself. Let us avoid the example of the clergyman who counselled the boys to whom he was preaching on the subject of mirth or cheerfulness: 'Let your mirth be as the estival electricity, lambent but innocuous.'

"Talk English and not Johnsonese. Let your thought govern your language, and not your language your thought; and for this purpose give your thought its natural expression. Do not let your minnows talk like whales. Is your thought simple? Be content with simple words. Is your thought noble? Then simple language most nobly expresses it. If you use lofty and dignified language let it be because the thought itself insensibly lifts your style to a loftier range. The cultivation of word-worship is the decay of thought. The ambition of word-painting is a small one and must thwart true eloquence; for if your thought be not eloquent your words will only mock them."

By his eloquence both on the platform and in the pulpit the Bishop of Ripon is pre-eminent in the Church of England, and I am very glad, therefore, that on reference to him his lordship was good enough to summarize, from the particular standpoint of this article, his philosophy of speech-making:—

"I would say to anyone who has to speak—think, think, think, and think again, till you have separated the essential from the accidental matter of your subject, and till you can clearly see what needs to be said. Think, think, think again of the people, that you may be able to say what needs to be said in the way which they can understand. And after all preparation think, think, think again till you are in the possession of the thing you mean and wish to say. Words are but counters, and the power that can use them best is a clear perception of what you need to say, animated by an earnest wish to say it.

"I can add really little to this," continued the Bishop, "except this word—Reverence. No man will be a help to his brother man who does not reverence him as well as the message he seeks to pass on to him. For all speakers this is needful; for the religious teacher more than all."

Dr. Clifford, who is probably the most influential speaker among Nonconformist divines, was kind enough to give me a very careful account of his own methods:—

My method is (1) to master my facts and my line of reasoning as far as possible.

(2) Write out what I wish to say as fully as time permits.

(3) Rewrite or—as the Germans say—rework the subject.

(4) "Boil down" so as to get the briefest analysis of what is to be said.

(5) Resist the temptation to rely upon the written phrase and leave the mind to act with all possible freedom and spontaneity.

(6) Make clear to myself the precise character of the result I wish to achieve and then bend all my energies in that direction.

In the form of advice Dr. Clifford tabulated further information as to the way in which his platform powers had been gained :—

(1) Never forget distinctness of articulation. This is a primary consideration in effective utterance.

(2) To get a vocabulary read the best literature and mark all *elect* terms ; terms that give distinction to a sentence and lift it out of the rut of a wearisome commonness.

(3) To secure self-command become self-oblivious by charging the entire mind—the emotional not less than the reflective part—with the subject and with the purpose of the speech.

(4) Incessant and undespairing work is all in all.

DR. CLIFFORD.

From these statements it would seem that few public speakers can find their work more arduous and exacting than the well-known minister of Westbourne Park Chapel. Yet how little this is suspected probably by the large audience whom Dr. Clifford moves to indigination or laughter with apparently equal ease !

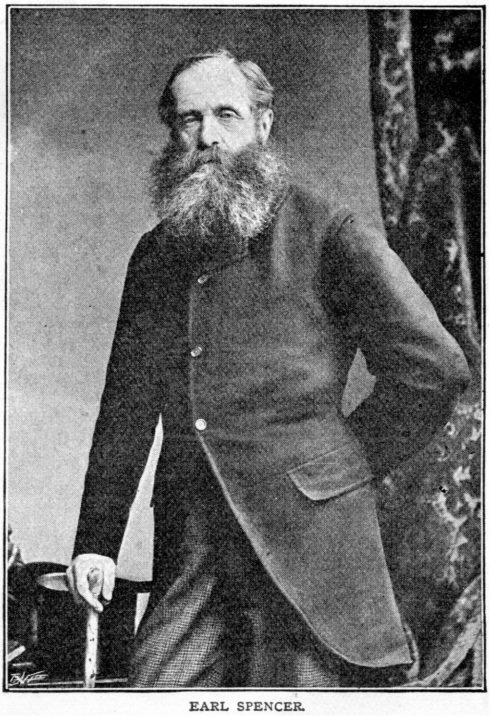
The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith replied to my interrogation with the remark: "I suspect that in the matter of public speaking every man is, and ought to be, a law to himself." Holding this somewhat exceptional opinion, Mr. Asquith, who had his

THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH, M.P.

own training in oratory at the Oxford Union, had, of course, nothing to say in the way of advice or information as to method.

Earl Spencer was precluded from complying with my desire by a depreciative estimate of his own powers in the Senate or on the platform, with which few of those who have heard him would be found to agree.

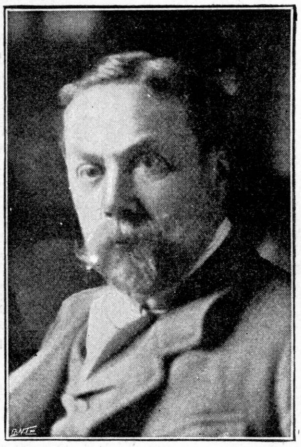
"I have no pretensions as a speaker," his lordship writes to me, "to justify my giving



EARL SPENCER.

advice to those who want to learn how to speak.

"I can make my meaning and intention clear, but beyond that I cannot aspire to be a speaker to imitate."



THE RIGHT HON. J. W. LOWTHER, M.P.

In the same spirit the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, who now occupies the position of Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons, whom I next consulted, disclaimed the title of orator and the presumption of giving advice as to the method of becoming an orator, an orator being born and not made.

"Nevertheless," Mr. Lowther said, however, "one can become a fluent and agreeable speaker by dint of practice. He should begin young, never lose an opportunity of saying a few words in public, carefully prepare the matter and form of his speech, cultivate conciseness, keep a stock of good stories in hand from which to draw as occasion requires, give special attention to the head and tail of his speech, and arrange his subject in logical or chronological order.

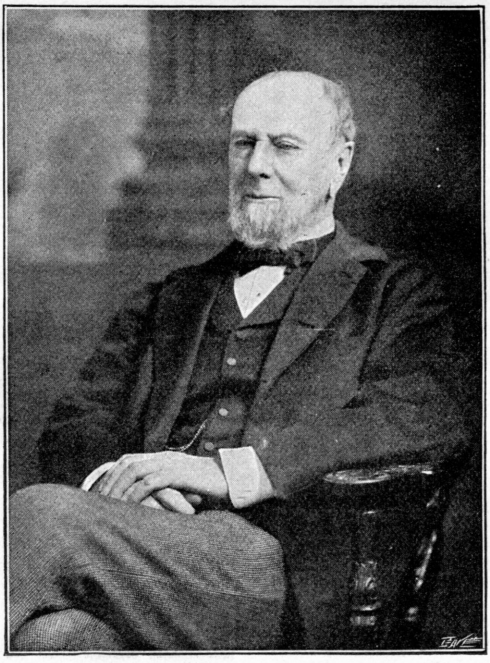
"It is desirable at first to speak from pretty full notes; these should gradually be cut down to a few headings, until they can finally be dispensed with. Brevity is, above all, the greatest desideratum. The audience should be left hungry with a desire for more, and not surfeited with a sense of repletion.

"Variety of style," concluded Mr. Lowther, "is an accomplishment to be added later. Voice production is also a matter which requires special attention. Action, in the sense of gesticulation, should be sparsely used, but when used it should be bold and sweeping."

Lord Kimberley was kind enough to interest himself in the subject when convalescent at Falmouth after his long illness of last winter. The Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, however, confined himself to a statement of his own method; he would not venture upon advice to others.

"I never write a speech," his lordship told me. "If it is a long and important one I make a few very brief notes.

"Otherwise I make no notes. I speak practically without any previous preparation, trusting to my general knowledge of the subject. My method is the one which a (now) long experience has shown me suits me best."



LORD KIMBERLEY.

THE ISLAND MANTRAP.

BY ROBERT BARR.

ALTHOUGH John Stebbens said nothing, standing there on the bridge beside the kind captain, yet he was much disappointed that the old tramp steamer should have thrashed her slow way into the Bay of Naples at night. All respectable guide-books warned all respectable travellers to select a steamer that arrived at Naples by day, but Stebbens was on board the ancient rusty *Gladiator* through favour of one of the owners, and the voyage was costing him nothing. Once the *Gladiator* carried passengers, and even now would have accommodated a dozen or so had that limited number applied for berths, but the big liners to the Mediterranean, keeping to a time-table like express trains, had absorbed the tourist traffic, and an old-fashioned single screw craft, doing barely nine knots an hour under the most propitious auspices, never certain of arriving at any particular place at any particular time, could not hope to hold her own in such a competition; yet she was in the habit of thumping out a steady 10 per cent. profit for her owners, carrying slow and heavy freight, and thus we may suppose they were satisfied.

Stebbens had come aboard at Liverpool in a snowstorm, and here he stood on the bridge apparently in a clear, mild midsummer night, just as if the boat had taken six months to make the trip; but, slow as she was, she was not so slow as that. He had come on board pale and stooped with study, and already ocean and sea had proved the best of physicians. He had come on board friendless, and now was leaving the bluff, sea-soned, mahogany-coloured captain with infinite regret; cheered, however, by the prospect of returning to England with him five or six weeks later.

The engines had stopped, and now, at a gruff word from the captain, there was a sharp clank, a hurricane roar of descending chain, and the sudden plunge of the great anchor into the dark water: then the ship swung slowly round and all was silence.

"Well, we're here at last, John," cried the captain, with a sigh of relief. "Sorry I could not have fetched port in daylight, but you'll see it all in the morning, so take my advice and get to your bunk. No need of going ashore to-night, for if your room isn't as large or as comfortable as you'd get at an hotel, it's a mighty sight cheaper and quieter. So, good-night; see you in the morning." Whereupon John turned in.

His had been a case of breakdown: physical, educational, and financial. His object in life was to graduate from a cheap theological college in the north of England. He had managed to squeeze through three examinations, each time with a warning that he must do better in the essential Latin on the next occasion if he hoped to prosper. The result of the fourth trial, just finished before his voyage began, would not be known to him for some weeks yet, but he had the most gloomy forebodings regarding it. His body suffered from the consequences

of overstudy, without the compensating advantage of his mind being any more thoroughly equipped for the task it had undertaken. In spite of his efforts he had fallen behind his fellows in the educational race, and his college had ceased to regard him as a student likely to do it honour, or even to pass with credit to himself. The financial resources which appeared ample when he began his college life had melted more rapidly than he anticipated, and should his career as a theological student be prolonged, as was now inevitable, they threatened to become as exhausted as his physical vigour.

The outlook, therefore, was gloomy enough, and perhaps the ensuing languor had something to do with his failure in supreme exultation over a tender episode which, considering his youth, might have been expected to occupy the foremost place in his thoughts. This was his betrothal to Miss Olcutt, the eldest daughter of six who called Simeon Olcutt father, a sombrely religious man, who was one of the patrons of the theological school which young Stebbens attended. This man had certain interests in the shipping trade; hence his ability to send Stebbens fare-free on a tramp steamer—a deed of generosity that cost Olcutt nothing and was not the less readily performed on that account, if what his employés said was true; for they held him generous only to the college that his deeds might shine before men. Olcutt's five younger daughters were married, and the eldest busied herself much with various good works, the welfare of the college being the principal. Thus she became acquainted with, and ultimately engaged to, John Stebbens, for her ambition was to be a clergyman's wife, and experience seemed to have taught her they must be caught young. Miss Olcutt was gifted with a talent for interfering in the affairs of other people, always for the benefit of other people, although human nature is so perverse that the beneficiaries often failed to appreciate this, and said unkind things; as, for instance, that the culmination of her latest idyll came about through her own courtship of the young man rather than through inordinate aspiration and ardour on his part. The arrangement, however, was an admirable one from whatever point of view it was examined. Miss Olcutt was to obtain a husband much younger than herself, and a clergyman if he ever prospered with his Latin; she brought into the compact a ripe knowledge of the world and a quantity of that despised wealth which young men have found useful from ancient times up to the present moment. She had a genius for management, and Stebbens was a most manageable young man. The father was not particularly enthusiastic over his daughter's choice, but the lady was quite old enough to know her own mind, and there seemed a danger that the quest of her life was like to remain unfulfilled if longer postponed, so the worthy man shrugged his shoulders and offered no opposition.

The young student, discouraged by repeated failure and ill through overstudy, would have abandoned his chosen profession and taken to something else that did not call for Latin, but Miss Olcutt was not thus easily going to be berefit of her clergyman now that she had him, as one might say, in embryo, so she arranged the Italian trip to the satisfaction of everyone concerned. Among her many enviable qualities was that of a strong determination not readily thwarted, and, indeed, her plans were so invariably the best that a person must have been more than reckless even to criticise them—a truth of which no one was so alertly conscious as Miss Olcutt herself. The Italian scheme is a case in point. First, the voyage would cost nothing to either her father or Stebbens. Second, the latter would be landed in a portion of Europe where living is cheap. Third, the mild climate would benefit his health. Fourth, he could study the living Italian, and this would aid him with the dead Latin. In fact, here were four birds felled with the one stone, thus doubly excelling the adage, and, at the same time, showing how resourceful a woman Miss Olcutt was. Fortunate the man distinguished by her regard, and as that man must catch the Capri steamer which leaves at 9 a.m., and must have his breakfast before he goes aboard—for there is nothing to be had in the way of meals on the Capri boat—we will take the liberty of waking him early just as if he were Queen of the May.

The bluff, sympathetic captain, who had taken to the theological boy as if he were his own son (perhaps because the captain was in the habit of swearing so dreadfully when irritated, hence had a liking for his opposite), gave him final admonition at the hastened breakfast, the two being alone together, as had been the case during the voyage. The captain talked like a second Polonius, and the youth listened deferentially, as was his ingratiating habit—a habit appreciated by loquacious men.

"Now, John, the ship's boat will take you right aboard the Capri steamer. Don't pay

"THE FATHER WAS NOT PARTICULARLY ENTHUSIASTIC."

for he'll charge you a lot and learn you nothing. Of course, you see, the more ignorant he keeps you the more money he makes out of you, but you jabber to the natives every chance you get and avoid all those who speak English; that's the way to learn a foreign lingo. Terracotta and Co. are our agents in Naples, and I'll tell 'em to let you know in good time when the old *Gladiator* is due in the bay again. Marelli's youngest daughter was a bright little chick of five or six last time I was on the island, who would babble away from daylight till dark. If she hasn't lost the gift of the gab since then, which is not likely, I'd choose her for a teacher if I were you. If she takes to you you'll be the best Italian scholar on Capri before the boat sails away from Naples again. So be a good boy, don't study too hard, ramble over the rocks, learn to row a boat Mediterranean fashion, and get some colour into your cheeks and that stoop out of your back."

any attention to those howling boatmen outside. I'm glad you've taken my advice to settle in Capri, instead of staying in Naples as you first intended. It's a delightful island inhabited by a delightful people. No wounds in the back as in Corsica, and no knife between the ribs as in Sicily. There hasn't been a killing in Capri for a hundred years, but one, and that was a love affair. No sneaking revenge there. Nobody ever thinks of locking a door in Capri. When you get to the landing hire a cab to take you up to the Piazza. Give the man a franc for the ride and threepence for himself. They call a franc a lire there, but it's the same thing. Then get a boy to guide you to old Marelli's; everybody on the island knows him, and give him my letter. Don't make any mistake about Marelli, if you don't happen to find him fashionably dressed. He's a good man and well off, who makes about the best wine on the island. And remember that if he takes you into his house and gives you a room there, it will be as a favour to me, for he is not in the habit of accepting even paying guests. We're a great people, of course, but we fall into the error of underestimating the foreigner. You're young, so don't you do that. I've called in at many a port in this world and never failed to find a good man at even the worst of 'em. Marelli's a good man. Now, you just live as the family lives, and talk to them all you can. You'll be a chattering Italian before you know it, because learning Italian is as easy as for an inquisitive passenger to fall down a hatchway. Don't go to no blooming professor of the language,

John Stebbens was genuinely sorry to bid good-bye to the captain and to quit the comfortable old ship, but new and strange scenes speedily mitigated the poignancy of the parting. He was received with quiet hospitality into the Marelli household, made welcome for the sake of the captain, who was still well remembered at many minor ports along the Mediterranean, where, in the old days, he had traded not only fairly but with courtesy, despite his bluntness.

The room allotted to Stebbens was large, and situated at the top of the great, rambling house. It was an ideal place for study, as quiet and secluded as if he were the only inhabitant of the island. The windows faced full south, and gave a wonderful view over an intricate garden dotted with yellow oranges; then across an olive orchard, whose pale-green foliage gave the impression that moonlight was continually shining upon it; after that the sloping vineyard, and last, the towering cliffs of reddish-brown rock, and

the widespread intense blue of the sea, the horizon line lost in a dreamy haze tinted from pearl to purple, varying with the time of the day or change in the weather. And vivifying all, the warm sun and the cloudless sky, as if such things as a fog or a drizzle never touched this radiant earth. No wonder the grateful islanders worshipped Mithras, the sun-god, in times gone by; the problem was, rather, why they did not do so still.

From this spacious room a door gave him egress to a flat, red-tiled roof, surrounded by a white parapet less than breast high; then a narrow stone stairway descended to a still lower roof, and from that some steps led down to a balcony, and so round the house, every elevated promenade with its own amazing view, each differing from the others, bewildering the stranger with the difficulty of choosing the most attractive. A final flight of steps conducted one to the garden and a pergola, two rows of white columns, supporting overhead a green framework, along which clambered and twined a wilderness of rose vines; and so stepping down and down from his lofty apartment he could reach pergola, garden, orchard, and vineyard, ultimately attaining the sea, if he were a cliff-climber and had a steady head.

It was on the morning of his second day at Capri that he saw for the first time his future teacher of the soft Italian tongue. He had come down from roof to roof and at last to the pergola, at the farther end of which, standing tiptoe on the balustrade, and reaching above her head, clipping roses from their stems, he saw the girl who had been five or six when the captain was last on the island. A rapid mental calculation assured the young man that this visit had taken place twelve or thirteen years before. Having secured the number of blossoms she required, the young woman sprang lightly down to the tiled court, turned round, and could hardly help noting that she was apparently an object of much interest to a youth standing awe-struck at the other end of this avenue of white pillars. Simultaneously they advanced towards each other and met in the middle of the pergola, the warm sunlight filtering down through leaves and branches on their heads.

"Good morning, signor," she greeted him in Italian; he had learned that much at least of the language from the captain, so he understood her and returned the greeting with an accent that brought a smile to her ripe red lips. She handed him a rose, but seeing he did not know what to do with it, standing there awkwardly holding it, she took it from him again with a little laugh and pinned it daintily to the lapel of his coat. Then, with an inimitable, airy gesture of the hands, and a "There now!" she stepped back, contemplating him as an artist who has put the last deft touch to a picture, and the result seemed to please her; for Stebbens was a good-looking young fellow, who had been somewhat suppressed all his life by adverse circumstances and by dominating people, so now blushed like a girl or like the rose that his downcast eyes regarded in its new position. She was as unconventionally friendly as if she had still numbered only the six years the captain remembered.

Suddenly, as if recollecting something urgent, she darted away from him and disappeared into the house, leaving him there with his mind in an unaccountable whirl as delicious as it was unusual. How pretty she was! How liquid her voice! How dazzling the swift glance of her laughing, dark eyes! The unrestrained ardour of a child with the superb, completed form of a woman produced a combination that might disturb the complacency of Saint Anthony himself, patron of all Capri fishermen, whose chapel stood on the southern edge of the island, convenient for preaching to the fishes, but distant from the haunts of the women, which showed some wisdom in the selection of a site on the part of the cautious Antonius. Could not the unimpressionable saint now bestow a seasonable hint upon this youth that the paths of Capri are steep and dangerous, leading to unexpected precipices? All men are not adamant. It seemed, indeed, that this very warning was the watchful saint's intention, for the girl whisked again into the pergola and handed the young man a letter.

"It came last night," she explained, and then, perched on the parapet, swinging her small foot to and fro, arranging the flowers to her satisfaction, she hummed an air, that he might read his correspondence untrammelled by any thought that he was neglecting her. He turned the letter over and over in his hand, recognising at once its angular superscription. It had been sent in care of the steamship agents in Naples, and by them forwarded to Capri, doubtless through the thoughtfulness of the captain in giving them his address, and perhaps not by the intervention of Saint Anthony at all. Miss Olcutt had said she would write to him every three days and send him a copy of the *Church Times* once a week, that he might not lack for wholesome reading. He slipped the letter unopened into his

"HE SAW FOR THE FIRST TIME HIS FUTURE TEACHER."

pocket with a sigh, at which the girl looked up with a smile and sprang from her perch to the floor. They wandered together through the garden, down under the olive trees, between the rows of vines, and finally came to a wall, over which they leaned looking far below them into the clear green water of the waveless sea, sparkling in the sunshine. He learned that her name was Lucia, and progressed so far with his Italian at any rate, but whether the knowledge gained that morning would assist him materially in his next scholarly examination was quite another matter.

This outdoor lesson was the first of many such, and let Saint Antonius scowl as he may, he is hereby assured that language learning makes more progress when taught by sweet lips that laugh when mistakes are uttered than by thin, professorial lips which say sarcastic things with a sneer. Perhaps our colleges would be more popular than they are if pretty girls were the preceptors. Of course a man does not become an adept in even so easy a language as the Italian in a month, be he much cleverer than was young Stebbens; but John could carry on a conversation haltingly in the tongue, sometimes making himself vaguely understood, sometimes not understood at all, until he appealed from the attractively arrayed living lexicon to the more sombrely attired dictionary bound in boards.

Signorina Lucia Marelli was certainly a fascinating teacher, and the method of tuition was most alluring, instruction being imparted as professor and pupil walked together along one of the three hundred and sixty-five paths which Capri offers to her visitors, each by-way seemingly more picturesque than the other; each separate day of the year having a road for itself.

But at last, somewhat late in the day, the very sweetness of this intercourse began to trouble him, the most conscientious of men. His own growing desire to be constantly with the girl, and her no less evident pleasure in his companionship, caused him anxious searchings of heart. A more conceited person, or one with a greater knowledge of life, would have seen long before that Lucia was in love with him. But he had so little self-esteem that he could not understand why any woman should care for him, and, in truth, neither can I, for he was anything but clever, and not very much more than passably good-looking; but the ways of the feminine mind are past understanding, and the fact remains that a lady in England was engaged to him and a girl in Italy was quite ready to be, while talented people like you or me are, alas! often ignored by

the sex. Perhaps it was his sterling honesty that carried such havoc among them; his devotion to duty; his conscientious industry; his evidently excellent intentions probably overshadowed his equally obvious incompetence. Books tell us that perseverance is certain to succeed, which is not at all true; but it may be that faith is stronger than reason in woman, and at least two of them seemed to believe in John Stebbens, who had such limited belief in himself.

This conscientiousness, aroused too late, spurred him to action. He saw he was there under false pretences; he was not a free man, and must tell her so as diplomatically as he could. Her preference for him, if it really existed, of which he had still some doubts, would be modified by the announcement he felt it his duty to make, and thus a girlish fancy would not grow into anything more serious.

The spot selected for the necessary confidence was ominous. She had taken him along a rugged path to the lofty Fern Grotto, a Gothic cavern in the mountain-side, high above the sea, facing the east, and commanding a wonderful view of the castle, the Faraglioni rocks rising like cathedral spires from the waves, part of the old town and the villa of Tiberius in the distant sky. The name "Fern" applied to the Grotto is harmless and horticultural, and the place itself is warm and sunny, an excellent spot in which to while away an hour, learning Italian, viewing the scenery, or in any other occupation; nevertheless, the Grotto was the ancient dwelling-place of the Sirens, whose gentle voices lured men to their undoing, and of whom Homer sang:—

> Unblest the man whom music wins to stay
> Nigh the curst shore and listen to the lay.

Neither John nor Lucia thought of Homer, or, indeed, knew much about him, as they sat together in the elevated cave he celebrated, the first being occupied with thoughts of his coming announcement and the deftest form of disclosure; the second, seeming well satisfied to view a scene exceedingly familiar to her, with elbow resting on knee and chin in hand gazing dreamily at the prospect.

"I have not long to stay in Capri now," began John, haltingly, in the best Italian at his command; "but, if all goes well, I hope to return some day with my wife."

If he expected a start of surprise, an exclamation of dismay, he was disappointed, and glancing sidelong at her he saw she remained motionless, the eyes perhaps a trifle more dreamy, a slight roseate glow slowly overspreading her face as if the warm rays of the setting sun, striking the ruddy rocks before her, had thrown the stain of their reflection upon her. It was going to be an easier task than he had anticipated, yet somehow the sigh which escaped him was not one of entire satisfaction.

Not to make an unnecessary mystery of the situation, it may be noted at this point that he mixed up his prepositions and used "for" instead of "with," a stupid mistake that had little to excuse it, as the two small words are as unlike in the Italian as they are in the English. "I will return to Capri *for* my wife," he actually said, when he thought he was proclaiming his intention to return with her. This misleading substitution of one seemingly unimportant little word for another gave a false key-note to the Siren song which was to follow. The girl naturally thought he was to return for *her;* she imagined she was on the threshold of her first proposal, and even if his confused statement that he owed much to a woman who had something to do with his education had been more clear than was actually the case, she might well have been excused, knowing nothing of any other, for thinking that she was the woman he referred to. She had taught him the Italian he was mangling, and there was no reason to suspect that she was not the person he hoped to marry in fulness of time. And besides all this, they were in the Grotto of the Sirens, where men's crushed bones have been found, and from which no man ever escaped unscathed.

When he had finished his further hesitating, groping oration he was surprised at the result of his eloquence. The blushing girl threw her arms about his neck, drew his head down to her, and kissed him full on the lips, an action which sent a thrill through his body such as had never followed the chaste salutes of the austere Miss Olcutt. The swift, clinging contact opened to him a new heaven and a new earth, that filled him with sudden delight, and wafted his senses soaring aloft; but duty, stern and menacing, brought them down to the world again, and he realized with a spasm of pain the seductive danger of the situation, without in the least suspecting its cause. After that first lingering kiss she buried her warm face in his neck, and remained thus silent and quiescent.

And now ignorance, that bright guiding star of the Anglo-Saxon in his relation with foreigners, came to his rescue.

"These impulsive Italians are not as *we* are," he said to himself. "This agitating

"I HAVE NOT LONG TO STAY IN CAPRI NOW."

demonstration is merely the expression of a sisterly affection on hearing that the most important event in the life of a beloved brother is fixed and settled."

That seemed a most satisfactory inference, and it soothed the young man, without exactly consoling him. In fact, he was in an embarrassingly perturbed state of mind, sorry for himself that things were not as they seemed, knowing he must do his duty, certain he *would* do it, wishing the path of honour had not become so thorny to his feet.

When they left the fateful Grotto she took his hand, and they walked thus in silence until they approached the haunts of man, and then she released it, lingeringly loth to do so, and at last came to her father's house. She spoke rapidly to her parents, laughed nervously, and ran precipitately away, leaving him standing there alone with them, his face quite as red as hers. He could not follow what she had so glibly said, but gathered that it was something about his betrothal, and the additional publicity seemed somehow rather unnecessary. The old man, always silent, merely rose and shook him by the hand, as was right and proper, but the girl's mother impulsively caught him by the shoulders and kissed him first on one cheek, then on the other. So John got at last to his room, dazed and bewildered.

But there was worse to follow, an ordeal very trying to a retiring, unassuming young fellow, who shrank from demonstration and undue fuss. Next evening in the large room downstairs there was a gathering of kinsfolk and personal friends of the Marelli family. Lucia came laughingly for him and insisted that he should go down with her and receive their congratulations.

"Good gracious, Lucia," he cried, "you haven't told everybody on the island about it, have you?"

"Why not?" exclaimed the astonished girl. "If you wanted it kept secret, why did you not tell me so?"

"But it has nothing to do with them. Still, I suppose it doesn't really matter, so I'll go with you."

Lucia, not knowing what to make of his unexpected reluctance, led him to the company, and felicitations were showered upon them, although some of the young men were not too cordial; for Lucia had plenty of suitors, and to see her thus snatched from them by a "forester" was not the happy event to them that the girl seemed to regard it. The Italians call all foreigners "forestiere," that is, bushmen, savages from the woods, recognising no culture or civilization outside of Italy, a curious self-conceit which we are all more or less afflicted with, terming it patriotism and the like. They appeared somewhat sullenly to agree with me that there is no accounting for feminine taste.

One man, bearing the same name as the host and a nephew of his, watched the manner of the accepted lover narrowly and was not pleased with it. He was a man in business on the island, who had travelled and who spoke English well. He knew more of the world than any other present, and there was something secretive and sneakish about the attitude of Stebbens that displeased him. The youth had the bearing of one unexpectedly forced out into the light of a publicity he dreaded, and the conclusions drawn by his watcher were of a sombre and discreditable nature. He said nothing until

the ceremony was finished and the guests dispersed, then he asked Stebbens to walk up to the village with him. When they were well clear of the house and alone in the dark, narrow lane Marelli said, abruptly, to his companion:—

"When did this engagement take place?"

"About two years ago," answered the innocent Stebbens.

"Two years ago!" exclaimed his questioner, coming to a standstill. "Two years ago! I thought you were never on the island before this visit?"

"Neither was I."

"And you are here now for the first time about a month?"

"Yes."

"Then what are you talking about? How could you have become betrothed to Signorina Lucia two years ago?"

"I never said I was betrothed to the signorina," cried the young man, with natural indignation, his heart sinking with an unknown dread all the same. Even in the darkness he saw the sinister lowering of the Italian's brow.

"Then what is the meaning of all this fooling? How did my cousin come to suppose herself engaged to you?"

"She cannot suppose such a thing. I am to be married to a lady in England. I told the signorina so myself."

"You are either a scoundrel or a simpleton. You pretend, then, not to have understood that to-night's ceremony was your formal engagement to Signorina Lucia, a girl a thousand times too good for the like of you."

"You horrify me," cried the distressed young man. "I give you my word of honour it is all a most deplorable mistake."

"A mistake, is it? Well, it is a mistake you will have to rectify very quickly or it will be the worse for you."

"I will make every explanation and apology," cried Stebbens, almost on the verge of tears. "I see how it happened now. It is all the fault of my lack of skill with the language. I am very, very sorry."

"This is not a thing that can be settled by words. You cannot shame my cousin before the whole island and then get out of it by saying it was all a mistake. You must marry the girl."

"That is impossible, I tell you."

"Oh, I don't think so. You must not return there. Come with me and I'll give you a room in my house. I'll have your handbag sent to you within half an hour. You will be my guest until you are married."

"It is useless. I cannot go with you. I must be in Naples to-morrow."

"Come along."

The nephew was a powerful man. He grasped young Stebbens by the wrist, and led him without difficulty. They passed through narrow lanes with high stone walls on either hand, meeting no one. The leader opened a door that looked ominously strong, and so into a dark, semi-subterranean hall, then up two flights of steps and into a room overlooking a flat roof and an orange garden.

"You will find this very comfortable, I think," said the self-imposed host, with decision.

Stebbens rubbed his aching wrist with rising indignation at this high-handed treatment.

"Do you expect to hold me a prisoner here against my will?" he cried.

"Not at all. We never lock our doors in Capri. You are perfectly free to go when and where you please. I thought I was doing you a favour, for I was told you hadn't much money. I cannot understand why my uncle should have consented to the absurd choice of Lucia, but he has done so, and that is enough for me. If you don't like this room you may go to any hotel you choose. There are plenty of them."

"I'm going to Naples in the morning."

The Italian shrugged his shoulders as if the young man's future movements were a matter of indifference to him, and left the room without further comment.

Stebbens sat down with his head in his hands, deeply grieved that his clumsiness had brought unmerited sorrow upon one whom he liked so well and who had been so sweetly kind to him. Still, there was nothing for him to do but to keep his word, although the path of duty had become increasingly unattractive to him for some time past. His valise was brought in, but he remained in his despondent attitude. He could not go to an hotel, for he had no money to spare, as the other had quite accurately hinted.

Courage returned with daylight. He would take the early boat, get to Naples, and from there write a long, explanatory letter to Lucia. She at least would understand, doubtless forgive, and perhaps pity. He felt himself rather more in need of pity than of forgiveness. As his host had said the evening before, no locked doors impeded him. The way was clear, and he walked to the Piazza valise in hand. Anxious to be on board the

steamer as speedily as possible, even at the expenditure of a lire, he hailed a cab, but the coachmen, usually so eager for fares, showed no celerity at the prospect of his custom. One and all shook their heads. They were engaged. There was no time to waste, so he turned into the tunnel under the clock-tower and went rapidly down the steep stone steps. Already the steamer had whistled once. The path led between high walls, and at one of the numerous turns he came unexpectedly upon a man he had never seen before, but who was quite palpably waiting for him. The man had a long knife in his hand, and he was whiling away the time by twirling it in the air and catching it very deftly by the handle as it descended. He ceased this amusement as Stebbens descended upon him, and stood in the middle of the narrow pathway.

"Where are you going, signore?"

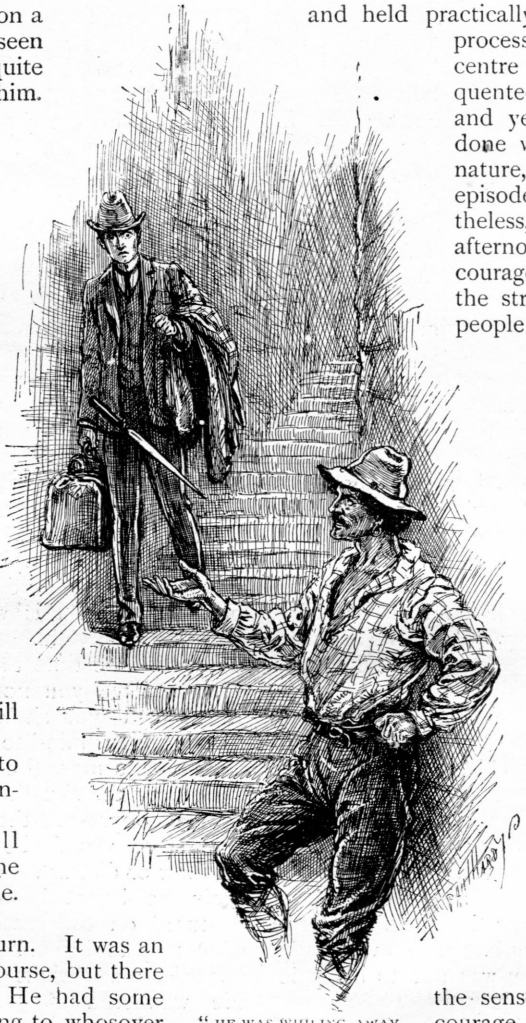
"To the Marina," answered Stebbens, coming to an enforced standstill.

"Oh, no. It is much pleasanter at the town in the winter. The signore will return."

"Do you mean to threaten me?" demanded Stebbens, angrily.

"The signore will return," repeated the Italian, with a smile. "I will carry the bag."

The signore *did* return. It was an absurd situation, of course, but there was no help for it. He had some wild notion of appealing to whosoever he met in the Piazza, but when he reached this little square he felt this would merely succeed in making him more ridiculous than he already was. Everybody was so beamingly pleasant. The cabmen, with laughter, offered him boisterously the use of their vehicles, but the steamer was already moving away from the island, and there would not be another departing boat until three in the afternoon. The brigand who had stopped him in the lane was now merely an inoffensive porter who carried the valise with humble deference, his knife concealed. There was a touch of opera-bouffe about the whole situation that filled young Stebbens with dumb, hopeless resentment. It was an incredible thing that a free-born Briton should be interfered with, baffled, and held practically a prisoner without process of law in a celebrated centre of civilization frequented by his countrymen, and yet here it was being done with the utmost good nature, if we except the episode of the knife. Nevertheless, the thought of the afternoon boat brought encouragement. By that time the streets would be full of people promenading. The Marina would be thronged with English and Americans departing. No man would dare draw a knife in that crowd. He would go boldly to the Marina by the broad main road and not through the more direct narrow lane, frequented mostly by the islanders. At the first sign of molestation he would cry aloud and gather round him all within hearing who spoke his own tongue, then there would be an end to this illegal detention. He had unlimited faith in the sense of justice and the courage of those who spoke English. His conjectures proved to be well-founded. Starting boldly forth in ample time to walk slowly to the port, Stebbens found himself in a reassuring atmosphere of his own language. The natives he met scowled at him, but no one ventured to retard his progress. All the same, his heart beat rapidly and he clung to



"HE WAS WHILING AWAY THE TIME BY TWIRLING IT IN THE AIR."

the outskirts of a party speaking his own tongue and going his way.

The little pier and breakwater were crowded with a laughing, chattering, merry throng, as is always the case when the afternoon steamer sails away. Porters with luggage, loudly vociferating, rushed here and there. The steamer lay placidly in the offing, her funnel emulating the cone of distant Vesuvius. Small white boats with red cushions took on passengers at the stone steps and were rowed out to the steamer. Almost breathless with the dramatic tension of the moment, Stebbens walked along the jetty. The boatman grabbed his valise, flung it airily into the prow, and held out his hand to assist the young man into the heaving craft. But as Stebbens stepped too eagerly aboard the boat swung out a little from the pier, enough in itself to have caused a mischance, which was rendered complete by a clumsy hurrying porter staggering against the victim. There was a loud splash, a cry of "Man overboard," and a scream from some ladies in the boat and on the jetty. The water was clear as air, and deep enough to cover the head of a tall man standing in it. There could be no peril, for there was no lack of assistance; indeed, the only danger seemed to lie in the prompt multiplicity of help, for six islanders instantaneously plunged to the rescue, one alighting squarely on the shoulders of the struggling man and bearing him again to the bottom. At first the struggle was comical, too many cooks and all of them in the broth; but by-and-by the contest began to look serious. A stentorian Englishman on the pier shouted forth:—

"You will drown the man between you. Let all but two come out. Somebody put that in Italian, and quickly, or there will be a tragedy."

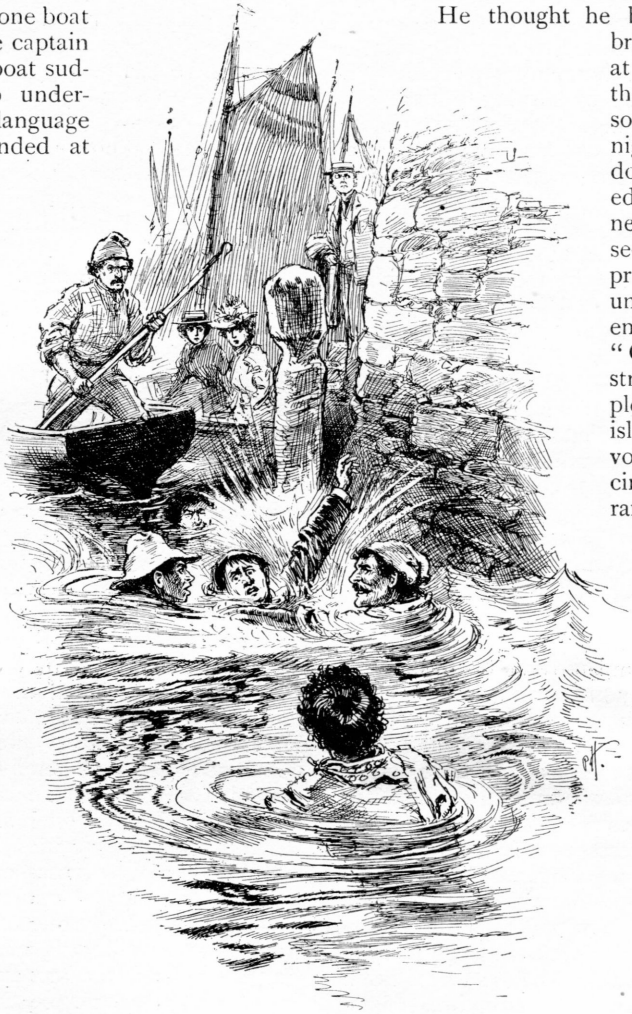
A cool-headed Italian took charge, and speedily brought order out of the hullabaloo. It was the younger Marelli, nephew of the old man. The excited islanders came dripping up the steps, supporting the limp form of the unfortunate youth. The ever-ready flask of the Englishman was put to his pale lips, and he revived slightly.

"He will be all right in an hour. I'll look after him," said the sympathetic Marelli as he took off his own overcoat and wrapped it round the shivering Stebbens, an act of kindness much appreciated by the foreign bystanders, who made eulogistic remarks about the good-heartedness of the Capri people. The young man was taken to a ready cab, every waiting coachman lending wraps for his comfort. The English-speaking people who had witnessed this scene of unselfish heroism got up a subscription on the spot for the men who had submerged themselves, and as this was being distributed among them the rattling cab was conveying Stebbens back to the village again, accompanied by his host, who put him to bed and gave him something strong to drink when they reached the room he had so hopefully left a short time before. Next morning Stebbens was feverish, and threatened with an attack of illness, but they tended him assiduously, and there were no permanent bad effects from his attempt to open the bathing season in Capri too early in the year. The nephew was invariably kind, and gave the young man soothing advice.

"There is no use in trying to get away by the steamer again. It is bound to fail. You see, it is never the same people who leave by that boat, and the trick can be done as often as you care to be the chief performer. Of course, if done twice before the same people they might suspect that the ducking was not accidental, but they are all strangers, here for a day, unimaginative folks, who would not believe you if you told them the truth. This sort of thing is contrary to law, and therefore impossible from their point of view. If a countryman did listen to you he'd merely think you were engaged in a low intrigue and were trying to escape the consequences. He'd despise you for being played with in this way, and would likely refuse to involve himself in your quarrel, even if he had the time to stay and attend to it. I never liked you nor pretended to, but if Lucia wants you she's going to have you—make up your mind to that."

More and more the difficulty of adequately explaining the situation to some incredulous stranger oppressed the sensitive young man. The story would be received either with laughter or distrust. When able to be about again he haunted the Marina, but never ventured on the breakwater. He tried ineffectually to bribe boatmen to convey him aboard from various points of the island. He wandered unmolested along the shore, north and south, and once nearly eluded the unceasing but generally invisible vigilance. On the south side one evening he hailed a fishing-boat and found the crew belonged to the mainland. The captain offered to land him at Positano for ten francs. They had hardly left the shadow of the island when he saw with dismay an eight-oared boat rapidly overtaking the craft he was in. His own

rowers saw it too and stopped work. He urged them to proceed, offered all the money he possessed, but they shook their heads. The big boat came alongside, and after a few words from the man in command to the captain of the fishers the discomfited youth was transferred from one boat to the other, the captain of the Positano boat suddenly failing to understand Stebbens's language when he demanded at least the return of his ten francs. He was landed in deep despondency at the Grand Marina, and walked in the gloom again to the room that always awaited him. A copy of the *Church Times* had arrived by the evening mail, and lay on his table. He read its enlivening pages disconsolately, and his thoughts floated back to England and to her who had sent the paper to him every week. What must they think of him in England by this time? His unexplained failure to keep his appointment with the friendly captain at Naples troubled him more than, perhaps, anything else. He hated people to be disappointed in him, yet he was always disappointing everyone with whom he came into contact. He tried to write a letter to Miss Olcutt, but could not do it, for he felt her severe, uncompromising eye upon him. An attempted letter to the captain was also a failure, for the captain was a friend of old Marelli, and somehow all explanations seemed even more unconvincing on paper than they did by word of mouth.



"THERE WAS NO LACK OF ASSISTANCE."

It would be futile to follow his unsuccessful efforts to reach the mainland. The "Giro" had elements of comedy in it that were entirely unappreciated by him, for he had little sense of humour. He thought he had succeeded in bribing a boat's crew at last, but when they all got afloat, some time after midnight (he had got down to the water's edge with much unnecessary craft and secrecy), the men pretended that they understood him to engage them for the "Giro," which is a strip of water completely round the island, a delightful voyage in favourable circumstances, but rarely indulged in during the small hours of the morning. So he was taken the circuit and landed in the grey dawn at the point from which he started. Even he began to suspect that the natives were having a good deal of amusement with him, and this last venture had the practical result of relieving him of his final piece of money. His valise had gone long before, and now his purse was empty. Helpless indeed he knew himself to be as he walked listlessly from the port to the town.

But the "Giro" was his friend after all. It had been too good a joke to keep strictly within native circles, and it leaked out, more or less distorted, among the English residents, who described the forlorn circumnavigation as the "Jeer-O," following the pronunciation

of the word. Opinion was unanimously against him. "Served him right," was the universal verdict, given without hearing his side of the story, and thus the news came by a roundabout method to the ears of Signorina Lucia, who had fancied her supposed lover long since in his native land. Curiously enough, it had never occurred to Stebbens to make an appeal to the girl herself. He was ashamed to meet her, and so avoided all chance of doing so by keeping to his room, except when prowling about the coast. Lucia was a sensible girl, and took no chances of any expostulation from her relatives. "God helps those who help themselves," and she acted on the proverb.

The doddering old clock on the Piazza had just struck two in the morning when Stebbens was awakened by a tapping at the window which gave access to the flat roof. He had a dreamy impression that the tapping had been long continued; he seemed to have heard it for hours. Wondering sleepily what new trick was meditated against him, he opened the window, and a dark figure on the roof shrank farther into the blackness of the night.

"Get ready, quickly and very quietly," she said, in a breathless whisper, "and come out to me. Don't speak. It is I—Lucia."

He was speedily by her side, and she led him down on to the garden, then to a lane, finally to the comparatively open country. There was no opportunity for conversation, even if she had not peremptorily forbidden it. They were soon on a steep, uncertain, and somewhat dangerous path that led to the sea. She hurried him with caution, and finally took his hand to steady him, which action made his heart beat faster than either the exertion or the danger. In a cove a small boat lay on the waveless water. She directed him, still in a hushed voice, to seat himself in the stern, then, standing up in the boat facing the direction it was to go, began to row, not skirting the shore, but striking right out to sea, working the blades noiselessly, without a sound of splashing or any rattle at the rope-looped thole-pins. For a while Stebbens sat there dazed, not sure but he was still dreaming. Once well clear of the island, the fair and silent mariner turned her skiff toward the east. The revolving light on the mainland winked incessantly at them, as well it might, for many curious things had happened in Capri since the time Tiberius held high jinks there.

"Lucia, let me row," cried Stebbens at last.

"Hush, hush! You must not talk. Sound travels far on the water at night. The rowing is easy. You will believe me when I say I had no idea you were still on the island until yesterday. They told me you had gone when they took away your valise from our house that night—that night——" there came a catch in her voice and she could get no farther.

"And you, Lucia—you knew I never meant to—to cheat you—to tell what was not true—to——"

"Yes, yes, I know. It was all my folly. I alone was to blame."

"No, it was my stupidity. I hope it is not wrong to wish that I were free, but I *do* wish it, Lucia."

"You will be free in a few hours, if you keep quiet now."

"I don't mean that kind of freedom, Lucia."

"Oh, I knew very well what you meant. I was just joking with you to show that the case is not at all serious. You will forget all about it in a little while. I have forgotten about it already."

"Have you really, Lucia?"

"Certainly. Would I be rowing you to the mainland if I hadn't?"

"That's true," said the dejected young man, with a sigh.

For a time she would not permit him to row, but at last, when they were well clear of the island, she resigned the oars to him, protesting that he did not know how to use them. However, he did very well, muscle-power being stronger than brain-power with him perhaps. He sat on the thwart and rowed thus, facing her, although she made sarcastic remarks about the position, and averred that the method of Capri was better, allowing the weight of the body to supplement the strength of the arms. He protested that his attitude would give him the advantage of seeing her face when daylight came, and she with a little laugh said he would be tired by that time, begging her to take the oars. The laugh reminded him poignantly of former days and was bitterly sweet to him, but the first flush of dawn showed traces of tears on her cheeks, as if she had been crying silently during the night. He stopped rowing and looked at her.

"Lucia," he said, "this is pretty hard on me too."

She smiled waveringly and replied, with some attempt at jauntiness:—

"Oh, I'm quite willing to take the oars, then."

He ignored her bantering.

"This going away. Duty or no duty, I believe if I were half a man I'd tell those folks in England to go to—thunder!"

"Giovanni, you have improved wonderfully in your Italian. Who has been teaching you since I stopped?"

"A lady named Solitude, not nearly so nice a teacher as you were. They took everything away from me but my Italian book, and I have been studying that."

"Giovanni, you must row, or let me row. Time is passing."

"Let it pass. I wish they would hurry up with their pursuit. I see no signs of them yet."

"Giovanni," she said, earnestly, leaning forward, "a man's word is the man. You must keep your word, and I am helping you to do that. Let me take the oars. Oh, you must; you must. Do not be cruel to me."

She was standing trying to control her countenance, but her lips quivered nervously at the corners, and she hurried him back to the seat she had left, throwing herself into the work, forging the boat ahead through the iridescent water. Now and then she glanced back over her shoulder, but Capri floated in a cloud of purple haze, only the peaks painted a living red by the rising sun. The sea between was empty. The freedom of the Englishman was at hand.

They landed on the rugged mainland and secured the boat.

"Is it to be good-bye then, after all?" he stammered, weakly.

"Not yet, not yet. I must set you on the path to Sorrento. Come."

They climbed the steep hill together, her large eyes momentarily questioning the far-spreading sea. Suddenly the glance became an intent gaze, and she stopped. He, looking backward, could discern nothing but the blue and the dream island swimming in it.

"They are coming, they are coming," she cried. "Three boats, one following us, one making for Solerno, the other for Sorrento. We shall beat them yet, but you must hurry. There will perhaps be ten oars in each boat." The excitement dried the moisture in her eyes; her whole body was animated with the tense anxiety of the pursued; she led the way rapidly up the hill, he following laboriously, too breathless to protest.

Once on the rugged pathway she paused with a deep sigh of relief. He could now see the glitter of the sun on the oars that rose and fell with a quick rhythmic movement. The rowers were consuming the distance with stalwart celerity.

"Giovanni, this path will take you to Sorrento. Hurry, hurry, you will not be safe until you are in the train at Castellamare. Get the best carriage you can at Sorrento to take you there. And—oh, I was near forgetting the most important thing. Here is money. Don't spare it. They did not intend to keep your money, but this will cancel their debt. You may send me back from England the difference."

As she eagerly brought forth the notes two letters and a paper fell from the leathern receptacle which hung at her side, and into which she had placed everything she was to give him at the last.

"How stupid I am. It is my fear least you be overtaken. These letters came last night and the journal. Don't stop to open them now."

In spite of her prohibition he opened the one which bore the crest of his college on the envelope, glanced at it, and gave a cry of dismay.

"Is it bad news, Giovanni?"

"Yes. I have failed completely this time, and am dismissed from the college

"THROWING HERSELF INTO THE WORK, FORGING THE BOAT AHEAD."

as a hopeless incompetent, which is exactly what I am. I can never be a clergyman now."

"I am sorry. Perhaps the other letter will give better news."

He read that also, and let sheet and envelope flutter to the ground.

"Is it worse than the first?"

"No."

"Not good news, though?"

"Very good news. Completely wipes out the other. I am just trying to realize it."

"That is well, then. I am happy that you go with pleasant tidings. Here is your paper, Giovanni, and good-bye. You must hasten, for the boats are coming very fast."

"Deuce take the paper!" he cried, flinging it far down the hill, where any searcher for antiquities may still find it. The girl looked at him in amazement.

"Lucia, Miss Olcutt writes, giving also the news of my failure. I will not be a clergyman, therefore she cannot marry me. Lucia, Lucia, our betrothal was the true betrothal, after all. Let us celebrate it."

"Giovanni," she beseeched, with more of agony in her voice than he had ever before heard; "oh, Giovanni," holding him off, "I cannot, cannot bear a second mistake."

"I CANNOT, CANNOT BEAR A SECOND MISTAKE."

"There is no mistake at all, either first or second. We are going back to Capri. The only mistake was in my failing to recognise I was intended for a vinedresser and not a clergyman. Lucia, I am yours if you will have me, though, as your polite cousin truly says, you are a thousand times too good for such as I. And now we will have the joke on those hurrying boatmen. We will go down to meet them. I will say to them, smiting my breast, that a beautiful Capri girl and a freeborn Englishman are not to be coerced into marrying each other. We have come to the mainland to show that we could escape if we wanted to. Those lads have had a lot of fun with me, now I'm going to say 'April Fool' to them. I'll make them wonder what they were in such a hurry for. Let us go back to our boat."

The girl clapped her hands in glee, but she was quicker-witted than her *fiancé*.

"If we go down there," she said, "they may think we gave up the flight. Let us go on to Sorrento. They cannot possibly overtake us. We will be in time for the morning steamer to Capri. When that steamer arrives at the Grand Marina we will land together in the sight of all Capri, and before the three boats can have returned. By this time everyone knows of the pursuit, and once you are on the steamer, of course, everyone knows you could have gone anywhere in the world you wanted to. They can never say you were forced to marry me."

"A splendid idea!" shouted John, enthusiastically.

"Ah, Giovanni, we are neither of us fit for the church, for first you swear and now I'm plotting deceit, but let us on to Sorrento. I'll run you a race."

They joined hands and sped along the path to Sorrento, which proved to be their entering upon the path of life together.

Pulpit Devices.

By E. Leslie Gilléains.

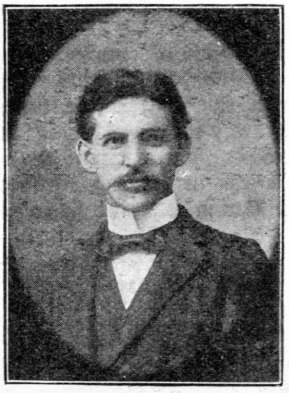
THE watchword of the twentieth century seems to be "originality." This extends not only to the business man, the politician, the day labourer, and the private citizen, but it reaches even to the pulpit. The divine of to-day is radically different from his predecessor of a hundred years ago. He has adapted himself to the times, and in order to secure practical results from his ministry is ready if necessary to defy conventionalities and instigate hitherto unheard-of customs.

Clergymen of other days held a superstitious fear of innovations, and hedged themselves about with a wall of long-approved theories, methods, and doctrines, not daring to venture a step along the path of originality for fear of losing the respect of their followers and lessening their influence for good.

Now all this is changed, and ministers of religion, even in this country, are changing their tactics. One preaches to a congregation attired in faultless evening dress. Another engages a popular actress to deliver a recitation in his church. Whether the end justifies these means is a matter open to much difference of opinion. But it is certain that as yet this country is but a beginner in such things in comparison with America. There the minister of religion is at least as up-to-date as any other public man. He has developed with the times, and, instead of putting forth every effort to tread the narrow path which those who went before him marked out, he courageously steps aside and maps out a course for himself. Results shown by the recent religious census prove that in no period of time since the settling of America have the numerous churches of the United States had such large and ever-increasing congregations.

The original and even startling pulpit devices inaugurated by the ministers to attract and hold congregations are numerous and interesting, and show a comprehensive understanding of human nature.

The minister who announced that he would deliver his sermons in a "red robe" succeeded in arousing the curiosity of all within his vicinity and in drawing large crowds to his church. Still more daring and original is the man who illustrates his sermons with oil-paintings shown, and even executed, in the pulpit. The clergyman whose church is non-sectarian, and who says that he lays claim to no church or particular congregation, has gained many converts and is doing good work. The Rev. C. H. Tyndall announces that he illustrates Bible truths by electricity, and has proved himself a leader in the ranks on the great march of progress by introducing wireless telegraphy into his church.



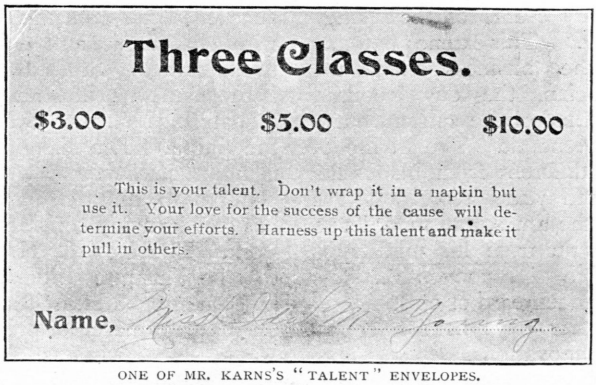
THE REV. A. KARNS, WHO PAID HIS CONGREGATION.
From a Photo.

The church with a roof-garden is well attended and has an original man at its head, one who realizes that the hot days of summer frequently destroy the good done during the balmy, soul-inspiring days of spring, and who has braved criticism and established codes by building a cool retreat on the roof of his church where open-air services are held.

A California church which has its choral services conducted by a Chinese choir understands that the people of the twentieth century clamour for novelty, something to capture the attention and hold the interest. In this class might also be mentioned a church in the city settled by William Penn, where lady ushers show strangers to a pew.

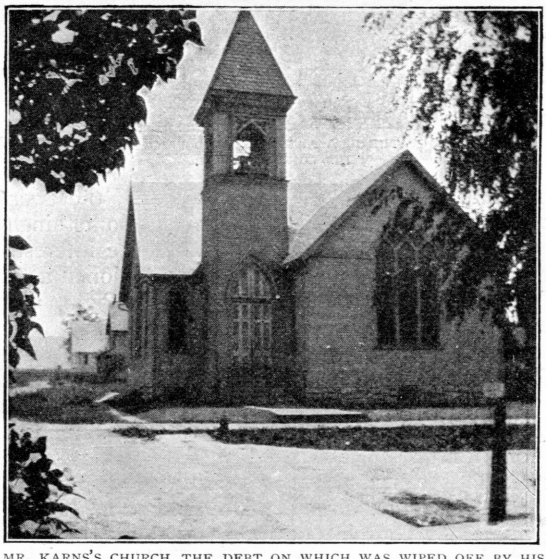
The latest pulpit device of this kind, and one more original, perhaps, than any of the rest, is that inaugurated by the Rev. Mr. Karns, of Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania. He is pastor of the Epworth Methodist Episcopal Church, and has by his hard work and originality raised his charge from the mission state to that of a large and ever-increasing congregation. He created quite a sensation recently by publishing a newspaper announcement that he would pay each person who attended his Sunday morning services. The success of his plan was fully demonstrated by the crowded church. Mr. Karns does not pay his congregation without an end to gain, but

not a particle of light was shed on the pastor's scheme until he read from Matthew the parable of the man who, travelling in a far country, delivered to his servants his goods, giving to one a single talent, to another five, and to a third ten. Following the sermon, which merely suggested the pastor's purpose, Mr. Karns explained under what conditions the money would be given away. His object was to cancel a long-standing debt, and already the success of his original method of achieving this end is assured. From a member of his congregation he received a sum of money a short time ago with the injunction that it should be given away in a manner best calculated to do the most good. As the sum was small Mr. Karns was in a quandary as to the best way of investing it. While pondering upon the subject the idea of using it to pay the church debt came to him like an inspiration. He secured a number of envelopes, upon which he had printed, "This is your talent. Don't wrap it up in a napkin but use it. Your love for the success of the cause will determine your efforts. Harness up this talent and make it pull in others." Into each of these envelopes was slipped one cent. The ten mills of this copper coin represented ten talents, and after the envelopes were distributed the recipients were instructed to invest the money found therein, adding to it first, if they saw fit, or utilizing just the original one cent in such a manner that in a given time the amount would have multiplied a hundredfold. The idea was a lucky one. The congregation of Mr. Karns's church is not wealthy, and very likely each member would hesitate long before donating a useful sum towards wiping out the debt, but each immediately was captivated by the novel scheme for raising money, and all set to work with a will to make the pastor's idea a success.



ONE OF MR. KARNS'S "TALENT" ENVELOPES.

After service the congregation met in the vestry to devise ways and means of first increasing, then properly investing, their capital. They formed themselves into classes, members of the first section pledging themselves to increase their one talent to a hundred; Class 2 consisted of those who promised to devise a way of returning $2 in place of the present sum in hand, one cent; the third class saw their way clear to invest their money so as to make it yield $3, and members of the $5 and $10 divisions pledged themselves each one to return the amount signified by the name of their section at the general meeting, which will be held about the middle of September.



MR. KARNS'S CHURCH, THE DEBT ON WHICH WAS WIPED OFF BY HIS INGENIOUS SCHEME. *From a] [Photo.*

The plans for making money which the congregation conceived were amusing, and almost equalled in originality their pastor's innovation. Five dollars capital seemed at first a very small amount with which to raise enough money to cancel a church debt of some hundreds of dollars; but if each of the five hundred persons receiving an envelope

containing the one cent returns it with its contents doubled two hundredfold, that would make a total of $1,000, and as many have pledged themselves to earn twice that sum it can be readily seen that the debt will not only be wiped out but that a substantial surplus will also remain in the church treasury. This merely proves what a little originality and courage to set aside conventionalities will accomplish—how it will solve that all-trying problem of money-raising. What matters it whether the methods to secure success, so long as they be honest, are put forth in the market or the pulpit?

THE REV. D. M. FARSON, WHO MADE THE EXTRAORDINARY WAGER. *From a* [*Photo.*]

"I'll wager $1,000 that I can gain fifteen converts within two weeks in any church lent to me," was the startling proposition made by Mr. Duke M. Farson, the banker-minister, a short time ago. A bet made by a man of the cloth! The idea was alarming at first, but upon giving it careful consideration the pastor of the First Methodist Church of Chicago took up the challenge and turned over his church to Mr. Farson.

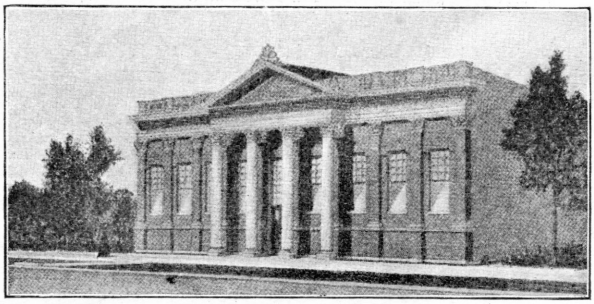
This banker-preacher is a revivalist of great renown, and although he has a church of his own he believes that the ministers of to-day need stirring up. He thinks they are too much hampered by conventionalities, and in order to arouse them to enthusiasm and to gather the people he laid this strange wager.

Mr. Farson does not confine the proposition to one church: he is willing to extend the offer indefinitely. He feels pretty safe in venturing this, for his powers as a revivalist have been frequently tested and proved irresistible. If the church which accepts the challenge loses, so to speak, it will be richer by fifteen members; if Mr. Farson fails to win the converts the church will have $1,000 added to its treasury.

The banker-revivalist is a very interesting and original character, and although a busy man in the world of money-making, with several big enterprises demanding his constant attention, he still finds time for religious duties and has been a prominent factor in some of the greatest revivals that have ever swept the United States.

About two years ago he built a church, a beautiful structure with a seating capacity of about two hundred persons, and it is the proud boast of the creator that the church is the scene of a permanent revival, and that its prosperous condition is due to the fact that it is run on strictly up-to-date principles. Certain is it that no preacher ever drew larger crowds than has Mr. Farson been collecting since his bet. There is something exciting in a contest of any kind which always draws a crowd, and Mr. Farson realized that when he made his startling announcement.

At Cincinnati, in the United States, Dr. Robbins, of Lincoln Park Baptist Church in that town, determined to provide a nursery in connection with his church in order that babies might be taken care of whilst the mothers attended the services. He had for this purpose one of the galleries of the church fitted up with cots, in which the babies can sleep peacefully and leave the mothers to take part in the public worship. Should any of the babies awake, a trained nurse is immediately at hand to soothe and quiet it off to sleep again. There is also a nursery in connection with a church at Brooklyn. It is situated in the basement, and along the walls are cribs

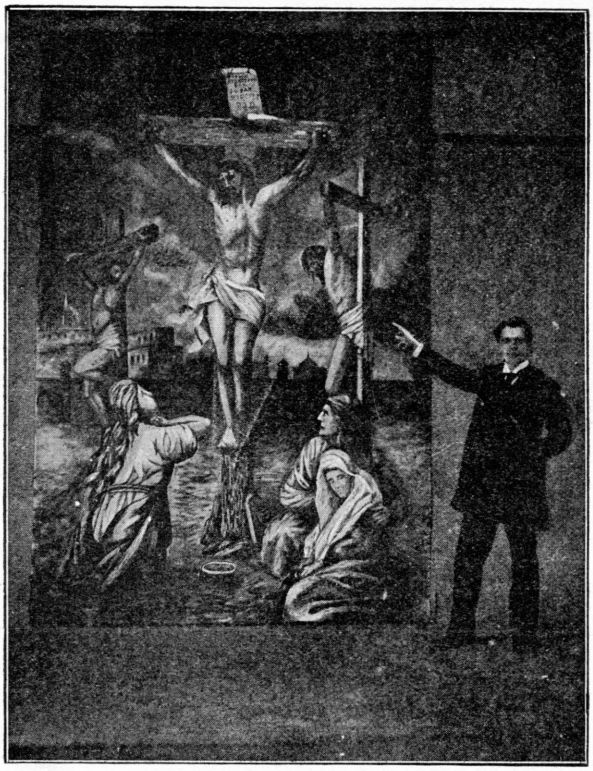


THE CHURCH IN WHICH THE REV. D. M. FARSON WAS TO GAIN FIFTEEN CONVERTS IN TWO WEEKS OR FORFEIT ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS. *From a Photo.*

and baby carriages for the infants, while for older children toys of all sorts are provided, and the little ones are under the care of voluntary nurses. Even the question of food has been provided for.

This, as can be readily seen, will prove a great inducement to the mothers, and many who could not leave their little ones alone long enough to attend church will now be able to enjoy a morning service with a free mind, knowing that the children are being well cared for.

The Rev. M. L. Sornborger, of the Carondelet Christian Church, St. Louis, Missouri, is the only preacher known who gives his congregation pictorial sermons from oil-paintings and drawings which he himself executes. He discovered that his congregation was diminishing in numbers, and conceived this method of bringing back the delinquent ones and of gaining new members. He draws maps or sketches Biblical scenes while delivering a sermon, and brings vividly before the people the life of Christ by showing them huge oil-paintings, his own work, descriptive of the text from which he preaches.



THE REV. M. L. SORNBORGER, WITH ONE OF HIS LARGEST PICTURES, REPRESENTING THE CRUCIFIXION.
From a] [*Photo.*

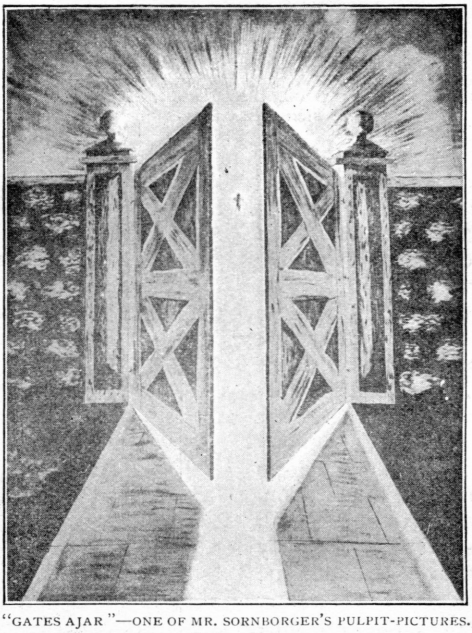
This new departure from the beaten and long-trodden paths of the regulation methods of preaching in a dry, prosaic manner, merely presenting the Scriptures to the people in the language of the present with a few thoughts and theories of the speaker added, caused quite a stir among the ministry and people of the town, and Mr. Sornborger was severely censured for "trying to turn a church service into a week-day entertainment." But having the courage of his convictions, and feeling sure that he was working in the right direction, he continued to illustrate his sermons and make the Sunday services as attractive as possible.

At first the congregation was small and composed chiefly of those who came from curiosity, but in a short time the curious ones became interested and brought their friends, and in a few months the members had more than doubled in number. The sermons were plain, simple, straightforward talks, illustrated in a most beautiful manner. All the terrifying scenes were omitted in Mr. Sornborger's sermons, and he told the story of Christ's life on earth in such a manner as to bring forward the purity of the Saviour, the nobility of His character, and the loving-kindness shown by His deeds.

This method of congregation-luring worked like a charm. Attracted first by the novelty of the thing, the people flocked to criticise, but they remained to enjoy. Mr. Sornborger reasons that to hold a congregation a minister must make his discourses interesting and entertaining as well as instructive. He is very democratic, both in theory and practice, believing that all men are created equal. His sermons are not known by that name, but are styled talks or lectures. This up-to-date disciple of Christ maintains that kindred emotions govern all mankind. He therefore selects passages from the Bible best calculated to appeal to the highest feelings of every member of his congregation. He claims that many of the word-pictures found in the Bible are vague and beyond the power of the mind to grasp on the instant,

unless assisted in some material way. Consequently he gives long and earnest thought to these passages, and then reproduces with pencil or brush upon the canvas the picture therein given before presenting the theme to the congregation. Thus the eye as well as the mind is appealed to, and the two working together form an adequate conception of scenes which mere words alone would fail to convey.

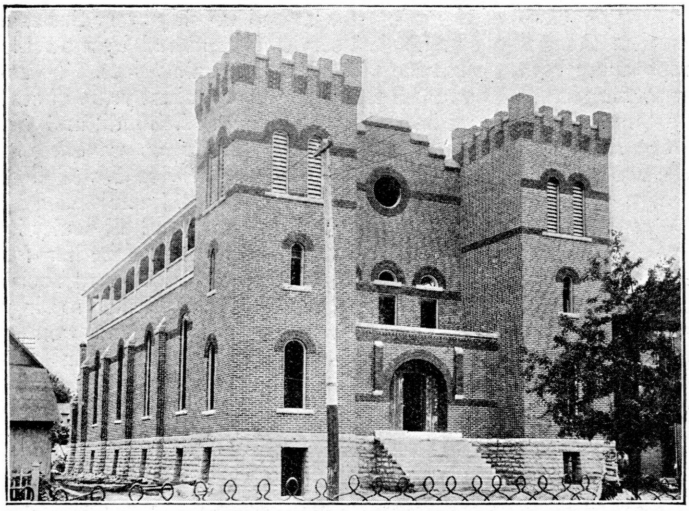
The first painting presented by Mr. Sornborger was a huge canvas 10ft. by 14ft., illustrating "Jesus' Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem." He endeavoured to give the atmosphere of the times and the character of the people. The innovation proved so successful that Mr. Sornborger continued to paint pictures to illustrate his sermons, and he frequently constructs maps and charts during the course of his talks, making clear any point which seems at all obscure. These sermons, illustrated in the pulpit, leave a lasting impression upon the minds of the congregation. Undoubtedly an audience remembers scenes shown in colour and form, as well as by words, long after those depicted by mere verbal eloquence are forgotten. The memory seldom loses a picture once shown to the eye.



"GATES AJAR"—ONE OF MR. SORNBORGER'S PULPIT-PICTURES.
From a Photo.

After the sense of sight next in importance is that of hearing. Music is the magic which attracts a crowd when everything else fails, and a church with a good choir is nearly always sure of a large congregation. When novelty is added to quality the result is bound to be gratifying, if the end in view is that of attracting numbers. A church choir composed exclusively of Chinese vocalists and accompanied on the organ by a young Chinese matron is one of the unique practical results of Christian efforts in San Francisco. At the Presbyterian Chinese Church, in Stockton Street, a Chinese congregation composed of men, women, children, and infants in arms attend worship every Sunday. The musical service is rendered by a double quartette of male and female voices. To accomplish this result has required years of zeal and hope, but the Rev. S. M. Condit and his missionary wife have known no wavering in their efforts. At every service Dr. Condit presides. In 1866, when Dr. Loomis effected a church organization, he found difficulty in bringing the men and women together for worship. There was a religious and social chasm that the men shrank from crossing. Concessions were made, and the women were allowed to worship behind screens and curtains. When, in 1870, Dr. Condit came to work as a Chinese missionary, curtains and screens finally disappeared. Then the converts became more confident. But it was not until a choir was organized that they really took hold of the work with enthusiasm. They now have a flourishing church, which is attended not only by the Chinese converts, but which enrolls upon its membership list many Americans.

The new Central Christian Church of Indiana is the first religious edifice in America to have a roof-garden. The popularity of open-air services has for many years been growing, and the Rev. E. B. Widger, pastor of the Central Christian Church, conceived the idea of adding to the new church a place where services could be held in the open air. The suggestion gained favour among the congregation, and when the new building was erected it was adorned by a roof-garden where Divine service could be held in the summer, especially on Sunday evenings, and church entertainments given when it is too hot to sit comfortably indoors. The garden is covered by a slate roof for protection in case of a sudden storm. The sides are open except for a screen wiring, which is stretched entirely around the garden as a discouragement to insects and a preventive against possible accidents.



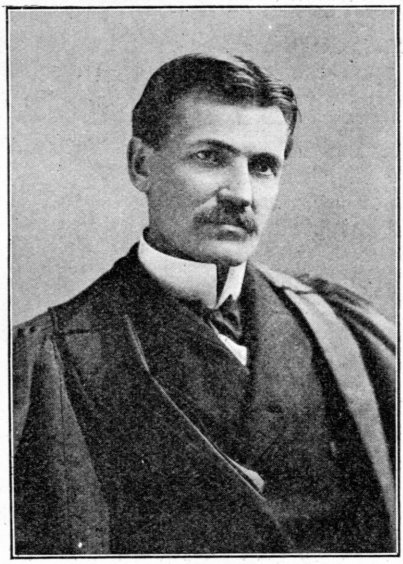
THE CENTRAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH OF INDIANA, WHICH HAS A ROOF-GARDEN FOR SERVICES. *From a] [Photo.*

The idea of a roof-garden connected with the church, or rather as a part of the church, was adopted by Mr. Widger as a means of drawing and holding a congregation during the hot summer months. The innovation met with little or no opposition. When the garden was first opened the days were warm and everyone was eager for a place where open-air services could be held, and the idea of the roof-garden has so far met with every expectation. The church proper is beautifully situated, being located in a thinly-built-up portion of the city and on a slight elevation, so that the breezes sweep over it from all four points. The roof-garden is 53ft. by 75ft., and has a seating capacity of about one thousand. The floor resembles a steamer deck and is highly polished. The roof is one-fourth pitched and is of heavy and substantial slate. It is supported by seven posts, 8in. by 8in. and 9½ft. apart. The plate which finishes the top of these posts for the support of the rafters at the wall-edge is 9ft. in depth.

The garden is surrounded by a balustrade 3½ft. high, finished with elaborately carved brackets at all four sides. Inside shutters, which can be removed at will, are provided for use in severe storms or unexpected cold spells. The auditorium contains a movable platform, which extends across the room nearest the highest tower of the church. There are three stairways leading to the garden, one from each turret. The little inclosures which are formed by these towers are used as cloak-rooms. The ladies of the parish have taken quite an interest in the garden, and have made it beautiful with potted plants and vines.

The Rev. A. W. Hobson, "the Man in Red," is attracting a great deal of comment just now. He preached his first sermon at Lyons, Nebraska, twenty years ago, but four years of his ministerial life were spent in Pueblo, Colorado. He appears in the pulpit clad in a red robe. Not long ago he purchased the church building in which he conducts services. He performs the necessary janitor service, is his own sexton, and makes whatever repairs there may be needed. He also provides light and heat. It is Mr. Hobson's boast that he never takes a collection. His church is supported by free-will offerings.

Until he entered the pulpit clad in a red robe, and announced his intention of wearing the same while conducting Sunday services,



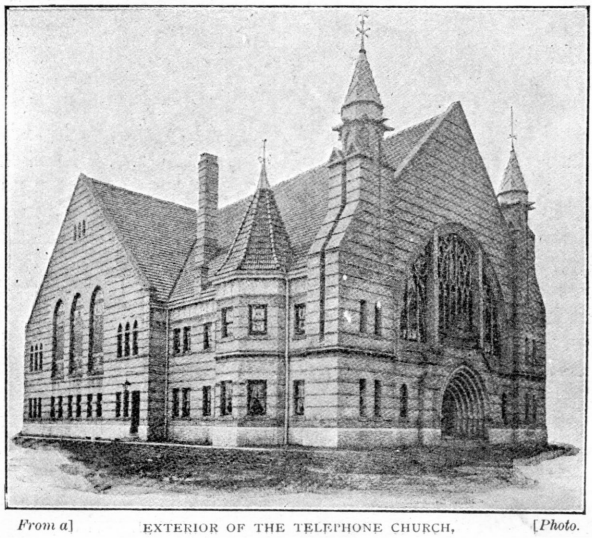
THE REV. C. H. TYNDALL, WHO USES WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN HIS CHURCH. *From a] [Photo.*

his church was a small one. The originality of Mr. Hobson's departure from the beaten path caught the eye of the people in that vicinity, and through his courageous efforts he has succeeded in making his charge a large and prosperous one.

With breathless interest a large and fashionable congregation watched the practical illustration by wireless messages given by the Rev. Dr. C. H. Tyndall, who preached a powerful and interesting sermon on "Wireless Telegraphy and its Spiritual Similitudes" in the Dutch Reform Church of New York. The demonstrating in the church of this newly-discovered science proved Dr. Tyndall to be a thoroughly progressive man. Surrounded by batteries and other electrical appliances, comprising a complete set of apparatus similar to that used by Marconi, the preacher stood in his pulpit and delivered his unique discourse. Dr. Tyndall sent and received from different parts of the church messages by wireless telegraphy, explaining the system to his congregation and pointing his Bible truths. The experiment was a complete success, and besides proving the value of the science it accomplished the thing which Mr. Tyndall has most at heart, that of interesting his people.

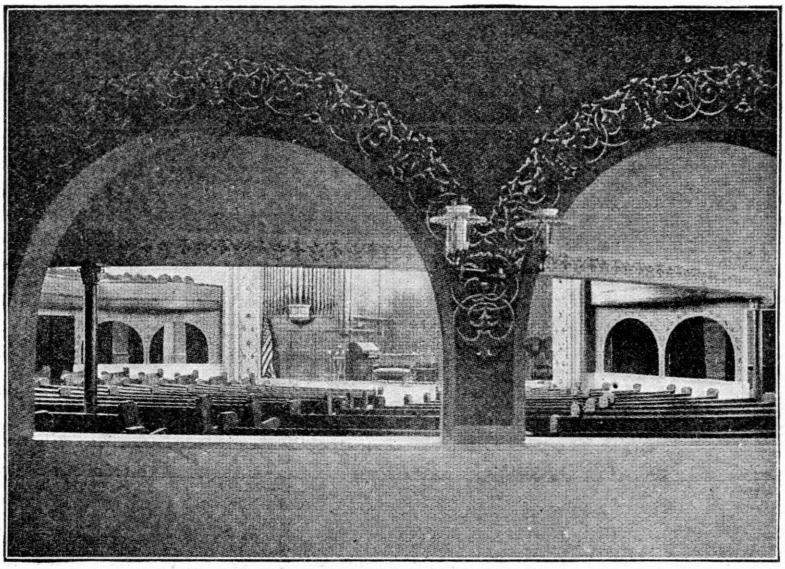
THE REV. MR. BARBOUR, WHO USES A TELEPHONE IN HIS CHURCH. *From a* [*Photo.*

The First Baptist Church of Columbus, Ohio, has a pastor who utilizes the telephone in his Sunday services. As many members of his parish were ill and could not attend the services Mr. Barbour consulted the officers of the Telephone Company of that city and made arrangements that enabled him to reach every absent member of his congregation while preaching to those present in the church. An ordinary transmitter is placed on a small table beside which Mr. Barbour stands while preaching or reading. The organ and choir are behind the pulpit in a direct line with the transmitter, and the music as well as the rest of the service is distinctly heard by all connected with the church by telephone. Hours before the service begins requests to be connected with the church commence to come to the central office, for as yet only a limited number can use the line, although switch-boards have been made which enable one listener to hang up the receiver without cutting off the rest. Besides those who use the telephone because illness prevents them from actually attending a service there are a vast number who are barred from attending the church by business duties, who eagerly listen to the service over the wires. The novelty of the thing has interested many who for years have not listened to a sermon, and who now regularly set aside half an hour, at least, every Sunday in which to enjoy this remarkable telephone service. It is not a church. It is a movement to supplement church work by an approach on broad moral planes to intelligent men and women who hold aloof from Established Church lines. It is intended to affect public sentiment and to make a religious atmosphere. Not being a church, it has no regular church membership, nor a church organization other than that of an incorporation to insure public confidence.



From a EXTERIOR OF THE TELEPHONE CHURCH, [*Photo.*

This is the way in which the Rev. Thomas Edward Barr characterizes the work of the "People's Pulpit," which now, after several months in the experimental stage, is estab-



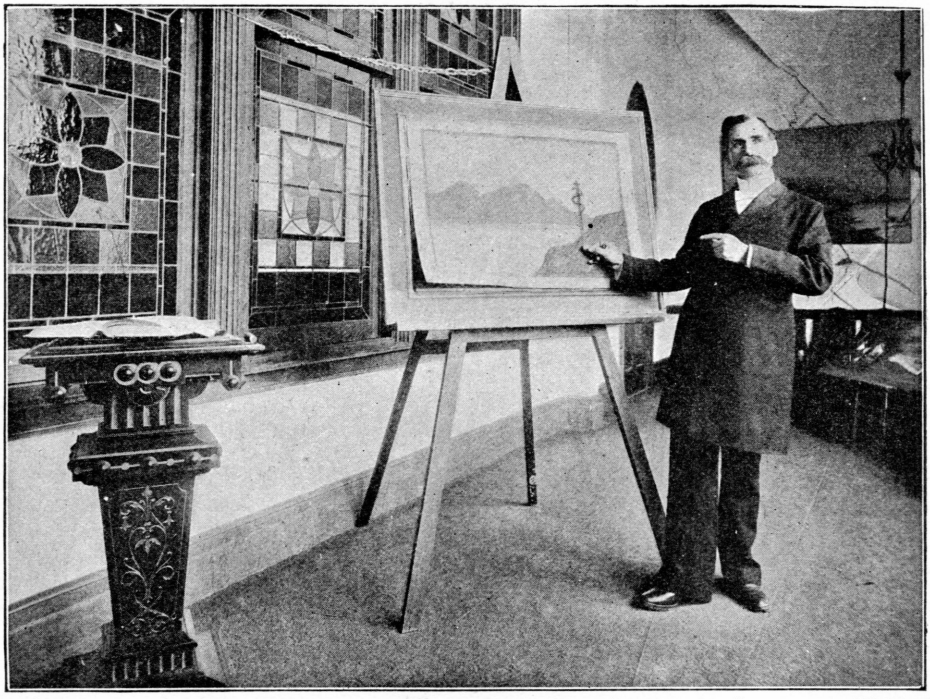
From a] INTERIOR OF THE TELEPHONE CHURCH, SHOWING POSITION OF THE INSTRUMENT. *[Photo.*

lished on a permanent basis, with many of Milwaukee's leading men lending their names and support to further the movement so successfully begun. Mr. Barr has no especial creed, neither has he one particular congregation to whom he preaches Sunday after Sunday. His services are purely non-sectarian, and are at present held in a large theatre. The attendance at Mr. Barr's services is representative of every form of religious faith and non-faith, and it is peculiar in two respects. In the first place, there has been a preponderance of men—a condition hard to find in any church in the city. In the second place, there has been a surprisingly large number of persons having no regular church who have been regular attendants; though it is equally true that few congregations in the city present a higher average of culture and intelligence. By this daring procedure Mr. Barr has brought more persons in touch with the Word of God than any other one minister in America. He draws those who would, if it were not for the "People's Pulpit," spend Sunday in a round of gaiety, for many members of his congregation belong to that class of people which the orthodox Church repels rather than attracts.

THE REV. T. E. BARR, WHOSE PRESENT CHURCH IS A THEATRE.
From a] *[Photo.*

Reading, Pennsylvania, is noted for its up-to-date ministers who have devised original schemes for holding their congregations. Chief among the progressive pastors of this city is the Rev. Dr. Richard Harcourt, head of the People's Methodist Church, who has become famous for advancing novel ideas. His last innovation is that of offering an inducement of one gold dollar to mothers to have their children baptized. This dollar will be deposited in one of the local trust companies, at compound interest, in the name of the child christened, and is not to be drawn until the child is twenty-one years of age. This offer extends beyond Dr. Harcourt's own parish, to any person who may care to present their child for baptismal privileges. Dr. Harcourt bases this remarkable plan on a passage of Scripture, which states that Wise Men of the East presented the infant Jesus with gold, incense, and myrrh.

The Rev. W. E. Needham, of New York, stands high among the divines who have originated remarkable devices for attracting a congregation. Mr. Needham is known as "the chalk-talk preacher." He is pastor of the fashionable Calvary Baptist Church in Brooklyn and has done good work in this parish, which consists of men and women who are so satiated with both social and religious novelties that it is a most difficult thing for a pastor to interest them. Having a gift for drawing and a fertile imagination, as well as being liberal in his views, Mr. Needham gained favour in the eyes of his congregation by his latest innovation, which is proving very successful. He illustrates his sermons by drawings upon a black-board, which he executes during his discourse. The black-board is a huge one, placed in the pulpit itself, and with coloured chalks the pastor sketches the scenes he describes. Some are so beautiful that there is a sigh of regret when they are erased to make room for others. It is no unusual thing for Mr. Needham to execute as many as ten of these huge drawings during a morning sermon. He has a true hand and an artist's eye for the blending of colours, so the effects produced are frequently beautiful. In order to vary the programme as much as possible, and thus prevent the novelty from wearing off too soon, Mr. Needham frequently gives his entire evening sermon by means of these drawings, not uttering a word, but allowing the pictures to tell the story. Both morning and evening services are largely attended, and this work proves most successful in the Sunday-school. The young folks and children enjoy the pictured lessons, and it stands to reason that the attention of the Sunday-school classes will be held much more closely by these "chalk-talks" than would be possible by mere word-sermons.



From a] THE REV. W. E. NEEDHAM EXECUTING ONE OF HIS "CHALK-TALKS." *[Photo.*

BEAUTIFUL MAMMA

By Winifred Graham.

A TALL, handsome woman, elaborately gowned, swept down a marble staircase with stately tread.

"We shall be late," she said, glancing at the clock.

Her husband helped her into an opera-cloak of crushed strawberry velvet and ermine. She threw him a little smile of thanks. He was the good-looking, useful accessory to her household, an establishment made luxurious by her wealth. The husband, by no means an idle man, worked hard that he might not be entirely dependent on his wife's fortune.

"Have you been upstairs to kiss Tiny?" he asked, ready to excuse Isobel's unpunctuality as he thought of the very kissable little person in a blue and white bed on the top floor.

"No, I hadn't a moment to spare; she won't expect me."

Mrs. Alfred Guest preceded her husband into the carriage. She was so busy gathering up her trailing draperies she did not look at the nursery window above.

There a wistful little face—pressed like a rosebud against the glass—watched the brougham, with its pair of dashing horses, whirl away into the darkness.

"Good-night, my beautiful mamma," said an unheard voice, while unseen lips and fingers blew the neglected kiss through iron bars.

"Poor mamma, how busy she is!" said Tiny to herself; "it must be hard work for her living in London and going out so much."

The small person crept back to bed, with a sigh.

"I needn't have kept awake, but I thought perhaps she would come."

The words had no bitterness in them for "beautiful mamma."

The usual pile of letters awaited Mr. and Mrs. Guest on their return.

Isobel sank yawning into a seat and scanned the handwritings.

"One from father," she announced. "I wonder if it's anything disagreeable! He has been very cantankerous lately. Don't you think it is rather awful—to feel I am entirely

at his mercy, that the £3,000 a year he allows me is only a gift, which he could withdraw at any moment? I've a nasty presentiment about this letter—see, my hand trembles—guilty conscience, perhaps. I hate being scolded. Open it for me, Alfred," handing him the envelope. "Father is the only person in the world I am afraid of."

Her husband broke the seal. She leant back and closed her eyes. He read in silence, then he came behind her and stroked the soft brown hair gently.

"You were right," he said, "it is bad news. How did you know?"

She started up.

"I didn't know; give me the letter," snatching it from his hand.

Only the sound of her heavy breathing and the quick turning of the sheets broke the intense silence.

"Cruel!" she exclaimed, crushing the paper upon which her passionate tears fell.

Alfred took her in his arms.

"Don't mind, dearest," he whispered; "I'll work for you; I'm making £500 a year — we can live on that. Let us show a brave face; money isn't everything, you know."

"But what have I done to be punished like this?" she asked. "He calls me 'an extravagant worldling,' he accuses me of living an idle, selfish, godless life—he—he wants me to taste poverty, my own father—think of it, Alfred, and tell me, is it not cruel?"

"Yes," he said, "I think it is cruel. He should have brought you up differently: you must explain this to him. You will go to-morrow, of course?"

She shook her head, making a sudden resolve.

"No, I am too proud to beg. If he likes to treat me so unjustly, I must bear it. In time he may relent, stung by my silent reproach. He thinks I shall be on my knees. All these years, and he does not really know me! I have made up my mind, we must live on your £500 a year, and try the other side of life. We can but do our best to be plucky! Here's my hand on it, Alfred; I feel quite brave now —I won't cry any more."

She looked her husband straight in the eyes with a flickering smile which brought a lump to his throat.

"You're a brick, Isobel!" he said.

Tiny was talking over the garden-wall—a small, narrow garden, built on exactly the same pattern as many others in the row, just four brick walls, with a summer-house of inexpensive make, a lawn, a path, and one flower-bed.

Tiny had scrambled on the top of the summer-house to inspect more closely a florid girl, with red arms, who was hanging out some fluttering garments on a clothes-line.

"I wish we hung our washing out," said Tiny, her eyes kindling with appreciation; "it's such fun when the wind makes the things all fat. I just love living here and being able to talk over the wall. The last place we were at was very slow."

"'I WISH WE HUNG OUR WASHING OUT,' SAID TINY."

"It does one good to see your happy face," answered the florid girl, as she pegged up a striped petticoat.

"I wasn't nearly so happy in Berkeley Square; you see, poor mamma had such a lot to do, she couldn't find time to be with me."

"Was she housekeeper to some of them swells?" asked the voice in the next garden.

Tiny looked puzzled at the question, then continued her innocent information.

"She looked after our own house. I had to put on my white silk dress every afternoon at five, and keep ever so clean—it was such a nuisance! It doesn't matter here, because visitors don't come. Mamma is taking me to London to-day for my birthday treat; last year I had a big party, but this time we are going to the Zoo instead."

The florid girl watched the childish figure slide nimbly back to the grass.

"Seems they've come down in the world," she said to herself, "and the little 'un's awful pleased."

Tiny, with flushed face wreathed in smiles, started with "beautiful mamma" on her first pleasure excursion since migrating to the suburbs. It was a day of wild joy and untold delights.

"We may go in the lovely open part of the train?" said Tiny, watching with satisfaction the procuring of pink tickets. She felt sure the pink tickets were far superior to white, because the compartment was so airy and the passengers could be seen in the next two or three carriages. A gentleman with a banjo favoured them by playing "Home, Sweet Home," and collected coppers at the finish. The novelty charmed Tiny—she kept telling mamma how charming it all was.

"You know," she said, as they drove gaily along on the top of an omnibus, "our brougham always seemed just like a prison to me."

"Did it?" queried Mrs. Guest. "I wonder why!"

There was a strange note in her voice. She wiped the corner of her eye, declaring a tiresome fly made it water.

"Well, one felt so shut in and lonely. I daresay you noticed it yourself. I've been wondering why everything is so much nicer now—why you stay at home with me in that dear little house, and don't bother to put on grand dresses. Do tell me, mamma."

"It is grandpapa's doing," replied Mrs. Guest, and her fingers tightened over the little hand she held in her own.

"Dear grandpapa! He was always so kind," murmured Tiny.

"Yes—he—he used to be kind to you. He liked you because you were not frightened of him."

Mrs. Guest spoke quickly, and, fearing further questioning, changed the subject. Why spoil Tiny's happiness by souring her trustful, childish mind? Why let her suspect the heartache, the soreness, that rankled under every smile?

The long day proved one of weariness to Mrs. Guest; she came home thoroughly tired. Tiny looked as fresh as when they started, and wished they could go again to-morrow.

"I've been thinking over these jolly times being all grandpapa's doing," she said. "I should like to write him a letter, mamma, to thank him very, very much."

Mrs. Guest caught the child to her heart. The strain of the long day, and the fatigue of struggling to appear cheerful before Tiny, proved too much for the nerve-weary woman. These simple words, spoken so earnestly, broke down her fortitude, opening the floodgate of her tears.

"Don't, Tiny; don't say such things, darling. I can't bear it; I can't, indeed! Thank him when I am so miserable? Oh! child, if you only knew!" Tiny gazed at her, astonished and bewildered.

"Mamma," she pleaded, "please, please don't cry!" putting her handkerchief to Mrs. Guest's eyes, the same little handkerchief crumby from cake which had been lavishly bestowed upon the elephant and bear. "Mummy, darling, I want to comfort you; what *can* I do? I thought you loved this place too. Grandpapa can't know you don't like it; poor grandpapa, to think of his making such a mistake, and it hasn't pleased you, after all. He would be so sorry if he knew. Dearest, let us go back to Berkeley Square, I really won't mind very much."

"We can't go back, not without grandpapa's consent, so don't think of it any more. I was a little tired, that's all. My head aches. You must go to bed, and not worry about it. I shall be all right in the morning."

The child went sadly and silently upstairs. The joy of the past day vanished. The mystery of sorrow was working for the first time in her young life. It came as a great shock, the knowledge that "beautiful mamma" was not happy.

"If I told grandpapa," she said to herself, "he would alter it all."

The thought brought a selfish little pang. Here, in this small red house, she was never lonely. Mamma stayed so much at home, it seemed hard to have to go back to the nursery on the top floor and the little prison on wheels. But the selfish thought only stayed a moment, for Tiny remembered mamma's tears, and felt she could never expect grandpapa to forgive her if she did not speak.

"I must certainly go and see him, but I'll write a letter first," she said.

Tiny fetched a sheet of paper and wrote in her big round hand :—

"DEAR GRANDPUPA,—Please I want to come and see you. Please send a survant for me, we have only to, and they are always busy.

"Your loving grandchilled,

"TINY."

She borrowed a stamp from cook, and posted the letter without telling "beautiful mamma."

"It's to be a surprise!" she said.

The following day, when Mrs. Guest was out marketing, a landau with a maid in it arrived for Miss Tiny.

The little girl nodded confidentially to cook, and told her in an undertone that the big carriage had come in answer to her letter; it would be all right about the stamp. As Tiny drove away she saw the florid girl in the garden next door watching her open-mouthed. Tiny turned back and waved violently. The florid girl appeared too astonished to return the civility, and a moment later the dashing grey horses were out of sight.

A beetle-browed old man sat alone by his study fire. His square jaw told of obstinacy; the one soft spot in his nature was for children. He had spoilt his only daughter Isobel, and then resented her consequent frivolity. He considered as a wife and mother she neglected her duties, and saw in the bread of poverty a remedy against worldliness. There was a ring of confidence in Tiny's little letter which he could not resist; now he awaited her somewhat uneasily. It was possible Isobel had poisoned the child's mind against him. What if he missed the old loving assurance? What if she treated him with a show of baby scorn and infantile disdain? The mere idea seemed to wither the old man as he watched the door and nervously stirred the fire, which crackled and hissed cheerfully. At last a step outside warned him his visitor had arrived.

"I wish to see no one but Miss Tiny," he told the footman, and the little pattering feet along the passage were unmistakable.

As she ran towards him with outstretched arms all doubts vanished. The same warm kiss met his lips, the fervent hug, the glowing smile, told their own story.

"THE BEETLE-BROWED OLD GENTLEMAN WRESTLED WITH THE SHOE-LACE."

"It was such a long drive—all the way to London," she said, as she scrambled on his knee. "I thought it would never end; and then I got the fidgets. Do please unfasten my shoe for me, the pins and needles are playing with my toes!"

The beetle-browed old gentleman with the fierce moustache and determined jaw wrestled with the shoe-lace, which became so hopelessly knotted that Tiny grew impatient, declaring it did not matter, as the pins and needles had run away.

"How do you like your new house?" asked her grandfather, casually. "I suppose it's rather small?"

He longed to hear the details of their life, but feared to manifest a deep concern.

"Yes," said Tiny, "a dear little place; *you* would like it, I know, and I *love* it!"

"That's lucky."

"I thought mamma was just as happy until yesterday. She laughed and smiled and played games with me, for there is room to run about in the garden at the back. She said it was grandpapa's doing, and I wanted to come and thank you, but all in a moment I found out about your mistake. She could not keep it secret any longer, because she got a headache with mending my stockings and making the beds before we started for the Zoo. We get up so much earlier than we used to in London."

"My mistake! How do you mean?"

"Why, she does not like being there at all, that's the trouble of it! You wanted to be so kind to her, to give us all a great treat, and really mamma wasn't enjoying herself a bit. She just pretended because I was so happy, but now I know, you see, I sha'n't enjoy it any more, so I want to take 'beautiful mamma' back to Berkeley Square. It was lovely of you to plan it, and I'm afraid you'll be ever so disappointed, but please try not to mind very much."

Tiny stroked his cheek consolingly with her soft little fingers. The thought of leaving the red villa made her very sad, but she stifled her own wishes with an effort. It was a sacrifice made gladly for one she loved.

The old man sat staring at the flickering flames with eyes dilated and lips slightly apart.

"Did you only find this out yesterday?" he asked, at last.

Tiny nodded.

"You never heard a word of complaint before or saw your mother crying? You thought she was happy like yourself?"

"Of course I did."

"And you loved me just the same?"

Tiny hesitated, her cheeks grew pink. "I think," she confessed, "I loved you a little more—that was because I felt so much obliged to you."

"'I THINK,' SHE CONFESSED, 'I LOVED YOU A LITTLE MORE.'"

"Your father—did he seem happy too?"

"I think so, but he stayed working late at the office; I was always in bed when he came

home. I only saw him in the mornings, then he was eating his breakfast so fast to catch a train we hadn't any time to talk."

"I see, it must be very bad for his digestion."

"No, I don't think so. The food we eat now is very plain; we sent our old cook away. The new cook is much nicer, she allows me to go in the kitchen and help her make puddings. She lent me the stamp on that letter I sent you. I did not want mamma to see it, because I knew she would not like you to be disappointed after meaning to be so kind. Shall you mind arranging for us to go back to the big house very much?"

Tiny spoke with deep concern. Her clear blue eyes, fixed on the sphinx-like features of the old man, seemed looking him through and through. He reddened to the roots of his grey hair, and then his head bent low over Tiny's curls, so that she could no longer see his face.

"Grandpapa, are you asleep?" she asked.

He started.

"No, no; I was only thinking. Will you be my postman and take a letter back safely to mamma? Mind, it will be a very important letter to trust to such a little girl as you."

"I'll hold it tight in my hand all the way," she replied, as he put her gently down and drew his chair to a big oak desk. Tiny leant against his knee as he wrote. The feeling of the little form resting so securely against him sent a wave of emotion over the stern old man. His letter consisted of but one sentence:—

"Tiny tells me I have made a mistake!"

"Is that all?" she asked. 'It looks such a very little letter; and where's the beginning and the ending?"

"Don't be in a hurry, Puss—there is something more to come." He opened a narrow blue book and tore out a sheet, upon which he wrote Isobel's name and some figures which Tiny could not read.

"Why are you crossing it out?" asked the small voice at his elbow.

"That is in case you lose my letter—a cheque has to be made safe. I daresay you are the first little girl of your age who has ever been intrusted with £3,000."

"It sounds a lot of money," said Tiny.

"Yes. Money is a great power; it makes and mars lives. You are too young yet to understand, but tell mamma that is her allowance to the end of this short year. On New Year's Day she shall hear from me again. But I will come and see her at the little house to-morrow and sample a dinner by the new cook who lets you help with the puddings. Pray don't forget to pay her that stamp, for I'm very pleased you wrote. It was so clever of you to find out my mistake."

He patted Tiny on the head.

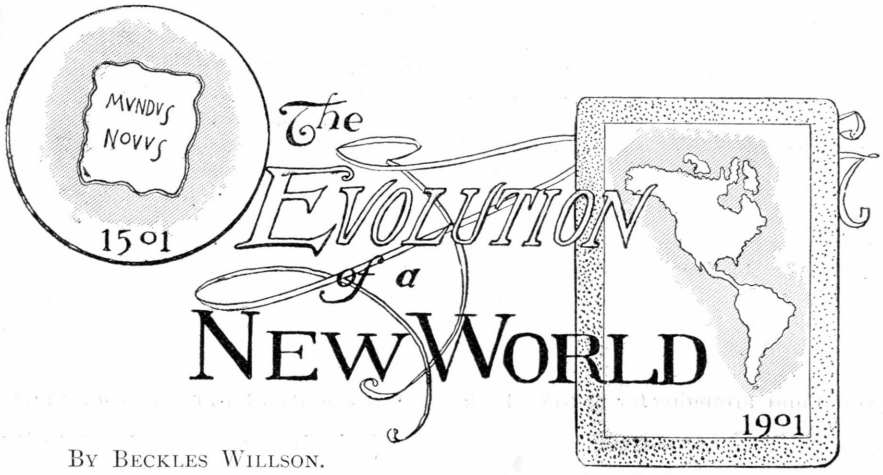
"Are you satisfied, little woman?" he asked, as he handed her the letter.

"Oh, yes, because mamma will like it, and I'm glad, of course, for her."

But as Tiny spoke she thought of the happy days now gone for ever, of the pink railway tickets and the bounding omnibus, of a small garden overlooking quaint, inflated garments swinging in the breeze, of the countless joys she would taste no more.

As if to convince herself she repeated again, in a quavering undertone:—

"I am glad, so glad, for my beautiful mamma."



The Evolution of a New World

By Beckles Willson.

SO much has been said and written lately on the subject of "American expansion" that it is a relief to turn to an altogether different and fanciful process of expansion which took place some centuries ago without attracting then, or attracting yet, all the attention it deserves.

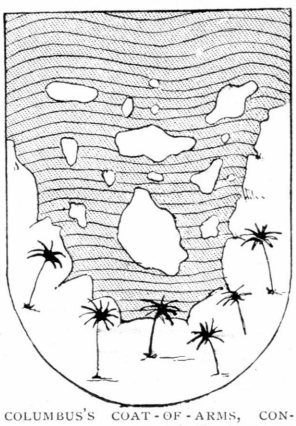
When an enterprising mediæval philosopher beheld an elephant or a comet for the first time, we naturally infer that his nerves were shaken a little, so that when he came to describe his phenomenon to a race of people unfamiliar with elephants or comets the idea was not conveyed in so faithful a manner as would satisfy the requirements of a modern zoologist or astronomer. And this, we imagine, must have been the case with most of the ancient cosmographers who actually saw the New World and straightway set down their impressions upon parchment.

If this hypothesis be not correct, then the volcanic and glacial ages are, so far as the Western hemisphere is concerned, much nearer our time than science would have us believe. North America and its fellow-continent, South America, were by no means yesterday what they now appear to sailors, travellers, geographers, and even stay-at-home folk, who are familiar with their configuration as it appears in their favourite atlas to-day.

No; the fact seems to be (always assuming that these learned European cartographers were correct in their representations) the New World only began to settle down peacefully to its present familiar outlines about the time that its people began to be stirred up politically, and the long process of change—sometimes violent (as the reader may see by a glance at the accompanying maps), and always peculiar—only came to an end about the period of the Declaration of Independence.

On the other hand, the reader must leave to himself a loophole of escape from the logical consequence of these deductions: there is always the possibility that these ancient draughtsmen were careless handlers of the truth, and the possessors of very vivid imaginations. It may be that the New World has never altered a jot in its coast-lines from Columbus's day to our own; and that if we really wish on the present occasion to attempt to describe its geographical evolution—apart from the slight consequences of marine erosion—we must go back several millions of years to the Eozoic and Palæozoic ages.

One thing is certain—it must have been very puzzling to a sixteenth century schoolboy to be asked by his master to draw a map of the wonderful New World the Genoan had recently discovered. He could never be quite sure of that world. He never knew where to have it. Was it round or oblong? Was it an island? Was it a peninsula stretching out from India? How big was it? As large as England or twice the size of Africa? If he pinned his young faith to the great geographers of the time in which he lived and studied he might go to bed firmly convinced that the



COLUMBUS'S COAT-OF-ARMS, CONTAINING THE EARLIEST MAP OF AMERICA, 1493.

GREGOR RUYSCH'S MAP, ABOUT 1515.

Terra Nova was a square and wake up to find it of the elongated dimensions of an eel. There was no depending upon that quarter of the globe; it was changeable, capricious, and volatile. And if it had taken it into its head (or headlands) to scuttle off altogether, that school urchin of Erasmus's time would probably not have been greatly surprised, and perhaps not a little relieved.

In point of fact, his bewilderment was shared by his elders. It is recorded of Henry VIII. that he could make nothing of the *mappemundes* which his courtiers exhibited to him, and even went so far upon one occasion as seriously to doubt whether there was any New World at all, so contradictory were the accounts of its geographical existence. The earliest map possessed by Europe of those lands is contained in the very last place one would expect to find such a record—in the coat-of-arms of Columbus, reproduced on the preceding page. The discovery was made in the present century by the great Humboldt, for the significance of the quartering in the shield drawn by Columbus's own hand appears to have been missed for generations. The Admiral's own map, from which he probably copied that in the coat-of-arms, is supposed to have perished.

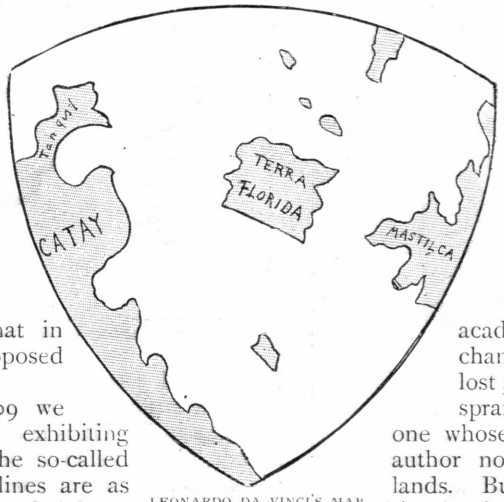
From 1493 to 1509 we have several maps exhibiting meagre coast-lines of the so-called "America"; but the lines are as incomplete a portrait as the drawing of the back of a man's head would be of the man himself. The oldest of these now in existence is the celebrated map of the pilot Juan de la Cosa, drawn in 1500. After a career of vicissitudes and neglect, this interesting record was purchased by a geographer named Walckenaer from an ignorant dealer in second-hand articles for a mere trifle. On Walckenaer's death, in 1852, it was sold at public auction in Paris to the Spanish Government, and is now in the Naval Museum at Madrid. After this came the Cantina map, in 1502, and the map of Peter the Martyr several years later.

But these unilateral outlines only whetted the public curiosity. People in Europe began to demand of the map-makers what the shape was of the new continent which had been discovered. For a few years the map-makers resisted this demand; but at length one, more fertile or less scrupulous than the rest, set his wits to work and evolved, as the German of fable evolved his camel, a likeness of Novus Mundus.

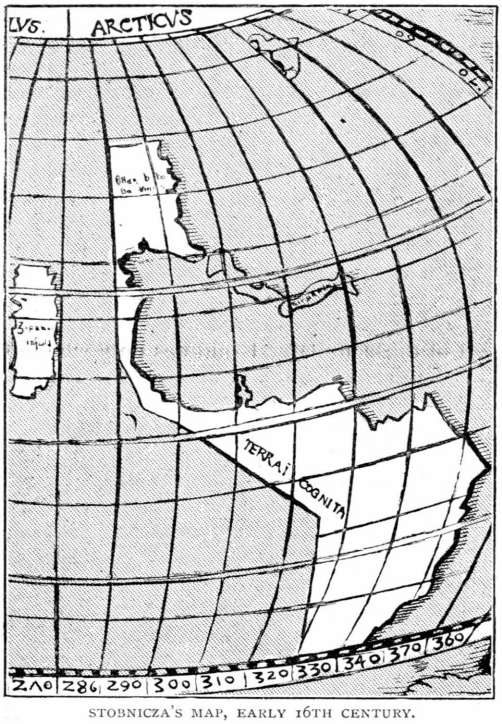
His name was Gregor Ruysch, and one can easily picture the sensation which his presentation must have created. It reminds one of the tale of the Duke of Newcastle in George II.'s day, who was informed that Cape Breton was an island.

"Cape Breton an island!" exclaimed the Minister. "Dear me, how surprising! I must run and tell His Majesty that Cape Breton is an island."

In the same way his courtiers must have gone running to tell Henry VIII. that America was oblong with a southern surface as smooth as a plane. But even Ruysch, or Reisch, hesitated about the western boundaries of his New World. He probably felt that there should be a limit to his audacity or his genius. He had shown Europe the north, east, and south; the west he ingeniously abutted upon a scale, and left another to set it forth to the expectant Courts, camps, and academies of Europe. The chance was not one to be lost; the cartographer, who sprang into the breach, was one whose fame as painter and author now extends over many lands. But it cannot conscientiously be said by the great



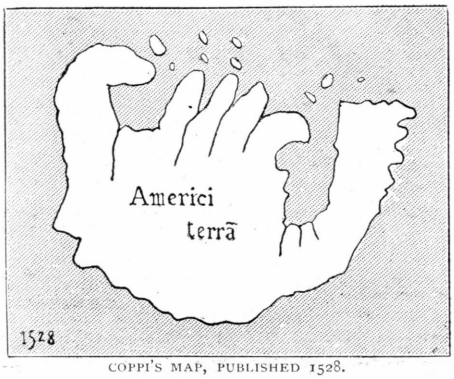
LEONARDO DA VINCI'S MAP, ABOUT 1515.



STOBNICZA'S MAP, EARLY 16TH CENTURY.

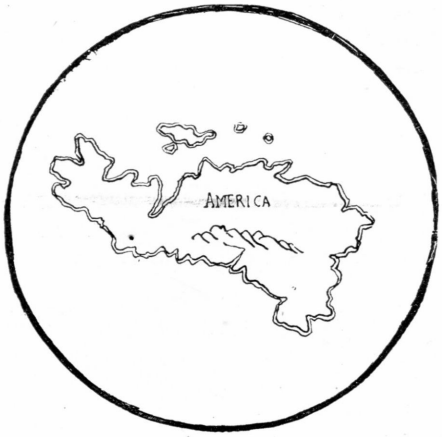
Leonardo Da Vinci's admirers that he surpassed himself in his representation either of the northern or southern half of the hemisphere. As will be seen by the subjoined map, that of the former lacks force and fancy: it has neither grace nor opulence of contour. It doubtless came in for severe criticism, as the work of a poet and scholar, and Da Vinci probably made an effort to retrieve himself by his map of South America; but whether he succeeded ever in firmly re-establishing himself in the confidence of the purchasers of his map of North America may well be doubted.

Of the other map-makers, few of them



COPPI'S MAP, PUBLISHED 1528.

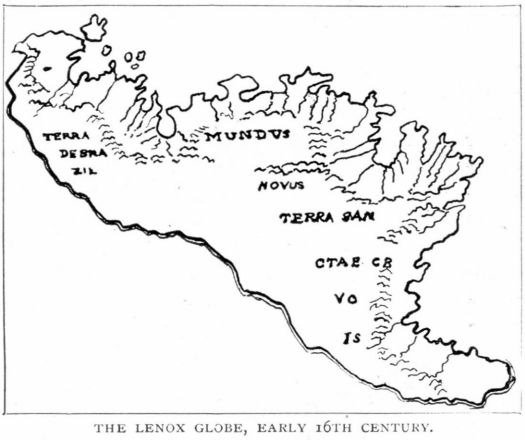
seem to have entertained any doubt whatever that the Ganges and the great rivers of Cathay or China were close at hand to the westward of the island which bears Amerigo Vespucci's name. The earliest cartographer to attempt



LEONARDO DA VINCI'S SECOND MAP, ABOUT 1520.

to represent on a plane a sphere truncated at the poles is that of Stobnicza, in 1512. In the accompanying illustration the island drawn to the westward of the Isthmus of Panama is Zipangu, or Japan.

It was, perhaps, a natural reaction against Da Vinci's conception of the New World that caused Pierro Coppi, a Venetian, to design what is to-day one of the most fascinating of the cartographical wonders of the



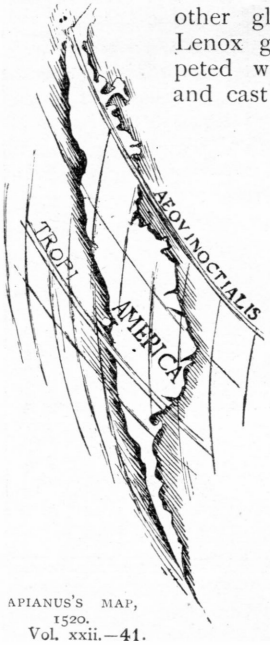
THE LENOX GLOBE, EARLY 16TH CENTURY.

New World. It bears some resemblance to an elephant struggling on its back, with trunk and four legs in air. It is surmounted by a number of islands, Coppi being among the last of the school which believed North America to be an archipelago. The date of this map is 1528, because it was not

SCHÖNER'S SECOND MAP, 1520.

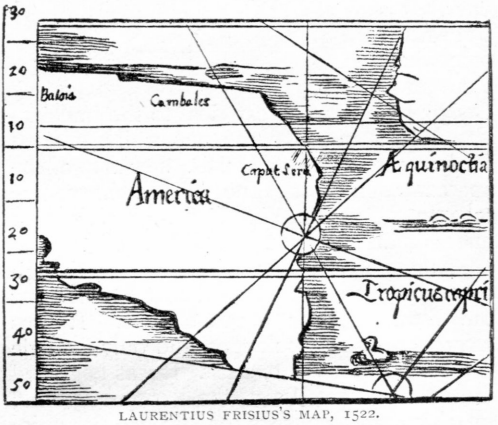
until that year that it was published, but it was probably drawn ten or a dozen years before.

Mariners and explorers now continued to arrive at every capital in Europe, and each, being closeted with the learned, contributed something to the general knowledge of the other half of the globe. Some lucky guesses were made from time to time, but many of the wisest and luckiest mappists proved backsliders. They did not stick to their theories. Each nation, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Italian, German, English, and Dutch, had its own rival cartographers, and each tried to be loyal to its own private conception of the New World. Schöner of Nuremberg, whose globe exists to-day in the museum at Weimar, drew a map which enjoyed great vogue in 1515, considerably improving upon Stobnicza's bald west coasts. Another globe, known as the Lenox globe, instantly competed with Schöner's idea, and cast a doubt upon the existence of any northern continent whatever. Schöner responded by setting forth another map, correcting "from the latest advices" the outlines of North America, but which, unfortunately, bears about as much resemblance to the actual configuration of that section of the world's surface as a banana does to a bicycle.



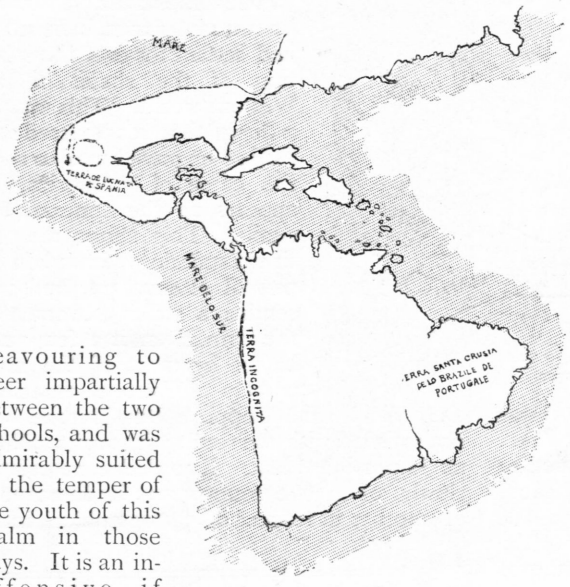
APIANUS'S MAP, 1520.

In 1520 a Swiss named Bienewitz, otherwise known as Apianus, believed he had settled for ever the question of the shape of the Western world. This was for a long time considered the earliest engraved map to show the name of "America," as appears on the annexed facsimile. This shows the continent suffering from an almost painful attenuation, and presenting a striking contrast to the form given it a few years before by most of the map-makers of Europe, especially Da Vinci and Coppi. But Europe was not satisfied with the result; it sought still for an impossible ideal. Knowledge percolated slowly, often one country was far in advance of another in respect of cartographical information; but it is not astonishing that it soon became a matter of national honour to contend that its own current maps were the most accurate. As an example of a map much in vogue in England at this period we may cite that prepared by Laurentius Frisius for the standard edition of Ptolemy, published in 1522. It is distinguished by great reticence, as though en-



LAURENTIUS FRISIUS'S MAP, 1522.

BOULENGER'S MAP, EARLY 16TH CENTURY.



MAILLO'S MAP, 1527.

deavouring to steer impartially between the two schools, and was admirably suited to the temper of the youth of this realm in those days. It is an inoffensive, if somewhat noncommittal, design, and left a great deal to the imagination. It is not like the one which puzzled Shakespeare in his day, "the new map of the augmentation of the Indies," which, we are told in "Twelfth Night," was scarred and lined, as the countenance of Malvolio.

A map of a totally different sort, though contemporary, is that probably studied by the French youth of that time. It was drawn by Louis Boulenger, and only a single copy is now known to exist. It was engraved in a catalogue of Tross, the Paris bookseller, in 1881, and consists of twelve gores intended for a globe.

In shape the map drawn in Portugal by Maillo is very peculiar, although it cannot be denied that the long, narrow peninsula, terminating in Cape Horn, is somewhat picturesque.

But the geographical drama was fast progressing towards a dénouement. A great stride forward was made by the celebrated Mercator, who in 1541 produced a large map, which he solemnly affirmed was a correct and exact representation of the New World, which had given the geographers and learned men of Europe so much trouble for fifty years. Of course, Mercator was laughed to scorn, and many excellent persons in England and France would have nothing to do with him or his map or his spherical representation of the earth into a plane on the cylindrical principle, since known to fame as Mercator's Projection. But other cartographers borrowed Mercator's idea of the New World's outline; and so, little by little, the mystery became revealed.

The western coast-line of the northern continent, however, was long destined to remain shadowy, especially in the higher latitudes. Buriel, in his edition of Venegas's "California," in 1757, confesses that nothing was known. But with Vancouver's voyage in 1788 and his subsequent map the last remaining doubts were removed concerning the configuration of North America. In the little churchyard at Petersham, in Surrey, his grave unkept and neglected, lie the remains of the man who completed the cartographical evolution of a New World.

MERCATOR'S MAP, 1541, THE FIRST FAIRLY ACCURATE MAP OF AMERICA.

Bulls and Bears on Skor Vhean.

By John Oxenham.

Author of "God's Prisoner," "Rising Fortunes," "A Princess of Vascovy," "Our Lady of Deliverance," etc., etc.

"THE only fault I have to find with you men on this side," said Julius Vandenbyl, as he tipped his stool back and laid hold of the brass rail of the skylight and swung gently to the motion of the yacht, "is that you don't make the most of your opportunities. It's a small country, I know, and chances are limited, of course. But you don't make much even of what you have," and he rolled his big cigar disputatiously into the corner of his mouth, and cocked it up, to the endangerment of his left eye, after the manner of a knight of old shaking his lance at all comers.

"Oh, come! Give us a chance, old man. We do our little best," said Dansie, with a rolling laugh.

"That's where I differ," said Vandenbyl.

"And we really don't do so badly, sometimes," said Ravenor, and tilted his camp-stool in emulation of Vandenbyl till it balanced on one leg, and added, pensively, as an afterthought, "unless it's American rails."

"They're a bit wiry at times, I admit," said Vandenbyl. "But you don't need touch 'em unless you want to. There's heaps and heaps of things here waiting to be properly handled. Just look what we're doing on the other side."

"I doubt if our people would stand it," said Dansie. "I'm surprised yours do."

"Thev don't. They take it sitting and don't worry. It don't hurt 'em."

"Oh, come!" said Dansie. "A man doesn't make two hundred millions without somebody suffering."

"That's just where you're wrong, my boy. Since Old Rock got control of oil he's never put prices up one cent. He got up a bit earlier and saw a bit farther than other folks, that's all."

"And are prices as low now as they would have been if he hadn't got up quite so early, Mr. Vandenbyl?—say, if there'd been a free market all along?" asked Chase, quietly, from his seat on the bulwarks.

"That, of course, is not easy to say," said Vandenbyl. "But I don't know how you're going to prove that they're not."

"'WE REALLY DON'T DO SO BADLY, SOMETIMES,' SAID RAVENOR."

"All the same, there's something unnatural about two hundred millions in one man's pocket," said Chase, with quiet insistence.

"That's so, and I don't know that I'd care to have it myself," said Vandenbyl. "There must be considerable worry about having two hundred millions to take care of, but it must have been a lot of fun making it. Now all the fun's gone. It makes itself, and he can't possibly spend it. Boys, it's a mistake to be too rich. It palls. What's your opinion, skipper?"

"Weel, sir!" said old Macirone, who was hovering about with his pipe in his mouth, "I wouldna mind trying it juist for a month or two. There'd be some fine pickens, I'm thenken'."

"Now, that's sensible," said Vandenbyl. "A couple of months would give you a taste of it, and leave you enough to live on comfortably for the rest of your life. A year of it would probably kill you. What island's that, skipper?"

"Yon's Pabbay, and the one behind it's Shillay," said the skipper, pointing with the stem of his pipe. "And yon big one's Taransay, and the one to port is Bernera, with Boreray alongside. And the two we've just passed are Ensay and Killigray, and the two before them were Gillisay and Harmetray, and——"

"Ey, ey, ey! Give that brain of yours a rest, skipper," drawled Vandenbyl, "or you'll go stale and run us on a rock." At which the skipper grinned. For Vandenbyl was in the habit of asking endless questions, more in hopes of stumping his informant than of extracting useful information, and the skipper delighted to answer him in kind, and had not yet been either stumped or bowled.

"And where do we put in for the night, skipper?"

"Callarnish, if we can make it. There's a guid inn there."

"As good as last night's?"

"It's a guid inn," said the skipper, noncommittally.

From which, if you know the district, you will understand that they were sailing up the Sound of Harris in the Western Isles.

The *Cormorant*, 40-ton cutter, belonged to Charles Dansie, capitalist and company promoter, of Throgmorton Street and Wimbledon, the big man in flannels leaning against the bulwarks, jovial contentment with himself and the rest of the world smiling out of every crease of his triple chins and stout, sunreddened neck.

The dark, thin-faced man on the campstool alongside Vandenbyl was Jim Ravenor, stockbroker and underwriter, of Throgmorton Street and Richmond, a fellow-worker with Dansie and one of his greatest friends.

The quiet-spoken man, sitting on the bulwarks alongside Dansie, was Geoffrey Chase, solicitor, of Old Broad Street. His name on a prospectus carried weight and went far towards disarming criticism. He was known in the City as a cautious, straightforward man and a trustworthy legal adviser. Dansie's commercial conscience was in his keeping, and Dansie's appearance was the highest possible testimonial to Chase's carefulness.

Julius Vandenbyl, tall, thin, immaculately dressed, was an American financier, bent on the exploitation of British and Colonial industries, and on showing the easy-going inhabitants of the little island how things could be made to hum in the hands of a live man.

Among them they had just pulled off a big coup in the flotation of "The Great Askandaga Copper Mines," situated on Lake Superior, and at Dansie's invitation they were taking a well-earned rest on his suitably-named yacht, pending the Stock Exchange settlement. There had been some excited dealings in Askandagas before they left town, for the company was thoroughly sound and not over-capitalized considering the value of the property. The shares were jumping up daily in spite of envious bears. And as the speculative descriptions of the stock were held mostly by the quartette on board the *Cormorant* they were quite cheerful, and looked forward to a rather agreeable and profitable quarter of an hour with the opposition on their return to town.

They were all on the very best of terms with one another and the world in general. Vandenbyl, indeed, had a slight grievance, but he was much too wise to let any signs of it appear, and it did not disturb his digestion. After all, it was only a matter of degree. He had done uncommonly well out of the Askandaga matter. Dansie, to whom he had introduced it, had, however, done slightly better. It was all perfectly open and aboveboard. Vandenbyl believed Dansie to be the very best man in the City for a big flotation. Dansie was quite of the same opinion, and knew his own value better than any man could tell him. He had shown himself a hard bargainer and had got rather better terms out of Vandenbyl than he had intended to give. In fact, so shrewdly had Dansie pulled his own ropes that he had come out

top of the tree. Vandenbyl could, of course, have taken the business elsewhere, but he knew no one who would do it as well, and after all he was really doing better than he had expected to do. The fact remained, however, that Dansie was doing still better, and Vandenbyl could not quite forget it.

The *Cormorant* was a big, roomy boat, with no pretensions beyond comfort. They had had a most enjoyable jaunt round the east and north coasts, stopping here and there as the spirit moved them, had doddered about Skye, finding much bodily and spiritual comfort in the cosy hostelries which nestle up the lochs of that hospitable island. And now, having a clear week to spare before the settlement came on, were off to investigate the beauties of the Western Isles.

"How's the Dook?" asked Vandenbyl, suddenly, as they ran past Tor Head.

"He's got a bad head," said Dansie, with his jovial smile.

"Ah, I thought that Dunvegan whisky would be too much for him. It's not a very big head nor a very strong one, and that whisky was both."

"Capital figure-head," said Ravenor. "So long as you don't see him."

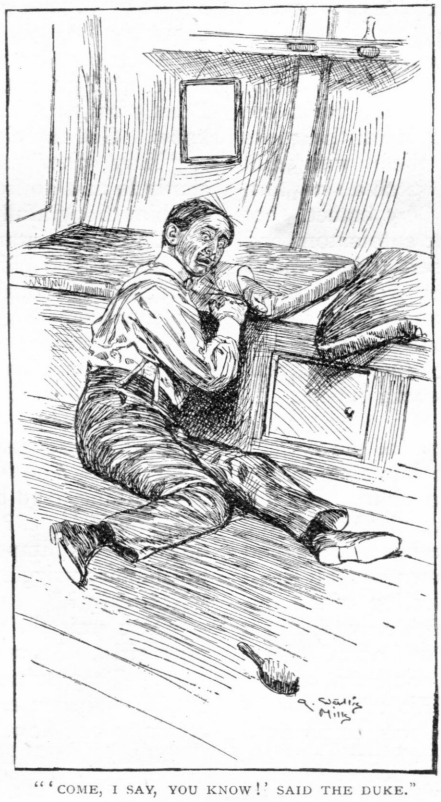
Which was about the state of the case. "His Grace the Duke of Chiswick and Gunnersbury" looked well on a prospectus, and Dansie knew enough of human nature to turn anything to account. Reginald Augustus, tenth Duke of Chiswick, had lately come into his title and very little else, and Dansie had forthwith swooped down on him, and captured him, and bound him willing captive to his chariot wheels, and since the chains were golden ones Reginald Augustus was willing.

He was very young and very round. Little round head, little round body, little round arms and legs, little round eyes. In fact, a "good little all-round man so long as he wasn't called upon to do anything," as Vandenbyl said.

His name always headed Dansie's lists of directors and was generally printed in capitals, and now and again at meetings he was dragged into blushing publicity by being made to bob up in his seat and say, "I have pleasure in seconding that, Mr. Chairman." Then he would sink back covered with confusion from which nothing but a cigarette and a whisky-and-soda could recover him.

The Duke was not a very good sailor. The Minch is lumpy at times, and it was no unusual thing for him not to show face till the anchor dropped, off the inn where they were going to spend the night.

There was a strong breeze off the land which enabled them to make a long slant towards the north-west. They ran on that tack for over four hours without touching a rope. Then, the wind freshening suddenly and the motion of the yacht becoming distinctly unpleasant, the skipper deemed it advisable to take a couple of reefs in his main and foresails, and they sped on with no diminution of speed. But as they opened the sheltering land north of Uig Bay a whole north-east gale came roaring down on them and caught them before they could strip the ship.



"'COME, I SAY, YOU KNOW!' SAID THE DUKE."

The yacht heeled till the water came leaping in over the lee bulwarks. Every man clutched the nearest stable thing and held it and his breath together, in the certain knowledge that all their lives hung by a thread.

"Good-bye, Askandaga!" thought Vandenbyl.

"Good-bye, *Cormorant!*" thought Dansie.

"Good-bye, wife and youngsters!" thought Chase.

"Good-bye, everything!" thought Ravenor.

"Come, I say, you know!" said the Duke, as he picked himself up from the floor of his cabin and clung to the side of the bunk which he had just quitted with quite unnecessary haste.

Then there was a crack and a crash and the tall mast went over the side. The ship righted and swung to the impromptu storm-anchor, with the mainyard ramming heavily against her side. The crew sprang to the rescue and chopped and cut till she swung free and ran with the roaring green seas.

Old Macirone at the helm had a very anxious face, for big seas behind and no sail in front is about as bad a state of affairs as any man wants.

"Bolt that door!" he shouted, as a white cap came boiling in over the stern and raced up the deck and down the companion. And Dansie, who was nearest, and was besides the best sailorman of the lot, wriggled along the sloppy deck and got the door to and bolted it.

There was a feeble hammering inside and a voice crying, "Let me out! Let me out! Curse it, I say, don't ye know!"

"Can't," yelled Dansie, and crawled back to the others.

It was six o'clock when they saw an island looming in front, and half an hour later they struck with a sound none of them is likely to forget. They were sodden with salt by that time, and so utterly miserable that any prospective change from the ceaseless overwash of the seas was welcome.

The pounding of the waves increased now that they were no longer moving. Away beyond the tumult in front they could see dark figures clambering about on the rocks ashore. They watched them with dull interest, as tired spectators watch a slow turn at a music-hall. Then a fiery comet shot out from the rock where the automatons had gathered, and a line dropped lightly across the deck. In an hour they were all safely ashore, crouching in blankets round a peat fire in the shelter of whitewashed walls and a thatched roof, and the *Cormorant* was breaking up rapidly on the rocks outside.

When Vandenbyl came out of the cottage next morning the sea was laughing in the sunshine like a mischievous child. But for the sight of some stray planks of the *Cormorant* lying among the black rocks, and the sight and feel of his own roughly-dried clothes, and the near recollection of the discomforts of the night, he might have found it difficult to realize that they had actually been shipwrecked and had had a somewhat narrow escape from drowning. His realization of their altered circumstances was emphasized by the white shaft of the lighthouse towering up above the white cottage out of which he had just issued, by the rugged bit of moorland on which these stood, by the complete circle of unbroken horizon all round him except just where the cottage and lighthouse intercepted it.

He was still trying to place himself, when a voice broke in upon his musings.

"I say, where the dooce are we, Mr. Vandenbyl, and how the dooce are we goin' to get home?"

"Well, Dook, I'm darned if I know," said Vandenbyl. "This scrag-end of a reef is called Skor Vhean, as far as I could catch the twang of it. It's about fifty miles from nowhere, and the lighthouse steamer comes once a fortnight, D.V. and weather permitting, and it was here three days ago."

"Seems dooced like bein' stuck here for a bit then," said his Grace, sitting down on an outcropping rock, and from sheer force of habit hitching up the knees of his flannels, which looked as if he had slept in them for a week, after forgetting to iron them the last time they were washed. He had come ashore in a state of extreme discomfort and disconsolation the night before, and had had to be revived with such heroic doses of whisky that he remembered nothing till he woke in the morning, and then only obscurely.

"I've got a dooce of a headache," said the Duke. "S'pose it was the knockin' about. Beastly bally rot bein' shipwrecked, don't you know. Got any cigarettes?"

"Nary one," said Vandenbyl, rocking gently to and fro from heel to toe and surveying him thoughtfully.

"Dooced awkward," said the Duke, feeling his little round chin and gazing round despondently as though he hoped to catch sight of a tobacconist's sign and a barber's shop.

"And what the dooce are we goin' to get to eat here?" asked his Grace, presently.

"Ah! Now you're coming right down to the joint, Dook. Scotch porridge is very wholesome and sustaining, I believe. If the young ladies who helped us ashore last night are anything to go by——"

"Young ladies?" said the Duke, looking down at his limp garments, and giving an involuntary wriggle expressive of discomfort. "Not really?"

"You wait till you see 'em. Fine strapping girls. Guess you slept in one of their beds. They turned out and went to sleep in the lighthouse. Here's one of them coming along now."

"Ged!" said his Grace. "I feel like a workhouse tramp."

"Well, I'm bound to say you look it," said Vandenbyl. "I feel pretty much the same myself. But it's better to feel like a live tramp than a dead dook," at which piece of philosophy his Grace shook his head doubtfully.

"Goot morning!" said Miss Katie McNeill, as she came past from the lighthouse towards the cottage. "It iss a fine morning after the storm. I hope you slept well and are none the worse."

"Not a bit, thank you," said Vandenbyl, "and we slept like tops. I'm afraid we put you to a great deal of inconvenience."

"Oh, no, not much, and it coult not be helped," said Miss Katie, with a smile. "My sister and I we often sleep up in the Light in the winter."

"Do you live here all the time?" asked Vandenbyl.

"Oh, yes, all the time. We hef neffer lived anywhere else except the time we were at school at Styornoway."

"And don't you get tired of it?"

"Tired? No, why woult we get tired of it? It iss our home. Are the other gentlemen asleep yet? I wass going to see after your breakfast."

"I'll go and rouse 'em out," said the Duke.

"What a funny little man!" said Miss Katie, looking after him.

"Yes. He's a Dook," said Vandenbyl.

"Neffer!"

"His Grace the Dook of Chiswick and Gunnersbury, 'pon my honour."

"He does not look it," said Miss Katie.

"No, I don't know that he does. But he is, all the same. Where is your father this morning?"

"He iss taking some fish for your breakfast, over there," and she nodded towards the far end of the island.

"I'll go and have a chat with him," and he strode away over the heather. Half-a-dozen sheep scuttled from behind a rock as he passed, and stood at a safe distance and eyed him with much curiosity. He regarded them thoughtfully, and presently found old McNeill sitting on a boulder with two lines in his hands and a pile of fish by his side. He was a grizzled old fellow clad in thick blue trousers rolled up over sea-boots, a blue jersey, and a big blue tam. His face was seamed like a western cliff from which wind and weather have removed all superfluous matter. But he had a very cheerful expression, and his blue eyes were keen and intelligent, and almost merry.

"Coot morning, sir. It iss a pity you ditn't choosse to-tay to come ashore instet of yesstertay."

"Yes," said Vandenbyl, "you're quite right," and he sat down on an adjacent boulder and had quite a long chat with him.

"'WHAT A FUNNY LITTLE MAN!' SAID MISS KATIE."

And at times the old fellow chuckled and grinned, and more than once he slapped his leg and laughed outright, and it was not on account of the fish he had just hauled in.

The rest of the party were standing outside the cottage when Vandenbyl and Old McNeill came up, and there was a twinkle in the old man's eye as he surveyed them. Their toilets had necessarily been superficial. Their appearance was as far removed from

Throgmorton Street notions of propriety as the east is from the west. They were crumpled almost out of recognition.

"Mornin', sirs," he said, jovially. "Ye'll be wanting your breakfast, I'm thenken'. I hope you slep' well?"

"Fair to middling, thanks," replied Dansie, for the rest. "I'm afraid we're putting you to a great deal of inconvenience."

"Not at all, not at all. Pleased tae see ye. We hef not too many visitors. I'll tek the fish to the lassies."

They had an excellent breakfast. The porridge appealed to the Duke as a delightful novelty. He had never tasted anything half so good in his life before. He inquired minutely into its composition and preparation, and vowed he would never be a day without it as long as he lived. He also requested permission to be present at the making of it next morning, to which Miss Katie laughingly agreed and promised to let him stir the pot till his arm ached. The fish were also excellent and cooked to a turn, and the coffee was well made.

The five men were, therefore, on much better terms with themselves and the world when they sat in the sun against the wall of the cottage after breakfast to discuss their prospects.

"Anybody got any tobacco?" asked Dansie, twirling an empty pipe forlornly between his fingers.

"I've got some," said Vandenbyl, and produced a couple of inches of what looked like tarred rope, and in reply to a questioning look from the Duke, "I got it from the old boy just now. It's the only kind he's got, and a little bit of it goes a long way."

"It's not exactly Arcadia," said Dansie, as he cut a piece off and rolled it into life between his palms. "Shade better than oakum, that's about as much as can be said for it."

"Well, it's all there is and the supply's limited," said Vandenbyl.

They sat smoking twist for a time and chatting lazily.

"We won't starve, anyway," said Dansie. "Duke, if four mutton-chops will support one man for one day, how far will six sheep"—with a friendly nod at the sheep which had come up to have a look at the new-comers, and were now standing in a semicircle and watching them suspiciously—"go among ten men, two women, and an old sailor-man for eleven days?"

"Ged, don't ask me," said his Grace. "Never was any good at that kind of thing, don't you know. But there's fish and porridge, too."

"Porridge alone will support life perfectly," said Chase, quietly. "All you Stock Exchange men think a great deal too much about what you shall eat and what you shall drink and what you shall put on. If you lived on porridge alternate days you'd enjoy your food twice as much as you do now."

"Oh, come, Chase, you enjoy a good dinner as much as any man I know," said Ravenor. "If you breathed Throgmorton Street all day long you'd be ready for your dinner, too."

"I'm always ready for my dinner," said Chase, "because I don't nibble bananas and biscuits, and cigarettes, and whiskies-and-soda all day long between times."

"Not much chance of whiskies-and-soda here, anyway," said Ravenor, regretfully. "The old boy has whisky, but he doesn't look as if he'd ever tasted a soda in his life."

"I should say ten days on strict T.T. principles will be highly beneficial to all you boys," said Vandenbyl. "You'll have a thirst on you worth a small fortune by the time you get back. Well, captain, how's her head?" as old Macirone came out of the lighthouse towards them, with a face like a coroner's jury.

The old seaman shook his head mournfully. A stranded captain is about the forlornest object this earth affords.

"Don't take it to heart, Mac," said Dansie. "It wasn't your fault, and she was insured, anyhow. We'll have the next one built so that I can get up from table without knocking in the roof of my skull. Are they doing you all right up there?"

"Aye, we're all right, sir, thank 'ee," and he went on towards the farther side of the island in company with his thoughts.

They did not do much that first day beyond resting and eating. The strain of the previous night was still upon them. Vandenbyl was the only one who mustered determination enough to climb up into the lighthouse for a chat with old McNeill.

Next morning, when Miss Katie and her sister turned the others out, the first thing they saw was a large sheet of white paper covered with hieroglyphics fastened to the cottage door by pins. They gathered round it and began to laugh as they read.

This was what was on the paper:—

NOTICE.

Having acquired by right of purchase all available supplies of the following articles, viz.: sheep, tinned

goods, biscuits, sugar, coffee, tea, cocoa, whisky, tobacco, flour, fish-hooks and lines, the following tariff of charges is hereby instituted :—

One Square Breakfast	30	Askandagas
One Square Dinner	50	,,
One Square Supper	30	,,
One Whisky of the ordinary size	4	,,
One Cup Tea, Coffee, or Cocoa	4	,,
Tobacco—one inch of twist ...	4	,,
Porridge, free. Frillings, extra, sugar or condensed milk ...	2	,,

A discount of 50 per cent. will be allowed to His Grace the Duke of Chiswick and Gunnersbury, Geoffrey Chase, Esq., and James Ravenor, Esq.

The above rates are subject to alteration and revision.

Tickets are not transferable and are good for day of issue only.

All meals are to be consumed on the premises.

All amounts payable in advance. No credit given. Shares are accepted at par only.

Special terms for school treats and wedding-parties.

By Order of
THE GENERAL COMMISSARIAT TRUST,
Julius Vandenbyl, President.

They took this announcement as a great joke, and Dansie's jovial laugh rang out above the others at the nice discrimination against himself, which he understood perfectly.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he cried. "Oh, he's a great man is Julius. Where is he?"

"At your service, gentlemen," said Vandenbyl, strolling round from the farther end of the cottage, with a company bow. "Nice morning. At five o'clock it was, if anything, still more delightful."

"Ah—ha!" cried Dansie, with his big laugh. "The early bird!"

"Ex-actly!" said Vandenbyl, and pointed a long finger at each of them in turn, and softly murmured, "Worms!"

"You've been busy," said Chase.

"'Tis my nature to," said Vandenbyl, with a bland smile, and presently they turned into the cottage for breakfast.

The porridge was as good as before, and his Grace prepared to attack it with gusto. He eyed it with new appreciation. He had stirred the pot for Miss Katie till his arm ached.

"Er—would you oblige us with the sugar, Miss Katie?" he asked.

Miss Katie turned a smiling face and said, "There iss none, sir. That gentleman"—nodding at Vandenbyl—"hass bought it all."

"Not really!" and they all looked up blankly, as it began to dawn upon them that Vandenbyl's joke might have a solid business foundation.

Dansie voiced the general feeling, "Oh, come, Van, old man, a joke's a joke, but——"

"My dear boy, I never joke in business—at least, not often," said Vandenbyl, solemnly. "This is business all the way through."

"And you mean to say you intend to carry out that rigamarole on the door?"

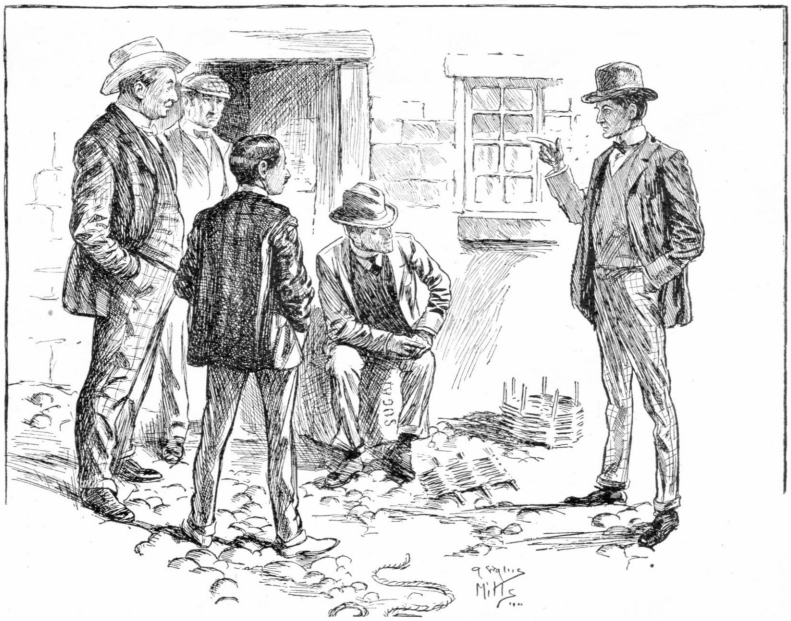
"The tariff stands," said Vandenbyl. "I made it as clear as I could and put the rates as low as circumstances would permit. I really don't see any reason why you should call it a rigamarole, Dansie."

"Well, I'm——!"

"I don't take sugar with porridge myself," said Vandenbyl. "It's not the thing, I believe."

"Tastes like boiled sawdust alone," said the Duke.

"Ah, you didn't stir it enough, I expect. It needs a lot of stirring. And as to boiled sawdust, I remember once——"



"'EX-ACTLY!' SAID VANDENBYL, AND POINTED A LONG FINGER AT EACH OF THEM IN TURN."

But the others hastily stowed away their porridge and went outside to discuss the matter, while Vandenbyl opened a small tin of corned beef and proceeded to make his breakfast off that and some biscuits and a cup of cocoa. When he had finished he filled a pipe from a plug of twist and went outside. The others had disappeared, all except the Duke, who was sitting on the bottom rung of the lighthouse ladder as though he had not cared to risk his life in the ascent. Vandenbyl sat down with his back against the sunny wall of the cottage and smoked meditatively with a wrinkle in his brow. Presently he saw the others descend the iron ladder, and they all came towards him.

"Say, Van, old man," said Dansie, showing no trace whatever of ill-humour. "It's a mighty smart trick you've played on us, but you'll be getting shot, you know, if you go on this way."

"Shooting's illegal. Trusts aren't. They haven't got to shooting over 'em even in the States."

"They will in time, I guess," said Ravenor. "And I'm bound to say I feel as if I should sympathize with them."

"My dear boy, business is business, and shooting is bad business as a rule. Here we are stranded for at least eleven days on the fag end of nowhere. Just as well to keep our hands in or we'll get rusty."

"That's so," said Dansie. "What time's that square dinner on, Van? We'll try it anyhow, and see how the system works. I stand treat for the crowd."

"Right!" said Vandenbyl. "That will be fifty and three fifties less discount, equals seventy-five—one-twenty-five in all. I'll take your I.O.U., and make you out an order for the meals. What would you like?"

"Best you can do as a sample," laughed Dansie, "else maybe we won't come again."

"I'll see to it. Better make it the round one hundred and thirty and I'll throw in whiskies and a smoke by way of dessert."

"All right. And, say, old man, we wouldn't mind dining early to-day if it's all the same to you."

"You pay the piper, you call the tune and the time."

"Say twelve then. We'll maybe hold out till then."

"Right! Twelve o'clock prompt."

Vandenbyl sat and smoked, and then turned to the business of the General Commissariat Trust, while the rest played about on a strip of sandy beach, bowled at a mark, threw stones into the water, and behaved generally like a party of schoolboys on the first day of the holidays. The only one whose spirits seemed in any way below par was the Duke. He was not a wealthy man, he had not very many Askandaga shares. If he had to pay from fifteen to twenty-five each time he had a meal he would very soon be stripped bare. Poverty or starvation confronted him. In the end, possibly both. Of course, if Dansie undertook to provide meals for the party out of his own pocket it would be all right. On the whole his Grace thought he was bound to do so. After all he was their host, and it was through accepting his invitation that they found themselves in this hole. Yes, he thought Dansie was bound to see them adequately fed. If necessary he would hint as much to him as delicately as he could, but he did not think that would be necessary. He sorely missed his cigarettes. He had tried a pipe of twist and it had made him squeamish. He had tried to make a cigarette of twist and ordinary paper. It was worse than the pipe. On the whole he was not happy, and his little round face showed it.

"Why, Duke, what's wrong?" said Dansie, as he strode past him after a wide bowl. "Keep your pecker up, old man. I'll see you through all right. We're not going to be beaten by any Yankee that ever was born."

He seemed on the point of saying more, but checked himself. What he had said, however, had the effect of cheering the ducal spirits, and his Grace consented to beguile the aching void between that and dinner-time with bowls and stones.

Ravenor, wandering among the pools, found a crab two inches broad and brought it carefully up to the rest, with a hopeful face.

"How do you cook 'em?" he asked. "If we could catch enough we might live on 'em and give Julius the cold shake."

They examined the crab critically, with faint recollections of their youthful years, and poked it with their fingers till it bubbled with anger.

"Don't seem much meat in it," said Dansie. "It would take a hundred to make a meal and then it would only taste like toothpicks."

"Seaweed is said to be nourishing," said Chase, "if you know the right kind and how to prepare it."

They looked round at the seaweed.

"Clammy," said Dansie. "Don't you trouble, boys. We'll come through this corner like a four-in-hand or I'll eat my hat. It'll maybe do us good to live thin for a bit. I've got an appetite as big as the whole of Throgmorton Street rolled into one already."

"I feel like a drum," said the Duke. "I wonder what he'll give us for dinner."

"If it's not up to the mark we'll tell him plainly we won't patronize his establishment again, and hint at personal violence," said Dansie, with a big laugh.

But they had no fault to find with he dinner. They had tinned soup, at which they would probably have turned up their noses at home, but which tasted delicious on Skor Vhean, and ran through their limbs like new life. Then they had roast mutton from a sheep killed the day before they arrived; roly-poly pudding with jam in it; a small cup of coffee; a tot of whisky; and a pipeful of twist per man. The Duke sold his portion back to Vandenbyl for an extra tot of whisky.

"RAVENOR, WANDERING AMONG THE POOLS, FOUND A CRAB."

They expressed unqualified approval of everything they had, and Vandenbyl was quite pleased.

"Any orders for tea or supper?" he asked.

"I think we'll manage on porridge till to-morrow morning," said Dansie. "Then we'll try a breakfast—an early breakfast. Shall we say six-o'clock?"

"If my cooks'll stand it," said Vandenbyl. "We don't generally open till eight. It'll mean you all getting up at five, you know."

They rambled all over the island that day, and felt as if they had known it all their lives by the time they got back. They discovered two mops from the *Cormorant* jammed in among some boulders and carried them home with them. There was not a tree or a shrub 3ft. high on the whole place. The vast circles of sea and sky, rugged cliffs with their feet hidden in boulders, and tangles of seaweed, a twenty minutes' stretch of rough turf, through which the sharp bones of the island protruded in spite of a scanty clothing of whin-bushes — that was Skor Vhean.

They supped on porridge without frillings and retired early to dream of breakfast.

Vandenbyl routed them out at five, and his Grace of Chiswick bent his energies to the porridge spoon once more under the yoke of Miss Katie's bright eyes, while she prepared the rest of the meal according to Vandenbyl's instructions. Her sister attended to the wants of the men in the lighthouse. She was young and shy of the aristocracy in the cottage, and they saw very little of her.

"It iss ferry harrd worrk," said Miss Katie, with a merry twinkle in her eye, and so soft and sympathetic an intonation that his Grace thought he had never heard anything like it.

"Oh, not at all, 'sure you," replied the little man, putting on a momentary spurt with his other hand. "'Lighted be of any service to you, Miss Katie, 'sure you."

"You'll not be used to worrking so harrd?"

"Well, not just this kind of work, you know. Brain work mostly, don't you know—company meetings, resolutions, and that kind of thing, don't you know."

"Aye, it's the brain worrk that pays nowadays. Why did you let the American chentleman buy up all the things?"

"Ah, he got ahead of us there. Bad form, I call it, don't you know!"

Vandenbyl came striding in just then to superintend matters. He had collected Dansie's I.O.U. for seventy-five Askandagas, and, to use his own expression, was feeling good. He reckoned that before they left the island he would be pretty nearly level with

Dansie in Askandagas, and that was all he wanted.

He gave them a first-rate breakfast, running through porridge with sugar and condensed milk, coffee, fried bacon, corned beef, and biscuits. They expressed their approval again.

"Any orders for lunch, dinner, anything else?" he asked.

"No," said Dansie. "We'll lunch on porridge, if Miss Katie will oblige. And we'll have supper at five o'clock. A good, square supper, mind, as per contract."

"Right," said Vandenbyl. "Any smokes?"

Yes, they would all have a smoke, except the Duke, who sniffed theirs at second-hand, and looked miserable for want of a good fat Turkish cigarette.

"Dook," said Vandenbyl, commiseratingly, "if I could make it into anything better'n what it is I'd do it, but I kain't, and there it is."

By the afternoon the time began to hang somewhat heavily on their hands. They had lunched on porridge, with whisky and sugar frillings, which toned its natural crudity somewhat, but still their stomachs growled at the Lenten fare, and their watches were in constant requisition to see what time had still to elapse before supper was due.

Dansie went up to the lighthouse with determination in his eye to have a chat with old McNeill. Chase and Ravenor wandered over the island and gazed hungrily at the suspicious sheep. They waited anxiously for Dansie's return, and finally strolled up to the Light and climbed the ladder. The Duke looked so miserable that Vandenbyl offered him a tot of whisky free, and then, catching sight of the *Cormorant* mops, and knowing the little man's proclivities, he suggested that if they stripped the mops bare and found a couple of suitable round stones they might construct a golf links and play the royal game —in a way.

His Grace revived and they set to work and planned out a set of holes, and made flags out of sticks from the wreck and strips of linen which Miss Katie provided. The construction of the links took longer than they had expected. It is safe to say that neither of them had used their muscles so much since they were born. They pulled up whin-bushes to clear a space round their holes, made bunkers with rocks, and generally worked like navvies.

They appealed to the others for assistance, which was smilingly declined. Dansie, who had come back from the lighthouse with a twinkle in his eye, asserted that he was weak for lack of food. Chase, who was a noted golfer, gave them much good advice which involved considerable additional labour but greatly improved their course. Ravenor said it wasn't his day for doing navvy work, but he would show them how to play when they had finished; meanwhile he practised shots with the mop-handles and round stones.

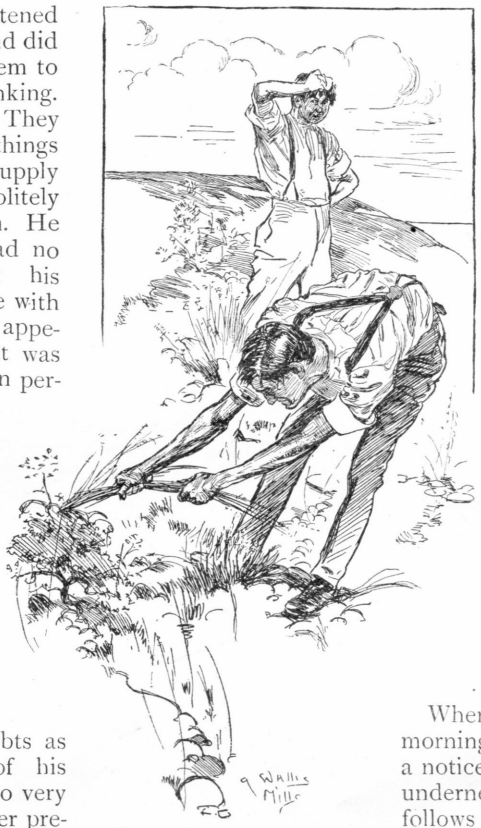
They had an excellent supper, and, in answer to Vandenbyl's inquiries for orders for next day, Dansie said that in future they would live rationally and not stint themselves, and hang the expense! He arranged for square breakfast at eight o'clock, square dinner at two, and supper at eight. And Vandenbyl retired to rest extremely well satisfied with the general outlook, but still with a thoughtful groove in his brow.

He waylaid old McNeill early next morning as he was going a-fishing, and endeavoured to enter into some further negotiations with him. But the old man laughingly declined even to discuss any such matters and went on his way chuckling audibly.

After breakfast Vandenbyl and the Duke toiled away at their links. The others went for a cruise in the lighthouse boat, an aged affair of no particular shape, consisting principally of tar and leaks. If they had had hooks and lines they might have amused themselves with fishing. But Vandenbyl had bought up the whole supply, and they had to content themselves with paddling about round the island. They seemed, however, to derive considerable amusement from it, and Vandenbyl and the Duke, toiling among the whins and boulders, straightened their backs now and again and looked at them, and remarked enviously on their high spirits.

All this time Captain Macirone and the sailors from the yacht lived in the lighthouse. They were exempt from the provisions of Vandenbyl's Trust. They loafed, and slept, and smoked, and strolled about the island perfectly contented with their lot, except the captain, who remained a picture of misery. Inside, their quarters were somewhat cramped, indeed, but they were used to that; there was plenty of room to stretch their legs outside, and the life was easier even than on board the *Cormorant*. Vandenbyl tried to enlist their services in the construction of the golf links. But he had parted with all his available cash in the formation of his Trust, and they were enjoying their holiday and did not take kindly to dry land navigator's duties.

That and the two following days the party lived on the fat of the land, and showed such a strange partiality for tinned meats in preference to fresh that Vandenbyl, with an eye on his diminishing stock, felt compelled to argue the matter with them. He threatened them with scurvy, and did his best to bring them to a better way of thinking. But it was no use. They craved for tinned things and he had to supply them. The Duke politely expressed no opinion. He was a guest and had no preferences. What his host provided he ate with gratitude and rare appetite, thankful that it was something other than perpetual porridge.



"VANDENBYL AND THE DUKE TOILED AMONG THE WHINS AND BOULDERS."

He still kept up his little flirtation with Miss Katie over the matutinal pot, and she still regarded him with amused wonder; and, in spite of his own acknowledgments, seemed not entirely free from doubts as to the actuality of his standing. He was so very different from all her preconceived notions of ducal dignity.

"And iss it really true that you are a duke?" she asked her assistant one day.

"It's true enough, but it's no great catch. It gets me on boards and things, that's about all."

"On boards?"

"Companies, don't you know, director and all that, second things at meetings and that kind of thing."

"You are not at all like the MacCallum Mohr. I saw him once at Ardrishaig."

"Sorry! Who is he, anyway?"

"The MacCallum Mohr—the Duke of Argyll. Haf you neffer seen him?"

"Oh, him? Yes. He doesn't go in for companies. He's no great shakes in the way of oof, but he's better off than some I know. You see, he didn't have an uncle who had to pawn his coronet to pay his funeral expenses."

"No, inteet," said Miss Katie, commiseratingly.

By the evening of the seventh day of their stay Vandenbyl found himself some 1,500 Askandagas better off than when he landed. He was in capital spirits, and once even hinted at a reduction in his tariff. Nevertheless he was exceedingly thoughtful at times, and sat smoking twist as though it or his conscience disagreed with him.

Only that day he and the Duke had at last got their golf links into working order. They had tried perfunctory shots over it from time to time, but had not yet had a proper round. The work had been more arduous than they expected. Still, it had helped to pass the time, and if they got very dirty over it it had, at all events, given them great appetites.

When Vandenbyl turned out next morning his eye sprang instantly to a notice affixed to the cottage door underneath his own. It ran as follows:—

NOTICE.

The Skor Vhean Land Company having leased the Island of Skor Vhean, visitors are hereby warned that their presence will only be permitted on payment of the following charges:—

Americans—Entrance fee, 1,500 Askandagas and a daily subscription of 300 Askandagas.

Members of the London Stock Exchange	Free	Subject to the regulations of the company.
Dukes, captains, sailors, and original inhabitants ...	Free	

NOTE.—Sheep and other trespassers will be dealt with as the company may decide.

By Order,
THE SKOR VHEAN LAND CO.,
Charles H. Dansie,
President.

Vandenbyl stared at this effusion with compressed lips for some time, then he turned on his heel and went down to the rocks to think it out, and as he went he murmured, "Darn the old fox, I wonder how they managed to get round him."

When he saw Miss Katie descend the lighthouse ladder he went towards it.

"Father up, Miss Katie?"

"Yess, sir, he iss in the Light. What iss it that I will get ready this morning?"

"Porridge at present. I'll let you know the rest later," and he climbed up into the lighthouse.

"Why, where's the President?" asked Dansie, when Miss Katie roused out the rest of the party at the cottage.

"He iss gone up to the Light," she said, with a smile.

"I see! And what has he ordered for breakfast, Miss Katie?"

"Porritch, sir, and the rest he will tell me later."

"And is there anything else down here that we can eat?"

"There iss some whisky and some sugar, and a few tins of corned beef."

"And you could make us some oat-cakes, couldn't you?"

"Oh, yess, I have the girdle here."

"Come, we'll do famously. What about killing another sheep? It's about due, isn't it?"

"Yess. My father did talk of killing one, but you all wanted the tinned meats."

"Well, now I think we'll turn on to fresh mutton."

"But they are Mr. Vandenbyl's sheep."

"They were. They're mine now. You see, they're trespassing on my land, and so I can deal with them."

"I see. I am ferry glad."

Here Mr. McNeill came rolling up with his fishing-lines in his hand.

"Ah-ha! trespassing, Mr. McNeill!" cried Dansie.

"A-weel!" grinned the old man. "What's the condeetions of the Comp'ny?"

"That you bring all your fish here and leave us what we need."

"A' richt! He's that mad I wantit oot the hoose. He tell't me to catch them sheep and kill one. What'll I do?"

"The sheep are confiscated as trespassers. You can kill one and we will divide it with you."

"Richt!" and the old man went on his way smiling like Neptune at sight of an unusually pretty mermaid.

Vandenbyl never showed face outside the lighthouse that day. He sat up in the gallery and watched them play golf over the course he had toiled at so laboriously. He smoked twist, and paced the circumscribed round, and found it extremely dull. He was a man of active habits both of mind and body, and at present he found himself severely restricted on both counts.

The limited accommodation of the lighthouse was already strained to the utmost. The occupants were aware of his smart manipulation of affairs. It had not affected them personally, but they resented it as un-English, and he found the atmosphere many degrees lower than it was outside.

On the second day of his retirement, Ravenor, in the midst of a round of the links with the Duke, the others being in close and critical attendance, looked up after his ball and said, "Halloa!" and Chase, following his gaze, said, "Ah-ha!" and Dansie, catching sight of what they were looking at, said, "Quite so! You go over and see what he wants, Chase. There's no variation in terms." And Chase strode away through the whins to Vandenbyl, who was sitting on one of the lowest rungs of the lighthouse ladder fluttering a white handkerchief and swinging his long legs.

"Well, old man," said Chase, "why don't

"'A-WEEL!' GRINNED THE OLD MAN. 'WHAT'S THE CONDEETIONS OF THE COMP'NY?'"

you come down and have a game? What's the good of moulting up there?"

"What terms?" asked Vandenbyl.

"As per company's by-law. Entrance fee——"

"Oh, rats! That's sheer robbery."

"Well, as to that, my boy, those square meals of yours were fairly steep, you know."

"They *were* perhaps a bit stiff," acknowledged Vandenbyl. "I've been thinking we might perhaps amalgamate the concerns——"

"I see! On what basis do you suggest?"

"Start fresh from to-day on basis of present holdings."

"I'm afraid we couldn't do that. My principals wouldn't agree. Why should they? They've got enough to live on—sheep——"

"My sheep," interjected Vandenbyl.

"Not a bit of it. They trespassed on our property and are confiscated in the terms of clause 4 of the Land Company's proclamation."

"Well, talk it over with them. I'll come down and talk it over too, if you like," and he kicked the pebbles with a swinging foot, as though it longed for the feel of something other than lighthouse stone.

"That's a technical trespass," said Chase, and Vandenbyl hastily drew the offending foot up on to the rung again. "You have infringed our rights in contravention of our by-laws, with the provisions of which you are acquainted. Those are our pebbles. You've no right to set foot on them. I am bound to institute an action in defence of our rights. Perhaps you'd like to settle and stay proceedings. It'll be an expensive matter, you know. Commission to Skor Vhean and so on."

"We'll settle all that in the amalgamation. You talk it over with 'em, Chase, and if we come to terms I'll——"

"Oh, come now, Vandenbyl, remember who you're talking to."

"Keep your hair on, old man. I was going to say, when you interrupted me, that if we came to terms I wouldn't mind standing a square meal all round and whiskies and twist free."

"I'll tell you what we'll do. You're sickening for a walk. I can see it by your feet. Send down all the whisky and twist you have and you shall have one complete round of the links."

"Who with?"

"Choose your man."

"I'd like a trial round by myself first. I've never been all round yet. Then—say yourself. You're the best of the lot."

"Well, we'll throw that in."

"Right! Shall we say this afternoon?"

"That will suit us all right."

"It's understood. Honour bright. No catch in it? No actions for trespass?"

"My word for it."

"You bring me the stick and ball here at three o'clock, and I'll hand you over the whisky and twist," and they parted.

Punctually at three the company met him at the foot of the ladder, and the exchange was made. The Duke and Ravenor conveyed the treasure to the cottage. Vandenbyl grasped his club and strode away to the links. Dansie and Chase went with him.

By five o'clock he had not succeeded in entering the first hole.

"I'm a bit out of practice," he said, "and it's a deuce of a course, though I say it myself."

At six o'clock he was still pottering about that first hole—over-shooting, under-shooting, everything but getting in.

"It's a deuce of a course," said he, and went on banging away with stolid energy, while Dansie and Chase eyed one another in mournful silence and made sarcastic comments aloud.

"It's the confinement has upset my aim, I guess," said Vandenbyl, at seven o'clock. "I don't claim to be much of a player at best, but I never was as bad as this before. And there are ten more holes!"

He managed that first hole just before supper-time, and promised to come back in the morning for Number 2.

"I'm sorry," said Chase, as they meditatively ate their supper. "All my fault. You've got to keep your eyes pretty wide open when an American man sets out to get on your blind side."

"That's so," said Dansie. "Shouldn't be a bit surprised if he tried to work a sheep or two into that first round."

"I'll take care he doesn't do that, anyway," said Chase, gloomily. "Strikes me we'll have to pass an emergency by-law limiting games to the day they're begun in."

"Trouble is this isn't a game," said Dansie, biting his pipe grimly as if it were a bit of Vandenbyl. "You and I'll have to start a game as soon as it's daylight and keep at it all day, and bluff him that way."

"He took the club with him. Said it was his free pass," said Chase.

"Well, we'll make one club do."

"He'll play his own round out all the same, and it'll last till the tender comes, if I know anything about it. Write me down an ass."

Vandenbyl sallied out next morning and cheerfully started play again. He saw Chase and Dansie at their game with one club, and apologized for retaining the other one. "I'd like to manage that next hole to-day if I can," he said, modestly. "I'm really ashamed to have had any hand in making such a course."

His round went on perpetually, one hole a day and all the exercise he wanted, and their most vitriolic comments made not the slightest impression on him. He duly brought up the idea of an amalgamation of the General Commissariat Trust and the Land Co., and as he happened to have got the whole supply of salt in his possession, and oatmeal and mutton morning, noon, and night had begun to pall on them somewhat, they finally came to terms. Their table blossomed into plenty once more, and Vandenbyl smilingly took his place at it again.

At last one morning Miss Katie came running to tell them that the tender was coming, and they all crowded up to the highest point by the Light to catch sight of her. All except Chase, who went quietly down to the lighthouse boat and put off in her and lay about waiting till the little steamer rounded to with a peal of the whistle. Then he pulled straight to her and climbed on board. While the men loaded the boat with supplies he interviewed the captain. He and the captain went ashore with the first load and the rest were all standing on the rocks waiting for them.

"Start as soon as we've got all the goods ashore," said the captain, in reply to their eager inquiries. So they settled accounts with McNeill and Miss Katie, as far as that was possible till they got back to London, and bade them an affectionate adieu, and all stood waiting till the last load was landed.

Dansie sent Captain Macirone and his men off first. As the boat was plodding slowly back to the shore for the rest of the party Chase casually remarked:—

"By the way, when I was out there just now I took the opportunity of chartering all the accommodation that tender has to offer. Fares will be high. Two thousand Askandagas each person. But in certain cases there will be a discount, and in some cases" —and his eyes settled solemnly on Vandenbyl —"there won't."

"I understand," said Julius, with a smile. "Boys, I think we'll cry quits on this deal. It kept us from getting rusty, anyway."

"AN AFFECTIONATE ADIEU."

The Romance of Portraiture.

IT is much to be regretted that the useful and interesting hobby of portrait collecting, which at the latter end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries was as rampant and fashionable as stamp-collecting is now, is not more popular at the present time. In these days of cheap and rapid production, so many fine portraits are issued of our celebrated men and women, which, though of course not equal to the old ones from an artistic point of view, yet as portraits are of such excellence, and so low in price, that there is no reason why this intellectual occupation should not be indulged in by persons of the most limited means.

We, therefore, beg to submit the idea for the consideration of the readers of this Magazine, for it seems to offer not only a useful but remunerative employment, as there is little doubt that in course of time

CHARLES I., WITH THE HEAD TAKEN OUT, IN ORDER TO CONVERT HIM INTO CROMWELL.

THE SAME PLATE AS A PORTRAIT OF CROMWELL.

many of these portraits will become rare and valuable, a natural consequence of their cheapness and abundance, which prevents them from being preserved.

In the old days, when portraits were much more costly and difficult to obtain, whole fortunes were spent in accumulating this class of print, and many valuable and curious collections were the result. The majority of these have long since been dispersed, and much larger fortunes realized over the transaction than was ever dreamed of at the time of their collection. A few still remain, and it is from one of these which has come down to us in its complete state, and is noted for the number of its rare and curious specimens, that the portraits here reproduced have been selected.

The equestrian portrait of Charles I., in the states shown here, was always a *rara avis*, and much sought after on account of the peculiar circumstances attending its issue and circulation. The plate, which

CHARLES I. RESTORED.

is a large one, was engraved from a picture by Van Dyck, and was first issued during the reign of the unfortunate monarch represented. So long as the King retained his throne and popularity the sale of impressions from this plate proceeded satisfactorily enough, but after the tide turned, and the troublous times of the great rebellion, which ended in the King's death, set in, this satisfactory state of things no longer prevailed, and the engraver found himself reduced to the direst straits. He therefore set to work to remedy matters, and like another well-known personage of the same period altered his opinions, and at the same time his plate, to suit the times. This he did by taking out by means of a scraper and hammer the head of Charles and inserting in its place that of Cromwell. So ingeniously was this carried out that it is only by means of a powerful glass that the alteration can be detected. In this state many impressions were taken off, and so great was the popularity of the Protector that the ingenious engraver soon realized quite a small fortune. It is sad, however, to relate that, notwithstanding all this, such is the weakness of poor human nature, at the Restoration he again altered his plate and opinions, reinserted the head of the dead King, and the portrait was as popular as ever. Several smaller alterations were also made, which a close observer will find some amusement in detecting. Thus, the King's attendant, on becoming Cromwell's, loses the frills at his knees, but finally recovers them, or another pair at least as good. Cromwell is deprived of Charles's scarf, and the King himself, in the final impression, has to be content with a kind of brooch in place of it.

The portrait of the illustrious Dick Whittington was another which underwent alterations to suit the public taste, for when it was first issued it appeared with a skull in the place of the cat; but Dick Whittington without his favourite could not be tolerated, and

A PORTRAIT OF DICK WHITTINGTON, IN WHICH A SKULL FIRST TOOK THE PLACE OF THE CAT.

the consequence was that in order to sell his prints the engraver was compelled to erase the skull and substitute the cat. This animal, though perhaps not one of the most amiable looking, was the salvation of the engraver, as she had already been that of her master, for to one impression sold in its first state twenty sold in the second; and its value is even now very considerable, though the first state now realizes the highest price.

The romantic circumstances under which our next portrait made its appearance are of exceptional interest. It is that of Sir John Dinely-Goodere. This amorous old gentleman, whose search for a wife rendered him notorious at the end of the eighteenth century, was of ancient lineage and good family. He lived at Windsor within the Castle precincts, where he had a small pension and a house allowed him as a Poor Knight of Windsor. Although poor, he had wonderful ideas of his ancient genealogy and of alliances subsisting between himself and the first families in the land; but his one aim in life was to marry, and for this purpose he had printed a large number of handbills, with a portrait of himself in the centre, on which were set forth the conditions under which he was willing to enter the matrimonial state. These handbills he carried about with him to be used as occasion offered, and also inserted advertisements in the daily papers to the same effect. Whether the ladies considered the conditions too onerous, or the Baronet too ancient, we are unable to decide, but Sir John, though he persevered for a number of years, never succeeded in his object, and died in 1809 at the age of eighty.

SIR JOHN DINELY-GOODERE, AND HIS HANDBILL, OFFERING HIMSELF AS A HUSBAND.

Our next portrait has a still more romantic story. This handsome young lady was the daughter of the famous Count Platoff, Hetman of the Cossacks, very popular in this country in Napoleonic days, for he was one of the most implacable enemies of the French. During the disastrous retreat

MISS PLATOFF, WHOSE FATHER OFFERED HER IN MARRIAGE, TOGETHER WITH A FORTUNE, TO ANYONE WHO WOULD CAPTURE NAPOLEON.

from Moscow he did fearful execution in the ranks of the French army with his twenty regiments of Cossacks; and so great was his hatred of the Emperor that he offered to give his daughter in marriage, together with a fortune of 200,000 roubles, to whoever would capture and bring the little Corsican to him, alive or dead.

In order to encourage competition this portrait was circulated with the proclamation, and no doubt there were many competitors in the field, though none of them succeeded in winning the prize. At a public dinner in Edinburgh at the time the Lord Provost toasted this lady in the following words: "Miss Platoff, the fair Cossack, and her patriotic father. May she soon be blessed with a deserving husband, that both she and the nations of Europe may rejoice." The toast created a sensation, and was followed by a burst of applause from the assembled guests.

As a family piece the portrait group of the Remington family is certainly unique, and if pictures were painted by the yard one might be led to conclude that economy was the main consideration in this case, the most for money having certainly been secured, while composition is chiefly remarkable for its absence. Fifteen living children are here depicted—a fair quiverful of themselves. But what makes the picture unique is the treatment of the children who died in infancy, and who are littered promiscuously about the floor. Apart from these, the painting reminds one of the stockbroker who, with his baker's dozen, paid a visit to Hoppner and inquired what he would paint the lot for. The great painter replied that it would depend entirely upon the dimensions, style, and composition. "Oh!" said the broker, "that is all settled. We are all to be touched off in one piece as large as life, all seated on our lawn at Clapham, and all singing 'God save the King.'"

The rarity of the curious portrait following this, and the strange stories connected with the man himself, is sufficient to account for its presence in the collection. This is the man who robbed Lady Fairfax of her gold watch, picked Oliver Cromwell's pocket as

THE REMARKABLE PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE REMINGTON FAMILY.

THE MAN WHO PICKED OLIVER CROMWELL'S POCKET, WITH THE STRAND IN THE BACKGROUND.

he was coming out of the House of Commons, and robbed Charles II. of a collection of valuable plate while he was staying at Cologne. His real name was Cottington, but he acquired the name of "Mulled Sack," from his fondness for that liquor. He was originally a chimney-sweep, an allusion to which is no doubt suggested by the figure emerging from the chimney, but afterwards became an expert thief, and was noted for his daring exploits and gallantry with ladies, many of whom he deceived and afterwards robbed. For many years this print, which was found in an old book, was considered unique, and realized large sums of money when on sale, but two others have since been found and its renown is somewhat diminished. The scene is in the seventeenth century, and forms a striking contrast to the same place as depicted on the cover of this Magazine.

The bottom of the sea is not the most likely place to look for portraits, yet here is one which has been there and appears little the worse for its adventure. It was recovered from the wreck of the *Don Juan*, the yacht in which Shelley was drowned off the coast of Italy, July 8th, 1822, together with the original of this picture, Captain Edward Elliker Williams, his great personal friend, who accompanied him on this ill-fated voyage. The two were inseparable companions, and Williams was the "Melchior" of Shelley's "Boat on the Serchio." He assisted the poet in many of his undertakings, wrote a translation of "Spinoza" at Shelley's dictation, and copied his "Hellas" for the Press. The portrait was drawn by Williams himself, and is the only one of him, we believe, in existence.

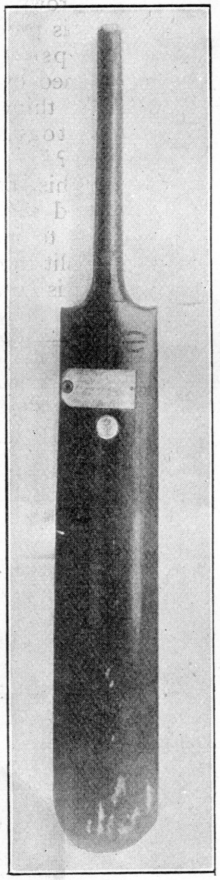
CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, WHO SANK WITH SHELLEY, AND WHOSE PORTRAIT WAS RECOVERED FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

Some Famous Bats.

By Harold Macfarlane.

UNDOUBTEDLY pride of place in our photographic collection of famous bats must be awarded to His Majesty, who has recently emphasized the great interest he has always taken in the game (an interest that must have cost him an enormous sum, seeing that Kennington Oval, which was let to the Surrey County Cricket Club for a nominal rental, would, had it been built over, have brought in a very considerable amount annually to the Duchy of Cornwall) by causing to be laid out at Sandringham, under the direction of that popular cricketer, Chatterton, of the Derbyshire team, a new cricket ground for the use of the tenants on his Norfolk estate.

Although a celebrated professional, Bell, of Cambridgeshire, who was sent up from Eton to coach the young Princes at Windsor in the sixties, remarked when he returned that he "could make nothing of 'em," it is none the less a fact that His Majesty played cricket at Oxford during his University career, though the local Press of the period did not appear to be cognizant of the fact, seeing that no details of the Royal batting feats at the University are available, whilst the inscription upon the well-worn bat reproduced herewith, which bears on the back a silver medal engraved with the Three Feathers of the Princes of Wales, surmounted by a coronet, states that "this bat was used by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales when a member of Prince's Cricket Club."



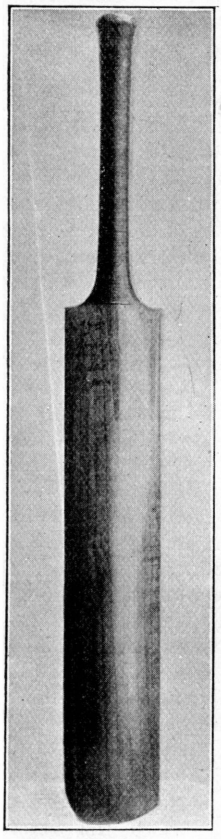
THE KING'S BAT, USED WHEN HIS MAJESTY WAS A MEMBER OF THE PRINCE'S CRICKET CLUB.
From a Photo. by Sands, Hunter, & Co.

Whether this bat was used when the King assisted the I Zingari to beat the Gentlemen of Norfolk at Sandringham on July 17th, 1866, we are unable to say, but it is interesting to note that the fact that Fortune knows no distinctions in the cricket-field was emphatically exemplified on this occasion, for a fast underhand ball seemingly of the "sneak" or "grub" persuasion, and of diabolical straightness, lowered the Royal wicket, and the score-sheet henceforward bore the entry :—

"H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, b. C. Wright, 0."

It should be mentioned, *àpropos* of this match, that the Zingari took down a very strong team, including several old Blues in the Hon. T. De Grey (Camb.), W. H. Dyke (now the Right Hon. W. Hart-Dyke), R. A. Fitzgerald (Camb.), who was at one time secretary of the Marylebone Cricket Club, and Lord Royston and a few representatives of the Gentlemen of England in C. F. Buller (a relative of the General) and Captain Arkwright, in addition to the already-mentioned "Blues." That the Zingari team, for whom the King fielded at short square leg, won by an innings and thirty-eight runs is not altogether surprising.

Although the name of Her Royal Highness Princess Louise is not included in that great work of cricketing reference, "Scores and Biographies," as having run up any notable score or performed any redoubtable bowling feat, that she takes a keen interest in the national game is evidenced by the fact that the bat shown in our second illustration was once her property. This bat, a most admirably balanced weapon for attack or defence, was purchased by Her Royal Highness in 1897 at the stall devoted to the sale of cricketing implements under the direction of Messrs. Feltham at the Imperial Fête of that year, and bears, as will be seen from the illustration showing the shoulder of the bat alone, the signatures of cricket's only "Champion," Dr. W. G. Grace;

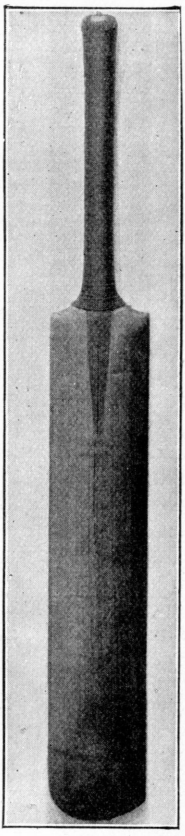


PRINCESS LOUISE'S BAT—FULL LENGTH.
From a Photo. by W. Goshawk, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

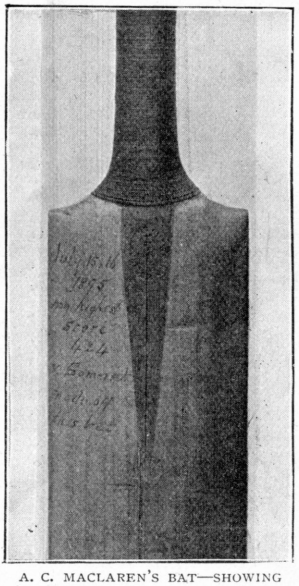
of Mr. G. L. Jessop, upon whose shoulders the mantle of that magnificent hitter, Mr. C. I. Thornton, appears to have fallen; and Brockwell, Abel, and Hayward, three representative professional cricketers of English fame. At the time the purchase was made it was a matter of conjecture as to what purpose the bat would be turned, but it eventually transpired that the Princess had given it to a young friend, Lord Stavordale, who when at Eton was regarded as a promising bat, and to whom we are indebted for permission to present the two photographs herewith published for the first time.

Some few years ago a red willow tree planted in 1835 beside the River Chelmar, at Boreham, was found when felled to be 101ft. long and 5¾ft. in diameter. From this giant of the species *salix* a firm of bat manufacturers in St. John's Wood made 1,179 cricket bats out of the prime cuts alone. With this data to assist him perhaps some energetic purveyor of popular statistics will kindly supply the answer to the query: "How many willow forests will have to be planted before the wood is grown from which a bat is produced that will eclipse the feat performed by the wielder of the third bat in our photographic collection?"

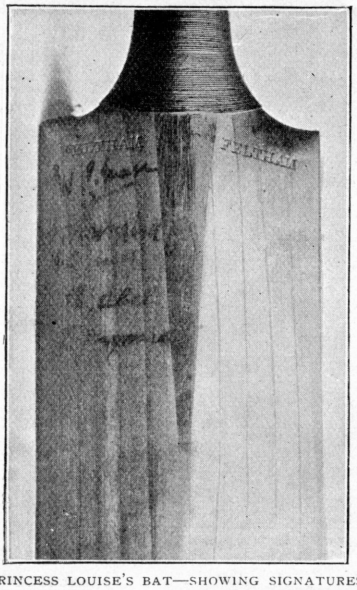
This bat which rendered such doughty service to its wielder until it split from shoulder to foot is now the treasured possession of the Old Harrovian Club, the windows of which look out upon the Harrow School playing-field, where from 1887, the year in which he received the Harrovian equivalent for his colours in his school team—namely, the black and white speckled straw hat and white flannel trousers—until 1890, Mr. MacLaren, its original owner, by many remarkable innings foreshadowed his great career in the cricket-field.



A. C. MACLAREN'S BAT, WITH WHICH HE MADE THE RECORD SCORE OF 424 NOT OUT.
From a Photo. by W. Goshawk, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

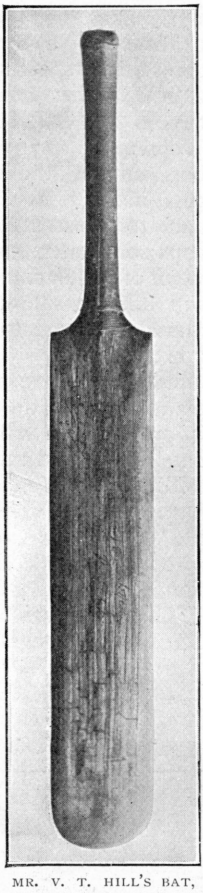


A. C. MACLAREN'S BAT—SHOWING INSCRIPTION.
From a Photo. by W. Goshawk, Harrow-on-the-Hill.



PRINCESS LOUISE'S BAT—SHOWING SIGNATURES.
From a Photo. by W. Goshawk, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

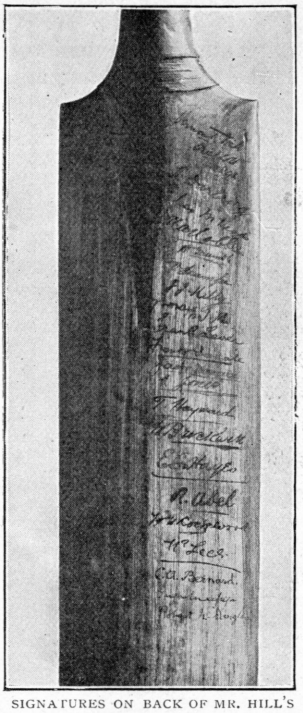
As the statement on the bat itself, written and signed by the Lancashire captain, declares, it was with this bat, on July 15th and 16th, 1895, that Mr. MacLaren surpassed all previous individual scores in first-class cricket, including, of course, Dr. Grace's mammoth compilation of 334 against Kent in 1876, which remained a record for nineteen years. Mr. MacLaren had not attained his fifth birthday on the day Dr. Grace ran up his record score in first-class cricket; when he beat the said record in 1895 he had not quite attained the age of twenty-four.



MR. V. T. HILL'S BAT, USED AS AN AUTOGRAPH "ALBUM."
From a Photo. by W. Goshawk, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Prior to the match with Lancashire in which Mr. MacLaren broke the record Somerset had had a very unpleasant experience at the bats of Essex, who in seven hours ran up the exceptional total of 692 runs, Carpenter scoring 153, Mr. C. McGahey 147, Mr. A. P. Lucas 135, and T. M. Russell 99. Tyler, it may be mentioned, took five wickets for 215 runs and Mr. S. M. J. Woods two for 171 in this match. After they had passed through such an experience it was a little unkind of fate to permit Mr. MacLaren to win the toss and go in on another perfect wicket, and even more unkind that the great batsman should elect to remain undisturbed at the stumps for seven hours and fifty minutes, during which time he can scarcely be said to have been idle, seeing that he hit one 6, sixty-two 4's, eleven 3's, thirty-seven 2's, and sixty-three singles. It should be mentioned that the Lancashire captain went in first, added 363 runs with Paul (171) for the second wicket in three hours and ten minutes, and was out seventh when 792 runs had been scored. When Lancashire were out for 801 runs, and the bowling analysis was made public, it was found that Tyler had taken one wicket for 212 runs and Mr. Woods two for 163. A few weeks later, playing against Surrey, Tyler captured all ten Surrey wickets in the first innings for 49 runs; it would be difficult to cite a more extraordinary contrast in any cricket season in the case of any first-class bowler. As a memento of his wonderful feat the Lancashire County Cricket Club presented Mr. MacLaren with a gold chronometer; had they given him the contents of a watchmaker's shop it would not have been more than his deserts.

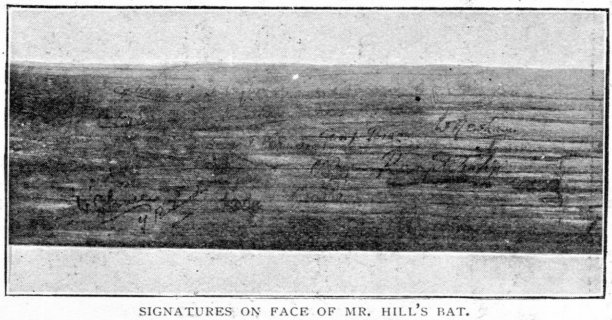
When a year last July Mr. H. Martyn, of Oxford, was scoring off the Cambridge bowling at the rate of two runs a minute many of the spectators who applauded his Jessopian feat recalled a similar display, dating back eight years, of which Mr. V. T. Hill (Winchester, Oxford, and Somerset) was the hero. When Mr. Hill's great innings in the University match of 1892 began the Oxford total was but 157 for five wickets—as things go a very moderate score; when he left the wickets after a most exhilarating innings, lasting just a hundred minutes, the Dark Blue's total, thanks to his and Mr. Jardine's fine display of batting, had been augmented by 178 runs, of which Mr. Hill's share was 114, a score that contained more 4's than singles, the proportion being eighteen to thirteen.



SIGNATURES ON BACK OF MR. HILL'S BAT.
From a Photo. by W. Goshawk, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

A bat that had served its wielder so well obviously deserved a fate better than that which is usually accorded to a discarded implement, and Mr. Hill in having it planed and cleaned and using it as a novel sort of autograph "album" hit upon a very happy method of preserving it and adding to the undoubted interest it already possessed.

If the reader directs his attention to that photograph of the bat that shows a portion of the leather handle and back he will observe that the same is headed, in proximity to the shoulder, by the signature of Mr. Hill himself, who wrote under his signature, Vernon T. Hill, "Oriel College, 1892." Following the signature of the old Wykehamist come those of several members of the last Australian team, including J. Darling (the captain), Charles McLeod, M. A. Noble, H. Trumble, V. Trumper, J. J. Kelly, W. P. Howell (written upside down), Frank Laver, Frank Iredale, Jack Worrall, and E. Jones. Following these famous autographs can be discerned the calligraphy of T. Hayward, W. Brockwell, E. G. Hayes, R. Abel (who is apparently always ready and willing to add his signature to autograph bats), W. H. Lockwood, and W. Lees, of the Surrey team; C. A. Bernard, of Somerset; and Messrs. Gregor McGregor and Robert N. Douglas, of Middlesex. On that portion of the face of the bat shown in our second photograph the signatures of W. G. Grace, T. Richardson, W. N. Roe, K. S. Ranjit Sinhji, W. Newham, and George Brann stand out with great distinctness, whilst those of Messrs. Cyril O. H. Sewell, F. Stanley Jackson, George F. Vernon, S. M. J. Woods, A. O. Jones, J. A. Dixon, Lord Hawke, C. B. Fry, C. M. Wells, Francis G. Ford, and C. L. Townsend, in addition to others, are only just visible, these latter gentlemen being too economical in respect to the amount of ink they use for their signatures to permit the same to be quite so effective from a photographic point of view.

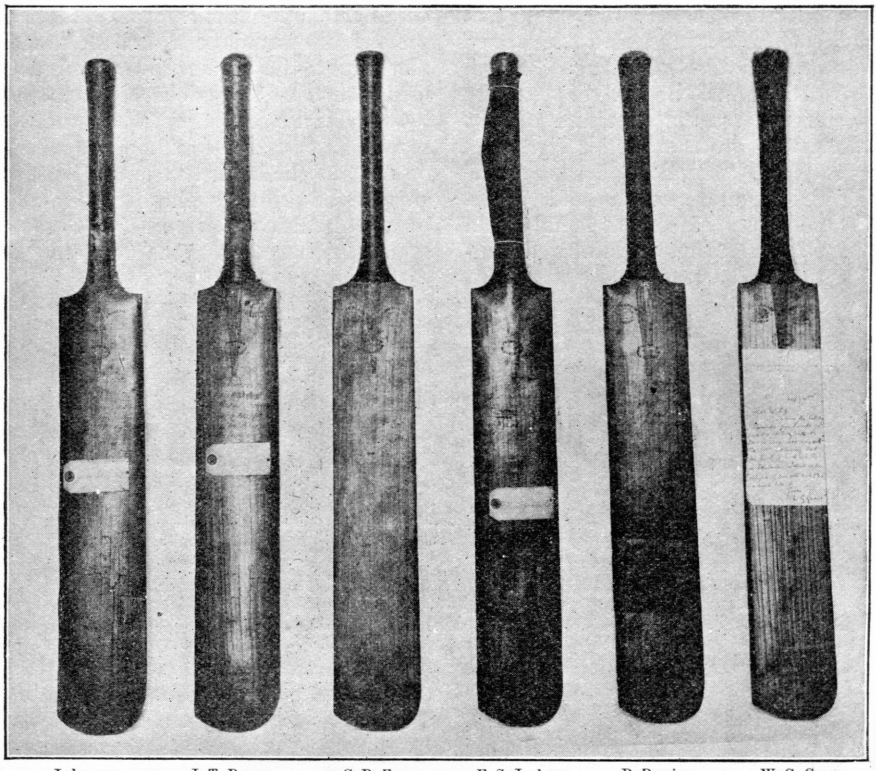


SIGNATURES ON FACE OF MR. HILL'S BAT.
From a Photo. by W. Goshawk, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Of the many collectors of cricket bats two in particular are peculiarly rich in rare specimens, namely, Lord Sheffield, who has done so much for Sussex cricket, and the firm of John Wisden, so well known to wielders of bat and ball; to have to adjudicate upon their respective claims for premiership would be a difficult task, seeing that whilst the former owns unique specimens, such as the cricket implements used by the Arctic explorers who went out to search for Sir John Franklin and who played on the ice, the latter has in the King's bat—already shown in our photographic collection by the kind permission of the owners—a specimen that they probably would not exchange for any bat in existence, including that presented by the native sporting community of Calcutta on New Year's Eve, December 31st, 1898, to Prince Ranjit Sinhji, which bat took the shape of a small gold scarf-pin set in sapphires.

In addition to the King's bat Messrs. Wisden permitted us to add to our photographic collection the six bats shown herewith in the last of our photographs, that on the right belonging to Dr. W. G. Grace, and the other five from right to left being at one time in the possession of Messrs. Percy Perrin (of Essex), F. Stanley Jackson (Harrow, Cambridge, and Yorkshire), C. B. Fry (Oxford and Sussex), J. T. Brown (Yorkshire), and George Lohmann—all, with the exception, at the moment of writing, of Mr. Perrin, Internationals.

Undoubtedly the bat in the best state of repair is that of Dr. Grace, who states in the letter dated from the London County Cricket Club, pasted on its face, that he scored over a thousand runs with it, including the 126 he compiled for the South *v.* the North, at Lord's, in September, 1900, his highest score of the year. Mr. Perrin's bat, bound, it will be observed, in three places, bears an inscription to the effect that the popular Essex amateur scored a couple of thousand runs with it in 1898. The bat labelled "F. Stanley Jackson's bat" is not only thrice bound, but has a large piece of wood let into it, striking testimony of the fact that



Lohmann. J. T. Brown. C. B. Fry. F. S. Jackson. P. Perrin. W. G. Grace.

From a Photo. by] SIX FAMOUS BATS. *[Sands, Hunter, & Co.*

Mr. Jackson, who scored a couple of thousand runs with it, was in excellent form in 1893.

Upon the fourth bat from the right appears, in the handwriting of the celebrated Sussex cricketer, the inscription: "The blade to which this handle originally belonged was the best I have ever used.—C. B. FRY."

The fifth bat, that of J. T. Brown, is reminiscent of a great cricketing occasion, namely, the England *v.* Australia match played at Melbourne in March, 1895, and won by the former by five wickets. It was in this match that, England being set 297 to win and having lost two wickets (Mr. Stoddart's and Brockwell's) with but 28 runs on the board, J. T. Brown joined Albert Ward and, the former batting brilliantly for 140 and the latter playing a grand defensive innings of 93, no fewer than 210 runs were put on for their partnership, which practically won the match for the home country.

The sixth bat shown was once the possession of that popular Surrey cricketer, George Lohmann, who not only used it himself but apparently permitted all the other members of the Surrey eleven to do so also, with the result than in 1890-91-92 some 5,000 or 6,000 runs were scored with it. That it was a well-tried friend is proved by the wood that has been inlet, whilst other evidence is forthcoming in the shape of the numerous pegs introduced for the purpose of extending its career of usefulness.

In bringing this brief commentary on the bats portrayed to a close the writer takes the present opportunity of thanking Lord Stavordale, Messrs. A. C. McLaren, V. T. Hill, the officials of the old Harrovian Club, Messrs. Wisden's representative, and the other gentlemen who rendered him great assistance in preparing the accompanying photographic collection of famous bats, for their kindness in lending him the bats and giving him information concerning them.

THE MAGIC FLUTE.

A Story for Children.

By Amy F. Cackett.

ONCE upon a time (that always means a very long time ago) there lived some people who ought to have been very, very happy. They had everything to make them glad and joyful—a lovely, smiling country with an abundance of fruit and flowers, rich houses and raiment, and beautiful children. Yet they were always mourning and always sad, for there was an awful curse over their land.

In the very midst of the country was a huge, black forest, in the middle of the forest was a great castle, and inside the castle dwelt an ogre who had a dreadful power over them. Whenever he came amongst them he played some wonderful music on a flute, and as soon as he piped all the people of the country became as stone, unable to move hand or foot.

But if the ogre beckoned to any of them they had to follow him. They could not help doing so; as soon as his finger pointed the way they moved towards him as if drawn by cords. Whoever followed him went into his castle and was never heard of any more.

And so these people who ought to have been so happy were always sad, for the ogre had lured away many of their most beautiful maidens.

As soon as the music passed out of their hearing anyone was free to follow; but nobody had ever been brave enough to do so, for at the entrance to the forest which surrounded the castle an awful monster with many heads and eyes of fire was stationed.

Tradition said that if you succeeded in passing it you only lost your life in the forest, which was pitch dark, for the trees closed up and crushed you as you tried to pass. And, even if you did get past the dragon and through the forest, the castle was guarded by bad spirits who would not let you enter. These dangers took away all the courage of the people, and they did nothing but weep for those taken from them.

Ruling over this land was a lovely Princess called Villette, whose father and mother had died when she was quite young. And as the years went by she grew more and more beautiful, and the people loved her very much, but were always afraid that she might be taken from them by the dreadful ogre.

Villette had recently been betrothed to a Prince named Boldheart, who lived in another country a long way off. The people loved him, too, and when he married Villette they were to be crowned King and Queen.

Boldheart left his country so as to stay near Villette and watch over her. He would never let her go outside the palace grounds, for he feared that the ogre might see her, and he had sworn that if ever she was lured away to the castle he would brave all the dangers and attempt to rescue her. But the people only smiled and prayed that he might not be put to the test, for many of them had sworn

the same vow, but no one had ever passed the terrible dragon at the entrance to the forest.

One day, after he had been out hunting, as Boldheart was getting near the palace he heard the dreaded music and at once became as if chained to the earth. His heart sank within him, for the music came from the palace, and a moment afterwards he saw his lovely Princess being led away to her awful doom. For everyone was quite sure that the fate of those who went within the castle must be awful. His rage and horror were useless, as he could neither move nor speak.

"HE SAW HIS LOVELY PRINCESS BEING LED AWAY TO HER AWFUL DOOM."

As soon as the music had passed away and he was free he rushed to the palace to prepare to keep his vow and endeavour to rescue his beloved Princess. The people all flocked around him to try to dissuade him by telling him that they would not only lose their Princess, but him also. They begged him to listen to them and to stay and rule over them. But he would not listen; he could not live without his beautiful Princess, he said.

So he entered the palace to prepare himself. He buckled on his sword and armour; but his great dread was of the mystic music. Of what use was his good sword and all his courage if he should hear that and be rendered powerless and unable to move? He rushed out of the palace so that his misgivings should not make a coward of him.

Outside the people stopped him and brought to him a strange old man who had asked to see the Prince. The old man was all red—long red beard and hair, rich ruddy skin, and long flowing red robes. He made everything look quite bright and cheerful. He said his name was Encourage, and that he had come from afar to try to help these people. He told Boldheart that he would give him a phial which contained a liquid, and if he was a really brave man it would make him impervious to the influence of the music. But if he was a coward at heart it would be of no use to him whatever.

Boldheart asked him why he had not given this liquid to others, and the old man replied sadly that he had given it to many, but that they must have been weak-hearted, because it had never done any of them any good. Boldheart took the phial gladly. Then the people sorrowfully wished him good-bye, but none dared to follow him.

When he reached the place where the dragon stood his heart sank, for the monster was truly terrible to look at with its many heads and flaming eyes. He stepped back afraid, and as he did so the monster became bigger and fiercer than ever.

Poor Boldheart felt that he could never kill that awful thing, so he sat down and looked at it and wept. The more he looked and wept the bigger and bigger grew the monster. It made no attempt to touch him, it only grew, and grew, and grew, becoming more dreadful every moment, glowing with angry fire from every point, so

that Boldheart could feel the heat even from afar off, and snorting so loudly that it shook the earth on which the Prince stood.

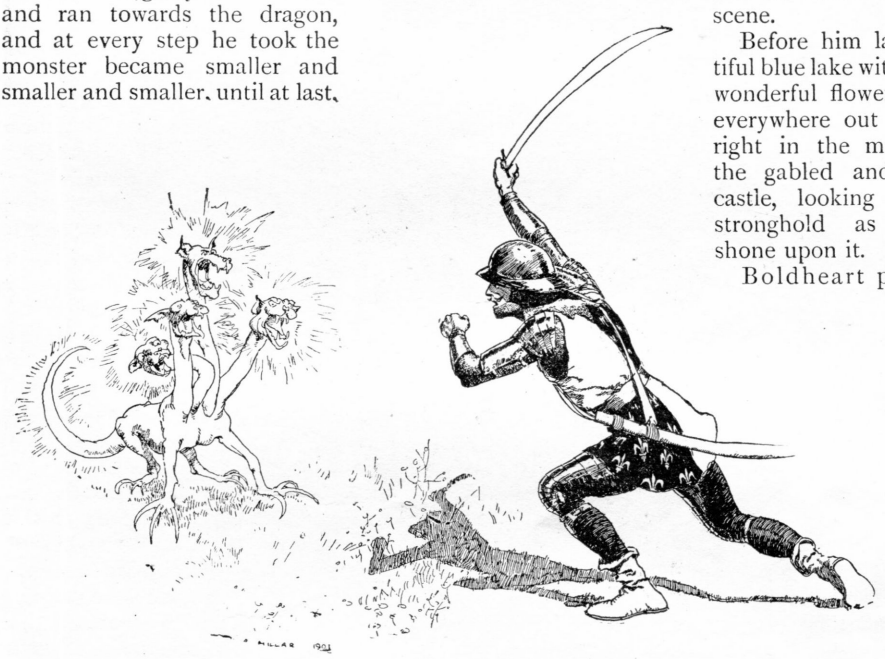
At last Boldheart remembered his vow. He sprang up and cried, "Is this how you love your Princess? Coward! you can but die, as she will surely do if you do not rescue her."

His eyes flashed and he looked brave once more as he turned to the monster with defiance. And then he fancied it did not look quite so big.

"Either I get past you, or you shall kill me," he shouted.

As he said that the monster certainly became smaller.

Boldheart grasped his sword and ran towards the dragon, and at every step he took the monster became smaller and smaller and smaller, until at last,



"BOLDHEART GRASPED HIS SWORD AND RAN TOWARDS THE DRAGON."

when Boldheart was quite near it and struck at it with his sword, the beast had become so tiny that he had not the heart to kill it. So he walked by it and entered the great dark forest.

After he had gone a few yards everything became black, blacker even than the darkest night or a blackbird's wing. The Prince could find no path, and at every step he stumbled and bruised himself against the trees and tore himself amongst the thickly-tangled brambles. The more he tried to pass, the closer the brambles twined round his feet. He struggled and struggled, but could not move.

Boldheart felt that he would never reach the castle and his Princess at this pace. He must think of a better way. As soon as he thought a thought the whole wood became quite light and the brambles cleared before him. You see, it was one of those bright, luminous thoughts, and they do light up tangled ways. Boldheart rejoiced and thought and thought, until a clear, straight path was before him, which he hoped would lead to the castle. He went quickly along it, sword in hand, so as to be strong against sudden danger.

As he strode along a sweet fragrance filled the air. The path led on and on; and the farther he went the more scent-laden became the atmosphere, until at last he reached a lovely scene.

Before him lay a beautiful blue lake with the most wonderful flowers growing everywhere out of it, and right in the middle rose the gabled and turreted castle, looking a mighty stronghold as the sun shone upon it.

Boldheart paused to admire the scene and to inhale the languorous perfume in the air. He had never seen flowers growing out of the water like that before, and they were such wonderful flowers too, all of them being nearly as tall as he was. They all had their heads bent one way, as if asleep or listening to something.

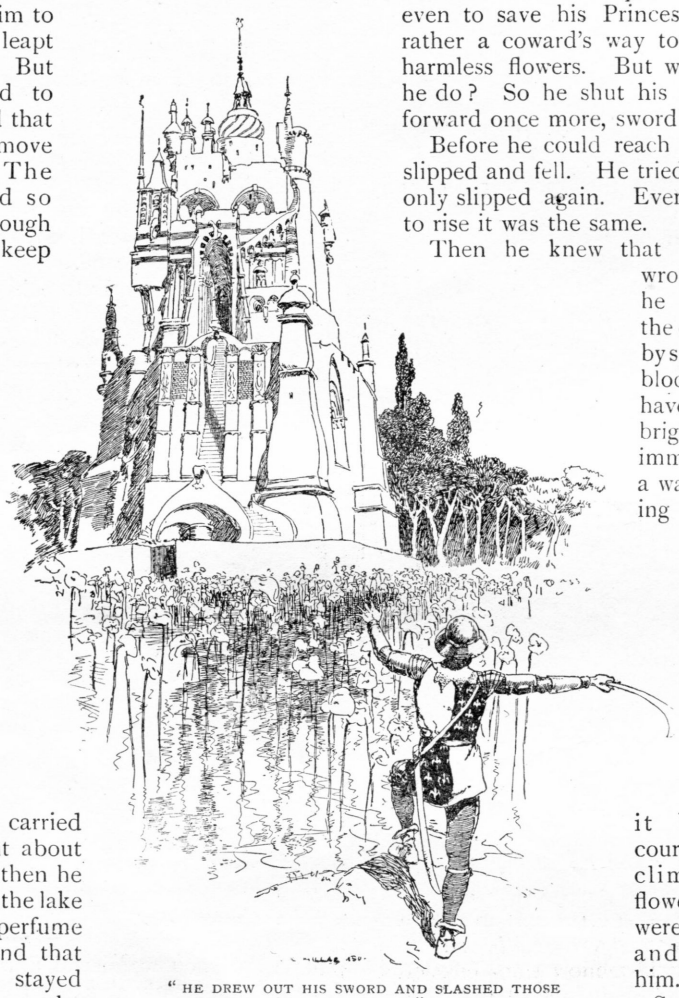
He put out his hand to bend one towards him, so as to find out if the fragrance came from them. To his astonishment, instead of meeting the soft, yielding stem of a flower, his fingers felt a hard substance like wood, which resisted all his efforts to try and bend it.

Then Boldheart knew that the gentle flowers heard the cruel music, and he pitied them, and was glad to think that he was strong against it. The thought of the music

reminded him of his Princess, whom he had forgotten for a moment. He told himself that he must not tarry, but he felt strangely tired and sleepy.

He walked round and round the lake, trying to find a way across, but no way could he find. Then he prepared to swim to the castle and leapt into the water. But when he tried to swim he found that he could not move his limbs. The water seemed so heavy, and although he tried hard to keep above it he was sinking fast and the heavy fragrance was taking away his senses.

He roused himself to another effort, and with much difficulty he struggled back to the bank. When he recovered his strength and his senses somewhat he found that he carried the heavy scent about with him, and then he discovered that the lake threw off the perfume into the air, and that the longer he stayed under its influence the weaker he became.



"HE DREW OUT HIS SWORD AND SLASHED THOSE NEAREST HIM."

Boldheart tried to think how he could cross the lake, but his senses were so dulled that the thought was not a bright, path-clearing one. It only told him to cut down some of the flowers and bind them together, so that he could float on them to the other side.

He drew out his sword and slashed those nearest him. Then he dropped it quickly, for as he cut the stems of the flowers they quivered and bled rich, warm blood. A shudder that shook the air ran through all the other flowers, as those he had cut down lay writhing on the bank.

The poor Prince's spirits sank with horror. He looked at the flowers, and as he looked they seemed almost to take human shape. He would have to cut down many to make his raft. Could he spill blood like that, even to save his Princess? It seemed rather a coward's way to cut down the harmless flowers. But what else could he do? So he shut his eyes and went forward once more, sword in hand.

Before he could reach the flowers he slipped and fell. He tried to get up, but only slipped again. Every time he tried to rise it was the same.

Then he knew that he had acted wrongly, and that he could not win the crown of victory by spilling innocent blood. That must have been another bright thought, for immediately he saw a way of overcoming his difficulty, and then he found that he had left the slippery place and was able to get to his feet.

Why had he not thought of it before? Of course he could climb over the flowers. The stems were stiff like trees and would bear him.

So he removed his slippery boots and climbed on to the nearest flower. Then he sprang lightly from flower to flower, going as gently as possible, so as not to hurt them. Sometimes he forgot and tried to hurry. When he did that he was sure to slip and be in danger of falling into the drugged lake.

The Prince was becoming very weary when he reached the last flower, and he sat down upon it, for his feet were very sore, and the jump down into the courtyard of the castle looked very deep. As soon as he sat down and thought about the depth it began to get

deeper and deeper, and the more he thought about his sore feet the more painful they became.

Boldheart remembered the dragon.

"This will never do," he exclaimed, and he did not look any more, but flung himself down from the top of the flower.

When his feet touched the ground there was a great shock like an earthquake, and for a moment he lay stunned. Then he rose and turned to look at the mighty castle. To his wonder and amazement he saw that it was rocking from side to side.

Boldheart rushed to the massive doors and beat at them with his sword. As he did so they fell in, and Boldheart ran back as the whole castle tottered and then fell with a mighty crash. It was only a cowards' castle made strong by cowards' imaginations, and it could not stand before the attack of a brave man.

When Boldheart recovered from the shock he went wildly among the ruins in search of his Princess. But nowhere could he see her. Crushed in the ruin of his castle, with the magic flute at his feet, the Prince discovered the evil ogre. He picked up the flute and went on vainly searching for his Princess, but at last, when he was sure that she was not there, he turned sadly away.

He was so sorrowful that he hung his head so as not to see the bright sun and the lovely flowers; but he had scarcely left the ruins when he felt soft arms around him and a warm kiss on his brow. He looked up quickly and found that he was in the midst of a number of beautiful maidens, and beside him was his own Princess.

He gazed around in wonderment, and then he noticed that all the flowers had gone. Boldheart then looked at the maidens again, and he saw many faces that he knew, for they were the long-mourned daughters and sweethearts whom the ogre had enticed away by his music.

There was great rejoicing when they all returned to the town. But the men also felt great shame, for they knew now that all their troubles had been of their own making because they had been too cowardly to fight against them.

"HE SAW MANY FACES THAT HE KNEW."

The next day Prince Boldheart was married to Princess Villette. And then they took the magic flute and burnt it on the ruins of the castle. As it burnt a huge stone statue arose out of the ruins, and there it stands to this day.

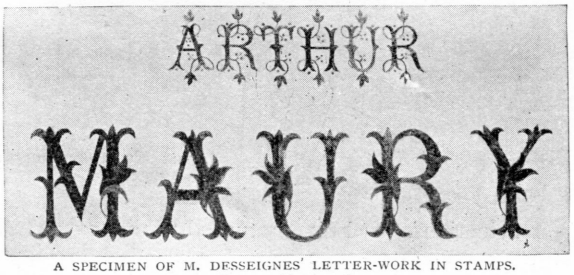
The dragon (whose name, by the way, was Trouble-and-Care) they never quite got rid of. But when he appeared and they went to fight him he always ran away, so that they could not kill him.

He did not trouble them much, however, and at any rate he did not keep them from being very happy in their lovely land, now that the ogre and his magic flute had gone.

Postage-Stamp Pictures.

LET me hasten to assure readers at the outset that the subject of this article is not such that will interest philatelists only, but also those who have never taken more than a "licking interest" in stamps in their lives, and regard with contempt what they term the collecting craze. The uses for old stamps of no value in bulk beyond £3 or £4 a million are numerous, but the most popular use to which they have hitherto been put is the decoration of such articles as ash-trays and cigarette-cases, plaques for the wall, drinking-glasses, and the like; and there is in existence more than one suite of furniture thus elaborated, and more than one room in the world plastered over and hung about with festoons and ropes of used and valueless postage-stamps.

Plates and other articles thus adorned make by no means disfiguring ornaments for wall and shelf, but there is a higher art in the manipulation of these multi-coloured scraps of paper than consists in merely pasting them down with studied negligence over a plate or glass. Up to the present, however, it is but little known, for it has not been noised abroad to the millions who might be inclined to attempt to make a hobby for pleasure or profit or both; indeed, until recently it was quite a one-man art, no one than its initiator understanding it. This was undoubtedly because M. Desseignes, the gentleman in question, an ardent collector of postage-stamps, had not disclosed in their entirety the facts as to how it was done. He took old stamps of no value, cut them into various shapes of different sizes, and with these composed floral designs and coats-of-arms on porcelain plaques. These he showed to M. Maury, the well-known Marchand des Timbres-postes, of the Boulevard Montmartre, Paris, and M. Maury, introducing them to his philatelic customers, found for these unique, artistic, and beautiful creations a ready sale.



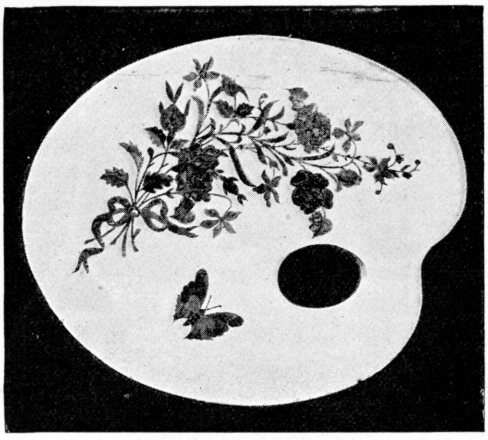
A SPECIMEN OF M. DESSEIGNES' LETTER-WORK IN STAMPS.
From a Photograph.

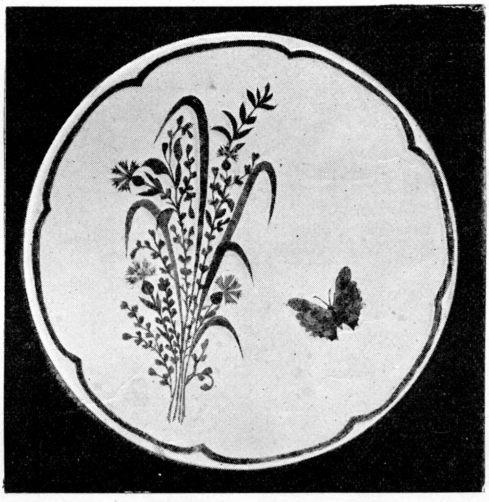
Parquetry work with stamps is nothing new, but never until M. Desseignes took a hand in it had there been produced anything so delicate and well executed; while the idea of turning stamps into flowers and the like was quite new and novel. M. Maury, who is, of course, an authority on everything in which postage-stamps play a part, explained that the success of M. Desseignes was due to the fact that he possessed a true artist's instinct of colours and knew how to handle them to get the very best effects. Indeed, in the production of first-class work of this description everything depends upon the possession of this instinct, which, according to M. Maury, so few, unfortunately, can claim. As it is necessary to the painter in oil and water-colours so it is necessary to the artist in postage-stamps, which are to the latter what the paint-box is to the former.

The nature of the work produced by M. Desseignes can be readily seen from the photographs illustrating this article, though, no doubt, many will find it hard to believe that the beautiful floral sprays, the marvellous life-like butterflies, and the wonderful lattice design shown on one of the plaques have been obtained with nothing else than postage-stamps. Such, however, is the truth, but to appreciate the designs as they should be appreciated one must see the plaques themselves, for our photographic reproductions do not convey the beautiful colours in the originals, the blending of which is more than half their charm. They look like nothing so much as plates hand-painted in oils, and it is only when one examines the work closely that the real character of it becomes apparent and increases one's admiration.

There are many stamp collectors who in the pursuit of their hobby have no doubt accumulated a lot of stamps of little value with which they are at a loss to know what to

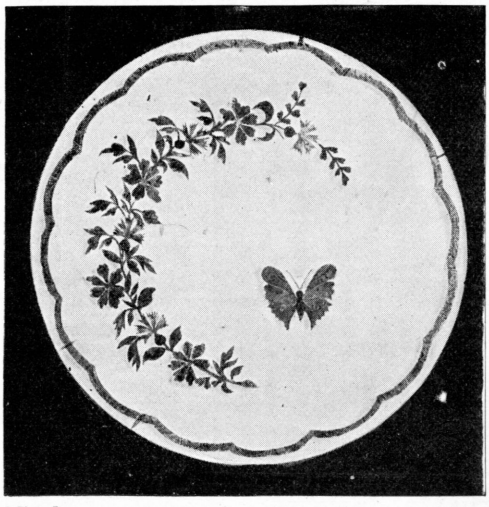
do. To give them away to others or to burn them has been the only means of getting rid of them, taking it for granted that the philatelists have a sufficiency of articles decorated with them; now they have open a new course, if they care to follow it—as may anyone who cares to purchase for next to nothing a quantity of variously coloured stamps which have done their duty so far as the postal authorities are concerned. No artistic temperament is required to make the designs to be placed on plaque or palette, for these can be copied, and though it cannot be promised that beginners will immediately achieve great things, patient practice cannot fail to end in success more or less pronounced, though those who possess the colour instinct will always produce the best results.

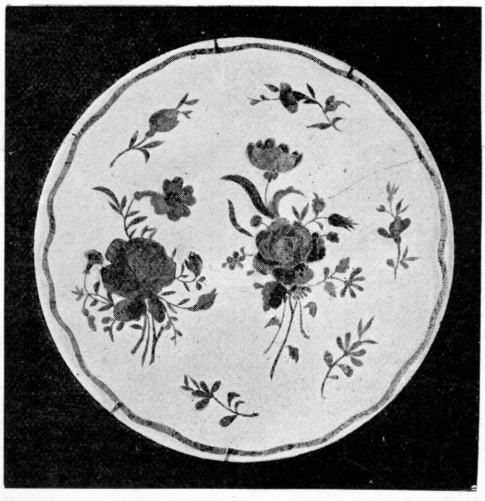




Stamps and plaques in hand, the necessary tools must be obtained. First and foremost are required several small cardboard boxes, into which the stamps must be sorted according to their colours. A small pair of scissors with long fine blades and a double-edged blade or lancet will be wanted for cutting the stamps into pieces; while the object of a good sticking-gum and varnish is too obvious to need explaining. In addition, tracing and carbon papers are essential, for, of course, beginners will find it easier to trace existing designs from other pieces of china and the like than to commence with originals.

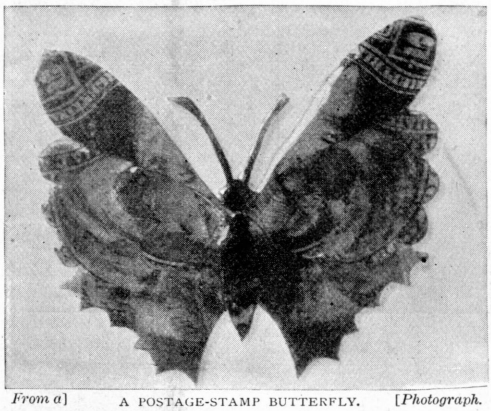
M. Desseignes advises the copying of the simplest design to begin with, and recommends flowers, because one can get from the natural blossoms an idea of the





From] FLORAL DESIGNS IN POSTAGE-STAMP WORK, BY M. DESSEIGNES. [*Photographs.*

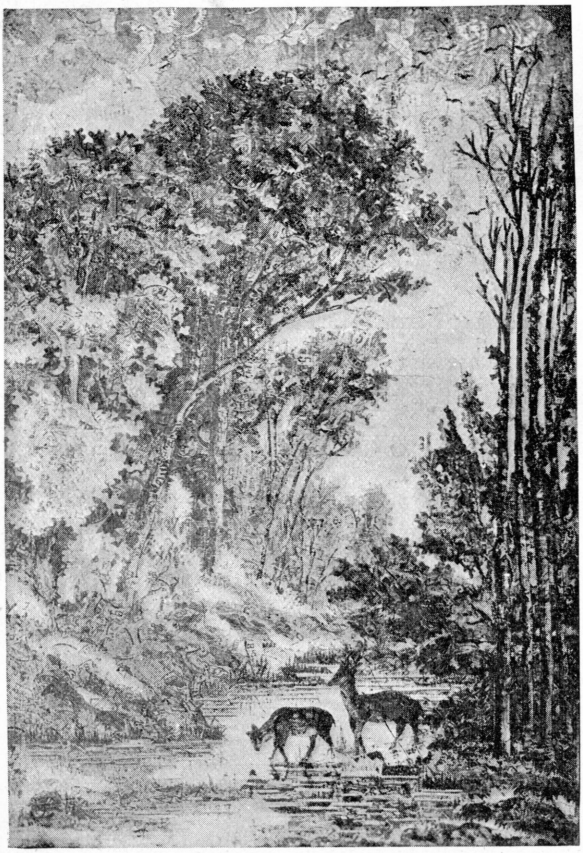
required colours. It is not necessary to choose large designs, small ones give better results; and the decorations on Strassbourg, Rouen, and Mousten china-ware are admirably adapted to copying, as the numbers of colours are comparatively few.



From a] A POSTAGE-STAMP BUTTERFLY. [*Photograph.*

The stamps to be used must first be cleaned of any paper adhering to them. This is easily done by soaking them in water. Afterwards, they are dried between clean cloth and sheets of blotting paper, and then left in a press or beneath some heavy weight, so that they become perfectly flat whilst getting quite dry at the same time. It is a simple matter to take a tracing of the flower to be reproduced, and its outline and other guiding lines are transferred from one tracing paper through one carbon paper on to the plate to be worked on.

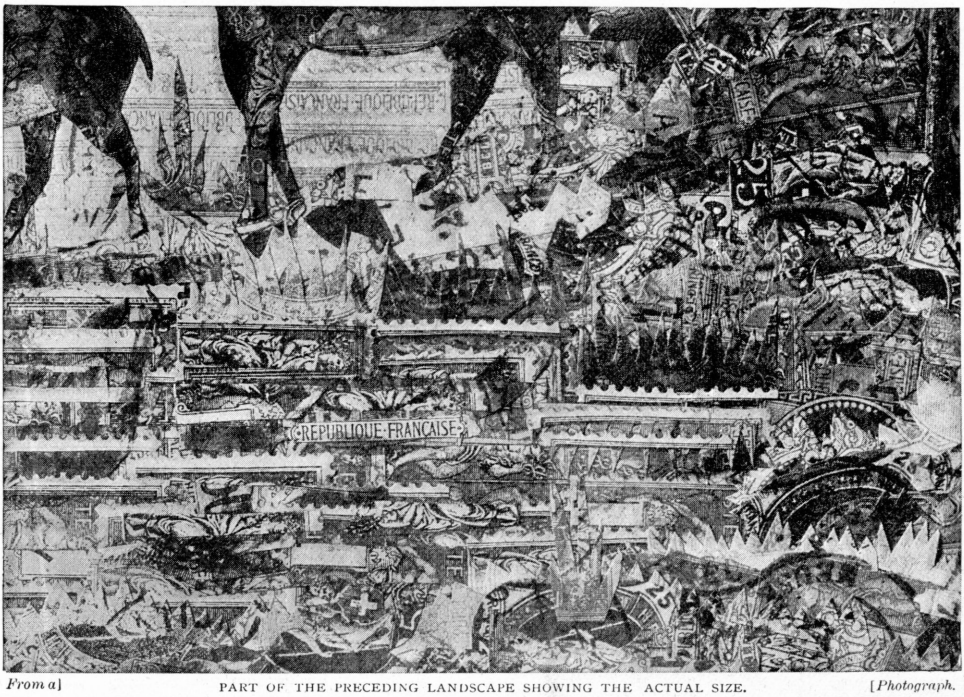
To cut the stamps into shapes to fit the design and build up the flower becomes a simple matter with practice. Imagining that the bloom in question is a red rose, a stamp of suitable tint is taken and placed beneath the tracing paper, and the desired shape is traced on to it, but it is better to make the impression on the back of the stamp rather than on its face. Thus, bit by bit, the flower is traced in stamps of different shades and tints, the stamps are cut as traced, and then carefully the pieces are pasted down on the plate. Although these instructions sound so extremely simple that a child could not fail to follow them, to carry them out correctly is no easy matter, and a steady hand and a sure eye are necessary to excellent execution of the work. Many of the pieces will be found to be so small that the artist will do well to supply himself with a tiny pair of pincers; indeed, unless his fingers are naturally small and delicate a pair of these will be absolutely indispensable.



A LANDSCAPE MADE ENTIRELY FROM POSTAGE-STAMPS—THE MOST WONDERFUL PIECE OF WORK OF ITS KIND EVER EXECUTED.
From a Photograph.

Before again touching the plate the gum must be allowed to dry. Then any raggedness in the design can be cut away with a lancet, and the undesirable morsels will disappear with a little gentle persuasion, when the next operation of washing the plaque with tepid water and a sponge will clean off any superfluous gum on the face and round the edges of the postage-stamp flower.

The sponge must be slightly damped and drawn lightly over the design in one direction only; a too liberal use of water and a heavy hand



From a] PART OF THE PRECEDING LANDSCAPE SHOWING THE ACTUAL SIZE. [*Photograph.*

travelling about in all directions tend to wrinkle up the edges and make a lot of extra work, if it does not entirely ruin what has been done. With a soft, clean piece of linen the plate must be dried; gentle dabbing will have the desired result.

Now the artist will, for the first time, be able to gather some idea of the result of his labours. It may not be so satisfactory as he had hoped, but patience and practice will secure better things. It will probably happen that the design has the appearance of discontinuity—that is, being made up of separate pieces—but this is only to be expected. In a perfect design this would not be the case, the aim of the maker being to give the idea that the flower is all in one piece. Gaps can, however, be filled up with the tiniest morsels of stamps.

It only remains now to varnish the design, but before this can be done the plate must be put away out of the dust for a day, to ensure that it shall be perfectly dry. The varnish is not smothered all over the surface of the plate, only the design itself is glazed with it, and this naturally is an operation requiring a very steady hand. The application of this liquid gives the work the appearance of a painting on porcelain, and at even a short distance one would need to have a sharp eye to tell the difference. The drying of the varnish is an important matter, and while this is in progress the plaque must again be placed out of the reach of dust and dirt. It may be that this decoration of plaques, as described, sounds too trivial for some persons to undertake, while the nature of the work does not appeal to others; but there is still hope for them if they would become artists in postage-stamps—using the word artist in the full sense of the word, *i.e.*, a painter of pictures and not merely of floral design. Set them at the photograph reproduced on the preceding page. They will see at once that it is, indeed, a perfect picture of a pool, wherein a couple of deer are assuaging their thirst beneath the shade of tall trees. It is to be regretted that it is not possible to present this picture in all its beautiful colours, for at first glance it looks as though they had been transferred by an artist's brush. It is a large picture—some 2½ft. in depth by 1½ft. in width, and every scrap of it is postage-stamp.

If a reader feels inclined to doubt it he will gather conviction from the last photograph, which shows just a small portion of the bottom of the same picture. In this the stamps show up plainly.

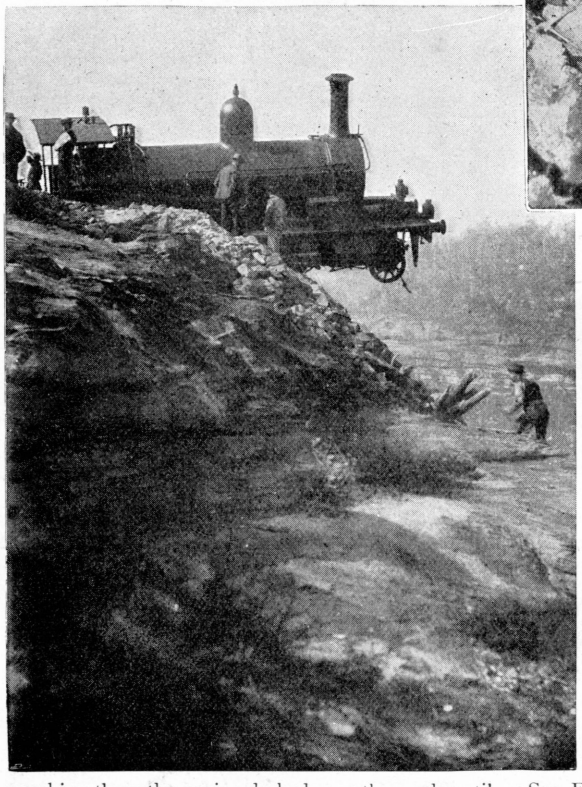
How many hundreds of stamps, cut into how many shapes, how many colours are here represented, it is quite impossible to say.

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A CURIOUS RAILWAY SMASH.

Messrs. Alfred Field and Henry Sharp, both newspaper correspondents, of New South Wales, send the accompanying picture of a remarkable railway accident. They also send the following description: "This peculiar accident occurred on the Western line of railway from Sydney to Bourke, in New South Wales. A train of forty empty coal-waggons was going down the first grade or road on its journey to Lithgo, but on reaching the point where it stops to back down the middle road the brakes got out of order, causing the train to keep up its speed and dashing the engine against the stop-blocks, which, by the way, were powerfully built. Not content with



wrecking these the engine dashed over the roads until it stopped, as seen in the photo., with a bogie and leading wheels hanging in mid-air, 3,000ft. above the gulley below."—Photo. by Austin Cockerton.

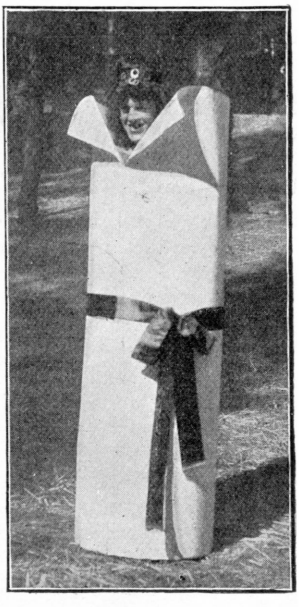
HONEY-MAKING IN A HELMET.

Corporal H. Redfern, 22nd Co. Imperial Yeomanry, Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, has had a strange experience. He writes: "The photograph I send you is that of a helmet which I discovered in a case of helmets that were sent out to South Africa to one of the Yeomanry depôts. On the case being opened the helmet of which I send you the photograph was found to have a swarm of bees in it. They had evidently got into the case and swarmed in the helmet. All

the bees were living and I kept them in the helmet for a few days, when they took their departure, leaving the cakes in the helmet as can be seen in the picture."

WELL COLLARED.

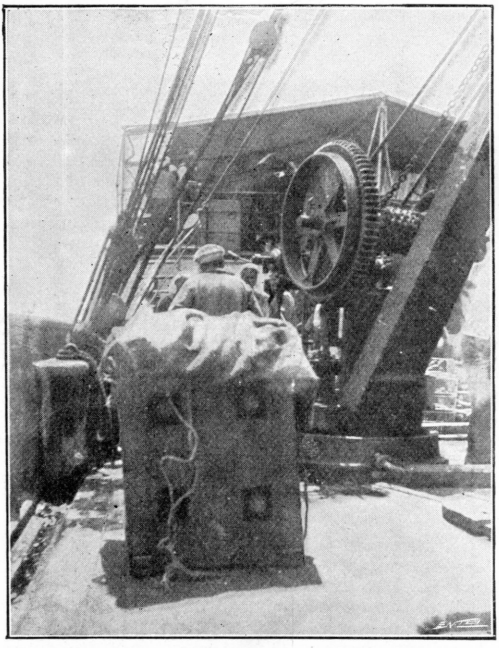
"We all have heard that a handsome woman should be *bien gantée* and *bien chaussée*, and here is one who is apparently well collared. But the face is not that of a woman after all. The photograph is that of a male student of the University of California, made up with long hair and all but hidden from view entirely by an enormous collar with a huge bow of ribbon encircling it in the middle. The photograph was taken by Backus, of San Francisco, in the grounds of the University of California, at Berkeley, on Charter Day, when the students of American Universities hold processions and indulge in pranks and antics of all sorts."—Mr. Arthur Inkersley, of San Francisco.



* Copyright, 1901, by George Newnes, Limited.

AN INGENIOUS FANCY DRESS.

"Herewith a photo. of my character in the Watford Wheelers' Carnival, held on Oct. 10th, 1900. The character represents, as you see, a scarecrow; it is mounted on a tricycle, but this is hidden from view by the miniature field. Although I am not in view I can assure you I was inside this suit (if I may call it such) when this photo. was taken, as well as when I was judged in competition. So that nothing should be out of keeping with the character, I used turnips for my lanterns. These I cut out as you can see by the photo. and placed a candle inside, and when these were lighted they proved a great success. I entered in the comic class as 'Have you ever seen this in a field?' and with this character I gained the first prize valued £1 10s. I think you will agree with me that even for a cycle carnival it is indeed a curiosity."—Mr. Arthur Linley, Lower Derby Road, Watford, Herts.



TWO WIVES IN A PACKING-CASE.

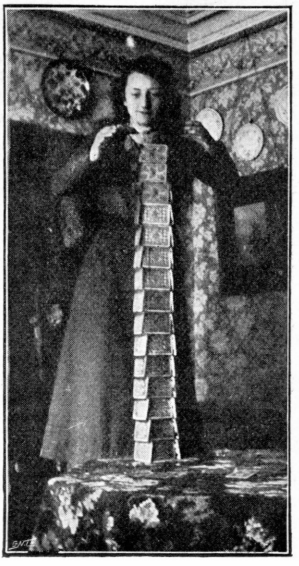
"I took this photo. at Casablanca, in Morocco. It shows a case in which are two of the wives of a Moorish swell. In the background on the upper deck is another case containing a third wife. As soon as they were swung on board a huge screen was placed around them so that no man might look on them, so I think I am very lucky in obtaining this photo., which I hope to find in your splendid selection of 'Curiosities.' P.S.—Their consignment note ran thus: 'Two cases of women.'"—Mr. E. W. Jenkins, Foydeane, Boscombe, Hants.

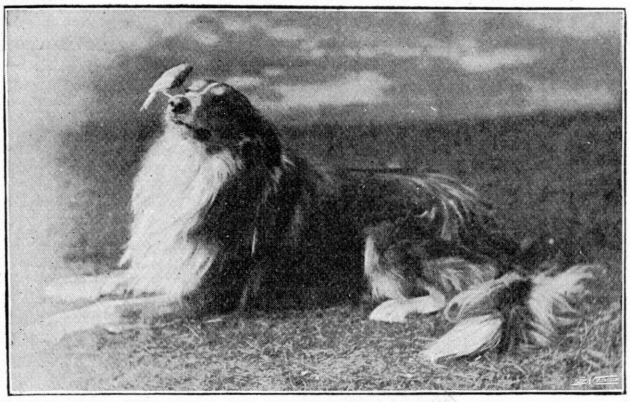
A STRANGE NESTING-PLACE.

Here is a little robin redbreast that was fond of Cerebos, hence his predilection for a tin of that product, in which he has built his little nest. Some time ago the proprietors of Cerebos Salt advertised for a list of the best uses to which empty tins could be put, but, needless to add, birds' nesting-places were not among the suggestions sent in.

A RECORD CARD TOWER.

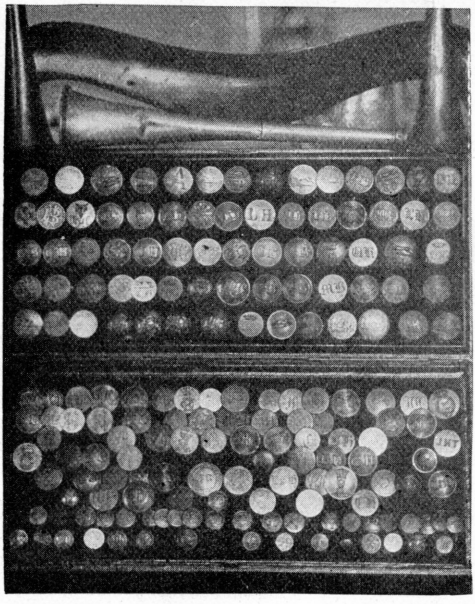
"Some time ago I began to build card towers. I send you the photograph of one fifteen stories high, taken by my brother. My friends think it is rather an unusual feat. I made a tower seventeen stories high, but unfortunately the negative is a very bad one."—Miss Victoria Maitland, 50, Norfolk Square, Hyde Park, W.





A CHARMING PICTURE.

Mr. John H. Coath, photographer, Liskeard, who took this charming photo., writes: "Dr. Seecombe, of St. Austell, the owner of dog and canary, says the dog is a thoroughbred collie, Tregarne Prince, registered at Kennel Club; the canary a Norwich. The canary used to sit on the back of a chair and sing. One day it flew off the chair on to the dog's back. Dr. Seecombe, who had trained the dog to hold a piece of sugar on its nose, thought he would try the canary, and after a while he succeeded, and now the dog's nose is a favourite place with the canary. The dog is very pleased to have it there, and will sit or lie any length of time and will keep perfectly quiet. Two or three have tried to photograph this interesting pair, but without success. I exposed four plates on them, all of which gave good results."



COLLECTION OF HUNTSMEN'S BUTTONS.

"I beg to submit to you for 'Curiosities' a photograph of a collection of huntsmen's buttons, from Queen Victoria's hounds downwards, which should be most interesting, especially to sportsmen. The collection is in the possession of Mr. H. R. Kay, of Hope Cottage, Patching, near Worthing, who owns a pack of foxhounds. I ought to mention that this collection is, as far as I can discover, absolutely unique."—Mr. G. Johns, 67, Upper Westbourne Villas, Hove.

A NEW GAME FOR TYPISTS.

"I herewith forward you for your 'Curiosities' the 'balance-sheet' of a new game played by two persons with a typewriter. The first presses the key for a certain letter, the other then follows, and so on alternately until a breakdown occurs. It is fascinating, simple, and instructive, and proficiency in it can be acquired after a very brief period."—Mr. Joseph O'Donoghue, Dingle, Co. Kerry.

Hens arranged theis

Ha! You ass. O

I am an ass. Horses are not a bad s

The bad zebra with the groc

Solmn

My onslaught

Nonsenc

Sorry was the man when Tim stood on h

Hens ut

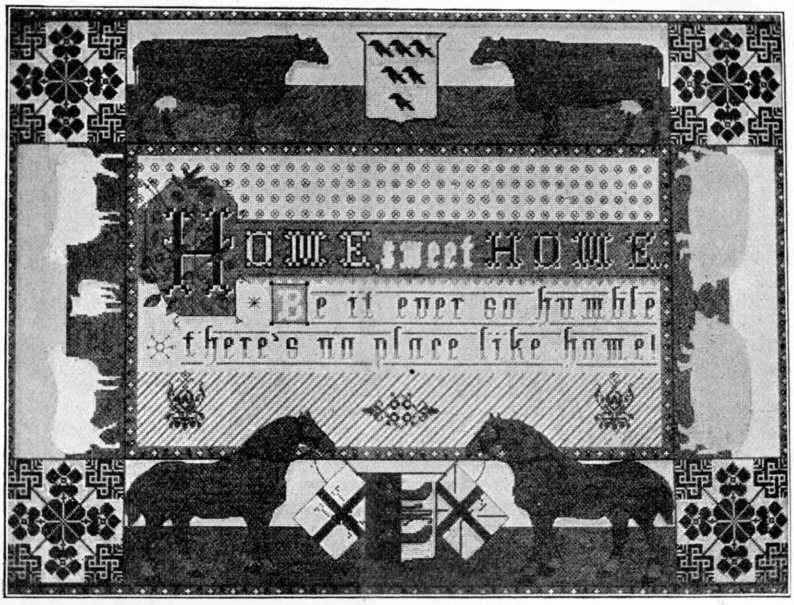
Irr

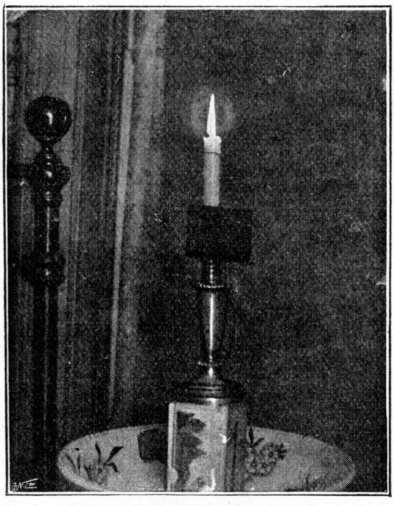
RARA AVIS.

"I am sending you the photograph of a 'white starling' which was shot on this place on May 30th, by the keeper. It is rather smaller than the ordinary starling and pure white, with a yellow bill. The bird was stuffed by Quatermaine, of Stratford-on-Avon. I believe the bird is a great rarity; the oldest inhabitants of the neighbourhood do not remember ever seeing one before."—Miss Maye Bruce, Norton Hall, Campden, Gloucestershire.

LADIES, PLEASE NOTE.

"I am sending you a photo. of something I made in my leisure time during the three last winters' evenings. It is a piece of ornamental needlework by one of the sterner sex, and much admired by my friends. I thought it might also interest your readers. The design was worked upon a fine perforated cardboard with various coloured filoselle silks, in what the ladies are pleased to call 'cross' and 'tenth stitch.' The card contains 367½ square inches, with 420 holes to the square inch, giving a total of 154,350 holes, nearly all of which are filled, and many of the holes had to be used more than twice over. To assist me in my self-imposed and tedious task my wife used to read aloud to me whilst I was working at it, and we managed thus to spend many long and happy evenings together, and to get through a good many volumes ere I completed my task."—Mr. Walter Field, St. Helens, near Hastings, Sussex.



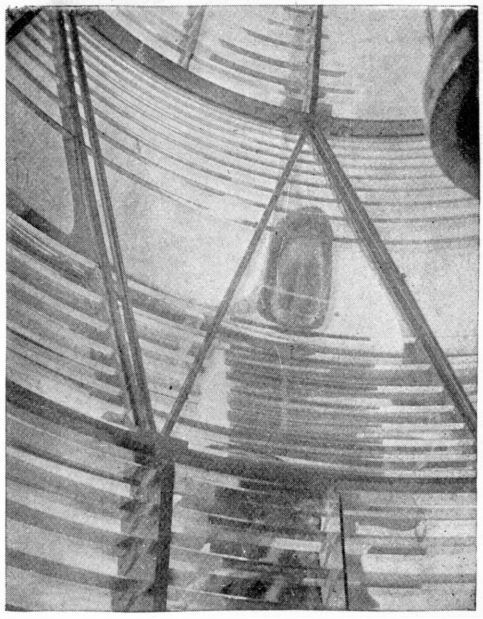


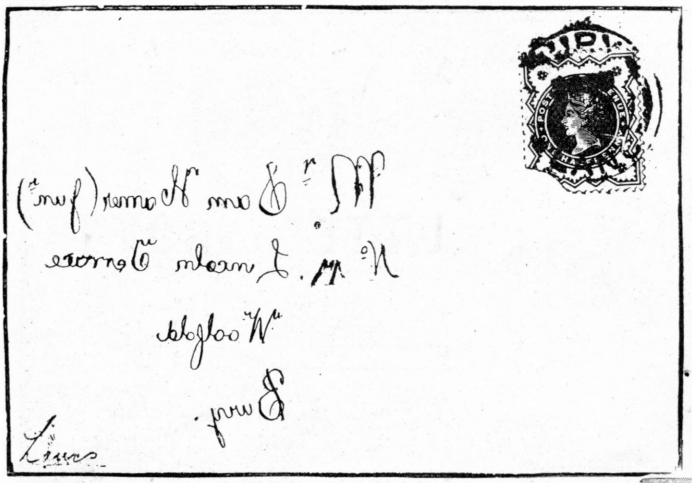
AN INGENIOUS ALARUM.

"The accompanying photo. illustrates a device hit upon by an Irish police-sergeant in days when alarum clocks were less common, and a good deal more expensive, than now. The sergeant found it very hard to wake in time for 'guard' duty, and on more than one occasion nearly got into trouble through oversleeping. He experimented with a certain make of candle until he found what length was consumed per hour, and in a short time was able to mark off the hour spaces on each candle. When retiring he tied a thread around a candle at a mark which represented the time at which he wished to awaken. From the thread was suspended a small metal box partly filled with shot, which hung over a tin-ware basin. When the candle burned to the thread the box clattered into the basin, and the rattle of the shot and box combined to make a noise which aroused the sergeant to his duties."—Mr. T. J. O'Callaghan, 16, Sunday's Well, Cork.

THE DISTORTED LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER.

"I send you a photograph which I hope may interest your readers of 'Curiosities.' It is that of a lighthouse-keeper through the lenses, and shows him, of course, greatly distorted." — Mr. Dudley H. Magnus, Geldholt Hall, Stonebridge Park, N.W.



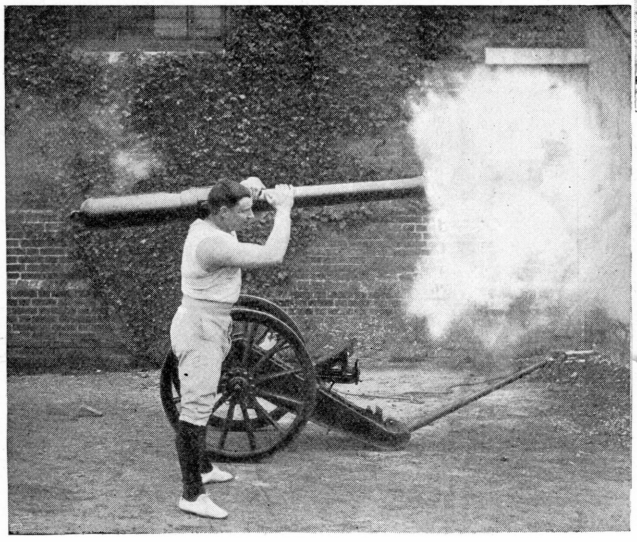


A PECULIAR POST-CARD.

"Some months ago you published in the 'Curiosity' pages of your STRAND MAGAZINE a photo. of a post-card with the address and correspondence written in shorthand, and I inclose herewith post-card written in backhand which I forwarded and which was delivered in due course to a friend of mine. The post-card can easily be read by holding it before a looking-glass.—Mr. Harry Alden, 1, Brick Street, Bury.

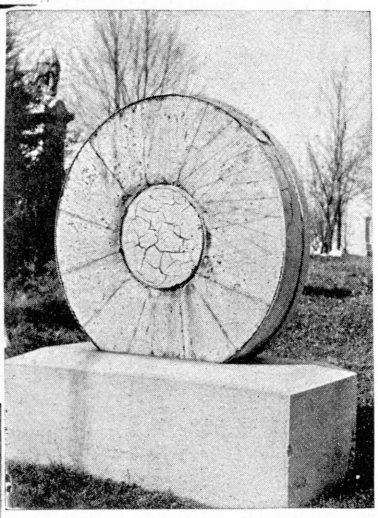
A SPLENDID FEAT OF STRENGTH.

"I send this photograph of one of the strongest men in the Army, for some time sergeant-instructor at Woolwich. His name is Sergeant Hawthorne. The gun he has on his shoulder, and which has just been fired from there, weighs 400lb., with a bore of 2·5in., it being identically the same kind of gun as supplied to the mountain batteries. Considering the recoil and the weight of the gun, surely this is a marvellous feat of strength."—Mr. C. A. Cameron, R.M. Academy, Woolwich.



A MILLER'S MONUMENT.

"Here is something unique in the line of monuments. It is the upper stone of a pair of French burr millstones, which serves to mark the grave of a miller of the old school in the cemetery at Georgetown, Ohio. The conception is barbaric and yet eloquent. This old millstone—the hole in its centre, through which the grain formerly flowed, filled with plaster; its sides chipped and seamed and worn; a reminder of the days when millers knew not the roar of mighty machinery or the worries of a fluctuating grain market, but went their daily round as calmly and easily as their millstones—tells of the life of the man whose grave it marks



far more eloquently than these verses which some local poet has chiselled on the back:—

A MILLER'S MONUMENT.

("A Millstone Taken from His Mill.")

Beneath this stone a miller lies
Who left the world before the rise
Of modern ways of making flour,
And hence passed many a happy hour.
He was not forced to speculate,
Nor on Chicago's movement wait;
He did not care for foreign trade,
But sold his neighbours all he made.
Cables and telegrams were rare—
The markets did not make him swear.
Small was his mill; his profits round;
Clear was his head, his slumbers sound;
He envied none, was envied not,
And died contented with his lot."

—Mr. Chas. W. Kimball, Parsons, Kansas.

"THE DRIVER POINTED WITH HIS WHIP—'BASKERVILLE HALL,' SAID HE."

(*See page* 371.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxii. OCTOBER, 1901. No. 130.

The Hound of the Baskervilles.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER V.

THREE BROKEN THREADS.

SHERLOCK HOLMES had, in a very remarkable degree, the power of detaching his mind at will. For two hours the strange business in which we had been involved appeared to be forgotten, and he was entirely absorbed in the pictures of the modern Belgian masters. He would talk of nothing but art, of which he had the crudest ideas, from our leaving the gallery until we found ourselves at the Northumberland Hotel.

"Sir Henry Baskerville is upstairs expecting you," said the clerk. "He asked me to show you up at once when you came."

"Have you any objection to my looking at your register?" said Holmes.

"Not in the least."

The book showed that two names had been added after that of Baskerville. One was Theophilus Johnson and family, of Newcastle; the other Mrs. Oldmore and maid, of High Lodge, Alton.

"Surely that must be the same Johnson whom I used to know," said Holmes to the porter. "A lawyer, is he not, grey-headed, and walks with a limp?"

"No, sir, this is Mr. Johnson the coal-owner, a very active gentleman, not older than yourself."

"Surely you are mistaken about his trade?"

"No, sir; he has used this hotel for many years, and he is very well known to us."

"Ah, that settles it. Mrs. Oldmore, too; I seem to remember the name. Excuse my curiosity, but often in calling upon one friend one finds another."

"She is an invalid lady, sir. Her husband was once Mayor of Gloucester. She always comes to us when she is in town."

"Thank you; I am afraid I cannot claim her acquaintance. We have established a most important fact by these questions, Watson," he continued, in a low voice, as we went upstairs together. "We know now that the people who are so interested in our friend have not settled down in his own hotel. That means that while they are, as we have seen, very anxious to watch him, they are equally anxious that he should not see them. Now, this is a most suggestive fact."

"What does it suggest?"

"It suggests—halloa, my dear fellow, what on earth is the matter?"

As we came round the top of the stairs we had run up against Sir Henry Baskerville himself. His face was flushed with anger, and he held an old and dusty boot in one of his hands. So furious was he that he was hardly articulate, and when he did speak it was in a much broader and more Western dialect than any which we had heard from him in the morning.

"Seems to me they are playing me for a sucker in this hotel," he cried. "They'll find they've started in to monkey with the wrong man unless they are careful. By thunder, if that chap can't find my missing boot there will be trouble. I can take a joke with the best, Mr. Holmes, but they've got a bit over the mark this time."

"Still looking for your boot?"

"Yes, sir, and mean to find it."

"But, surely, you said that it was a new brown boot?"

"So it was, sir. And now it's an old black one."

"What! you don't mean to say——?"

"That's just what I do mean to say. I

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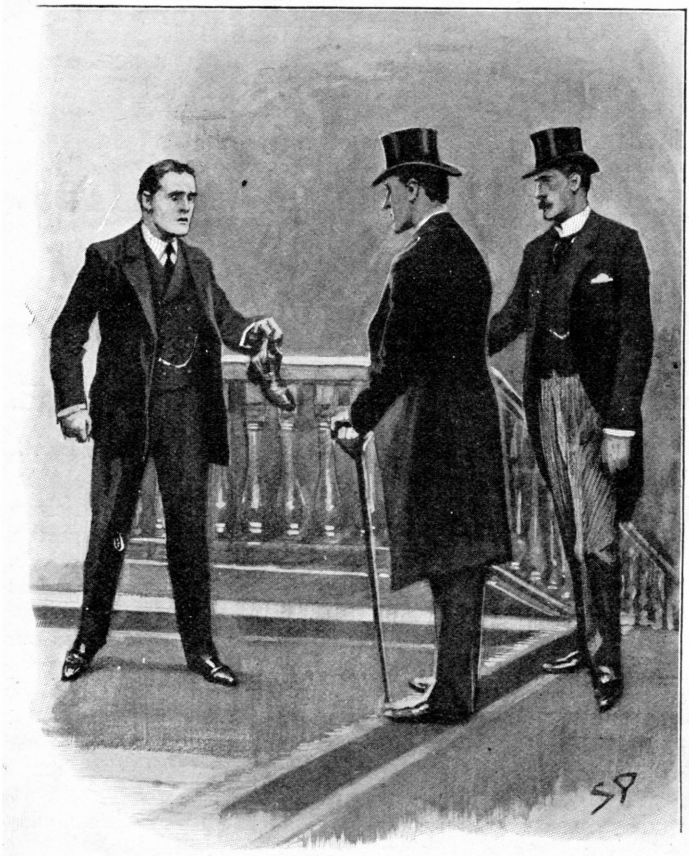


"HE HELD AN OLD AND DUSTY BOOT IN ONE OF HIS HANDS."

only had three pairs in the world—the new brown, the old black, and the patent leathers, which I am wearing. Last night they took one of my brown ones, and to-day they have sneaked one of the black. Well, have you got it? Speak out, man, and don't stand staring!"

An agitated German waiter had appeared upon the scene.

"No, sir; I have made inquiry all over the hotel, but I can hear no word of it."

"Well, either that boot comes back before sundown or I'll see the manager and tell him that I go right straight out of this hotel."

"It shall be found, sir—I promise you that if you will have a little patience it will be found."

"Mind it is, for it's the last thing of mine that I'll lose in this den of thieves. Well, well, Mr. Holmes, you'll excuse my troubling you about such a trifle——"

"I think it's well worth troubling about."

"Why, you look very serious over it."

"How do you explain it?"

"I just don't attempt to explain it. It seems the very maddest, queerest thing that ever happened to me."

"The queerest, perhaps," said Holmes, thoughtfully.

"What do you make of it yourself?"

"Well, I don't profess to understand it yet. This case of yours is very complex, Sir Henry. When taken in conjunction with your uncle's death I am not sure that of all the five hundred cases of capital importance which I have handled there is one which cuts so deep. But we hold several threads in our hands, and the odds are that one or other of them guides us to the truth. We may waste time in following the wrong one, but sooner or later we must come upon the right."

We had a pleasant luncheon in which little was said of the business which had brought us together It was in the private sitting-room to which we afterwards repaired that Holmes asked Baskerville what were his intentions.

"To go to Baskerville Hall."

"And when?"

"At the end of the week."

"On the whole," said Holmes, "I think that your decision is a wise one. I have ample evidence that you are being dogged in London, and amid the millions of this great city it is difficult to discover who these people are or what their object can be. If their intentions are evil they might do you a mischief, and we should be powerless to prevent it. You did not know, Dr. Mortimer, that you were followed this morning from my house?'

Dr. Mortimer started violently.

"Followed! By whom?"

"That, unfortunately, is what I cannot tell you. Have you among your neighbours or acquaintances on Dartmoor any man with a black, full beard?"

"No—or, let me see—why, yes. Barrymore, Sir Charles's butler, is a man with a full, black beard."

"Ha! Where is Barrymore?"

"He is in charge of the Hall."

"We had best ascertain if he is really there, or if by any possibility he might be in London."

"How can you do that?"

"Give me a telegraph form. 'Is all ready for Sir Henry?' That will do. Address to Mr. Barrymore, Baskerville Hall. Which is the nearest telegraph-office? Grimpen. Very good, we will send a second wire to the postmaster, Grimpen: 'Telegram to Mr. Barrymore, to be delivered into his own hand. If absent, please return wire to Sir Henry Baskerville, Northumberland Hotel.' That should let us know before evening whether Barrymore is at his post in Devonshire or not."

"That's so," said Baskerville. "By the way, Dr. Mortimer, who is this Barrymore, anyhow?"

"He is the son of the old caretaker, who is dead. They have looked after the Hall for four generations now. So far as I know, he and his wife are as respectable a couple as any in the county."

"At the same time," said Baskerville, "it's clear enough that so long as there are none of the family at the Hall these people have a mighty fine home and nothing to do."

"That is true."

"Did Barrymore profit at all by Sir Charles's will?" asked Holmes.

"He and his wife had five hundred pounds each."

"Ha! Did they know that they would receive this?"

"Yes; Sir Charles was very fond of talking about the provisions of his will."

"That is very interesting."

"I hope," said Dr. Mortimer, "that you do not look with suspicious eyes upon everyone who received a legacy from Sir Charles, for I also had a thousand pounds left to me."

"Indeed! And anyone else?"

"There were many insignificant sums to individuals and a large number of public charities. The residue all went to Sir Henry."

"And how much was the residue?"

"Seven hundred and forty thousand pounds."

Holmes raised his eyebrows in surprise. "I had no idea that so gigantic a sum was involved," said he.

"Sir Charles had the reputation of being rich, but we did not know how very rich he was until we came to examine his securities. The total value of the estate was close on to a million."

"Dear me! It is a stake for which a man might well play a desperate game. And one more question, Dr. Mortimer. Supposing that anything happened to our young friend here—you will forgive the unpleasant hypothesis!—who would inherit the estate?"

"Since Rodger Baskerville, Sir Charles's younger brother, died unmarried, the estate would descend to the Desmonds, who are distant cousins. James Desmond is an elderly clergyman in Westmorland."

"Thank you. These details are all of great interest. Have you met Mr. James Desmond?"

"Yes; he once came down to visit Sir Charles. He is a man of venerable appearance and of saintly life. I remember that he refused to accept any settlement from Sir Charles, though he pressed it upon him."

"And this man of simple tastes would be the heir to Sir Charles's thousands?"

"He would be the heir to the estate, because that is entailed. He would also be the heir to the money unless it were willed otherwise by the present owner, who can, of course, do what he likes with it."

"And have you made your will, Sir Henry?"

"No, Mr. Holmes, I have not. I've had no time, for it was only yesterday that I learned how matters stood. But in any case I feel that the money should go with the title and estate. That was my poor uncle's idea. How is the owner going to restore the glories of the Baskervilles if he has not money enough to keep up the property? House, land, and dollars must go together."

"Quite so. Well, Sir Henry, I am of one mind with you as to the advisability of your going down to Devonshire without delay. There is only one provision which I must make. You certainly must not go alone."

"Dr. Mortimer returns with me."

"But Dr. Mortimer has his practice to attend to, and his house is miles away from yours. With all the good will in the world, he may be unable to help you. No, Sir Henry, you must take with you someone, a trusty man, who will be always by your side."

"Is it possible that you could come yourself, Mr. Holmes?"

"If matters came to a crisis I should endeavour to be present in person; but you can understand that, with my extensive consulting practice and with the constant appeals which reach me from many quarters, it is impossible for me to be absent from London for an indefinite time. At the present instant one of the most revered names in England

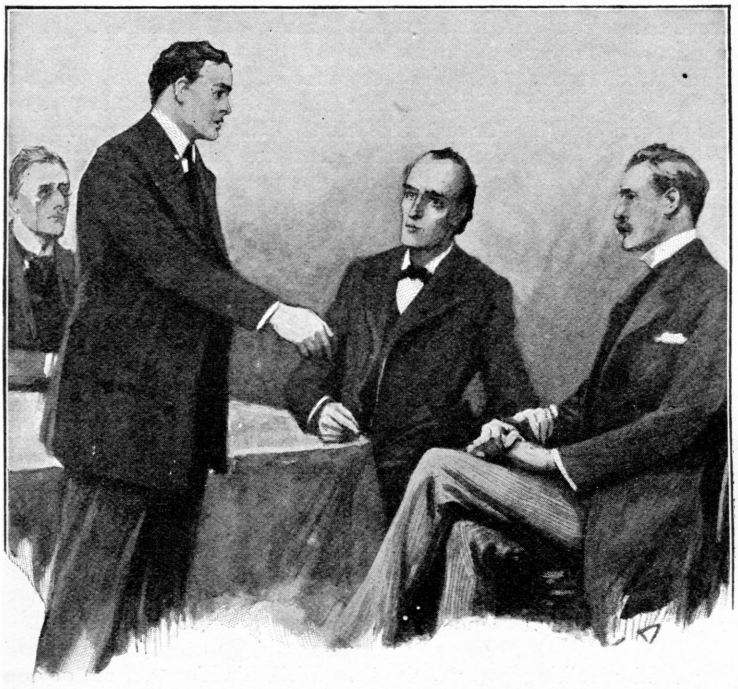
is being besmirched by a blackmailer, and only I can stop a disastrous scandal. You will see how impossible it is for me to go to Dartmoor."

"Whom would you recommend, then?"

Holmes laid his hand upon my arm.

"If my friend would undertake it there is no man who is better worth having at your side when you are in a tight place. No one can say so more confidently than I."

The proposition took me completely by surprise, but before I had time to answer Baskerville seized me by the hand and wrung it heartily.



"THE PROPOSITION TOOK ME COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE."

"Well, now, that is real kind of you, Dr. Watson," said he. "You see how it is with me, and you know just as much about the matter as I do. If you will come down to Baskerville Hall and see me through I'll never forget it."

The promise of adventure had always a fascination for me, and I was complimented by the words of Holmes and by the eagerness with which the Baronet hailed me as a companion.

"I will come, with pleasure," said I. "I do not know how I could employ my time better."

"And you will report very carefully to me," said Holmes. "When a crisis comes, as it will do, I will direct how you shall act. I suppose that by Saturday all might be ready?"

"Would that suit Dr. Watson?"

"Perfectly."

"Then on Saturday, unless you hear to the contrary, we shall meet at the 10.30 train from Paddington."

We had risen to depart when Baskerville gave a cry of triumph, and diving into one of the corners of the room he drew a brown boot from under a cabinet.

"My missing boot!" he cried.

"May all our difficulties vanish as easily!" said Sherlock Holmes.

"But it is a very singular thing," Dr. Mortimer remarked. "I searched this room carefully before lunch."

"And so did I," said Baskerville. "Every inch of it."

"There was certainly no boot in it then."

"In that case the waiter must have placed it there while we were lunching."

The German was sent for, but professed to know nothing of the matter, nor could any inquiry clear it up. Another item had been added to that constant and apparently purposeless series of small mysteries which had succeeded each other so rapidly. Setting aside the whole grim story of Sir Charles's death, we had a line of inexplicable incidents all within the limits of two days, which included the receipt of the printed letter, the black-bearded spy in the hansom, the loss of the new brown boot, the loss of the old black boot, and now the return of the new brown boot. Holmes sat in silence in the cab as we drove back to Baker Street, and I knew from his drawn brows and keen face that his mind, like my own, was busy in endeavouring to frame some scheme into which all these strange and apparently disconnected episodes could be fitted. All afternoon and late into the evening he sat lost in tobacco and thought.

Just before dinner two telegrams were handed in. The first ran:—

"Have just heard that Barrymore is at the Hall.—BASKERVILLE." The second:—

"Visited twenty-three hotels as directed, but sorry to report unable to trace cut sheet of *Times*.—CARTWRIGHT."

"There go two of my threads, Watson. There is nothing more stimulating than a case where everything goes against you. We must cast round for another scent."

"We have still the cabman who drove the spy."

"Exactly. I have wired to get his name and address from the Official Registry. I should not be surprised if this were an answer to my question."

The ring at the bell proved to be something even more satisfactory than an answer, however, for the door opened and a rough-looking fellow entered who was evidently the man himself.

"I got a message from the head office that a gent at this address had been inquiring for 2,704," said he. "I've driven my cab this seven years and never a word of complaint. I came here straight from the Yard to ask you to your face what you had against me."

"I have nothing in the world against you, my good man," said Holmes. "On the contrary, I have half a sovereign for you if you will give me a clear answer to my questions."

"Well, I've had a good day and no mistake," said the cabman, with a grin. "What was it you wanted to ask, sir?"

"First of all your name and address, in case I want you again."

"John Clayton, 3, Turpey Street, the Borough. My cab is out of Shipley's Yard, near Waterloo Station."

Sherlock Holmes made a note of it.

"Now, Clayton, tell me all about the fare who came and watched this house at ten o'clock this morning and afterwards followed the two gentlemen down Regent Street."

The man looked surprised and a little embarrassed. "Why, there's no good my telling you things, for you seem to know as much as I do already," said he. "The truth is that the gentleman told me that he was a detective and that I was to say nothing about him to anyone."

"My good fellow, this is a very serious business, and you may find yourself in a pretty bad position if you try to hide anything from me. You say that your fare told you that he was a detective?"

"Yes, he did."

"When did he say this?"

"When he left me."

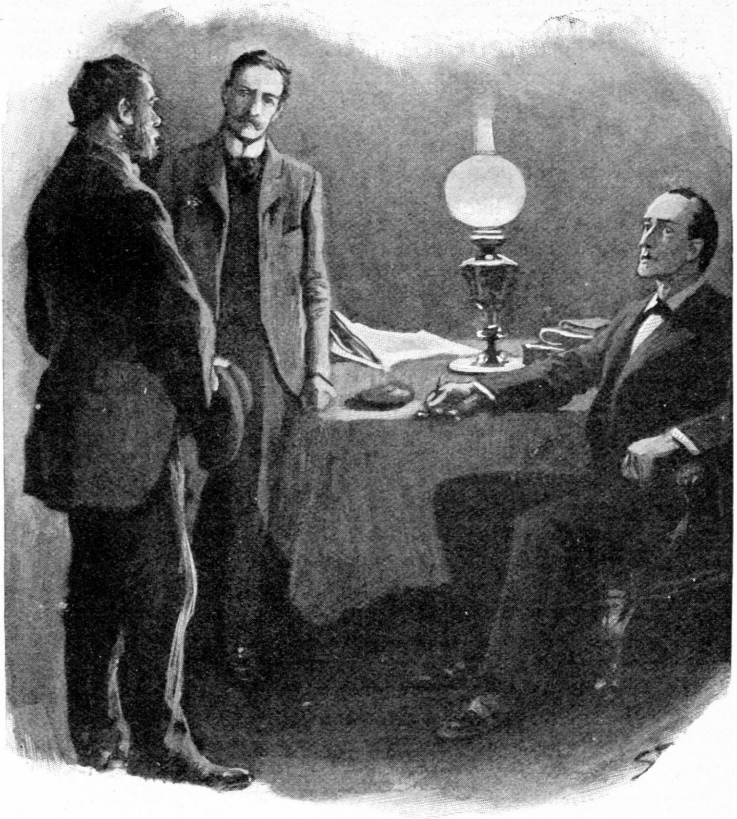
"Did he say anything more?"

"He mentioned his name."

Holmes cast a swift glance of triumph at me. "Oh, he mentioned his name, did he? That was imprudent. What was the name that he mentioned?"

"His name," said the cabman, "was Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

Never have I seen my friend more completely taken aback than by the cabman's



"'HIS NAME,' SAID THE CABMAN, 'WAS MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES.'"

reply. For an instant he sat in silent amazement. Then he burst into a hearty laugh.

"A touch, Watson—an undeniable touch!" said he. "I feel a foil as quick and supple as my own. He got home upon me very prettily that time. So his name was Sherlock Holmes, was it?"

"Yes, sir, that was the gentleman's name."

"Excellent! Tell me where you picked him up and all that occurred."

"He hailed me at half-past nine in Trafalgar Square. He said that he was a detective, and he offered me two guineas if I would do exactly what he wanted all day and ask no questions. I was glad enough to agree. First we drove down to the Northumberland Hotel and waited there until two gentlemen came out and took a cab from the rank. We followed their cab until it pulled up somewhere near here."

"This very door," said Holmes.

"Well, I couldn't be sure of that, but I daresay my fare knew all about it. We pulled up half-way down the street and waited an hour and a half. Then the two gentlemen passed us, walking, and we followed down Baker Street and along——"

"I know," said Holmes.

"Until we got three-quarters down Regent Street. Then my gentleman threw up the trap, and he cried that I should drive right away to Waterloo Station as hard as I could go. I whipped up the mare and we were there under the ten minutes. Then he paid up his two guineas, like a good one, and away he went into the station. Only just as he was leaving he turned round and said: 'It might interest you to know that you have been driving Mr. Sherlock Holmes.' That's how I come to know the name."

"I see. And you saw no more of him?"

"Not after he went into the station."

"And how would you describe Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

The cabman scratched his head. "Well, he wasn't altogether such an easy gentleman to describe. I'd put him at forty years of age, and he was of a middle height, two or three inches shorter than you, sir. He was dressed like a toff, and he had a black beard, cut square at the end, and a pale face. I don't know as I could say more than that."

"Colour of his eyes?"

"No, I can't say that."

"Nothing more that you can remember?"

"No, sir; nothing."

"Well, then, here is your half-sovereign. There's another one waiting for you if you can bring any more information. Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir, and thank you!"

John Clayton departed chuckling, and Holmes turned to me with a shrug of the shoulders and a rueful smile.

"Snap goes our third thread, and we end where we began," said he. "The cunning rascal! He knew our number, knew that Sir Henry Baskerville had consulted me, spotted who I was in Regent Street, conjectured that I had got the number of the cab and would lay my hands on the driver, and so sent back this audacious message. I tell you, Watson, this time we have got a foeman who is worthy of our steel. I've been checkmated in London. I can only wish you better luck in Devonshire. But I'm not easy in my mind about it."

"About what?"

"About sending you. It's an ugly business, Watson, an ugly, dangerous business, and the more I see of it the less I like it. Yes, my dear fellow, you may laugh, but I give you my word that I shall be very glad to have you back safe and sound in Baker Street once more."

CHAPTER VI.

BASKERVILLE HALL.

Sir Henry Baskerville and Dr. Mortimer were ready upon the appointed day, and we started as arranged for Devonshire. Mr. Sherlock Holmes drove with me to the station and gave me his last parting injunctions and advice.

"I will not bias your mind by suggesting theories or suspicions, Watson," said he; "I wish you simply to report facts in the fullest possible manner to me, and you can leave me to do the theorizing."

"What sort of facts?" I asked.

"Anything which may seem to have a bearing however indirect upon the case, and especially the relations between young Baskerville and his neighbours, or any fresh particulars concerning the death of Sir Charles. I have made some inquiries myself in the last few days, but the results have, I fear, been negative. One thing only appears to be certain, and that is that Mr. James Desmond, who is the next heir, is an elderly gentleman of a very amiable disposition, so that this persecution does not arise from him. I really think that we may eliminate him entirely from our calculations. There remain the people who will actually surround Sir Henry Baskerville upon the moor."

"Would it not be well in the first place to get rid of this Barrymore couple?"

"By no means. You could not make a

greater mistake. If they are innocent it would be a cruel injustice, and if they are guilty we should be giving up all chance of bringing it home to them. No, no, we will preserve them upon our list of suspects. Then there is a groom at the Hall, if I remember right. There are two moorland farmers. There is our friend Dr. Mortimer, whom I believe to be entirely honest, and there is his wife, of whom we know nothing. There is this naturalist Stapleton, and there is his sister, who is said to be a young lady of attractions. There is Mr. Frankland, of Lafter Hall, who is also an unknown factor, and there are one or two other neighbours. These are the folk who must be your very special study."

"I will do my best."

"You have arms, I suppose?"

"Yes, I thought it as well to take them."

"Most certainly. Keep your revolver near you night and day, and never relax your precautions."

Our friends had already secured a first-class carriage, and were waiting for us upon the platform.

"No, we have no news of any kind," said Dr. Mortimer, in answer to my friend's questions. "I can swear to one thing, and that is that we have not been shadowed during the last two days. We have never gone out without keeping a sharp watch, and no one could have escaped our notice."

"You have always kept together, I presume?"

"Except yesterday afternoon. I usually give up one day to pure amusement when I come to town, so I spent it at the Museum of the College of Surgeons."

"And I went to look at the folk in the park," said Baskerville. "But we had no trouble of any kind."

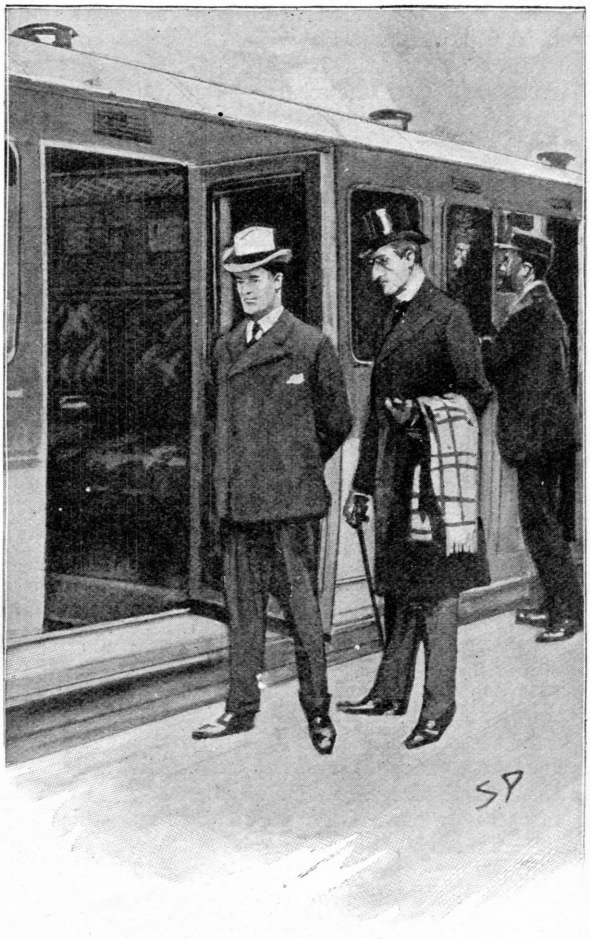
"It was imprudent, all the same," said Holmes, shaking his head and looking very grave. "I beg, Sir Henry, that you will not go about alone. Some great misfortune will befall you if you do. Did you get your other boot?"

"No, sir, it is gone for ever."

"Indeed. That is very interesting. Well, good-bye," he added, as the train began to glide down the platform. "Bear in mind, Sir Henry, one of the phrases in that queer old legend which Dr. Mortimer has read to us, and avoid the moor in those hours of darkness when the powers of evil are exalted."

I looked back at the platform when we had left it far behind, and saw the tall, austere figure of Holmes standing motionless and gazing after us.

The journey was a swift and pleasant one, and I spent it in making the more intimate acquaintance of my two companions and in playing with Dr. Mortimer's spaniel. In a very few hours the brown earth had become ruddy, the brick had changed to granite, and red cows grazed in well-hedged fields where the lush grasses and more luxuriant vegetation spoke of a richer, if a damper, climate. Young Baskerville stared eagerly out of the window, and cried aloud with delight as he



"OUR FRIENDS WERE WAITING FOR US UPON THE PLATFORM."

recognised the familiar features of the Devon scenery.

"I've been over a good part of the world since I left it, Dr. Watson," said he; "but I have never seen a place to compare with it."

"I never saw a Devonshire man who did not swear by his county," I remarked.

"It depends upon the breed of men quite as much as on the county," said Dr. Mortimer. "A glance at our friend here reveals the rounded head of the Celt, which carries inside it the Celtic enthusiasm and power of attachment. Poor Sir Charles's head was of a very rare type, half Gaelic, half Ivernian in its characteristics. But you were very young when you last saw Baskerville Hall, were you not?"

"I was a boy in my teens at the time of my father's death, and had never seen the Hall, for he lived in a little cottage on the south coast. Thence I went straight to a friend in America. I tell you it is all as new to me as it is to Dr. Watson, and I'm as keen as possible to see the moor."

"Are you? Then your wish is easily granted, for there is your first sight of the moor," said Dr. Mortimer, pointing out of the carriage window.

Over the green squares of the fields and the low curve of a wood there rose in the distance a grey, melancholy hill, with a strange jagged summit, dim and vague in the distance, like some fantastic landscape in a dream. Baskerville sat for a long time, his eyes fixed upon it, and I read upon his eager face how much it meant to him, this first sight of that strange spot where the men of his blood had held sway so long and left their mark so deep. There he sat, with his tweed suit and his American accent, in the corner of a prosaic railway-carriage, and yet as I looked at his dark and expressive face I felt more than ever how true a descendant he was of that long line of high-blooded, fiery, and masterful men. There were pride, valour, and strength in his thick brows, his sensitive nostrils, and his large hazel eyes. If on that forbidding moor a difficult and dangerous quest should lie before us, this was at least a comrade for whom one might venture to take a risk with the certainty that he would bravely share it.

The train pulled up at a small wayside station and we all descended. Outside, beyond the low, white fence, a wagonette with a pair of cobs was waiting. Our coming was evidently a great event, for station-master and porters clustered round us to carry out our luggage. It was a sweet, simple country spot, but I was surprised to observe that by the gate there stood two soldierly men in dark uniforms, who leaned upon their short rifles and glanced keenly at us as we passed. The coachman, a hard-faced, gnarled little fellow, saluted Sir Henry Baskerville, and in a few minutes we were flying swiftly down the broad, white road. Rolling pasture lands curved upwards on either side of us, and old gabled houses peeped out from amid the thick green foliage, but behind the peaceful and sunlit country-side there rose ever, dark against the evening sky, the long, gloomy curve of the moor, broken by the jagged and sinister hills.

The wagonette swung round into a side road, and we curved upwards through deep lanes worn by centuries of wheels, high banks on either side, heavy with dripping moss and fleshy hart's-tongue ferns. Bronzing bracken and mottled bramble gleamed in the light of the sinking sun. Still steadily rising, we passed over a narrow granite bridge, and skirted a noisy stream which gushed swiftly down, foaming and roaring amid the grey boulders. Both road and stream wound up through a valley dense with scrub oak and fir. At every turning Baskerville gave an exclamation of delight, looking eagerly about him and asking countless questions. To his eyes all seemed beautiful, but to me a tinge of melancholy lay upon the country-side, which bore so clearly the mark of the waning year. Yellow leaves carpeted the lanes and fluttered down upon us as we passed. The rattle of our wheels died away as we drove through drifts of rotting vegetation—sad gifts, as it seemed to me, for Nature to throw before the carriage of the returning heir of the Baskervilles.

"Halloa!" cried Dr. Mortimer, "what is this?"

A steep curve of heath-clad land, an outlying spur of the moor, lay in front of us. On the summit, hard and clear like an equestrian statue upon its pedestal, was a mounted soldier, dark and stern, his rifle poised ready over his forearm. He was watching the road along which we travelled.

"What is this, Perkins?" asked Dr. Mortimer.

Our driver half turned in his seat.

"There's a convict escaped from Princetown, sir. He's been out three days now, and the warders watch every road and every station, but they've had no sight of him yet. The farmers about here don't like it, sir, and that's a fact."

"Well, I understand that they get five pounds if they can give information."

"Yes, sir, but the chance of five pounds is but a poor thing compared to the chance of having your throat cut. You see, it isn't like any ordinary convict. This is a man that would stick at nothing."

"Who is he, then?"

"It is Selden, the Notting Hill murderer."

I remembered the case well, for it was one in which Holmes had taken an interest on account of the peculiar ferocity of the crime and the wanton brutality which had marked all the actions of the assassin. The commutation of his death sentence had been due to some doubts as to his complete sanity, so atrocious was his conduct. Our wagonette had topped a rise and in front of us rose the huge expanse of the moor, mottled with gnarled and craggy cairns and tors. A cold wind swept down from it and set us shivering. Somewhere there, on that desolate plain, was lurking this fiendish man, hiding in a burrow like a wild beast, his heart full of malignancy against the whole race which had cast him out. It needed but this to complete the grim suggestiveness of the barren waste, the chilling wind, and the darkling sky. Even Baskerville fell silent and pulled his overcoat more closely around him.

We had left the fertile country behind and beneath us. We looked back on it now, the slanting rays of a low sun turning the streams to threads of gold and glowing on the red earth new turned by the plough and the broad tangle of the woodlands. The road in front of us grew bleaker and wilder over huge russet and olive slopes, sprinkled with giant boulders. Now and then we passed a moorland cottage, walled and roofed with stone, with no creeper to break its harsh outline. Suddenly we looked down into a cup-like depression, patched with stunted oaks and firs which had been twisted and bent by the fury of years of storm. Two high, narrow towers rose over the trees. The driver pointed with his whip.

"Baskerville Hall," said he.

Its master had risen and was staring with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. A few minutes later we had reached the lodge-gates, a maze of fantastic tracery in wrought iron, with weather-bitten pillars on either side, blotched with lichens, and surmounted by the boars' heads of the Baskervilles. The lodge was a ruin of black granite and bared ribs of rafters, but facing it was a new building, half constructed, the firstfruit of Sir Charles's South African gold.

Through the gateway we passed into the avenue, where the wheels were again hushed amid the leaves, and the old trees shot their branches in a sombre tunnel over our heads. Baskerville shuddered as he looked up the

"WELCOME, SIR HENRY!"

long, dark drive to where the house glimmered like a ghost at the farther end.

"Was it here?" he asked, in a low voice.

"No, no, the Yew Alley is on the other side."

The young heir glanced round with a gloomy face.

"It's no wonder my uncle felt as if trouble were coming on him in such a place as this," said he. "It's enough to scare any man. I'll have a row of electric lamps up here inside of six months, and you won't know it again, with a thousand candle-power Swan and Edison right here in front of the hall door."

The avenue opened into a broad expanse of turf, and the house lay before us. In the fading light I could see that the centre was a heavy block of building from which a porch projected. The whole front was draped in ivy, with a patch clipped bare here and there where a window or a coat-of-arms broke through the dark veil. From this central block rose the twin towers, ancient, crenellated, and pierced with many loopholes. To right and left of the turrets were more modern wings of black granite. A dull light shone through heavy mullioned windows, and from the high chimneys which rose from the steep, high-angled roof there sprang a single black column of smoke.

"Welcome, Sir Henry! Welcome, to Baskerville Hall!"

A tall man had stepped from the shadow of the porch to open the door of the wagonette. The figure of a woman was silhouetted against the yellow light of the hall. She came out and helped the man to hand down our bags.

"You don't mind my driving straight home, Sir Henry?" said Dr. Mortimer. "My wife is expecting me."

"Surely you will stay and have some dinner?"

"No, I must go. I shall probably find some work awaiting me. I would stay to show you over the house, but Barrymore will be a better guide than I. Good-bye, and never hesitate night or day to send for me if I can be of service."

The wheels died away down the drive while Sir Henry and I turned into the hall, and the door clanged heavily behind us. It was a fine apartment in which we found ourselves, large, lofty, and heavily raftered with huge balks of age-blackened oak. In the great old-fashioned fireplace behind the high iron dogs a log-fire crackled and snapped. Sir Henry and I held out our hands to it, for we were numb from our long drive. Then we gazed round us at the high, thin window of old stained glass, the oak panelling, the stags' heads, the coats-of-arms upon the walls, all dim and sombre in the subdued light of the central lamp.

"It's just as I imagined it," said Sir Henry. "Is it not the very picture of an old family home? To think that this should be the same hall in which for five hundred years my people have lived. It strikes me solemn to think of it."

I saw his dark face lit up with a boyish enthusiasm as he gazed about him. The light beat upon him where he stood, but long shadows trailed down the walls and hung like a black canopy above him. Barrymore had returned from taking our luggage to our rooms. He stood in front of us now with the subdued manner of a well-trained servant. He was a remarkable-looking man, tall, handsome, with a square black beard, and pale, distinguished features.

"Would you wish dinner to be served at once, sir?"

"Is it ready?"

"In a very few minutes, sir. You will find hot water in your rooms. My wife and I will be happy, Sir Henry, to stay with you until you have made your fresh arrangements, but you will understand that under the new conditions this house will require a considerable staff."

"What new conditions?"

"I only meant, sir, that Sir Charles led a very retired life, and we were able to look after his wants. You would, naturally, wish to have more company, and so you will need changes in your household."

"Do you mean that your wife and you wish to leave?"

"Only when it is quite convenient to you, sir."

"But your family have been with us for several generations, have they not? I should be sorry to begin my life here by breaking an old family connection."

I seemed to discern some signs of emotion upon the butler's white face.

"I feel that also, sir, and so does my wife. But to tell the truth, sir, we were both very much attached to Sir Charles, and his death gave us a shock and made these surroundings very painful to us. I fear that we shall never again be easy in our minds at Baskerville Hall."

"But what do you intend to do?"

"I have no doubt, sir, that we shall succeed in establishing ourselves in some business. Sir Charles's generosity has given us the means to do so. And now, sir, perhaps I had best show you to your rooms."

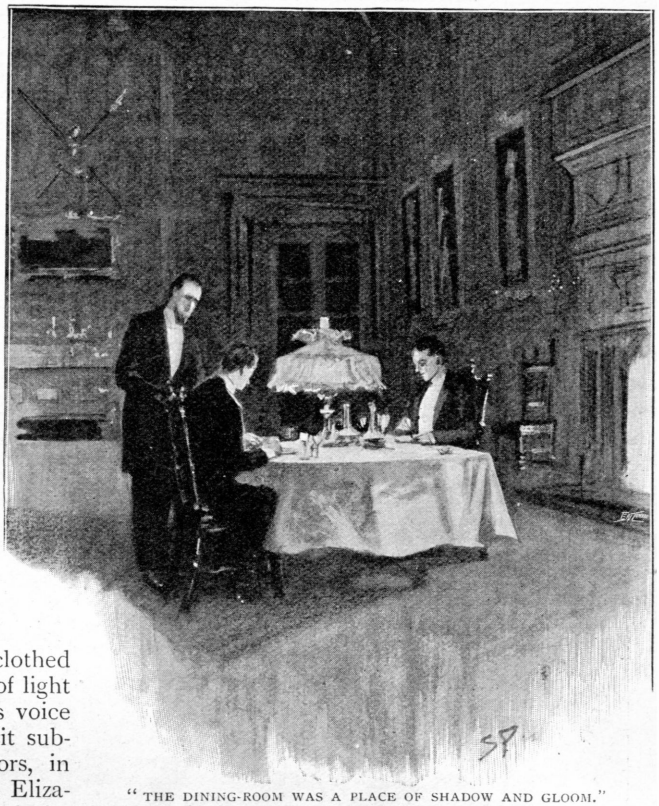
A square balustraded gallery ran round

the top of the old hall, approached by a double stair. From this central point two long corridors extended the whole length of the building, from which all the bedrooms opened. My own was in the same wing as Baskerville's and almost next door to it. These rooms appeared to be much more modern than the central part of the house, and the bright paper and numerous candles did something to remove the sombre impression which our arrival had left upon my mind.

But the dining-room which opened out of the hall was a place of shadow and gloom. It was a long chamber with a step separating the daïs where the family sat from the lower portion reserved for their dependents. At one end a minstrels' gallery overlooked it. Black beams shot across above our heads, with a smoke-darkened ceiling beyond them. With rows of flaring torches to light it up, and the colour and rude hilarity of an old-time banquet, it might have softened; but now, when two black-clothed gentlemen sat in the little circle of light thrown by a shaded lamp, one's voice became hushed and one's spirit subdued. A dim line of ancestors, in every variety of dress, from the Elizabethan knight to the buck of the Regency, stared down upon us and daunted us by their silent company. We talked little, and I for one was glad when the meal was over and we were able to retire into the modern billiard-room and smoke a cigarette.

"My word, it isn't a very cheerful place," said Sir Henry. "I suppose one can tone down to it, but I feel a bit out of the picture at present. I don't wonder that my uncle got a little jumpy if he lived all alone in such a house as this. However, if it suits you, we will retire early to-night, and perhaps things may seem more cheerful in the morning."

I drew aside my curtains before I went to bed and looked out from my window. It opened upon the grassy space which lay in front of the hall door. Beyond, two copses of trees moaned and swung in a rising wind. A half moon broke through the rifts of racing clouds. In its cold light I saw beyond the trees a broken fringe of rocks and the long, low curve of the melancholy moor. I closed the curtain, feeling that my last impression was in keeping with the rest.



"THE DINING-ROOM WAS A PLACE OF SHADOW AND GLOOM."

And yet it was not quite the last. I found myself weary and yet wakeful, tossing restlessly from side to side, seeking for the sleep which would not come. Far away a chiming clock struck out the quarters of the hours, but otherwise a deathly silence lay upon the old house. And then suddenly, in the very dead of the night, there came a sound to my ears, clear, resonant, and unmistakable. It was the sob of a woman, the muffled, strangling gasp of one who is torn by an uncontrollable sorrow. I sat up in bed and listened intently. The noise could not have been far away, and was certainly in the house. For half an hour I waited with every nerve on the alert, but there came no other sound save the chiming clock and the rustle of the ivy on the wall.

(To be continued.)

How Cab, 'Bus, and Tram-Car Drivers are Tested

IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

EVERYONE is probably aware that the driver of a hansom cab, omnibus, or other public vehicle in the London Metropolis has to undergo a searching examination at Scotland Yard to establish his capacity to have charge of that particular vehicle. But few are aware of the nature of the examination which "cabby" is subjected to before he is allowed to handle the "ribbons" in the public service.

Ten years ago it was comparatively easy to secure the coveted license, but to-day things are different; and the man who would drive a hackney carriage in the London streets must have his wits about him to satisfactorily pass the examination which the police authorities now impose. "Those hexams are getting wus and wus," is the remark of the London cabmen to-day. Undoubtedly the tests are more severe than they were say five years ago, yet it cannot be said that the powers that be throw obstacles in the way of the would-be driver, but rather make sure that he is capable of handling a horse and carriage in busy, crowded thoroughfares.

Before a cab proprietor will let out his vehicles the applicant has first to produce the Government license. To obtain this the would-be "jehu" has to present himself at the "Yard," and for probably a fortnight is kept in a state of nervous excitement. Briefly the *modus operandi* is as follows: The prospective cabman fills up an ordinary form, which has to be accompanied by either two private references or a character from last employer. Next morning he probably receives an unexpected call from Mr. Policeman, whose duty it is to ascertain whether the man actually resides at the address given. The references are then verified, and if satisfactory the applicant is told to present himself at Scotland Yard for the examination.

A CANDIDATE AND EXAMINER ABOUT TO START FROM SCOTLAND YARD FOR A TEST DRIVE IN THE POLICE GIG.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

This, in the cabmen's opinion, is the most trying of the whole of the ordeal, as unless you are a veritable walking encyclopædia of the London streets it is ten to one against your coming through with flying colours. Indeed, many men on the streets to-day have made two, three, four, and even six journeys to the examination-room before the inspector has "ticked" their paper. Taking his seat in the room "cabby" is kept busy for twenty minutes or more answering questions which would puzzle the majority of those who pride themselves on their knowledge of the great Metropolis.

The first question invariably put to the nervous novice is, "Where do you live?" Say the answer is Kennington, he is then probably asked how he would drive a fare from Kennington to Euston, and has to reiterate fully the principal streets he would pass through. The correct route being given, he is next requested to give the route from Euston to, say, Chalk Farm, from Chalk Farm to Dalston Junction, and from the latter place to Paddington Station. He has practically to describe how he would get from well-known points in a four-mile radius.

But this by no means ends the examination; he has to satisfy the inspector on many other points. He is asked where certain squares are, and here many fail. He must also know the principal railway stations, public buildings, and hospitals, as a cabman to a great extent is a public servant. Say an accident occurred at the Marble Arch, Westminster Bridge, or Sloane Street, he must, by law, convey the sufferer to the nearest hospital.

The failure to answer any question to the satisfaction of the examiner at once disqualifies the applicant. He is sternly told to go home and study his map. Not many weeks ago thirteen applicants presented themselves in the examination-room and only two passed. Out of 1,033 candidates that presented themselves in the course of a twelvemonth only 634 passed, and many of these were examined more than once. Indeed, no man faces the inspector until he has spent a good many hours on a map, studying the principal thoroughfares, squares, public buildings, places of amusement, and railway stations. The majority of unsuccessful candidates are

From a Photo. by] CANDIDATES WAITING TO BE TESTED IN 'BUS-DRIVING. *[George Newnes, Limited.*

youths engaged in the carriers' business. Their acquaintance with the streets is not quite comprehensive enough for the police authorities; curiously enough, they generally fail in the squares and hospitals.

Supposing the applicant has satisfied his examiner as to his knowledge of London, he is by no means a full-fledged cabby. Suddenly he is requested to appear at the Yard to undergo tests in driving. Mounting a light gig, he is told to drive to some spot in the City. Seated at his side is the observant inspector, and woe betide the embryonic

THE OLD-FASHIONED TRIAL 'BUS, WITH CANDIDATE AND EXAMINER, ABOUT TO START FROM SCOTLAND YARD.
From a Photo. by] *[George Newnes, Limited.*

cabby if he attempts to pass another vehicle on the wrong side, or does not show judgment in passing in and out between the innumerable carriages passed on the busy streets, or ability to pull up his horse quickly; he is instantly dismissed, and his knowledge of the great City's thoroughfares, however elaborate, counts for nothing.

Out of 526 applicants who satisfactorily passed the "street" examination in 1899, 53 failed in the driving test. Should the driving be satisfactory, cabby is handed his license on payment of the sum of five shillings. There are a few more preliminaries, such as emphatic instructions that anything left in the cab must be delivered within twenty-four hours to the nearest police-station, and that he must also advise the authorities instantly of any change in his address.

Not many weeks ago a 'bus-driver was unceremoniously taken off his 'bus in St. Martin's Lane for the seemingly trifling offence of not having advised Scotland Yard of his change of residence. It appears he met with an accident a few days before, and in reporting it unwittingly forgot to give his new address. Although the police could find him at the 'bus company they were annoyed because he had broken one of the regulations, and for this little breach of the law the man was suspended for a month. That meant that his license was taken away, and application could not be made again until the month had expired, when so many preliminaries had to be gone through again that nearly six weeks elapsed before he could mount his seat again.

Omnibus-drivers, like cabmen, are compelled to pass an examination in managing a 'bus before they are given a license which makes them eligible for the first vacancy that occurs in any omnibus company's employ. This examination is thoroughly effective, and includes more than the mere art of driving. There are few better drivers than the gunners of the British Army, yet one of these, fresh from the hardest tasks of driving in South Africa, was "plucked" not long since as a candidate for the license to drive a 'bus in London. The fact is that driving through street traffic requires special qualifications, among which a knowledge of the police regulations is one of the essentials.

The candidate, assuming that he has got over such preliminaries as mounting on the right side, proceeds to drive his cumbrous vehicle along the Embankment. The qualities which make the London driver, on the whole, the best in the world are those which

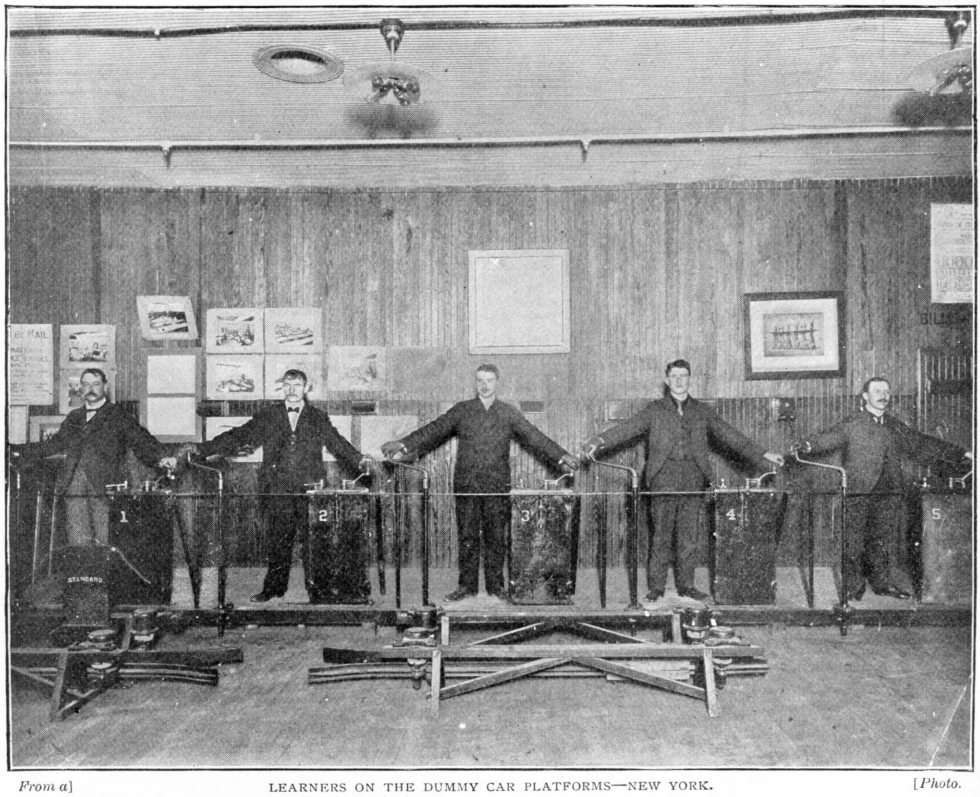
are called forth from moment to moment in overcoming the little difficulties of threading crowded traffic. It is quickness of judgment which makes a good driver — and on the display of this quality depends to a large extent the chances of a candidate's success.

As will be seen from our photograph, an old-fashioned omnibus is used; indeed, it is declared to be the oldest 'bus in London. It was driven by the famous Tilling himself some forty years ago, and is called the "Enterprise."

The examiner, who may be detected in our illustrations, is Sergeant Cole. He is busy on most weekday afternoons testing applicants for drivers' licenses, and in the course of a year nearly 3,000 men pass through his hands. Ask a 'busman what he thinks of him and he will answer, "He's all right, but very strict," while a cabman will reply, "Why, bless yer, he knows every corner in London." In 1899, 765 'bus applicants were disqualified out of a total of 2,284.

Few persons are aware that before a hansom can be placed on the London streets it has to be taken to Scotland Yard, or the nearest police-station, to "pass" the authorities. The owner has then to pay £2 for the number-plate and 15s. per annum to the Inland Revenue for wheel duty. An omnibus also has to pay the authorities £2 for its plate and 15s. yearly for wheel duty. Every year a cab has to be done up, and it is ever under the watchful eye of the men in blue. Men are told off specially, easily detected by London drivers by the letters "C. O." on their collars, meaning Carriage Office. The duty of these men is to see that the cab, horses, and harness are in good condition. They also take note of the driver, and if he is not clean or tidy his number is taken and he is told to "spruce himself up a bit." A driver's license costs 5s., and has to be renewed annually, an easy matter provided "cabby" has had no summonses.

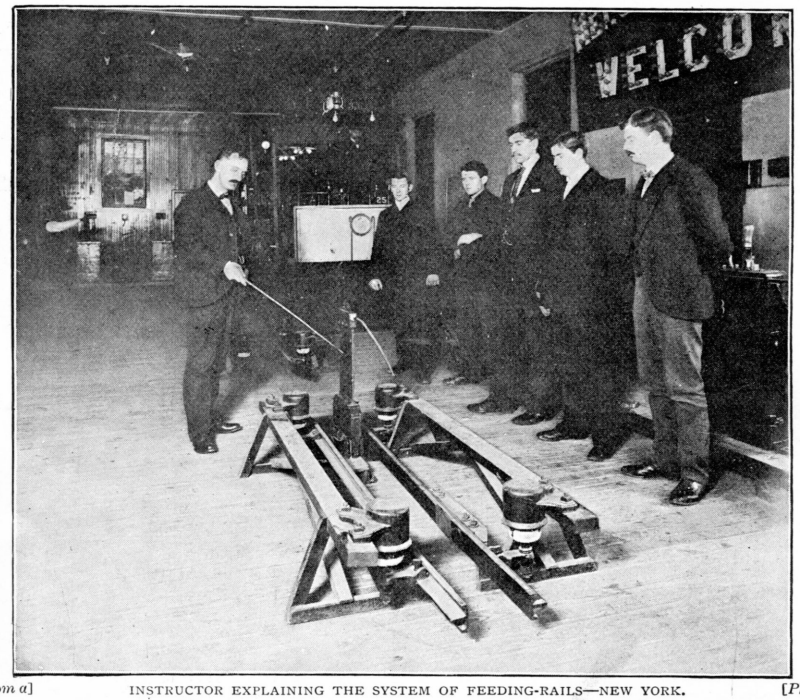
Drivers of motor-cabs have also to prove their ability to manage their vehicle before they are granted the coveted number. To drive a motor technical knowledge is desirable. The same may be said of trams, and now that London is soon to be intersected by a network of electric tramways, which will travel much faster than the system



From a] LEARNERS ON THE DUMMY CAR PLATFORMS—NEW YORK. *[Photo.*

at present in vogue, the drivers will have to exercise particular caution and skill in conducting their vehicles.

In view of this fact it is interesting to study the methods adopted by the tramway authorities of New York to inculcate their motor-men into the work of driving a car. To direct a heavily-laden car through a crowded thoroughfare thronged with an interminable stream of waggons, carts, and innumerable other vehicles, without endangering life or property, necessitates considerable presence of mind, a cool head, and

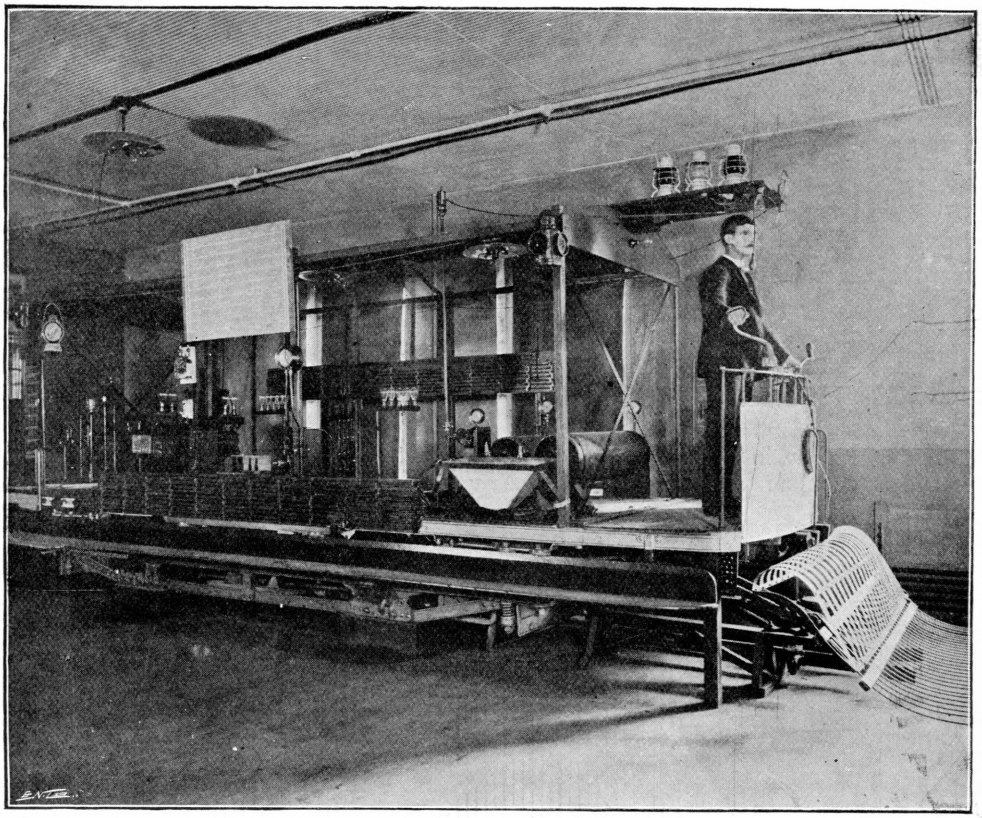


From a] INSTRUCTOR EXPLAINING THE SYSTEM OF FEEDING-RAILS—NEW YORK. *[Photo.*

good judgment. Then, again, in view of the intricacy of the mechanism for propelling the cars by electricity and for the skilful application of the brakes at the psychological moment without inconveniencing the passengers a mechanical knowledge is advisable. The car-drivers of the American metropolis are not purely drivers, but also possess a preliminary knowledge of electrical engineering. This state of affairs has been brought about by the foundation of a school in New York for the training of motor-men.

This school was inaugurated at the instigation of President Vreeland, of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, under the ægis of which all the tramways of New York are maintained. As is invariably the case with such innovations, the idea was highly ridiculed as being a fad, but the utility of the scheme was soon rendered apparent by the superiority of the drivers who graduated from this unique school.

The applicant for the position of a motorman first undergoes a rigid examination by the doctor, to ascertain whether he is physically adapted to the hard wear and tear of a car-driver's life. If he is proved to be fitted, and has passed the ordeal of testing his eyesight, he passes into the school and his tutelage commences. In the class-room are ranged thirty dummy car platforms, each equipped with a controller, a brake, a ground switch, and a fuse-box—in fact, the entire electrical equipment necessary for the driving and controlling of a street car. He is assigned to one of these dummy cars, armed with a book of rules, each of which he must commit to memory as sedulously as he did his arithmetical tables when a schoolboy. The breaking of one of these rules meets with the direst punishment, and may lead to expulsion if committed too frequently. The greatest sin is to forget to remove the handle of the controller whenever leaving the car, even if it be only a momentary absence. "Never leave the car platform for an instant without removing the handle of the controller," runs the commandment, and woe betide the



From a] ON THE SKELETON CAR—NEW YORK. [*Photo.*

pupil who disobeys this ordination. The instructor resorts to many artifices to tempt the men to break this rule, and if the pupil should fall into the trap it is immediately recalled to his memory by the stentorian voice of the instructor dinning it into his ears. The wisdom of this course is perfectly obvious. If a driver, when running through the street, were to jump off his car, leaving the controlling handle in position, a passenger could easily set the car in motion and perhaps endanger some thirty or forty lives.

The idea of the dummy car is to teach the pupil how to start the car without throwing the passengers into violent fits; how to apply the brakes slowly and steadily under ordinary circumstances; and how to bring the car to a sudden stoppage when the emergency demands such a drastic action, irrespective of the convenience of the passengers. The tutor conveys these various instructions by signals upon an ordinary car-bell.

Having thoroughly grasped this preliminary and mechanical knowledge the pupil is then initiated somewhat into the mysteries of electricity. He is taught something about currents, and has the entire mechanism of the appliances necessary for the propulsion of the car clearly and exhaustively explained to him, and is also informed how to act in case of the failure of the action of any part of the installation.

In one of the class-rooms the skeleton of a full-sized car is fitted up. This is complete with the electrical apparatus in every detail. The car is supported upon jacks, so that the wheels spin idly round in the air. This is the most difficult part of the driver's training. Each man is placed on the car in turn, and is explicitly told what to do under various circumstances. For example, while driving, if the car suddenly comes to a stop and refuses to move the motor-man knows that something is amiss. The instructor then switches on the lights in the car to show that the current is flowing properly, and that the location of the accident is upon the car. The driver then proceeds to investigate the cause of the accident. He leaves his driving platform, taking care to remove the controlling handle before so doing, and examines the overhead switches to make certain that the

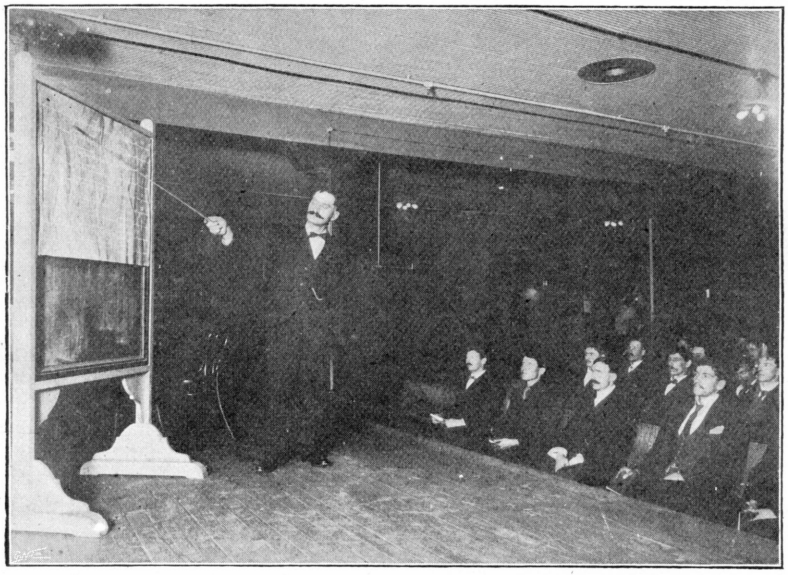
contact is perfect. If this be all right he then examines the fuse-boxes, and so on, until he has ascertained the cause of the breakdown, upon which he immediately sets to work to repair it. This is the most salient advantage of teaching the men a preliminary course of electrical engineering.

If the motor-man were ignorant upon this point he would have to await the arrival of an engineer to repair the damage before proceeding, thus causing a great delay and seriously disorganizing the other car traffic in the street.

During the progress of his inculcation upon the dummy car lectures are delivered to the recruit anent the method of crossing streets and avenues through which other cars are travelling. The instructor, by means of rails laid down upon the floor, explains the points of the crossing at which the driver should cut off and switch on his current respectively.

When the motor-man has completed his education in the school and has satisfied the instructor that he is qualified to drive through the public thoroughfares, he is allotted a car and makes several trips under the superintendence of another expert driver. If he displays a cool head and good judgment on these trials and evidences his ability to handle a vehicle in a thoroughfare he is appointed to a car of his own. This road trial is the most crucial test, since the man is left to act upon his own resources, under all trying and different circumstances, and thus either displays his able efficiency or faults. If he does not satisfy the superintending expert under whose guidance these trial trips are made he is sent back to the school for a further term, or if it is concluded that he will never prove an efficient driver he is summarily dismissed, and his ambitions of becoming a street-car driver are abruptly dashed to the ground.

The establishment of such schools as these has proved a veritable boon both to the car companies and the travelling public in the New World. Although we have nothing so elaborate in this country our motor-men are equally efficient as practical drivers. In this country the mechanism of the cars is first explained to them, and they are taken over the lines in the early mornings under the charge of an experienced driver, and in this way are initiated into the mysteries and management of the horseless vehicle. There are also several motor academies in various cities where students are not only taught how to operate the particular machine they have selected for their personal use, but are also given instruction in the operation of all kinds of self-propelled carriages.



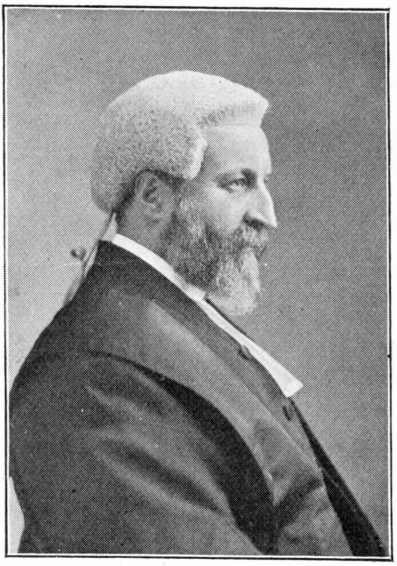
From a] RECRUITS LEARNING THE THEORY OF ELECTRICAL CURRENTS—NEW YORK. *[Photo.*

Is the Law Too Dear?

A Discussion of the Question with Lord Davey, Mr. Justice Jeune, Lord Brampton, Mr. Commissioner Kerr, Judge Addison, Mr. Registrar Pritchard, Mr. Fletcher Moulton, K.C., M.P., and Mr. Robert Ellett, the President of the Incorporated Law Society.

By Frederick Dolman.

A DISTINGUISHED lawyer, writing on the subject of the cost of litigation, recently declared that respectable solicitors were sometimes conscientiously obliged "to advise their clients not to go to law, but rather to submit to an unfair loss." In the days of Dickens's "Jarndice *v.* Jarndice" and of Dodson and Fogg it was a commonplace that law was a luxury only for the rich, but nowadays most people imagine that bills of costs are very much shorter. Apart from the testimony I have just quoted, however, cases frequently occur which suggest that they are still apt to be most unjustly and ruinously long. With a view of putting this impression to the test I have consulted leading representatives of the several sections of the legal world—the Judicial Bench, the Bar, and the solicitors.



SIR FRANCIS JEUNE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Sir Francis Jeune, the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, whom I first approached, said that he would rather not be a party to an interview on the subject, but was quite willing to put his views into writing, as follows:—

"As regards contentious business—that is, litigation—I think the law is too dear in many instances; but I believe that the only remedy lies in improvement in expedition in the courts, certainty when cases will be heard, and diminishing the number of appeals. Much has been done in these directions, but I at least think that a good deal remains to be done. In the path, however, stands the present circuit system, and everyone who has any acquaintance with the subject of law reform knows the difficulty of dealing effectively with that matter.

"As regards non-contentious business, such as the preparation of settlements, conveyances, and wills, the charges made by solicitors—I mean solicitors of the highest standing and respectability—are, I think, far too high. The counsel, who in most cases actually draws the document, receives a very small part indeed of what the client pays. I confess I do not know where the remedy for this is to be found unless it is in the invariable and automatic taxation of solicitors' bills.

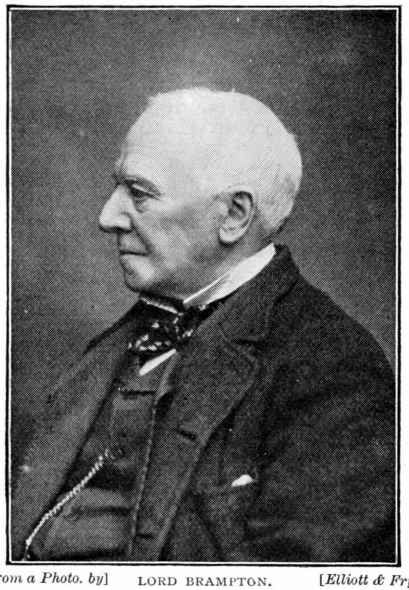
"But do what anyone may," Mr. Justice Jeune concludes, "law will never be cheap. It involves too much exercise of highly trained ability and experience—to say nothing of integrity—for that."

The words of Sir Francis Jeune, who at fifty-eight is one of the younger judges, are based upon ten years' experience on the Judicial Bench and over twenty years' wide and varied experience at the Bar. The son of a Bishop of Peterborough, married to a well-known society leader who shows extraordinary energy in philanthropic work, no judge of the High Court has shown a keener regard for the true public interest in the administration of justice—the interest of poor and rich alike.

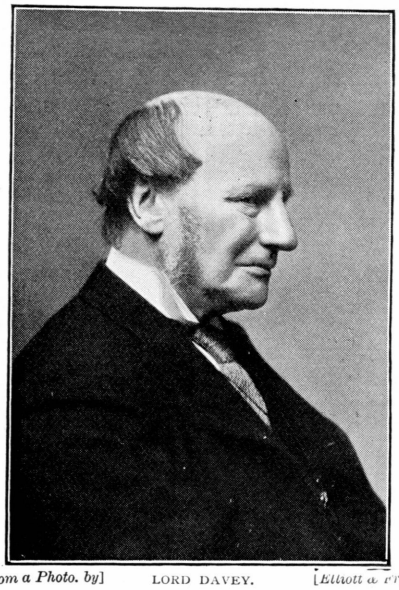
Lord Brampton, whom readers will know better as Sir Henry Hawkins, would not commit himself to much more than a jest on the question.

"I doubt," said his lordship, "if the law is exceptionally 'dear' to any of His Majesty's subjects except the lawyers, but I do think it is too *expensive* for those who are compelled to embark in it."

This *obiter dictum* only increases the interest with which we should hear a fuller statement of opinion from the judge who, if best known for his conduct of criminal



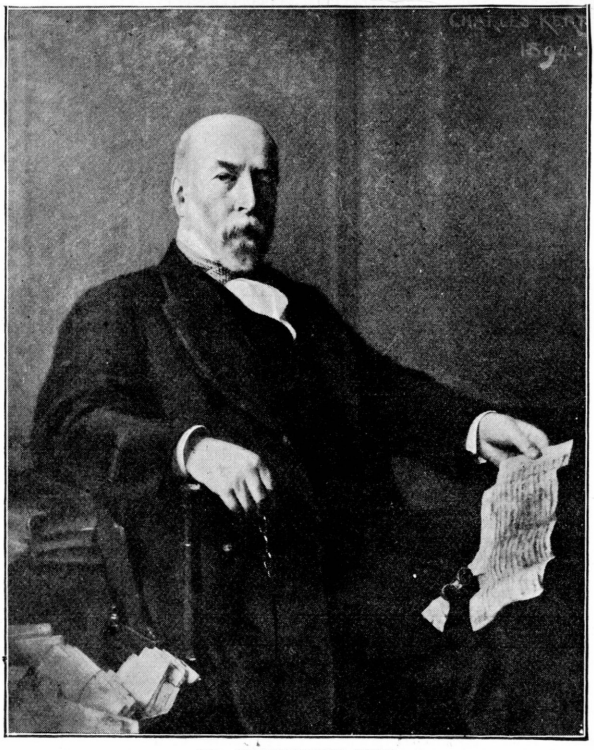
From a Photo. by] LORD BRAMPTON. *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] LORD DAVEY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

trials, can yet look back upon an almost unique experience of the administration of the law generally. But Lord Brampton is in his eighty-fourth year, and is enjoying well-earned rest in the House of Lords as the highest court of appeal.

"I am of opinion," wrote Lord Davey to me from his house at Haslemere, "like every sensible man, that litigation should be made as little burdensome to the suitor as possible, and I have no doubt reductions could be made in the present scale of expenses. But I have not studied the details of the subject sufficiently to enable me to form any just opinion as to the form or duration in which any reductions can advantageously or properly be made."



MR. COMMISSIONER KERR.
From a Painting by Mr. Chas. Kerr. Photo. by W. Gray, Bayswater.

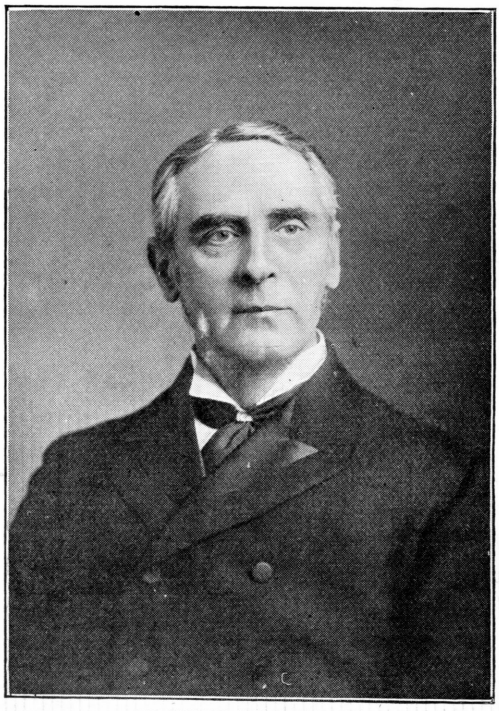
Lord Davey, whether as barrister, member of Parliament, Solicitor-General, Chancery Judge, and now a Lord of Appeal, has always been favourable to legal reform. Some years ago, when known in the House of Commons, he sent me a letter on the subject in which occurred a passage that has a direct bearing upon the costliness of litigation:—

"I think that the decision of the judge of first instance ought to be final on questions of pleading and practice generally, with an appeal only by leave either of the judge or of the Court of Appeal. I think that the reservation of this limited right of appeal is necessary to preserve uniformity of practice. I should add that in my opinion the

present procedure in these cases in the Queen's Bench Division of going from the Master to the Judge in Chambers and then to the Divisional Court is as bad as possible."

Since these words were written the Divisional Court has been abolished, but otherwise the right of appeal still unduly favours the man with the longest purse.

Lord Davey and Sir Francis Jeune may fairly be said to represent the highest judicial sphere. It is in the county courts, however, that most of the litigation takes place in which the poorer classes are concerned. Is the law too dear even as administered by these subordinate tribunals? Going first to the City, where Mr. Commissioner Kerr presides over the most important of the county courts, I find the learned Commissioner almost in despair over what he terms "the enormous cost of legal proceedings."



HIS HONOUR JUDGE ADDISON.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"I have been denouncing these costs," says the judge of the City of London Court, whose name long years of service has made well known throughout the Metropolitan area, "for over forty years. Cromwell said 'the sons of Berniah' were too strong for him, and the late Lord Chief Justice Campbell, who sometimes said what was true, pointed out that 'the attorneys were the most powerful body in England.' He believed what he said, as it was he who introduced the practice of giving the names of the attorneys concerned in the Law Reports. That, no doubt, brought him business too!"

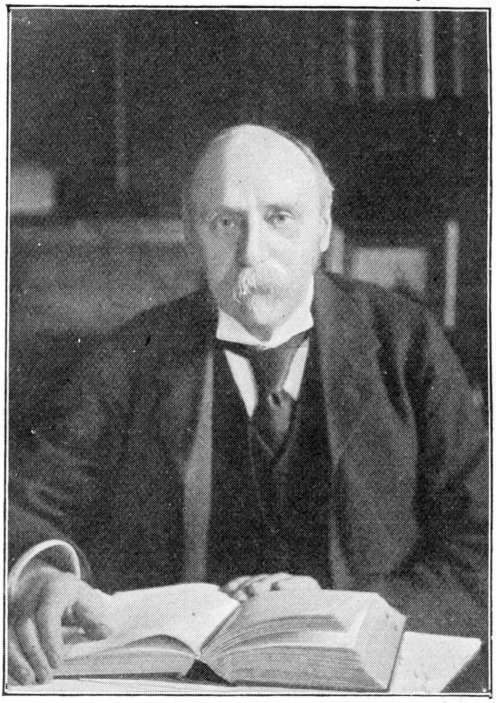
In this frame of mind it is not surprising that the learned Commissioner had nothing more to say. I turned to Mr. John Addison, K.C., the judge at Greenwich and Woolwich, and a gentleman who before accepting his present position was for many years a member of the House of Commons, in the hope that he would give me a diagnosis of the evil as it prevails in the poor man's court. This, in fact, he did in very few words:—

"It is very evident that the 'costs' on summonses and the 'hearing fee' in the county courts are very excessive and press hardly on the suitors. But they are in accordance with a policy to make the civil courts 'pay their way,' and this is not a time when Governments are likely to surrender anything."

On investigation, however, I find that at present the civil courts do not "pay their way." On the contrary, the accounts in recent years have shown an increasing annual deficit. In 1899 the county courts' receipts amounted, in round figures, to £450,000 and the expenditure upon them to £579,000, or a deficit of £129,000. In the High Court the income was £503,000, whilst the disbursements came to £631,000, of which amount judges' salaries amounted to nearly £175,000. Thus on the civil courts, as a whole, there was a loss to the country of more than £250,000 sterling. Curiously enough, the Bankruptcy Court is the only court in which the authorities succeed in making both ends meet. The policy of making the courts pay by charging fees which, in the opinion of such high authorities, are unduly high would thus clearly seem to fail completely.

This was one of the first points I brought to the attention of Mr. J. Fletcher Moulton, K.C., M.P., when I discussed the subject for half an hour one evening in the lobby of the House of Commons. Mr. Moulton, readers will well know, is a most distinguished representative of the Chancery Bar, but it was the general aspect of the question which engaged his attention.

"In speaking of the cost of litigation," said Mr. Moulton, "it is desirable to discriminate between the different classes of actions. By far the largest number determined in the county courts are brought for the enforcement of indisputable claims or rights, such as the payment of money under a contract or the recovery of possession of a house after the expiration of a lease. In all such cases, where the Courts, acting as a kind of commercial police, merely give the sanction of the law to transactions which are incontestable, the fees should be absolutely as low as possible. It is, of course, many years since I had any personal experience of the county court, but I believe its fees have been much reduced of late, although I daresay they might be made lower, more especially in respect to cases involving the smallest amounts."



MR. J. FLETCHER MOULTON, K.C., M.P.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"Is it necessary that they should be fixed on a self-supporting basis at all—some people, as you know, Mr. Moulton, advocate what they call 'free justice,' instead of 'fee'd justice'?"

"As regards the cases I have been speaking of, I don't think there can be any objection to the county courts being conducted at a loss. But as to abolishing court fees altogether, you must remember that quite half the litigation in the world arises from unbusinesslike conduct. Why should people generally have to pay, even partly, for the litigation which arises from the carelessness of a few?"

"But it is often a matter of complaint that even the successful suitor in such cases finds that the law is too expensive."

"Yes, I believe grave injustice is sometimes done because the successful party is obliged to pay a large proportion of his own costs. This is a matter governed by the action of the taxing masters, who are influenced, however, by many traditions and unwritten rules which have grown up. I wish the masters could act on their own discretion, treating each bill of costs on its merits as it came before them. For my own part, I consider that the successful party should be able to recover his entire costs unless any were unreasonably incurred. For instance, a very nervous man might cause a high fee to be paid to a barrister whose services were not at all necessary to his success. Of course the circumstances of each case would have to be taken into consideration.

"Of course, as regards the few very big and important cases the question stands in a somewhat different position. If a man stands to gain or lose £200,000, say, as the result of an action, he will obtain the services of the counsel he considers the ablest regardless of cost, just as a man who believes his life to be in danger will obtain the advice of the ablest specialist—and the expert in any profession is thus able to command high fees. Such cases are often won before they are brought into court—as the result of the study and investigation of the counsel on one side or the other. Counsel's fees may be very largely for such legitimate preparatory work, but it would lead to abuse, I think, if fees for such work were payable by an unsuccessful party."

"I don't think one hears much complaint, Mr. Moulton, about the costliness of these very big cases?"

"No, that is true. As regards the general bulk of cases in the Queen's Bench, a fruitful source of expense is the uncertainty as to their time of hearing, causing expensive witnesses to be kept waiting sometimes for days together. This uncertainty could be largely reduced if a greater amount of judicial power were available. At the present time judges are so anxious to employ the whole of their official time that they always put into

their list, day by day, more cases than can under ordinary circumstances be disposed of, lest some of the cases should be unexpectedly brief. The judicial staff on the Chancery side is sufficient, I think, but the Queen's Bench Division should certainly have additional judges.

"At the same time, the amount of judicial power available could also be increased by a revision of the circuit system, which at the present time leads to much waste of the judges' time in the smaller places. Assizes in half-a-dozen provincial centres, such as Manchester and Leeds, should be sufficient. The present system dates from a time when communication was difficult and expensive; now it is cheaper, as a rule, for parties and witnesses to come to London than to go to the assizes, with the result that in many of these smaller places the judges, although they have to interrupt their work in London for the circuit, have little or nothing to do."

"In my division," wrote Mr. Justice Gorell Barnes, who shares with Sir Francis Jeune the labours of the Admiralty, Probate, and Divorce Division, "the Registrars have more to do with the actual costs of the cases than the judges." His lordship accordingly referred me to Mr. Registrar Pritchard, D.C.L., with whom I had an interesting conversation.

It is Dr. Pritchard's opinion that little or nothing can be done to further reduce the expense of litigation in the court with which he had to deal. He pointed out that costs had been much cut down as the result of action taken by Lord Hannen, the late President.

"There was a big probate case, for instance, lasting ten days," said the Registrar, "in which three counsel appeared on one side, and Lord Hannen directed that the fees of the third counsel were to be disallowed in the taxation of fees. Well, ever since then—this being an extreme case—we have always struck out fees for a third counsel."

By way of illustration Dr. Pritchard allowed me to examine two bills of costs which were in process of taxation, one in an undefended divorce case, which, after taxation to the tune of £2 or £3, amounted to a little more than £30, and the second concerning a probate action for about £150, the Registrar's revision in this case effecting only a slightly larger reduction.

"Is £30 a usual sort of amount for an undefended divorce case?"

"Yes, I think so. If the suit is defended, of course, there is no saying what figure the costs may amount to."

"Have you any idea as to the amount of the disputed will in the probate case?"

"No, and in such a case there can be no definite relation between the costs and the amount in dispute, although in all litigation it naturally appears improper when the former equals or even exceeds the latter. But take probate actions. In the great majority it is alleged that the testator was of unsound mind when he made the will. Well, to prove or rebut this allegation a great amount of evidence is necessary. It is necessary to inquire not merely into the state of his mind when the will was actually made, but also into his mental history for some time before by consultation with the man's friends and acquaintances; and all this necessarily costs money, irrespective of the amount in question, although I daresay there is often larger expenditure when the estate is a rich one and it is known that the costs will come out of the estate.

"The solicitor who runs up the longest bill of costs is a rare combination of rogue and fool. He will make a hopeless and foolish motion, for instance, before the trial simply because he wants to get as much as possible out of his client. But I am afraid it would be impossible to draw up a code of regulations which would meet all such cases. In course of time the solicitors will become known to the Registrar, and he can only do his best to protect the party concerned by a rigid taxation of the bill. But, after all, much must be left to the honour and integrity of individual solicitors, and if a reduction of solicitors' fees had the effect of lowering the status of their profession it would not, in the long run, be to the advantage of the public. A solicitor is consulted as to the advisability of taking legal proceedings; in many cases the client, so to speak, has not a leg to stand upon; but if the solicitor is not a man of honour he will advise—or at any rate not oppose—the issue of a writ for the sake of his business."

So far, it will be seen, Mr. Registrar Pritchard had taken a somewhat negative view of my question. Before our talk came to an end, however, the learned Registrar made a striking statement in the opposite sense. He is strongly of opinion that the law is often too dear to the successful suitor, whatever it may be to the public generally.

"I have never been able to understand why any practical distinction should be made between 'party and party' and 'solicitor

and client' costs as they are called. I have never seen any good reason why a man who has been wronged should have to pay any part of the cost of putting the wrong right. Of course, the costs between solicitor and client would have to be subject to taxation just the same as between party and party, and the solicitor would have to be deprived of any unnecessary or excessive charges."

As laymen we may, perhaps, suspect that in this last sentence Mr. Registrar Pritchard has given one reason why the present system, under which legal redress often becomes a costly luxury, should have flourished so long. As it is, a certain portion of the solicitor's charges, not being enforceable against the unsuccessful party, altogether escape the Registrar's vigilant eye.

The solicitors have their own views, however, as to the causes of the excessive costliness of our legal system, and these were very fairly and clearly put to me, I think, by Mr. Robert Ellett. Mr. Ellett occupies this year the position of president of the great solicitors' organization, the Incorporated Law Society, but he was anxious to have it understood that he was expressing his own opinions, without committing the society to them in any way.

"You ask my views on the question whether law is too dear. By this I understand you mean whether a suitor pays too much for getting his case heard and determined in the King's Courts.

"I answer that in that sense law is too dear because of the defects in the present arrangements for trial. More judges are needed unless the existing circuit system is altered. At present there are not sufficient judges to keep the courts in London going whilst the judges are on circuit. A suitor cannot ascertain when his case will be heard or before what judge or in what court. The arrangements in these respects may be made and altered over and over again before his case is heard. To-day he may find his case in the list for hearing to-morrow, and, at great expense, may bring up his witnesses from long distances and make all preparations for the trial, only to find that the case cannot be taken and is indefinitely postponed. This process may be repeated. On each occasion counsel, solicitors, and witnesses are put to additional trouble and the suitor to additional expense. The causes of all this are well known, and so are the remedies. The public can have the remedies applied whenever they like by making it clear to the Government of the day that it must be done.

"Again, law is too dear in the poor man's court—the county court—because the fees levied by the State in that court are much too high. If a person wants to enter a plaint in the county court to recover £20 he pays a guinea. If another person wants to issue a writ in the High Court to recover £20,000 he pays 10s. Other fees in the county court are in proportion. This anomaly is nothing new. A Royal Commission reported upon it and condemned it more than twenty-five years ago, but it remains."

"But are not the lawyers' bills too big?" was the question with which Mr. Ellett kindly proceeded to deal.

"Well, in the first place, there is a good deal of misapprehension about these bills. They include counsel's fees, court fees, witnesses' expenses, and all disbursements connected with the litigation, as well as the solicitor's remuneration, and yet it is a common mistake to speak of the total as 'the solicitor's bill.' If the portion of the bill which represents the solicitor's remuneration were separated it would be seen that his remuneration bears a very small proportion to the total expenses. It would then be seen, moreover, that solicitors are underpaid, both actually as respects the work done and responsibility incurred, and relatively to the charges of other experts employed. In that respect, then, it cannot be said that law is too dear.

"There is a prescribed tariff of fees for solicitors. They are in a less favourable position than the members of other professions, who can fix their own charges subject only to revision, if the employer is dissatisfied, by a judge or jury. In my opinion that is the better plan, and I see no good reason why it should not apply to solicitors. If it did, I have no doubt they would be better paid.

"One word more. Do not let anyone suppose that law (understanding it to mean the expense of litigation in which counsel and solicitors are engaged) can nowadays be cheap. Counsel's fees and the fees of surveyors, engineers, and other experts frequently required in litigation are all more than they used to be. Solicitors' fees ought to be so. All this, however, is no reason why the judicial arrangements should be such as to occasion unnecessary uncertainty and expense; and, as I have pointed out, it rests with the public themselves to enforce an alteration."

A Chain of Circumstance

By Mrs. Egerton Eastwick.

"MR. LEVISON will be here in ten minutes."

"I cannot see him."

"It is quite unnecessary that you should see him to-day. If only I can assure him of your consent he will go away satisfied; but it must be understood that you hold to your word. He will probably ask leave to call to-morrow."

"Oh, dad, think what it means to me! I am only nineteen!"

"Mr. Levison is thirty. The disparity is not excessive, and it is on the right side."

"A horrid, dirty little man! How can there be any right side in the question?"

"A little man who can put us on the right side of the world at all events; a little man who can give his wife the finest jewels in London."

"I don't want his jewels. I don't want him. If he were to pelt me with pearls I would not stoop to pick them up. I only want to enjoy my freedom a few more years——"

Sir Julian groaned. "A pretty sort of freedom you'll enjoy when your father is forced to live in cheap lodgings at Baden or Boulogne! You'll get no chance of being pelted with pearls, my dear. The world has other missiles handy for the daughter of a disgraced and ruined man. But—good heavens!—wasn't that the hall-door?"

The hall-door had certainly been opened and closed—closed with something of a bang; a decisive, uncompromising sound. There followed, however, a noticeable stillness; not a soul seemed stirring in the big house in Leominster Gardens.

"I don't hear anyone coming upstairs," remarked Helena.

Sir Julian Hartwood looked at his watch.

"It is already nearly five minutes past four," he said, uneasily, "and Levison is the soul of punctuality. Four o'clock precisely was the time appointed."

"Is it possible," said Helena, with sudden inspiration, "that he came a little too soon? In the heat of our argument——"

"Good heavens, Helena! What do you mean? He would have been announced—we should have heard——"

"You forget we have a new Jeames to-day. I believe his knowledge of the duties of his position is limited. As for hearing—the bang of that door was decisive as the crack of doom—nothing short of it would have roused us."

While she was speaking she had moved to the side of the room and lifted a heavy green curtain which shielded a doorway. The door had been removed, and the opening led into a moderately-sized drawing-room. The conversation had taken place in a smaller room, fitted as a library or study.

Helena pointed dramatically to an isolated chair, standing without obvious design, near the middle of the room.

"Look," she said, "it is as I thought! He has been here, and gone. He must have heard my opinion of him."

Indeed, the chair looked oddly aggressive, suggestive of a human being to whom it had lately yielded support under trying circumstances, but who in rising had thrust it hurriedly and neglectfully to one side.

"We did not moderate our voices," murmured Helena.

Sir Julian rang the bell.

During the next few minutes he learned that his worst fears were realized. A gentleman had called, and had been shown into the drawing-room. James had not known where to find his master—had not, in fact, understood the necessity for seeking him, since the gentleman had said he called by appointment.

Sir Julian cursed the man and told him to leave the room, and the house, without delay.

Mr. Levison had indeed anticipated the hour appointed for his interview with Sir Julian Hartwood by nearly ten minutes, and the results of his precipitancy had proved portentous. Whether he might ultimately learn to bless the chance which had destroyed his hopes he was unable at present to consider; chaos alone could describe his mental state as he drove home to Belgrave Square. Through a general sense of humiliation and anger and dismay four words rang with mocking clearness in his ears; and when he reached at length the calm seclusion of his own room these gathered new distinctness and stabbed him afresh:—

"Horrid, dirty little man!"

He could hear the very tones of her clear voice as she had thus mercilessly catalogued his attractions. With almost a shudder he faced his full-length semblance in his cheval glass. Little he must acknowledge he was, since he measured but 5ft. 6in. in his socks, which is the perfect height for a woman (it was Helena's own), but ineffectual for a man. Horrid, he might be; but dirty! He was, perhaps, too exquisitely groomed. Tailor, haberdasher, coiffeur, manicure: he employed the most expensive in London. His baths were scented; nothing coarser than silk ever touched his skin. But perhaps some of his very perfections offended her exquisite taste. He had committed himself to the care of a valet warranted to turn out unblemished gentlemen at the shortest notice and highest price; he sighed as he envisaged the cost (in a double sense) of failure.

Yet at heart he knew himself that which he most desired to be; without aid of valet or tailor. He had suffered great personal inconveniences, believing them the inevitable price of his condition; and she had only found him "dirty"!—in spite of his combing and curling, his essences and silk attire. He would at once begin to be comfortable, even a little wholesomely vulgar. He would wear such clothes as suited him, dismiss his valet, and shave his own chin. But—dirty? Never! He only revelled in the thought of freedom and cold, unessenced baths. He would buy the swiftest motor, the most perfect yacht to be had for money. He would be his own master; even she—his lip trembled—should not ruin his life altogether. And yet—he loved her—how he loved her—must love her—for an eternity of years! He was indignant, but not with her. He saw now that she had never tried to deceive him, and the sense of her honesty gave him a glow of satisfaction in the midst of his humiliation and pain. Sir Julian had blinded him for his own ends, and the motive for the old man's meanness was not obscure. Levison had not heard the baronet's declaration of impending ruin, having fled immediately after Helena's forcible catalogue of his own attractions had reached his ears, but he had heard rumours in the City concerning Sir Julian Hartwood's affairs to which he had not hitherto paid much attention. He had seen no signs of anxiety or retrenchment in the household in Leominster Gardens, and he was not mercenary—in his love affairs. Now, however, he determined he would make it his business to discover the facts.

It was the era of necklaces.

No costume was complete without its attendant chain, selected to harmonize or contrast, and while strings of glass beads, daintily arranged, were to be had for a few shillings, the world was searched for the quaint and rare in colour and design, for which fabulous prices were given.

In a room on the second floor of a small and dingy tenement, within a stone's throw of St. James's Street, a girl sat making chains. To-day she had received an order of more than usual importance, from Madame Victorine, the Court-dressmaker for whom she chiefly worked: a chain was required to be completed in three days; and it must correspond with a costume of opal-tinted gauze, worn over ivory satin, designed and provided by Madame Victorine for Miss Helena Hartwood.

Esther Martin sighed as she turned over

such treasures as she possessed. Nothing there would serve her turn, and she foresaw that she must expend the greater part of the sum she was to receive for her work in the purchase of materials. There was no time to lose, and she prepared at once to go out in search of the things she needed. On her way to the shop where she usually bought her beads she passed down Bond Street, and here she lingered, fascinated by the jewel shops, the glow of colour that her soul loved; and also in the hope of gaining fresh ideas.

She was too absorbed to notice passers-by, but presently became aware of a man standing at her side; a man somewhat carelessly dressed, but yet bearing about him in some hardly definable way unmistakable signs of wealth.

"Well, you are pleased?—or envious? which is it?" he spoke in a friendly, unconventional tone. "Why do you stare so at the jewels? I noticed you from the inside of the shop."

The man's voice and manner inspired confidence, and Esther told him her trade.

"And now," she added, "I am at a loss. Miss Hartwood's chain must be ready on Thursday——"

"What name did you say?"

"Miss Hartwood — Miss Helena Hartwood; the sweetest young lady. I saw her once. I had occasion to go to the house—a grand house in Leominster Gardens."

"Come inside," the man said, quietly; "perhaps they may have what you require."

"Oh, sir—I couldn't afford—two or three pounds at the utmost is all I can spend."

"You will find all sorts here. You see, jewellers are obliged to keep imitation as well as real stones. Sometimes customers want their valuable jewellery copied," he added, with a smile, and they entered the shop together.

"WHY DO YOU STARE SO AT THE JEWELS?"

Half an hour later Esther was again in Bond Street, but she was not carrying the beads for Helena's necklace. She had seen all that she desired for working out the most beautiful design she could imagine, but she could purchase them on one condition only: she must make the necklace on the premises. It was to consist of a double row of pearl beads, with twelve roses placed at intervals in the length of three yards; each rose to consist of a ruby, an emerald, a topaz, a sapphire, and an amethyst, set round a diamond, a blaze of colour intended to accentuate the delicate shades of the opal-tinted gauze which Esther described.

The stones appeared to her so finely imitated that she could hardly believe them to be mere glass. Her friend had helped her in their selection and had also arranged that they should not be pierced. The roses, he explained, could, for a mere trifle, be set at the shop in a hardly perceptible framework, fitted at the back with the tiny tubes through which her threads must pass. The man seemed interested in her artistic bias and desirous of helping her in every way. When other details were complete he suddenly produced four very large pearls to be worked into the tassels of the chain, and further arranged that Esther should be accommodated during the next three days in the little room behind the shop where the transaction had been carried on, with everything necessary for the completion of her task. Plainly, he was the master of the establishment.

Miss Helena Hartwood's dress had arrived; and with it, delivered by Esther Martin her-

self, the chain, packed in a cardboard-box. Standing by her dressing-table, the shining folds of gauze and satin spread upon the bed, Helena drew out the coiled lengths of beads, and as they fell almost to her feet uttered an exclamation of wonder. Too gorgeous, perhaps, it might have seemed, without the softening effect of the pearls.

She threw the glittering thing over her head, and then the wonder of its prismatic beauty on the white frock she had that afternoon worn at a concert wholly subjugated her. It seemed marvellous that so much splendour could be had for five pounds; but the fact left little cause to regret Mr. Levison's foregone jewels.

She had not indeed taken Sir Julian's threats of ruin very seriously, and her notions of poverty were comparative. The idea of a state of life in which five pounds might mean food and lodging for as many weeks had never developed in her brain as by any possibility connected with herself. She was a woman of limited experience, but beneath much frivolous vivacity owned a conscience and a kindly nature, and across her dislike for Samuel Levison swept often a wave of regret for the pain she knew she must have inadvertently given. The necklace recalled him; he was always associated in her mind with jewels. Nothing had been heard or seen of him in Leominster Gardens since that unfortunate day now nearly a fortnight ago, but she imagined him to be suffering rather from wounded vanity than any more serious hurt. He had always been singularly diffident in his manner towards herself, and she concluded he had sought her chiefly because he thought she would make a suitable mistress for his establishment; she had not credited him with any feeling of genuine attachment. The chain was still around her neck when she heard her father's voice at the door asking for her, and she bade him come in. He glanced at the outspread dress with uplifted hands. "More finery," he said. "I hope you can pay for it." Then his eye was caught by the colour and beauty of the chain. "What is that? Where did you get it?" he asked, sharply.

"It belongs to the gown. Madame Victorine supplies these things. Isn't it pretty? She charges five pounds extra."

"Five pounds! Let me look at it!" He took the lengths of pearl and colour into his hands, examining particularly the roses and the four large and perfect beads in the tassels.

"If this were only real," he said, with a sigh, "it would save us. It is the most extraordinary imitation. Five pounds—are you sure?"

"Here is the bill. Victorine has sent it in with the gown. She scents disaster."

He glanced at a formidable row of figures. The last item was a pearl chain, five pounds.

"As I said before, I hope you can pay this preposterous bill," Sir Julian spoke querulously. "I cannot help you."

"Oh, I can raise it somehow if things are so bad as that. I have a few real diamonds left—but, dad, you look really ill to-night. Is there—is there anything fresh?"

"Only the worst realized. I warned you a fortnight ago. Fifteen thousand pounds—unless I can get it before Saturday I must clear out—out of the country; perhaps," he added, grimly, "I had better go a little farther."

His head drooped, he looked suddenly strangely old, shrunken. Helena was used to exaggerations, to forebodings and fluctuating fortunes. Until now, however, the firm of Hartwood and Co. had held on its way unsubmerged. Money seemed always forthcoming when absolutely essential, however long the advent might be postponed, and she had grown to regard fortune as a frigid jade who loved to torture, but yielded in their favour at last; the Stock Exchange being her mysterious agent. To-night, however, her father's face carried more serious warning than she had ever before read there.

"You really mean it, dad? Before Saturday?"

"I mean it right enough—and Monday is settling day; another five thousand I must pay then or be posted as a defaulter. Those Penguin and Peruvian shares are worthless—a drug in the market. Adams and Goodge have a bill against me for fifteen thousand and won't renew. I have borrowed in the hope of tiding over, but can't raise another penny. My whole assets don't amount to five thousand. I had hoped—if you had been sensible——"

"Don't—don't—anything but that. If these things were only real!"

"That you are wearing sham jewellery is your own fault. But even now, if you would only have a little common sense instead of indulging in sentimental nonsense, you might save the situation. Levison will be at this ball to-night. If Adams and Goodge once heard you were engaged to Levison they'd renew like a shot."

"There are two objections to the plan," she said, coldly. "In the first place, Mr.

Levison has heard me call him a dirty little man. Do you think any man could forgive that? In the second, my opinion of him has not altered."

"A fortnight—only a fortnight's grace," urged Sir Julian, with astonishing patience. "Who knows what might happen in a fortnight? Other things turn up trumps, and fifteen thousand seems a mere bagatelle. If I once got square again you might—well, you might elope. I suppose there is someone you prefer to Levison, or you would not be so unmanageable. I could play the infuriated parent at first, but you wouldn't find me adamantine."

"'THERE ARE TWO OBJECTIONS TO THE PLAN,' SHE SAID, COLDLY."

Helena's eyes had been growing wider and rounder. "Well, of all the despicable plans!" she said. "And if you did not get square again, as you call it, I suppose I should have to abide by my bargain? It is immaterial to you whether I sell myself or my honour, or both in one! Dad, under your teaching I wonder I have a straight line left in my imagination."

The old man looked ashamed. "I expect I hardly know what I'm talking about half the time," he said, "but I thought to help you. I'd rather sacrifice Levison than you, my girl, that's a fact. It's hard to face destitution at my time of life."

In a moment her arms were about his neck.

"Dear old dad! I would help you if I could, and, of course, something will turn up. We have still forty-eight hours."

In spite of hopeful words, however, it was in no very bright mood that Helena dressed for her round of evening entertainments. Yet when her toilette was complete, and she surveyed her full-length reflection in her mirror, she realized, perhaps for the first time fully, the possibilities and power of her beauty.

"Surely," she thought, "I cannot fail," yet prayed in her heart that she might fail utterly.

Was it for such an end, she wondered, that she had been created that most strange complexity—a beautiful woman? A thing inheriting all human instincts and capacities, yet by half the world denied the mere possession of a soul; and regarded by the other half as no more than a subject for barter.

She had hardly entered Lady Marchment's ballroom when she knew that one chance of deliverance, at any rate, for that night had been denied her: the chance of lacking opportunity.

Almost the first person her eyes fell upon was Samuel Levison, and even in that cursory glance she thought he looked less carefully curled and groomed than usual. Later she found that, whatever design she might have with regard to him, she must carry it out unaided; he showed consciousness of her presence only by careful avoidance of her neighbourhood. At last, half piqued, and finding resolution flourish under the tonic of neglect, she asked a man whom she knew to be among his acquaintance to introduce Mr. Levison. The man looked astonished. "I thought——" he began.

"You thought I knew him? Yes, I did once, long ago; oh, very long ago! He has forgotten me. I don't mind, and I want

very much to ask him a question—quite a professional question. Do bring him to me."

Her companion bowed and departed on his errand. In a few minutes he returned with Levison, who faced her with a strange passivity.

"Mr. Levison," she said, "I see you have forgotten me. May I recall myself to your memory? I am in search of information which you alone can give me."

He looked at her steadily, but her eyes were travelling away anywhere over the room.

"I have not forgotten Miss Hartwood," he said, gravely, "and I shall be happy to give her any information in my power."

The emissary had withdrawn, wondering, as he mentally phrased it, what was up.

"Will you take me," said Helena, abruptly, "where it is possible to talk?" And without a word he led her to a corner in the conservatory, screened and curtained, and at the moment untenanted. For awhile after they were seated there was an awkward pause. Then Helena spoke; her face was white as her gown.

"Mr. Levison," she said, "you will guess that I have something especial to say."

"If the saying of it is likely to give you any inconvenience or—or pain—consider it said, and—and done with, Miss Hartwood."

"That is impossible. Unfortunately it can't be done with until you know what it is and I have your answer."

Levison was startled. It seemed to him that these words, or their equivalent, should have been his a fortnight ago.

"In the first place," Helena went on, "I have to ask your pardon. I—I know that a fortnight ago you did me a great honour — at least I am told we women should consider any proposal of the kind as an honour to which the world and society set their seal of approval; also, I am aware that you never had any direct answer to your request; that you—you did not wait for it — and I know why. I ask you now to believe that I would not willingly have been—rude. You came ten minutes before your time."

"What is the use?" he said, roughly. "I had my answer; what is the use of re-opening the question?"

"You have not had it—not finally."

"What do you mean?"

"The words you overheard were, of course, a mere—a mere figure of speech. No, stop, don't think me too mean—I am trying to be really truthful. I—I am indifferent to you—it is true—why should I be otherwise? But I did not mean—I would not willingly insult you. Well, then, a fortnight ago—you, you asked my father's leave to seek me as your wife—as I understand the matter, you for some reason thought I should prove a suitable person to place at the head of your establishment. I never heard from you or anyone else anything about—about—affection, you know. You simply, I believe, offered to buy me in the most approved moral and creditable manner. I have sent to you to-night to tell you that—that—if you are of the same mind still I—I—am willing to be—bought!"

"Good God—Helena—Miss Hartwood!"

Her face was quite set and hard; she was looking straight in front of her.

"I am only," she said, "putting the thing plainly. I have my terms—my price. My

"I—AM WILLING TO BE—BOUGHT!"

father at this moment wants twenty thousand —no, fifteen would do, I believe—fifteen thousand pounds. If you will let him have this I give you my word of—of—no, not honour—my word, that I will keep my share of the bargain."

"And if I refuse?"

"If you refuse we shall be ruined; but—but I shall be free. I can't do any more."

The little man stood up, screening her from any possible passer-by; for her voice had broken a little and her white lips trembled.

"Miss Hartwood," he said, "I refuse! I refuse because you have mistaken the case. The bargain would still be one-sided because, though I have been such a fool as never to tell you this, I love you! The wrong and the folly were mine first of all in speaking of marriage without making this plain to you above everything else. I was afraid—afraid! I wanted to find out first if there might be a little chance for me somehow; if you could get accustomed to me. You seemed so far above me. To-night you seem still farther away and infinitely more dear. You see, I—I can't, unless——"

She had buried her face in her hands, and he bent to catch her next words with a wild hope at his heart.

Helena knew that if she could have lied then the game, such as it was, was won. But she had vowed, come what would, she would *not* lie.

"No," she said; "I am afraid not—ever."

He drew himself up as a man gathers his strength, and there was a moment of silence. Then he said, quietly:—

"It would be easy for me to say that I would help your father through this crisis, but I know how you would regard such an offer. Look up, if you can, and see in me your friend. Let us think together if there is no other way."

He sat down again beside her; she drew a long breath of relief and even smiled a little. "There is no other way," she said. "Poor dad! At least I have done my best, haven't I? Or my worst—which is it, I wonder?"

She gathered up her pearls and twisted them idly in her fingers. "If these were only real!" she said.

"What do you mean? Let me look at them. I am something of a judge, and those pearls look to me valuable."

"Oh, no—it is just a string of beads——"

"Nonsense. Do you know you are carrying the price of your troubles round your neck?"

"Impossible. I tell you they came from my dressmaker's with my gown; a comparatively valueless trinket, yet under the circumstances a shocking extravagance."

Levison was holding the tassels of the chain in his hand, examining the four large pearls.

"Nevertheless," he said, "I believe I could send an expert, a dealer in these things, to you to-morrow who would give you twenty thousand pounds for your trinket. I could take my oath these are some of the finest jewels in the world."

The following morning, about nine o'clock, Sir Julian Hartwood rapped on the door of his daughter's room and demanded admission. Helena was sitting up in bed, enveloped in a nondescript garment of cambric and lace, a tray with coffee, toast, and letters at her side. Sir Julian had an open letter in his hand.

"Helena, my dear child, where is that chain?"

"Gracious me! the chain again! It is here, under my pillow. I believe the thing is bewitched, I haven't slept a wink."

"A most extraordinary event!" Sir Julian flourished his letter. "A communication from Adams and Goodge. You were seen, they say, to wear a chain last night of extraordinary value. If the estimate of the jewels after being submitted to an expert is proved to be correct, they offer to accept it as full payment of the bill."

"Fifteen thousand pounds! They can't have it."

"Helena, you would never be so senseless —so cruel——"

"The fact is, I can go one better. I have had an offer——"

"My dear child!"

"For the necklace. I put myself (I think for your sake) up to auction last night—reserved price, twenty thousand pounds—I was refused at the valuation; the bidder suggested the sale of the necklace instead."

"You are either mad or trifling."

"Wait till eleven o'clock and you'll see," she said. "Now, please, you must go, or I sha'n't be dressed."

Sir Julian pleaded for an explanation, but she buried her face in the pillows and would say no more.

At eleven o'clock a sedate and grey-haired gentleman called in Leominster Gardens and was shown by Helena's orders to her morning-room. He gave his name as Mr. Robinson, and explained that he was not only an expert in the valuation of stones, but also a dealer

"GRACIOUS ME! THE CHAIN AGAIN!"

on a large scale. He had been informed by Mr. Levison that she had property of which she would be glad to dispose, and which Mr. Levison believed to be of considerable value. He, Mr. Robinson, had a great opinion of Mr. Levison's judgment.

Finally when, half an hour later, Mr. Robinson quitted the house, he carried with him the necklace, and left with Helena in exchange notes to the value of twenty thousand pounds.

Miss Hartwood possessed, as has been said, an average conscience, and also, she now discovered, her full share of natural curiosity.

No sooner had the chain left her keeping, and the proceeds of the sale been applied to the delivery of her father from his most pressing difficulties, than she began to exercise her mind concerning the mysterious manner in which the jewels had come into her possession, and the possible rights and wrongs of the situation.

The story of the necklace would certainly get abroad; the makers would make some claim. Why were they silent so long? Her father's position and her own might become even worse than before. This alarm, however, began shortly to be removed. Sir Julian's affairs prospered—fortune seemed once more to favour him. Despised bonds suddenly became valuable; his credit was re-established. He talked of settling upon his daughter the price of the chain; it should be his munificent gift on the day, three months hence, when she should attain her twentieth year. Still no whisper was heard concerning the mystery of the jewels; no claim was made. Where had they come from? Sir Julian seemed totally unconcerned. And with the prospect of holding their equivalent in her own hands Helena grew undisturbed and more curious. She drove one day to Madame Victorine's, determined to make cautious investigations. She would pay the dressmaker's account and order a new gown as an incentive to candour. Madame Victorine proved evidently ignorant of any special circumstances connected with the chain, and after some circumlocution gave the address of Esther Martin as the maker—a concession to Miss Hartwood's long patronage, since the supplying of necklaces to match her creations was her (Madame Victorine's) speciality.

Helena swore to order no necklaces on her own account, and pleaded a passionate desire for bead trimming; then she departed well pleased, feeling herself born for the *rôle* of private detective.

She found Esther working, as usual, at the table by the window in the little room; and saw at a glance that no jewels were there. The girl was shy and pleased at Miss Hartwood's visit, but when asked where she had procured the beads for the necklace grew reticent. At last Helena saw that she must risk on her side a certain amount of frankness. She offered no more pretended motives, but owned to a strong personal interest in the matter; the knowledge, she pleaded, might even help her to repair a great wrong.

Perhaps Esther scented romance. She had seen no more of the hero of the jewel shop since the completion of the chain, and some vain imaginations of her own, for which she might be pardoned, had gently faded. The making of the chain, the man's interest in it, had remained a mystery; but here, in this beautiful fellow-woman at her side, was to be found, perhaps, the interpretation. With a little sigh she told the story of the chain and the address of the shop in Bond

Street; and with the telling yielded the last of those foolish fancies she had hardly dared confess, even to herself.

She had promised secrecy, and now she had broken her promise; but it was for the sake of her friend; she felt sure it was for his happiness that Miss Hartwood should know what she desired; yet, if they ever met again, he would be angry.

Perhaps she found some consolation in Miss Hartwood's gratitude and the sisterly kiss that young lady gave her in parting.

Helena drove to Bond Street with a pretty clear conviction that she was reaching the heart of the mystery, but on entering the jeweller's shop felt a trifle disconcerted.

What was she to do next? To gain time she asked to look at a book of patterns; she might find occasion to introduce the subject of pearl necklaces in conversation with the young man who attended upon her.

Seated there, with her back to the shop door and the open folio before her, an extraordinary thing (to her conception) happened. In a wall mirror which faced her she suddenly saw the grey-haired Mr. Robinson who had bought the necklace enter the shop. She heard him ask for a certain silver casket which should, by this time, be completed; she saw him unlock a drawer and produce from it her own chain, which he carefully packed away in the casket. Then he addressed a young man behind the counter.

"Take this parcel," he said, "and deliver it with your own hands to Mr. Levison at his house in Belgrave Square. Mr. Jones had better accompany you."

The two men left the shop, and Mr. Robinson, to Helena's great relief, passed through almost immediately to the inner room, without appearing to notice her. She was left alone with the assistant who was attending upon her. She selected haphazard an ornament pictured in the pattern-book and bought it.

"That was a lovely chain!" she remarked, while the young man packed her purchase. "The price, I suppose, of one like it would be enormous?"

"I fear, madam, it would be impossible for us to supply another. Mr. Levison himself designed that chain and superintended its manufacture."

"Who is this Mr. Levison? How can he prevent your making another?"

The young man hesitated. "In confidence I may tell you, madam, he is our proprietor; but since the death of his uncle, Mr. Oberstain, whose name remains over the door, the practical management of the business has been almost entirely left in the hands of our manager, Mr. Robinson."

Helena hurried home. She had heard all she needed to know. The whole situation was clear. Levison had tricked her into an obligation by the simple method of buying back his own jewels at an exorbitant price! It was intolerable! She paced her room in angry agitation. He must be paid—paid at once. If only she had had that twenty thousand pounds in her hands, now, this very minute, she would have flown to the nearest post-office and inclosed the cheque in a registered envelope! Unfortunately such simplicity of action was impossible.

The money from her father would not be due for three months; to ask him for it now would be worse than useless. She understood the elasticity of his nature too well to imagine that he would recognise the need for restitution; probably, if he knew her purpose, he would rescind his promise of the money altogether.

She thought, with a shiver, that he had, perhaps, all along guessed the truth.

And Levison! A mere jeweller! Already—the humiliation seemed greater than ever—she had offered herself to this irrepressible man—she had been wearing his jewels at the time—and been rejected. What else had she to offer? What did people generally offer when they wished to acknowledge a debt, to own their responsibility, and yet were in the unhappy position of no banker's account? Why, of course, how stupid she had been—a promise to pay, a bill, a—what was it called?—an I O U. Levison—of course he understood those things. He would hardly doubt her good faith; she would also offer interest—exorbitant interest.

She sat down to her table and wrote a note. Would Mr. Levison do her the favour of calling in Leominster Gardens that evening at 6.30, as Miss Hartwood desired to speak with him *on a matter of business?* Then she rang her bell, dispatched the note, ordered a cup of tea—and waited.

At 6.30 precisely Levison's card was brought to her and she went to the drawing-room, flushed and indignant.

Perhaps without forethought he was sitting where once before she had discovered his empty chair. She remembered this was the first time he had since that day entered the house. A pang smote her. After all, did she not owe him more than she could ever pay? Could *any* I O U cancel her debt?

She rushed at once to the point, troubled at her own nervousness

"I have asked you to come here because I have discovered, I believe, that I am under a very deep obligation. That chain—it was yours—and you—you pretended to buy it! How could you—how dared you?"

"Somebody," said Levison, slowly, "has given me away."

"You must have known that I should not rest—that I should find out——"

Then she saw his face flush. "I will not try to deny that impeachment," he said, coldly.

It was the first time she had seen in him any sign of anger or resentment, and she became once more conscious of her own unutterable meanness.

"I—I beg your pardon. It is too bad—you are always putting me in the wrong. Of course I did not mean you laid a trap for me in that way. But—but I want to pay my debt—I want to assure you that I mean to pay it."

Levison bowed.

"My father's affairs—thanks to you—are improving. He has promised to restore to me the price of the necklace. Immediately he gives it to me it is my desire to return it to you. In the meantime——"

"Yes," said Levison, with great gravity, "in the meantime——"

"I should like to give you some acknowledgment of the debt—something that would enable you to claim it—to show that I mean to pay it—with interest, of course."

"Oh, yes, of course, with interest."

"I wish you would not repeat my words. You call the necessary document a bill, I believe—an I O U. Can you—can you show me how to draw it up? I am sorry to be so ignorant." It occurred to her (too late) that she would have been in a more dignified position had she made the inquiries elsewhere.

"Certainly, nothing can be easier. Can you oblige me with a pen and ink?"

She moved to the writing-table, and he followed her; something like a smile was on his countenance.

"SHE THOUGHT, WITH A SHIVER, THAT HE HAD, PERHAPS, GUESSED THE TRUTH."

When the necessary form was drawn up he indicated to her where she should sign her name. She had a flash of inspiration.

"A stamp," she said. "Shouldn't there be a stamp—something to make it binding?"

"Oh, certainly—a stamp—can you oblige me?" His smile was even more evident. She produced a penny one from her stamp-case and applied the tip of her tongue to the back. "Where?" she asked, holding it. He pointed to the right-hand corner; she affixed the stamp and wrote her name across it, after the fashion she had seen on her father's (rarely) receipted bills.

She looked up and handed the paper to Levison with an enormous sense of relief; a weight was off her mind, it could not have been greater had the twenty thousand pounds then and there passed from her keeping to his.

He folded and placed it in a pocket-book, which he restored to the breast-pocket of his coat.

"I named the interest at 5 per cent.," he remarked, casually.

"Oh, yes—quite so."

"The bill payable at three months."

"Of course—I read it." She had tried to read it, but had not grasped a word.

Five minutes later Helena, still with that sense of elation and freedom upon her, went upstairs to dress for dinner, and Levison, at the same time standing upon the pavement

"YOU CALL THE NECESSARY DOCUMENT A BILL, I BELIEVE—AN I O U?"

without, took the I O U from his pocket-book and tore the paper to shreds, preserving only the signature and the stamp, which with great care he restored to the book.

During the weeks which ensued he and Helena met constantly; his shyness seemed to have vanished, and he made no secret now of his devotion. Her father was proving himself as good as his word; her birthday was approaching, and upon that day twenty thousand pounds was to be placed to her credit in the bank. Sir Julian persisted in calling it her wedding portion. She was just twenty complete years and four days old when the bill to Levison became due, and at an appointed hour he arrived. She had the cheque ready. He took it and glanced at it.

"I see you have calculated the interest correctly," he said. Then he took from his pocket-book the torn pieces of the I O U and held them towards her in the palm of his hand.

"I tore them up," he said, "before I had left you five minutes; keeping your signature alone intact. I would hold no bond over you, but I knew you would desire to pay this if you possibly could. Now, since there can be no question of money between us"—suddenly his self-possession deserted him — "Miss Hartwood, Helena, do you think——"

"I think you are the most perfect gentleman God ever made," she said, softly.

She had taken back the words which had once so hurt him, but it was a long while before he dared to explain his real meaning; to ask her to take back the chain which had so strangely linked their destinies. Yet that time also arrived. His patient devotion had grown so indispensable to her; he had become so much a part of her daily life, she hardly knew in what light she regarded him until one day a report reached her (through her father) that he was going to be married.

The next time they met she imparted to him the news, and he avowed he wished it might be true.

"I suppose, then, the lady will get my chain," she said, crossly. "You told me the other day it was still in existence."

"The position is a difficult one. I have sworn that the chain shall never rest upon any neck but yours. At the same time I desire most earnestly to give it to—the woman I hope to make my wife——"

"Give it to me," she said.

The LOST LAND of England

From a Photo. by] EAST CLIFF, CROMER. THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE LAND LOST SINCE 1860. *[H. Mace, Cromer.*

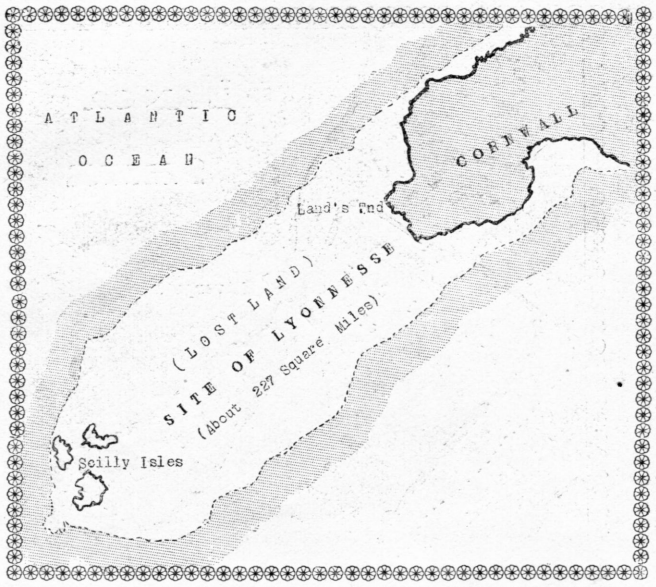
The various diagrams which accompany the following article have been carefully prepared with the assistance of several eminent geologists and officers of H.M. Ordnance Survey. Absolutely accurate delineation is, of course, impossible ; but the loss by marine erosion is herewith rendered according to the best authorities.

WHEN we hear it roundly asserted that "Britannia rules the waves" we are conscious that the statement is merely a poetical expression of a fact—England's naval supremacy. Literally, we are so far from ruling the breakers of the ocean that our defiance of Father Neptune costs us a fearful annual sacrifice. We pay in lives and we pay also in land. Many who know all about the human "price of Admiralty" know little or nothing about that other price—that of our sea-coasts, the beauteous villages and smiling pastures which have been swept away for ever into the inexorable salt flood.

There is no Parliamentary information on this important subject except that contained in the statistics of total acreage ; the facts must needs, therefore, be slowly compiled from local histories, records, and maps, which is here done, we believe, for the first time.

The testimony of the statistics of the Ordnance Survey alone is staggering. Every year we lose a tract of land the size of Gibraltar ! On the east coast alone we lose territory equal in size to the Island of Heligoland ! In the last hundred years a fragment of our kingdom as large as the County of London lies buried beneath the sea !

After this, who shall sing the epic of lost England ? All along the green verge of this realm (with the exceptions to be noted hereinafter) this marine erosion goes on, in some districts working a terrible havoc, so that the very trees and vegetation seem to turn and flee from the doom which awaits them. For hundreds of miles on the English coasts are buried once prosperous towns and villages and mighty forests, where long roamed the red deer, inclosed in lordly



NOTE.—IN THE ABOVE AND FOLLOWING DIAGRAMS THE THICK BLACK LINE REPRESENTS THE MODERN COAST-LINE. THE DOTTED LINE INDICATES APPROXIMATELY THE ANCIENT COASTS.

By the Ordnance Survey some years ago it was given as 829,500 acres. But statistics are proverbially unreliable. To the westward of Land's End, between there and the Scilly Isles, lies the lost land of Lyonnesse. Better than figures, better even than history and tradition, is the evidence offered by the Cornish coasts themselves at low tide. Beneath the sand of Mount's Bay, Penzance, is a deposit of black mould, in which may be discovered to-day the remnants of leaves, nuts, branches, and trunks of trees. The remains of red deer may be traced seaward as far as the ebb allows. Leland states that the district between Land's End and Scilly was formerly connected, and contained 140 parish churches and presumably as many villages. According to a modern Cornish authority a flood visited Cornwall at the end of the fourteenth century and carried away 190 square miles. Mount's Bay itself is almost of recent origin, the tradition being that the ocean, "breaking in violently, drowned that part of the country, now the bay." Even in the last century Land's End was much farther to the westward—some authorities give the distance as half a mile—than it is at present.

parks. The line of anchorage for ships off Selsey in Sussex is still called "the Park" by mariners ignorant of the term's origin (see illustration on page 405). For in Henry VIII.'s reign it was full of noble stags, does and fawns, and for poaching in these Royal preserves a bishop once fiercely excommunicated several deer-stealers.

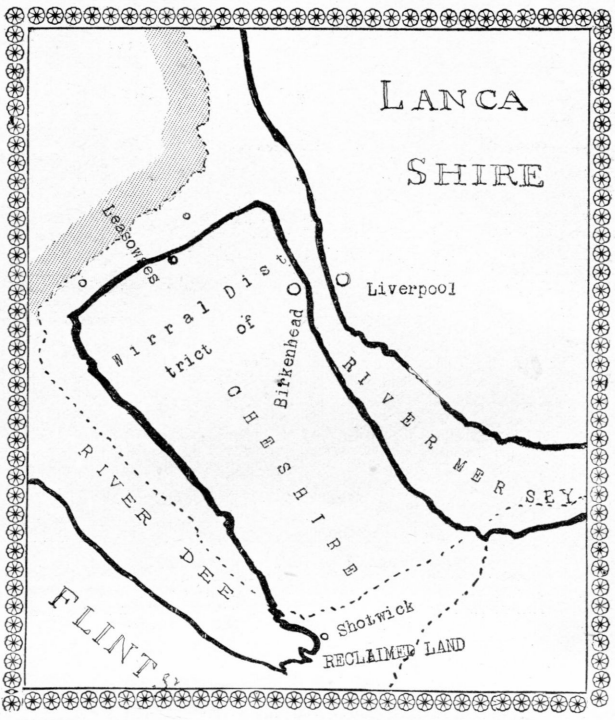
In Yorkshire alone there are no fewer than twelve buried towns and villages. In Suffolk there are at least five. At Bexhill-on-Sea the remains of the submerged forest was lately visible at low water. Such a forest may also be seen plainly off the coast in the Wirral district of Cheshire and at other places. To even the least observant visitor there exist innumerable relics on the coasts and shoreline of many districts which tell of once prosperous territory wrested from Britannia by Father Neptune. Yet, at the outset, we must not forget that we have brought about the reclamation of many thousand acres in Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, Cheshire, and elsewhere; but even with this offset in our favour the balance is hundreds of square miles against us; and England's expansion must ever be political and moral rather than geographical and geological.

To begin with the scene of Neptune's greatest victory, the reader's attention is directed to Cornwall. According to a survey made in the reign of Edward I. the Duchy contained 1,500,000 acres. In 1760 a Parliamentary report gave it as 960,000 acres.

LOST LAND IN NORTH WALES. THE SPACE BETWEEN THE DEEP BLACK LINE AND THE SHADED SECTION REPRESENTS THE SUBMERGED TERRITORY.

Proceeding northward into Wales we find almost a parallel to this enormous loss of territory in the calamity at the spot now known as Sarn Badrig in the sixth century. This sandy elevation is twenty-one miles from the coast, and was formerly an embankment raised to protect the Lowland Hundred from the encroachments of the sea. Owing to the drunken carelessness of one Seithenym, the custodian of this huge dike, the waters rushed in and devastated the whole country, which then contained no fewer than twelve fortified towns.

If we may accept Professor A. G. Ramsay's dictum, "More land has gone in Wales than now remains above the sea-level." As if partially to atone for this calamity the sea, as is well known, has retired from Harlech nearly half a mile in 500 years, this Welsh city being, as Criccieth is at present, once a seaport.



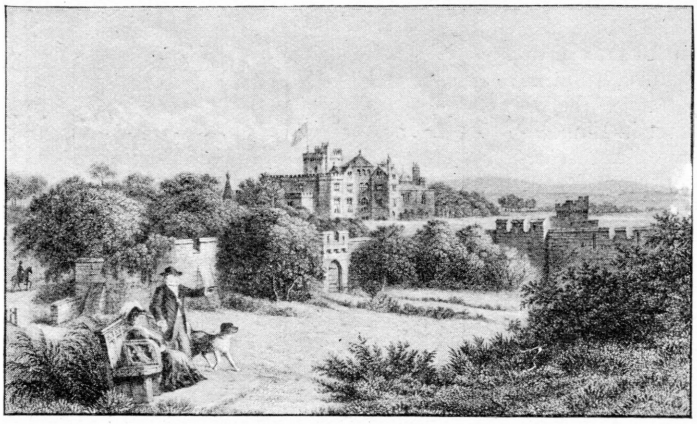
SKETCH MAP OF DISTRICT BETWEEN LANCASHIRE AND WALES. DOTTED LINES INDICATE FORMER COAST-LINE.

Formerly, from the Ribble to the Dee and from an unknown distance seaward, extending inward up the valleys of these rivers the country was clothed with trees. All this country has utterly disappeared. A mighty flood in the fourteenth century overwhelmed it, and the sea has never since receded, but, on the contrary, is continually gaining on the land.

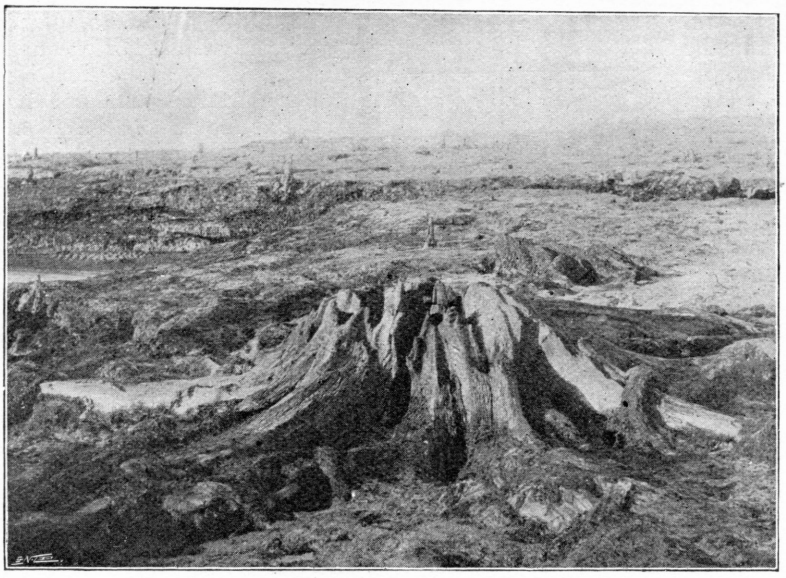
At Leasowes Castle, in the Wirral district of Cheshire, until recently the seat of the Cust family, the sea, fifty years ago, was half a mile distant from the walls. Now, but for the masonry embankment of the castle, the waves would sweep over it. A century ago it was a mile and more away from the ocean. The tourist sitting at low tide on the south-west end of the embankment and gazing westward along the coast may to-day behold, between the water's edge and the sandhills behind, a dark, unequal stretch of shore as far as Hoylake village. On the surface of this bed are visible the skulls and bones of deer, horse, and shoals of fresh-water shells, besides the flotsam and jetsam of innumerable ship-wrecks during centuries. The kind of trees which once flourished here can be easily distinguished—oak, willow, alder, birch, and elm. Where Birkenhead Docks now are was once the heart of a forest of birch (Birchen Wood it was anciently called). As an old Cheshire rhyme has it:—

From Birchen Haven to Hilbre
A squirrel might hop from tree to tree.

That Wirral has long been in fear of Liverpool's



LEASOWES CASTLE, CHESHIRE—THE SEA NOW COMES UP TO THE CASTLE WALLS.
From an Old Print.



SUBMERGED FOREST OFF THE CHESHIRE COAST, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.
From a Photo. by Charles A. Defieux.

great river finds an illustration in the following passage from Drayton's "Polyolbion":—

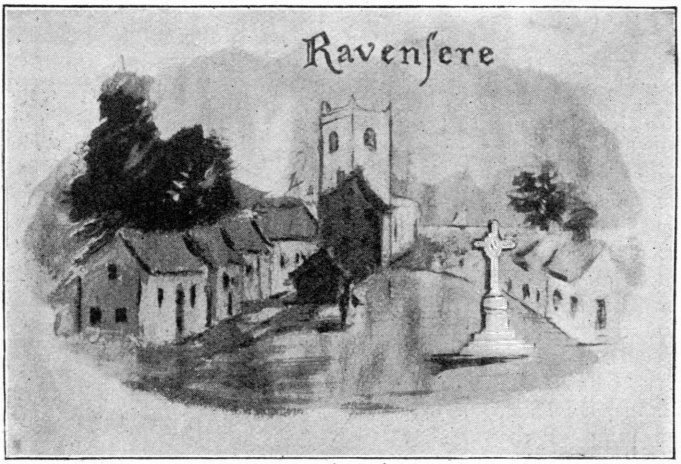
> Where Mersey, for more state,
> Assuming broader banks himself so proudly bears
> That at his stern approach extended Wirral fears
> That what betwixt his floods of Mersey and of Dee
> In very little time devoured he might be.

On the other side of Cheshire much land has been lately reclaimed, but none too soon for old Shotwick Church, which stands in all its huge loneliness to tell of the lost town of Shotwick. At Ince the abbots complained to Hugh Lupus that "they had lost by inundations of the sea thirty caracates of land, and were daily losing more."

Great submerged forests occur at intervals all around the English coasts from the great bight between Wales and Scotland, Bristol Channel, the coasts of Cornwall (as we have seen), Devon, the Isle of Wight, and from Selsey in Sussex to Holderness in Yorkshire. In this last-named county the losses in modern times have been very severe. Readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE will look in vain on the largest scale modern map for the lost city of Ravensburgh. It was at this flourishing seaport that Henry IV. landed in 1399.

> The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
> And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
> At Ravenspurgh.
>
> —Shakespeare's "Richard II.," Act II., Sc. 2.

This lost town sent two members to Parliament and was a bigger and more important place than Hull. Edward IV. landed here from Flanders in 1471 before the Battle of Barnet. With Ravensburgh disappeared also many villages and a large tract of territory, amongst which were Odd (or Odd Ravenser), Redmare, Tharlethorp, Frismarsh, and Potterfleet, all situate in the Holderness district. On the coast Hornsea Beck, Hornsea Burton, Hartburn, Old Aldeburgh, Hyde, and Withernsea have disappeared. Camden also mentions the parishes of Pennysmerk, Upsal, Salthegh, Dymelton, and Wythefleet. On the steeple of old Hornsea Church was inscribed the following quaint legend: "Hornsea steeple, whanne I built thee thou wast ten miles off Burlington, ten miles off Beverley, and ten miles off sea." Ravensburgh is last mentioned by Leland in 1538. The remnants of



VIEW OF RAVENSERE, OR RAVENSBURGH (YORKS), WHERE HENRY IV. LANDED IN 1399, NOW TOTALLY DISAPPEARED. FROM A 15TH CENTURY ILLUMINATED MS.

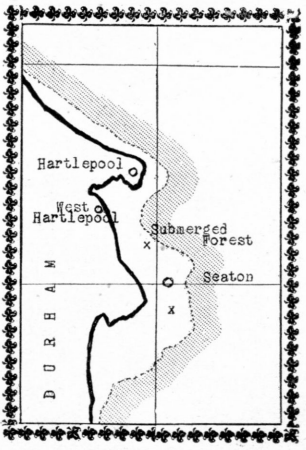
this lost coast now go to form Sunk Island, which during the past century has been reclaimed from the sea, and is to-day no longer an island. But Sunk Island does not represent above a twelfth of that which has disappeared.

Destruction of land once fertile and populous is characteristic of the whole coast from Spurn Head to Bridlington. The sea never ceases to gain on the land. The ancient church of Kilnsea disappeared, half of it, in 1826, and the rest in 1831. The town preceded it. Aldborough Church has been destroyed by the sea, and the Castle of Grimston has vanished. Mapleton Church, now toppling on the cliff, was formerly two miles away. In the vicinity of Holderness the annual loss is thirty acres. A mile or two out at sea is the site of old Withernsea Church and village. To quote an eighteenth century poet :—

> Up rose old Ocean from his bed
> And landward drove his billowy car ;
> And headlands, spires, and villas fled
> Before the elemental war.

In a depressed part of the cliff near Owthorne was formerly a fresh water lake, in the bed of which a canoe belonging to the early Britons has been discovered and the remains of red deer. As for the ancient church and churchyard of Owthorne, these fell over the cliff in 1816, strewing the shore with ruins and shattered coffins. The last fragment disappeared in 1838.

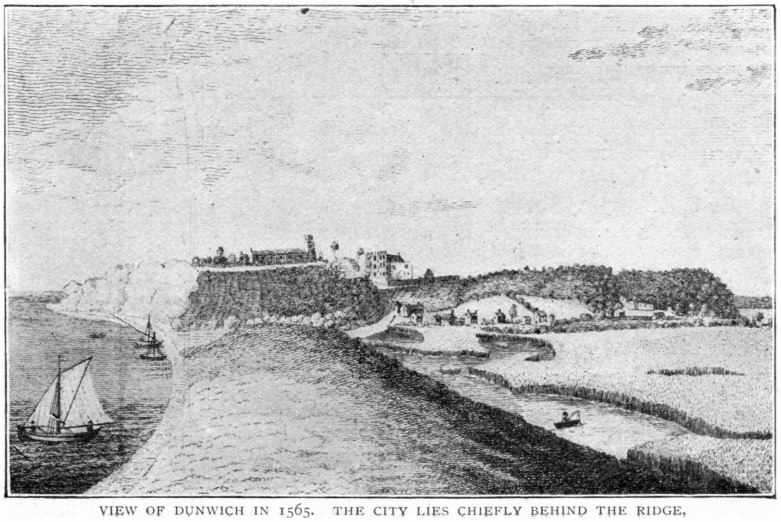
Seaton, in Durham, formerly a populous town, has shrunk inland almost to vanishing point. In the sands at low tide may be seen traces of the old town, but not even a vestige remains of the ancient chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, the pride of the district. At Seaton Snook, two



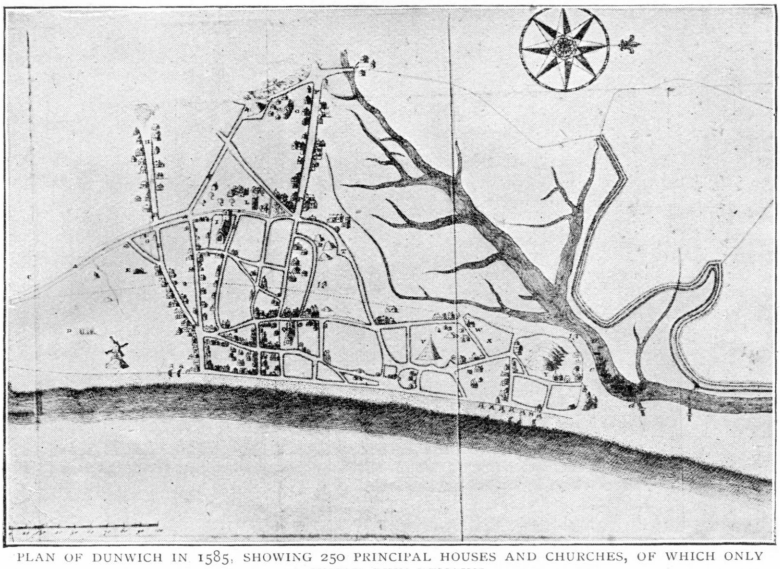
LAND ON THE DURHAM COAST LOST IN MODERN TIMES.

miles to the south, there are yet visible, or were a few years ago, the remains of fortifications built in 1667 at the mouth of the river. Between Seaton and Hartlepool the tourist readily finds tangible evidences of the great forest which now lies submerged on the coast.

In Lincolnshire the spectacle is presented throughout a number of centuries, even as far back as Roman times, of alternate loss and conquest. But vast as the reclamations of land have been, it is impossible to doubt the geological evidence that our entries are still far heavier on the credit side of the ledger which registers our account with Father Neptune. It is true that less than three centuries ago many thousands of acres of fenland were covered by the sea, and had been for several hundred years. But prior to that period Lincolnshire was overspread with huge forests, the relics of which may to-day be seen at Friskney, Wainfleet, and in the East Fen, in the shape of trees of oak and fir with their roots which lie buried in the soil. The vicinity of Revesby was formerly a thick wood. In land recently reclaimed the remains of a smith's shop have been exhumed, together with a number of horse-shoes, being conclusive proof that a village once rested on or near this spot. So that what we have gained since the seventeenth century in Lincolnshire from the sea



VIEW OF DUNWICH IN 1565. THE CITY LIES CHIEFLY BEHIND THE RIDGE,



PLAN OF DUNWICH IN 1585, SHOWING 250 PRINCIPAL HOUSES AND CHURCHES, OF WHICH ONLY A SINGLE RUIN REMAINS.

is merely our own property filched from us since William the Conqueror's time. The overflowing of the fens probably took place between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries.

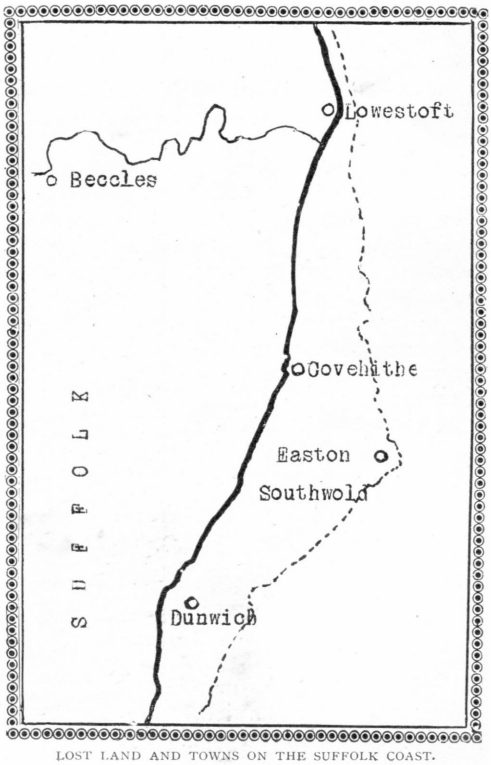
On the other hand there has vanished a territory which we have not regained and which is likely to be lost to us for ever. Skegness was, in the time of our great-grandfathers (to go no farther back), a great and important town. It had its castle and its fortifications and its stately spire. If one of our ancestors returned to visit the scene of his mortal haunts at Skegness he would have to search among the foaming breakers of the coast for its site and plunge several fathoms deep in a vain quest for castle, church, and market-place. As recently as 1796 the remains of a mighty forest were visible to Sir Joseph Banks along the entire coast from Skegness to Grimsby. At Addlethorpe and Mablethorpe especially the trunks of the trees could be plainly seen at low tide.

Holiday-makers in Norfolk do not need to be reminded of the continuous encroachment of the sea along the coast of that county. Great is the wonder excited in the bosom of a visitor to Cromer when some old salt, stretching a rough and tanned forefinger to the northward, indicates in the far distance a solitary upstanding rock, lashed by the waves, and says:—

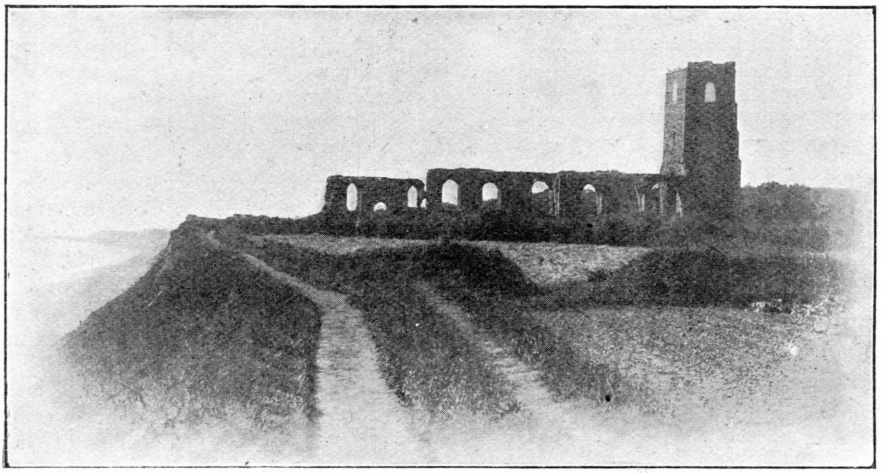
"Yonder is old Cromer church, which used to be in the middle o' the town. When there is a storm you can hear the bells chiming in the belfry."

This same legend is told of other parts of the coast—at Bognor, Bosham (in Sussex), and Bottreaux—where submerged bells ring on special occasions as a solemn omen. But there is no doubt about Cromer's once having been nearly a mile farther out upon the coast than it is at present—even the maps of the eighteenth century show the present church over half a mile distant from the cliff. Other authorities assert that ancient Cromer (Shipden) was at least two miles north of its present site.

The sites of Eccles and Whimpwell are also submerged. In the year 1825 twelve acres slipped at once into the sea and so rendered Foulness Lighthouse unsafe. A



LOST LAND AND TOWNS ON THE SUFFOLK COAST.

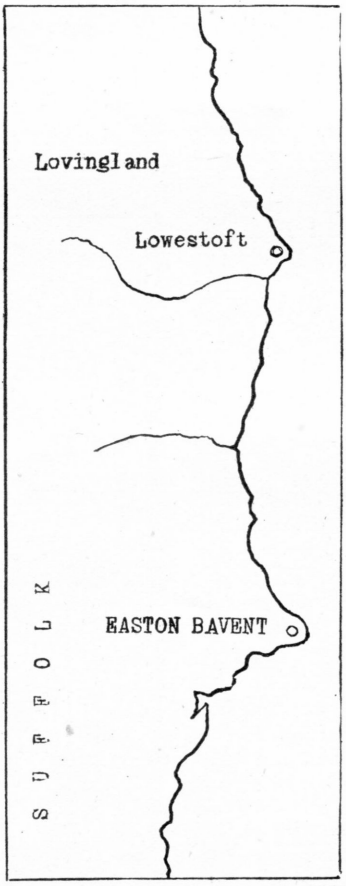


ALL SAINTS', DUNWICH—THIS EDIFICE, WHICH FORMERLY STOOD TO THE WEST OF THE TOWN, IS NOW ON THE VERGE OF THE CLIFF.
From a Photo. by F. Jenkins, Southwold.

new lighthouse was thereupon ordered to be built. "It is impossible to calculate," remarks the modern historiographer of the town, "to what extent the headland Foulness may have once stretched seaward." On all hands enormous masses of landslip greet the eye at the bottom of the cliff and the work of destruction never ends.

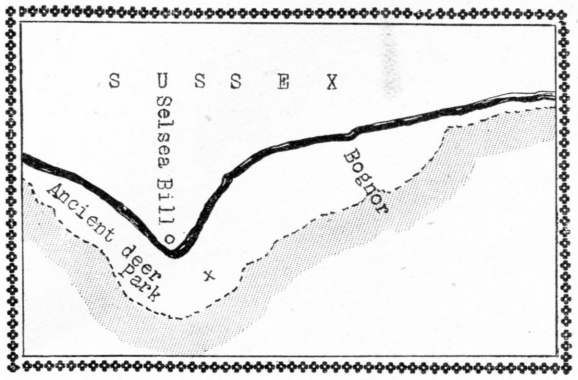
It is pathetic to see churches—such as that at Sidestrand—hanging on the very edge of a precipice and all but in the maw of the ocean which a century or two since were the centres of happy villages, all unconscious of doom, of which to-day not a trace remains but in the coffined bones and dust of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet"—dust which next year or the following will be scattered to the four winds of Heaven by the tottering of the cliff. Readers of Mr. Watts-Dunton's romance of "Aylwin" may remember a very powerful and vivid picture of such a loss of church and graveyard in the midst of a storm on the Norfolk coast.

Thomas Gardner's map and history of Dunwich, 1754, Sexton's map of 1575, and earlier records demonstrate only too well how great has been the loss since that town was the capital of East Anglia and boasted of sixty churches and a mint. Only one of these churches to-day remains. All Saints' and the adjoining monastery (now in ruins), once far to the westward of the town, are now on the edge of the cliff. Well might the Elizabethan chronicler speak of Dunwich as a victim of the "rage and surgies of the sea." It had been a Roman station of importance before it became a prominent English town. It furnished forty ships for the use of Henry III. Once there was a forest between the town and the cliffs, and the records of the destruction show the loss of churches, convents, hospitals, a town-hall, and many "comely buildings."



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MAP SHOWING EASTON BAVENT AS THE MOST EASTERLY POINT IN ENGLAND—IT IS NOW COVERED BY THE SEA.

In Domesday Book Dunwich had between its borders "two hundred and six-and-thirty burgesses." In Henry II.'s time it was a town of good note and full stored with sundry kinds of riches. "It was so fortified," says Camden, "that it made Robert, Earle of Leicester, afraide, who with his army



overran all the parts round about at his pleasure." It became the seat of the episcopal see of East England, and its bishops lived in great state.

According to Stow, Dunwich inclosed "a King's court and a bishop's palace and mayor's mansion, and fifty-two churches and no fewer windmills, together with a spacious and well-frequented harbour, in which were as many top ships as churches."

Some idea of the rapidity of devastation may be given by quoting the chronicles of Edward II.'s reign, which show that at Dunwich 400 houses were swept away in a single year. Between 1535 and 1600 four churches disappeared. In 1677 the sea forced its way into the Dunwich market-place. In 1702 St. Peter's Church became undermined, and was followed in 1729 by the churchyard. In another decade not a remnant of this once thriving town of Dunwich remained.

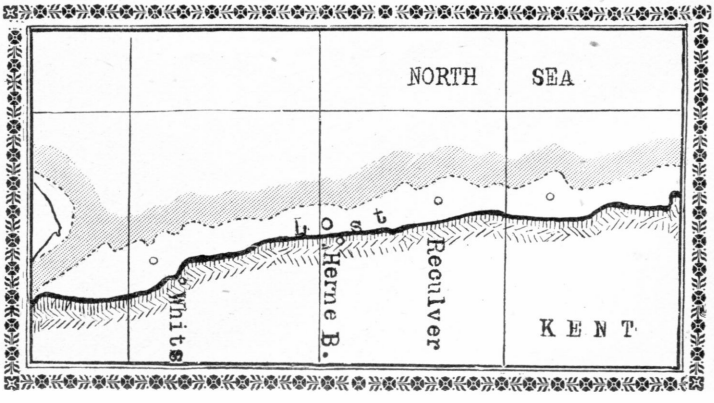
It is, perhaps, natural that the fate of Dunwich should have inspired more than one poet, several to effusions of interminable length, redeemed only by their quaintness. We can find room, however, for a brief stanza by a comparatively modern Suffolk bard, who, addressing the submerged city, sings:—

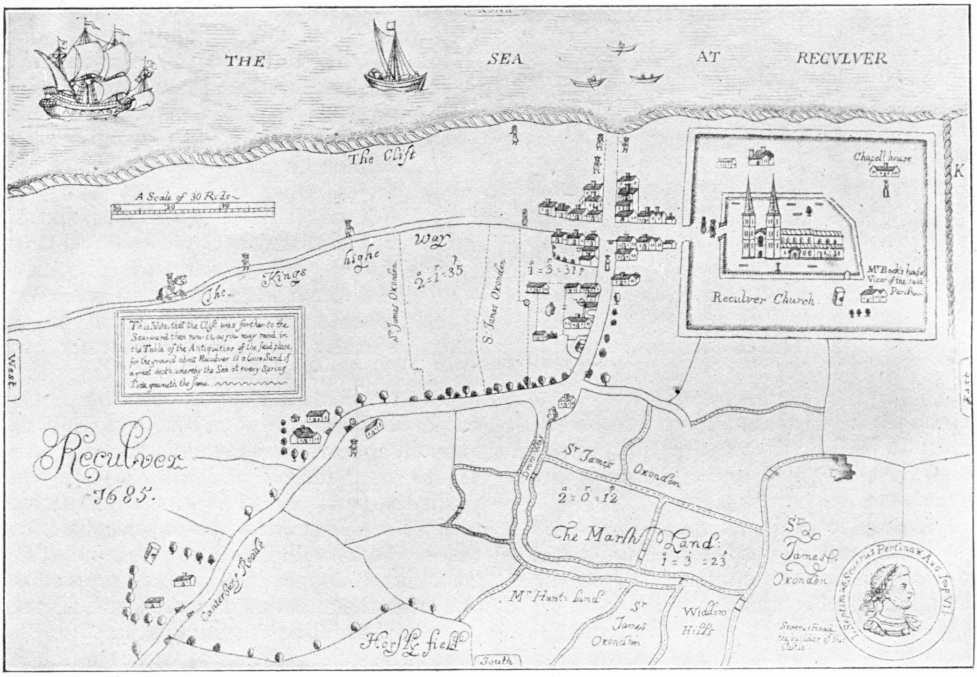
How proudly rose thy crested seat
Above the ocean wave,
Yet doomed beneath that sea to meet
One wide and sweeping grave.

Other towns which have been submerged in modern times are Northales, Covehithe, Walberswick, and Southwold. It is in this vicinity that once stood the populous town of Easton, reduced at the beginning of the last century to "two dwelling-houses and ten souls." Old Aldeburgh is also covered by the waves.

The 16th of May, 1895, marked a fresh disaster for Southwold and Covehithe. On that date the gales, tides, and rough sea cut away so much land as to create a new cove on the northern boundary of the former town, already a victim for many decades to the ocean's ravages. Easton Bavent was once the most easterly land in England, and still appears so in the older school atlases. It has now retired inland two miles, and yields the palm of such distinction to Lowestoft. Covehitheness has also gone back two miles. Southwold has lost one mile. The coast-line no longer shows a bold promontory at Covehithe and Easton; the last Ordnance map exhibits almost a straight line. "Sole Bay," where the great naval battle was fought, remains on the map, but it has no existence in fact. Prior to 1895 Covehithe lost in six years 84ft., by actual measurement of a resident, figures which are much below the average rate of erosion elsewhere on the coast.

By way of compensation many thousand acres were reclaimed between Beccles and the German Ocean. Beckles (as it was formerly spelt) was a seaport, less than a mile distant from the coast; it is now several miles inland. But the date of this reclamation is believed to be anterior to the loss of Dunwich and Easton. The valleys of the Waveney and the Little Ouse were once navigable for their entire course from Gorleston to Lynn, as a proof of



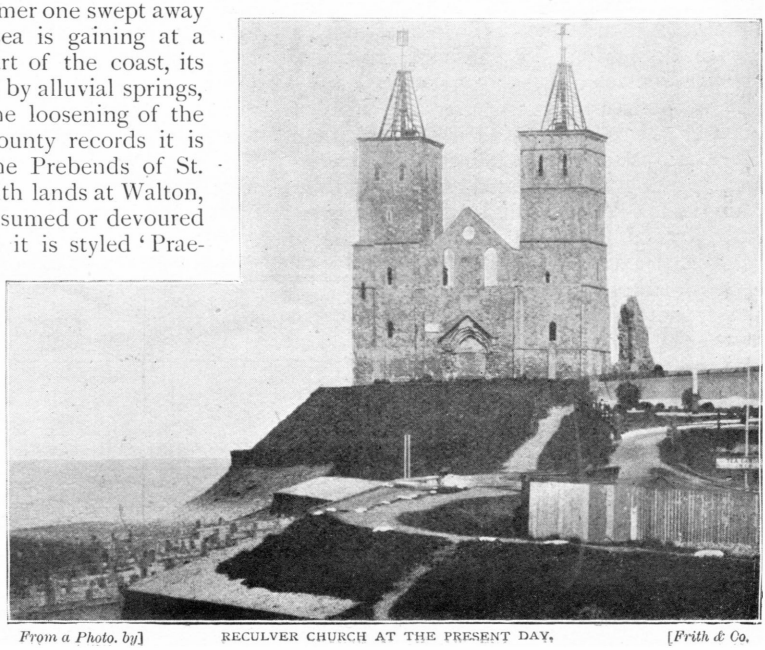


PLAN OF RECULVER, 1685, OF WHICH TOWN NOTHING NOW REMAINS BUT THE RUINED TOWERS ON THE CLIFF.

which anchors and other traces of ancient navigation have been found in the bed of the river. Again, too, Eye in the tenth century was, according to Abbo Florianensis, situated in the middle of a marsh.

The present church at Walton-on-the-Naze in Essex replaces a former one swept away by the waves. The sea is gaining at a rapid rate on this part of the coast, its ravages being assisted by alluvial springs, which contribute to the loosening of the soil. In the old county records it is stated that one of the Prebends of St. Paul's was endowed with lands at Walton, "but the sea hath consumed or devoured it long ago, therefore it is styled 'Praebenda consumpta per mare.'"

After the destruction of the forests on the coasts of Sussex the sea granted a respite of some centuries. But about 1650 it began again to encroach on the land. Previous to 1665 there is authentic record that it "destroyed twenty-two copyhold tenantcies under the cliff in the manor of Lewes, with twelve shops and their parcels of land." Then came the terrible storms of 1703 and 1705, demolishing whole villages. At Bognor rocks, still visible at low water, are the fragments of cliffs which eighty



From a Photo. by] RECULVER CHURCH AT THE PRESENT DAY. *[Frith & Co.*

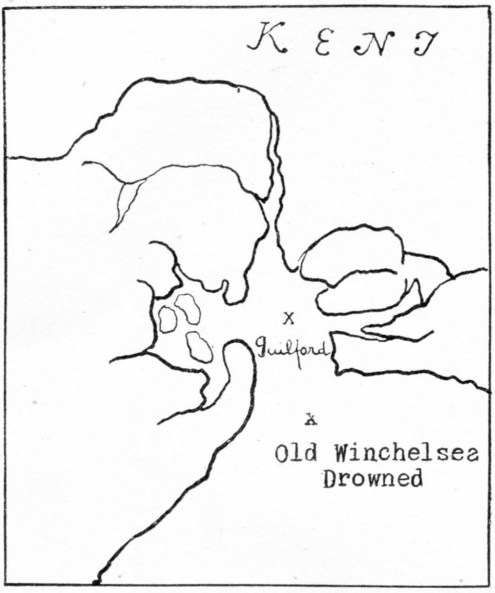


CHART OF BLAEVIUS, INDICATING THE SITE OF OLD WINCHELSEA, SUBMERGED, 1286.

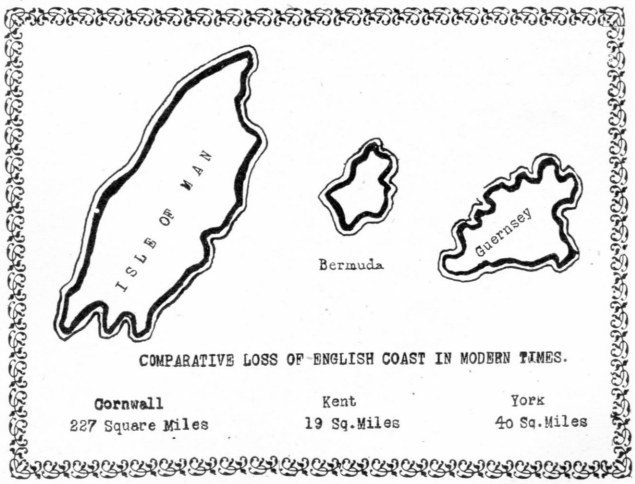
years or so ago were walked upon. They are now two miles distant. Half the peninsula of Selsey Bill has been swept away since the Saxon period. It was anciently covered with the forest of Mainwood (since corrupted into Manhood); and Selsey, which formerly stood in the middle of the peninsula, is now a village scarce half a mile from the sea. The site of old Selsey Cathedral is now covered with water. In Camden's time the foundation was visible when the tide was out, as he himself relates. Mention has already been made of the Park, that stretch of water which covers the site of old King Hal's deer forest (see illustration on page 405). The populous town of Brighthelmstone-under-Cliff has been hidden by the sea since Elizabeth's time.

At Pagham 700 acres were reclaimed from the sea in 1875, but this cannot be regarded as an adequate offset to Pagham Harbour, which was formed by an irruption of the ocean in the fourteenth century, destroying 2,700 acres. Beachy Head itself was once a lofty hill two miles from the sea coast, then covered with trees. Camden asserts, what geologists now admit, that the old town of Hastings itself was swallowed up by the sea.

There are few parts of the English coast so altered within the memory of living men as that bordering upon Kent. From Folkestone to Sussex verge the victory lies with the land, for the sea has retreated, leaving such towns as Lymne, Romney, Hythe, Richborough, Stonor, Sandwich, and Sarre—formerly seaports—high and dry, or at least surrounded by the district known as the Marsh. Thanet, once an island like Graine, is no longer so. Swale is only a narrow channel, a fragment of its former width. On the other hand, the sea has made serious inroads along the coast at Herne Bay, Reculver, and Whitstable. Fordwich, which was once an important town, with a mayor, has disappeared.

At Reculver (Regulbrium), as at Richborough, the Romans built a fortress to guard the Channel dividing Kent from the Isle of Thanet. A church was erected in due course eighty yards farther inland. This edifice, in the reign of Henry VIII., was over a mile from the sea. Yet in 1780 the final remnants of its massive masonry tumbled down upon the beach, and by 1804 the churchyard had been partly swept away. The church was dismantled, and its doom was momentarily expected. But the two towers are yet standing, because the value of the twin spires as a landmark to sailors was realized by the Trinity Board, and a seawall was built which has effectually arrested the further demolition of the last memorial of what was once a flourishing town.

As for the Isle of Wight, it is now generally accepted that it once formed part of the mainland, being a promontory attached to



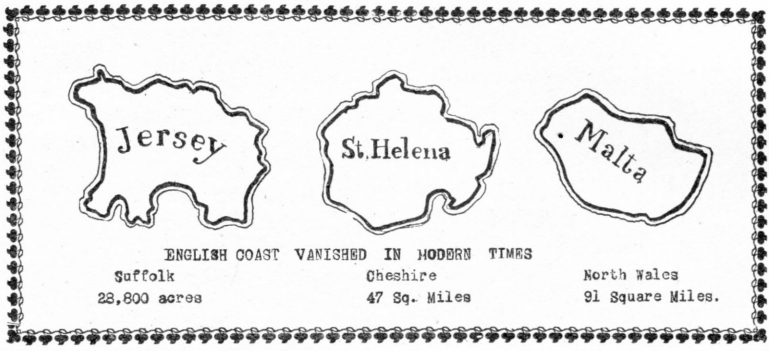
THE LOSS OF TERRITORY BY SUBMERSION IN THE COUNTIES OF CORNWALL, KENT, AND YORK IS SHOWN BY THE ABOVE DIAGRAM TO BE EQUAL IN EXTENT TO THE MODERN AREA OF THE ISLE OF MAN, BERMUDA, AND GUERNSEY.

the eastern extremity of Dorsetshire. According to Lyell the entrance to the Solent became broader owing to the wasting of the cliffs at Colwell Bay. The widening of the Solent continues annually to a very considerable extent. The erosion on the opposite Hampshire coast in modern times is also great, but difficult to ascertain with even approximate accuracy. It is certain that in the Board of Agriculture of the total area of this island, not including foreshore and tidal water, from the year 1867, give the area as follows:—

Total area of Great Britain.
(According to Official Survey.)

1867	56,964,260	1890	56,786,199
1880	56,815,354	1900	56,782,053

In England alone the total acreage in



NOTE.—THE ABOVE DIAGRAM IS INTENDED TO SHOW THAT IN THE THREE DISTRICTS NAMED, VIZ., SUFFOLK, CHESHIRE, AND NORTH WALES, TERRITORY HAS BEEN SUBMERGED EQUAL, RESPECTIVELY, TO THE PRESENT AREA OF THE ISLANDS OF JERSEY, ST. HELENA, AND MALTA.

quite modern times the old church and village of Hordle has been swept away.

After this cursory and necessarily imperfect survey of the British coasts the reader will see by an examination of the maps where this kingdom has suffered most in its eternal struggle with the relentless waves which encircle it. The diagrams will also serve to convey an idea, not only what we have lost in the past, but what we are now losing, and will continue to lose in the future, if the present rate of coast erosion is maintained. Figures are, in such matters, far less reliable than the data which are to be gained through the reading of history and topographical memoirs; but even figures, although unsatisfactory, must be allowed to give a powerful indication of England's geographical shrinkage. The official reports issued by 1867 was 32,590,397. In 1900 it had sunk to 32,549,019, a loss of over 40,000 acres. But, as I have pointed out, it would be unwise to base an estimate of the loss by coast erosion on these figures, because it naturally includes reclaimed marsh and fen lands and other drained districts. In a single year several hundred acres have been thus reclaimed. The loss by coast erosion in England is probably not less than 2,000 acres a year, the average at certain periods being, of course, much greater than that.

It is undeniable, and the results of the foregoing investigations attest it forcibly, that, however much we may strive to be Expansionists in our Empire, our commerce, and literature, we are little Englanders all, living in a little England which is annually shrinking into smaller geographical dimensions.

A Sweet Thing in Trusts.

By Robert Barr.

JOHN L. WARNER was very well satisfied with himself when he stepped on the white clean deck of the great German liner *Uberalles*, whose prow was pointed towards America. And the young man had good reason to be proud, for he had brought to successful conclusion a very thorough investigation that had extended over most of the German Empire, and had involved side-trips to the chief financial capitals of Europe, occupying a period of six months. The search had to be conducted with all the secrecy of a diplomatic embassy, and in this sort of subtle service John L. Warner was an adept.

"HE APPROACHED THE LADY."

The young man's important mission came about in this way. The Sugar Trust of the United States had become alarmed. It had received a hint that Germany was contemplating a new move in the sugar industry. For years Germany had endowed the sugar trade with State bounties that had resulted in ruining one or two minor West Indian Colonies of Great Britain, while at the same time it had provided England with ample sugar at a price somewhat under the cost of manufacture. This outcome could scarcely be described as beneficial. It was a sweet boon to the English consumer, oppressive to the German taxpayer, and bankrupting to the Colonial planter. Now it seemed the German Government was about to take upon itself the task of fighting the United States Sugar Trust in its own lair, and, if victorious, would hold a monopoly for the whole world. The sugar trade of England was in a bad way, but that of the United States was a lusty industry, and an interesting fight might be expected, for if the German Government thought it owned the Teutonic Empire the Sugar Trust was quite convinced that its chief, Mr. Hovmannhause, owned the United States.

The first move Mr. Hovmannhause, head of the Sugar Trust, made was to possess himself of all the facts, and to get the facts he sent his trusty lieutenant, John L. Warner, to Europe, provided with an ample supply of ready money, an article as useful in Germany as elsewhere. Now the young man's mission was finished, he had assured himself that there was no truth whatever in the allegation that Germany had any thought of fighting the American combination, and he was on the way to see Sandy Hook again, always a delightful prospect to the true citizen of "God'sCountry."

It was quite natural, then, that young Mr. Warner should walk up the deck on a delightful morning in June rather well pleased with himself. This gratifying state of mind was enhanced rather than diminished by seeing the familiar figure of a charming young lady leaning over the rail, and he remembered, with a thrill of pleasure, that there would be moonlit nights all the way across, and that the ample decks of the *Uberalles* formed excellent promenades. So he approached the lady.

"Why, how fortunate I am, Miss Stansbury,

that I find you on board at a time of the year when most of our fellow-citizens are going the other way!"

The young woman turned her blue eyes upon him and smiled; then he saw she was prettier than the friend he thought himself accosting. She spoke with a slight but very dainty German accent.

"It is not very complimentary to Miss Stansbury that you should mistake another for her."

"Permit me to doubt that, madam. I think the young lady herself would agree with me, were she here, that I had paid her a very high compliment indeed."

"It is nice of you to put it that way; nevertheless, I am sorry for your disappointment."

"The disappointment has already vanished, for, to tell the truth, my acquaintance with the lady I mentioned is neither very long nor very intimate. Still, one welcomes a friendly face when a long voyage is ahead."

"But not at other times? I fear your politeness has vanished with your disappointment."

"I did not intend my remark to mean anything uncivil towards the ladies in general or any lady in particular. It is rather indicative of my own unfortunate situation. I am such a busy man ashore that about the only time I have for pleasant intercourse with my kind is on board ship going from country to country."

"How dreadful! I hope everyone in America is not like that, for this is my first visit to the United States, and I expected to meet some interesting people."

"Oh, you will. No; they are not all like me, although we do have the reputation of being rather a hurrying nation. Do you intend to stay long in America?"

"That will depend entirely on my father, whom I have persuaded to take me with him. He may finish what he has to do in a short time, or there may be unexpected delays. He is Hermann Steinhoff, of Berlin; doubtless you have heard of him."

"I can't say positively that I have or have not," replied Warner, with some hesitation. "Is it a name one would see in the papers?"

The girl arched her eyebrows slightly, but made no explanation beyond saying:—

"Very likely. You will perhaps see more of the name in the newspapers if he succeeds in what he is attempting."

"I hope he will succeed. He is bound to, since you accompany him," said the young man, in a clumsy attempt at compliment, at which the girl smiled. "May I introduce myself as John L. Warner, of New York? My excuse is that steamer introductions are necessarily somewhat informal, and we may have no mutual friends on board."

So thus began an acquaintance that was to ripen very rapidly. The father proved to be a taciturn, self-absorbed man, who allowed his daughter to do as she pleased so long as his meditations were not interfered with. He kept his own counsels very rigidly, sitting for hours in his deck-chair, lost in interminable calculations which he was constantly working out in a blank book he held on his lap. His neglect of the charming young lady was more than compensated for by the assiduous attentions of Warner. There were moonlight walks on the ample decks and cosy confidences in adjoining steamer chairs.

So far as Miss Steinhoff was concerned her preference for the frank young American was almost as marked as his for her. She seemed to care for no one else on board the *Uberalles*, and although she had many

"LOST IN INTERMINABLE CALCULATIONS."

invitations to promenade, she rarely availed herself of them. Warner was ever the person in favour, and the luxurious smoking-room, which on other voyages had been his preferred resort, scarcely knew him at all on this trip. The pleasant weather and the nightly-increasing moonlight invited young people towards sentimentality, and each of them cordially accepted the invitation. He knew little of women, but had the American's intense respect for them, and this fair flower of German soil, with her amazing learning on book subjects of which he was entirely ignorant, and her equally amazing lack of knowledge regarding the ways of the world which an American girl would know all about, fascinated him. On the other hand, she had met no one in the least like Warner, a youth who had had his own way to make, who had overcome obstacles that might have baffled many a less strenuous person, who had educated himself in the things that mattered, from his own point of view, and who had illimitable ambitions for his own career and a boundless faith in the future of his country. There was no land like it; and in his enthusiasm he sometimes forgot that she belonged to another. But before the voyage was half done he had resolved to induce her to change her nationality and her name if he could. He first realized how far he had advanced when he caught himself several times on the very verge of telling her something of the Sugar Trust, a subject sacred from discussion with outsiders, its methods not even to be mentioned, as an inadvertent word might reach the ears of some alert newspaper reporter.

On her part Miss Steinhoff was frankly confiding. She appeared to have acquired an amazing belief in his genius as a business man, and, perhaps possessing no trade secrets to guard, she could talk without the restrictions which, now and then, embarrassed the young man, when he fell into the habit of talking about himself, a subject on which youth is somewhat eloquent when a sympathetic listener is at hand.

They found and occupied certain secluded places on deck, which became entirely their own, as the passenger list was not a long one. One evening the conversation drifted to the subject of speculation and the Stock Exchange, and Warner told several interesting stories of fortunes made in a moment.

"Oh, Mr. Warner," said the girl, "I wish you would give me some advice. I want to experiment in speculation. There was left to me a year ago a trifle over 40,000 marks, and I have brought the legacy with me. What are the chances of my turning it into a million?"

"Forty thousand marks. That is ten thousand dollars. Well, if you take my advice, you will keep clear of Wall Street. The sum might last you two minutes or it might last only one. You are certain to lose it."

"But aren't there any safe stocks?"

"Oh, yes. Safe for investment, but they don't fluctuate much, and it is on sharp fluctuations that the big piles are made."

"I should think a man of your experience would know stocks that are safe, yet that were sure to rise."

"Ah, if any of us knew *that*, Miss Steinhoff, should we be working for someone else? If I were absolutely certain that a given stock would go up or down even one point, I could be a millionaire the day after. No, there is nothing certain about Wall Street, except that the outsider will lose his money and some of the insiders as well."

"You discourage me, Mr. Warner."

"If you will promise me not to mention to any living soul what I tell you, I'll give you what we call a pointer. I don't think you can lose, and you stand to win. I'll give you the name of an honest broker, but be careful not to let him know who sent you. Get him to put that money into sugar."

"What? You don't mean in the grocery business?"

"No, no. Stocks of the Sugar Trust. I have reason to believe they will rise shortly. They have been unduly depressed because of certain rumours which I happen to know are entirely unfounded. But for Heaven's sake, Miss Steinhoff, never even hint in the remotest fashion what I have told you. It is a secret that must be well guarded."

"A secret for a secret then," laughed the young woman, "and a coincidence besides. But, then, you won't think your secret is safe with me if I at once tell you what I have been warned not to tell. So, on second thoughts, I'll not say anything, for I feel sure you would distrust me if I did, and I shouldn't like that. It was the curious coincidence that made me forget for the moment. Well, there can be no harm in saying what the coincidence is, without going into particulars, for I see you are interested, but it is a Government matter, therefore I must be careful, for I am still on German territory, and shall be until I set foot in New York. Our Government stands no non-

sense from tattlers. So you will be silent, for *my* sake. It is really on account of sugar that I am on this ship. My father is very much trusted by our Government, and he is crossing with intent to teach your smart Americans some pointers, as you call them, on sugar. There, I must say no more. Father would be furious if he knew I had even hinted that much, for there is always a chance that the Americans may be cleverer than he or our Government and may beat us at our own game, so nothing is to be said until success is certain."

The agent of the Sugar Trust rose somewhat unsteadily to his feet and drew a long breath, resolutely keeping down any indication of surprise or dismay; but as his head came into the strong moonlight she was amazed to see that all colour had left his face.

"What is wrong?" she asked, in alarm, also rising. "Are you ill?"

"No, no. It is nothing. Foot asleep or something of that sort, and it stings a bit. Suppose we take a walk up and down the deck for a few turns."

They promenaded for a while, but conversation lagged. The girl saw something was amiss, but could not guess what, although he tried strenuously to seem interested and be interesting; so finally she bade him good-night and went down the companion-way.

Warner lit a cigar and trod the deck alone, thinking deeply. Here, by the merest chance, he had come upon the secret which he had spent thousands in Germany to discover without getting even a hint of its existence for his money. The German Government was going to fight the American Sugar Trust after all, and the information came to him, not through his own alertness, on which he had so confidently plumed himself, backed by the resources of a great corporation, but by way of a casual conversation on a steamer's deck! His failure shook his confidence in himself and humiliated him. He had come within an ace of deluding his employers. But had he the right to enlighten them now? What he had learned was told him in confidence, and although, technically, he had given no promise, yet the girl had taken that promise for granted. He wondered what enchantment had come over him. A week ago such qualms of conscience would never have occurred to him. It would have been the Trust—first, last, and all the time. "All's fair in love and war," he quoted to himself; but which was it, love *or* war? War between the sugar combines certainly, but what between the girl and himself? Love, as certainly as the coming fight. If he told his employers the truth it would work injury indirect to the girl and direct to her secretive, moody father. If she ever came to know that her betrayed confidence had resulted in wrecking her father's plan her feelings towards the culprit would be the reverse of friendly. At one moment it seemed that the honest course was to tell the girl all about it, but the consequence of this might be disastrous to those who employed and trusted him. After all, if he were to lay any claim to honesty his first duty was towards the men who paid him and would continue so until he refused to accept their wage. The moon and the steamer had travelled far in the same direction before he reached this decision, and when he went to his state-room he cursed himself as a traitor to the girl he loved.

"WARNER LIT A CIGAR."

Next morning when he met Miss Steinhoff, looking very charming, as if she had arrayed herself with special care, which was indeed the case, his fealty to his employers wavered. He resolved to place a supposed case before the lady and let her settle the question.

"Good morning, Mr. Warner," she greeted him. "You seem worried. Didn't you sleep well?"

"I scarcely slept at all. It was almost daylight when I turned in. Yes, I *am* worried. A question of ethics has arisen; I think that's what they call it. I'm in a quandary, but I have some hope of persuading you to help me out."

"I shall be delighted to assist, if I can."

"Well, you see, it's like this. I'm a hired man. I belong to a company: am the company's servant, although we don't like to be called a servant, unless we are Presidents of the United States. I believe senators

and high officials also term themselves servants of the people, which is one method of catching the nimble vote. However, to come to the point, this big company pays me lavishly, and in return is supposed to receive my best efforts night, day, and all the time. I was sent over to Europe some months ago to learn the answer to a certain question which it was the determination of those interested there to conceal. The answer would be 'Yes' or 'No.' The company was willing to spend thousands to find out which of these simple little words was the correct one. My investigations led me to the conclusion that 'No' was the answer. The chance remark of a friend of mine afterwards convinced me that the true reply is 'Yes,' but if my friend had known I belonged to this company he would not have given me the information he did. Now my problem is, should I or should I not tell my company what I learned?"

"Did you promise your friend not to tell?"

"No, I gave no promise."

"In that case I think it is your duty to place before your company the information you have received. It belongs to them and not to you."

"Perhaps I ought to add that, although I made no promise, yet a promise was tacitly implied. My friend believed I would tell no one. Besides this, my friend very likely will be injured by my betrayal of confidence; indirectly at least."

"I cannot see that this changes the position. The fault lies with your friend. He should not have spoken, but, having spoken, he had to take the risk of his folly. And now, Mr. Warner, I want to ask you a question. How is it that this problem of conscience suddenly becomes troublesome in mid-ocean? You were not worrying about it when the voyage began, were you?"

"No. Well, you see, Miss Steinhoff, my association with you has changed many of my previous ideas. Actions that I had considered perfectly justifiable now take on a different complexion."

"That is very ingenious, Mr. Warner, and very complimentary to me; but I fear I cannot accept the flattery. Is it not the truth that I am the friend to whom you have been alluding?"

"A man is not bound to incriminate himself on the witness-stand, Miss Steinhoff."

"Then I *was* the culprit. It was something I said last night about sugar. Are you interested in sugar?"

"I—I—I—can only repeat what I have just said."

"And an excellent remark it is, if somewhat trite. It answers my question quite as fully as if you said 'Yes.' So you *are* interested in sugar. This is very awkward."

"Do you desire to modify your advice?"

"Ah, no. Truth is truth, and individuals don't count. You have no other course but to tell your company."

"I don't agree with you, Miss Steinhoff. I can resign, and I'll do it."

"That would not affect the situation. If you had resigned before we left Germany it would be different, but when this information came to you, through my indiscretion, you were still in the company's employ, and as I said before, the knowledge belongs to them, and not to you. It seems to me that it is the same as if someone paid you a large amount of money that belonged to the company, and you thought of resigning so that you need not turn over the money to it. That wouldn't be honest, would it?"

"I don't suppose it would."

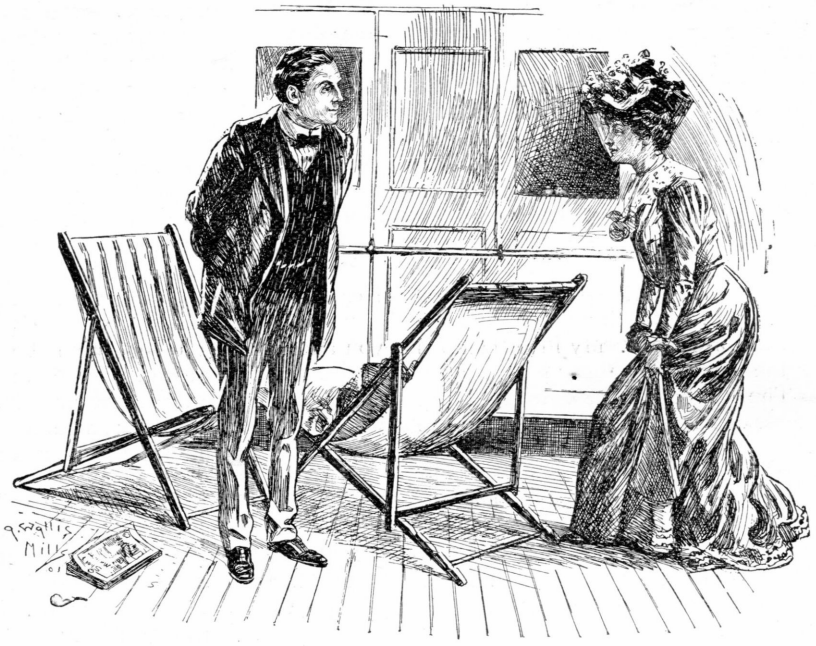
"Indeed, I think you are already to blame for telling me of the danger that threatens. A man perfectly loyal to the company would have kept quiet about it, for already I am forming dark designs about having you thrown overboard some night. What a pity the moonlight is so strong. However, my duty is equally clear. I must now warn my father that a rival knows his purpose in crossing the ocean. He may have some design for thwarting you, and I will assist him. We are enemies from the present moment on, so beware—beware!"

And with a laugh and a mocking curtsy she left him to seek her father. John L. Warner paced the deck meditating deeply upon the dilemma. After a time the girl returned, and as he accosted her he said, lightly:—

"Well, Miss Steinhoff, which is it to be? Poison or the dagger?"

"Neither, I'm afraid. You see before you a very contrite and chastened woman, who has meekly endured a scathing censure on the chattering proclivities of her sex. But it seems that my father is not in the least afraid of either you or your company. The best man will win, he says, and he has evidently not the slightest doubt who the best man is."

"Um," growled Warner, his commercial instincts for the moment coming uppermost. "He is evidently very well backed to be so confident."



"WITH A LAUGH AND A MOCKING CURTSY SHE LEFT HIM."

"He is backed by the German Government, and I think that is as strong as any company even in the United States. But I forgot. I am not to talk any more about my father or his task. It's forbidden, so we must choose some other subject, if you please."

"Very well. We will take the interesting subject of your proposed speculation. You gave me your advice and would not reverse it. I am going to reverse *my* advice. Instead of buying the stock of the Sugar Trust you must sell it. That stock is going to fall very shortly after we reach New York. I will introduce you to a broker, if I may, who will lay out the money to the best advantage."

"That is very good of you, Mr. Warner, when you remember that I am your enemy."

"The good Book commands us to love our enemies, and I confess I find no difficulty in obeying the Scriptural injunction."

When they reached New York there was a crowd of reporters to greet Warner, who received them with smiles and great good humour. No; he had not gone over to Europe on business. Nervous prostration had been the trouble with him, but he was all right now. He had needed a rest, and Europe was a great place to rest in. So calm and peaceful, you know. The Sugar Trust? Oh, he supposed that was all right, and was grubbing along trying to make a dividend for the labouring men who owned it. No; absolutely no news about it. To tell the truth, he hadn't looked at a paper for months. How was the stock quoted, anyhow? Same old figure, eh? Then everybody must be going on all right. Of course, if he had anything to tell he would gladly tell it. The Trust had no particular secrets, and its only object in the world was to produce the best sugar at the lowest price. Exactly; a benevolent institution, as you say. Well, good-bye; so long; delighted to have met you. And thus the newspaper boys were convinced that something big was on the carpet and determined to find out what it was.

It was a week before the sensational announcement was made in one of the leading papers. Germany was going to fight the Sugar Trust. Millions upon millions were to be on call. And America was to see the greatest industrial and financial contest that had ever taken place in the New World. Herr Steinhoff had absolutely refused to be interviewed, but there was no doubt he was in New York on behalf of the German Government and the powerful syndicate that was acting in conjunction with Germany.

There was an instant panic in Sugar Stock, and prices went down with a run. Luckily for the young woman, Warner had kept all his promises and her money was on the right side of the market. He called upon her

every day, and expected that she would be very much depressed when this full exposure of her father's mission was cast abroad to the world, but such was not the case, and he became more and more convinced that the syndicate must be even stronger than he had suspected when the publication of its plans were met with scornful indifference.

Although Miss Steinhoff remained in New York her father had disappeared. He wanted to get out of reach of the reporters, she said, who had pestered the life out of him at all hours of the night and day.

Sugar Stock went down and down. The semi-official denial of the German Government, cabled across from Berlin, sent it a few points lower, for no one believed the diplomatic assertion.

"Seems to me," said Warner to Miss Steinhoff one evening, "you had better close that deal. Sugar Stock can't go much lower even if the worst happens. I wonder the German Government went the length of denying a thing that must be patent to the world before long. But I suppose they will disclaim that cablegram at the psychological moment."

"Oh, the German Government is truthful enough, although your newspapers don't seem to believe it."

"Truthful enough? Why, you told me yourself that the Government stood sponsor for your father."

"Certainly. What has that to do with the case? Father is sorry the Government took the trouble to deny the report, for it kept the papers on the wrong track, and so gave him a chance to go on with his work."

"Miss Steinhoff, you bewilder me. Let me beg of you to make this clearer. What purpose is your father here for if not to fight the Sugar Trust?"

Miss Steinhoff laughed long and musically.

"Poor father knows nothing of the Sugar Trust; I doubt if he ever heard of it. Are you not aware that my father is one of the leading scientists in Germany and possibly in the world?"

"God bless me!"

"Isn't your company interested in scientific research?"

"Great heavens, no."

"Then we are not rivals and enemies after all. I suppose I may as well tell you all about it. Sugar has defied analysis so far. Father has been trying to reduce it to its component elements, and had all but succeeded. The Government thought he should come over to the United States to learn what he could about their investigations along the same lines in this country. I believe he has accomplished his task, and I have also a suspicion that full particulars are at this moment on their way to Germany. I surmise this, because he now invites me to go with him to visit Niagara Falls. The German Government pay the expenses of his journey to America, because he is in the employ of the Government. I think that certain learned societies are also interested in his excursion. Does all this compete with your company in any way?"

Warner most impolitely sprang for his hat, then paused.

"Say nothing of what you have told me, but listen to what I am about to tell you. See your broker first thing in the morning. I'll go with you if you'll let me, for I will not act on what I know until later in the day. Put every penny you can scrape together into stock of the Sugar Trust. You sold before, now you must buy. The stock will be up in the skies before a week."

And so it proved. Warner was no false prophet and Miss Steinhoff became rich. Naturally the young woman was exceedingly grateful to her mentor.

"I owe it all to you," she said, with a slight tremor in her voice, for her father was anxious to get back to Berlin. "I cannot imagine why you should have been so kind to a stranger and a foreigner, especially one who had given you such a fright and called you her enemy."

"It was pure selfishness on my part."

"In what way?"

"I was working for a commission."

"A commission? I'll willingly divide with you—glad to—I didn't dare offer——"

"Of course you couldn't, so that's why I ask. I am anxious that you should keep all the cash, but I want the owner of it."

And then he said a number of things that have no relation to Stock Exchange operations, which, of course, is the motive of this recital, therefore they are omitted as irrelevant. The lady answered in kind, and so her remarks become entirely without interest. But she did not return to Germany.

Some Wonders from the West.

XXX.—THE BURGESS TWINS.

AUBURN, New York, U.S.A., is the home of the most remarkable twins in the country, if not in the world. They are respectively Ray and Roy Burgess, and so exactly do they resemble each other that even their own mother finds it difficult at times to tell which is which.

These young men are now seventeen years of age, and as the years pass the similarity of the boys becomes more pronounced, if that is possible. A short time ago the twins were measured according to the Bertillon system, but they proved too much even for this means of revealing identity until a few tell-tale scars were discovered.

The main characteristics of feature and form to which the great majority of people owe their individuality in appearance are exactly similar in the Burgess twins. Both have dark brown hair, grey eyes, slightly flattened noses, moderately thick lips, long ears, and rounded chins. In weight Roy has had the advantage at several different times, although at present both weigh exactly 144lb. Both are 5ft. 9in. in height.

From a] RAY AND ROY BURGESS, AGED 3. [*Photo.*

While children the twins enjoyed their wonderful similarity and played all sorts of pranks on their parents, teachers, and playmates. Having put behind them their childhood and entered the practical business world they have found their lack of individuality a great drawback and the source of many serious annoyances.

Roy found himself constantly called to account for some act of his brother's, while Ray frequently was obliged to settle Roy's account with some irate creditor, simply because he could not prove that he was himself and not his other half.

In consequence of these frequently occurring mishaps the twins decided to separate, and a few days ago Roy went to the town of Keene, New Hampshire, where he expects in his work as agent for some standard piano to enjoy the novel experience of having an identity of his own.

Ray is still in Auburn, employed as printer on a local paper, but he has also planned to go where he will be a separate and distinct person, where he will have the use of his own individuality and not always be known as one of the Burgess twins. By staying in Auburn he is still mistaken for his brother by his brother's friends, who believe that the latter may have returned on a visit.

It was while still attending school that the twins enjoyed to the fullest their likeness to each other. The teachers despaired of ever distinguishing one from the other; both boys dressed exactly alike, and both were in the same class at school. The principal tried to induce them to wear different coloured neckties, but their mother insisted that both should be clothed exactly alike.

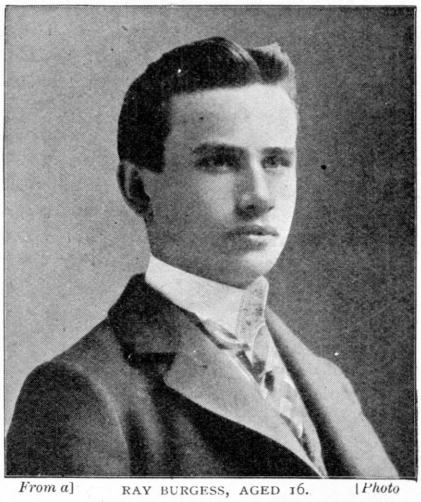
Finally one teacher suggested that one boy should wear a small piece of blue ribbon on the lapel of his coat and the other a red ribbon. This was tried, but the teachers failed to remember whether Ray or Roy wore the blue, and when this question was settled the boys changed bows and "confusion worse confounded" reigned, so this plan had to be abandoned.

One boy was an excellent mathematician, the other excelled in drawing; one read beautifully, the other could not be tripped in spelling. But whether it was Ray or Roy who deserved the honour of being a lightning calculator or which boy should be termed the artist of the class could never be determined by the bewildered teachers.

Both boys write exactly alike, their penmanship bears as remarkable a resemblance as do they to each other, and at examination times their instructors always

felt sure that the one who had the gift for solving problems did both his and his brother's tests, while the one who could draw anything, from a block of wood to the most intricate floral design, handed in two examination papers, one headed Roy and the other Ray.

When the reading class was called there was a suspicion prevalent among scholars and teachers that the brothers played "checkers" with the class, and that the one who had in him the making of an elocutionist read twice, once for himself and once for his brother who lacked this talent.



From a] RAY BURGESS, AGED 16. *[Photo*

Roy is the leader, being full of mischief and ready to dare anything, but he keeps this characteristic carefully hidden; his grey eyes express just the same innocence and reticence as do those of his more retiring brother. At school, if one got into trouble, the teachers being unable to decide which was the culprit, and deeming it unwise to allow the guilty as well as the innocent to escape justice, usually impartially punished both boys—not such a very bad scheme either—for if Roy was generally the one to set the ball rolling, Ray never hesitated to give it a helpful push.

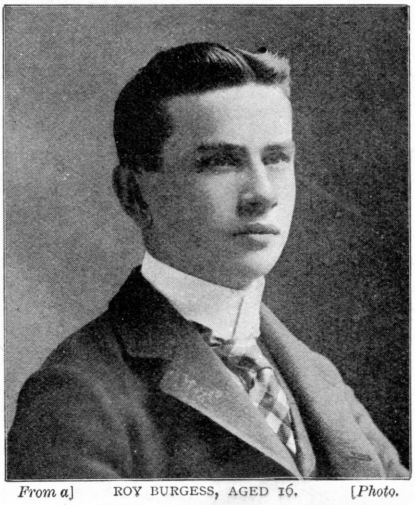
While at school the twins were debarred from participating in such games as hide and seek, hunt the hounds, etc., because it was always impossible to tell which had been captured; and as each would vow it was the other hot dispute would ensue, in which Roy frequently received two black eyes, while Ray escaped scot free, or Ray was obliged to show his mettle twice, once for himself and once for his twin, who would declare he had already whipped the bully who had really been the brother's victim.

Among the boys each had his own friends, and Roy's chum was seldom on speaking terms with Ray, while the latter's champion generally went around with the chip on his shoulder lying in wait for Roy. Despite this loyalty many funny things frequently occurred. The brothers have always been the best of friends, and, like all American lads, are ready for a joke at any time.

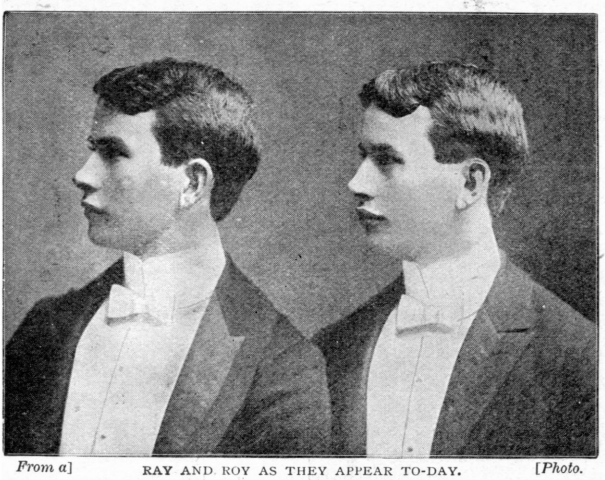
They tell with great relish how they have times without number fooled their friends. Ray still bears a tiny scar on his left knee which he received in a tussle with a certain Bob Smith, who was his sworn ally, while endeavouring to wipe out an old score of his brother's. Smith will not believe to this day that he fought the wrong fellow, and it is impossible to offer him proof positive, because Roy also carries a scar on his left knee which he received while playing football.

For a long time the girls of the town refused to have anything to do with the Burgess boys, indignantly declaring that they never knew to which boy they were talking. Roy, however, being quite a young gallant, was not content with this state of affairs, and finally, after many failures, succeeded in winning the friendship of a certain young lady, whose name must remain a secret.

Just when Roy was winning his way into the little maiden's favour the measles broke out in the town and he was stricken with that very unromantic disease. The day on which the spots appeared and the suffering hero was banished to a dark room was the one set for the Sunday-school picnic. He and his youthful sweetheart had made wondrous plans for enjoying themselves at this festival, and the pangs of disappointment which the giving up of the fun caused him were worse than the measles.



From a] ROY BURGESS, AGED 16. *[Photo.*



From a] RAY AND ROY AS THEY APPEAR TO-DAY. *[Photo.*

Ray was delegated to carry his regrets, and here the comedy of error commenced. The little maiden could only distinguish the brothers because Roy was the one she knew, and Ray was the one she did not. Consequently, when she saw young Burgess strolling across the lawn, picnic basket in hand, she, much to that gentleman's surprise, and not a little to his embarrassment, greeted him in a prettily affectionate manner.

Poor Ray stammered out something about his brother being ill with the measles, and was assured by his companion that it didn't matter in the least, for she had had them, and was not afraid of contagion. The young lady then suggested that they should hasten to meet the rest, as it was nearly time to start. Mystified Ray was enlightened as to the cause of the young lady's indifference about his brother's absence when she called him "Roy." Seeing that he was mistaken for his twin, and being after all only a mischievous boy for all his seeming sedateness, he determined to get all the enjoyment possible out of what was to him a most lucky mistake.

The two went to the picnic, the one wholly unconscious of any hitch in the long-ago-made plans for the day, and the other enjoying to the fullest the stolen sweets. At the end of the day, when the little lassie shyly kissed him over the garden gate, he hadn't the courage to tell her he was himself and not his brother.

During the two weeks that Roy was confined with the measles Ray continued to take his place with his companion of the picnic. When Roy was able to be out once more Ray fell back and allowed the brother to escort Nellie—that isn't her name, but she is so called for convenience sake—to singing school as usual. All would have gone well, and little Miss Nellie would never have known of the exchange, if Roy hadn't slipped in his part, missed a cue, and revealed the whole secret. The kiss over the garden gate, the notes secreted in the hollow of an old tree, and the many love-tokens of the past two weeks were remembered—there was a terrible scene, and the friendship which was growing so beautifully was cruelly ended. Broken hearts were talked of, but that was long ago, and the two brothers tell the story with the keenest enjoyment, while Nellie joins in the laugh most heartily.

The fact of having such an exact double is laughable to those not concerned, but the Burgess say that it becomes rather monotonous to be constantly greeted with "I say, who are you, Roy or Ray?" so Roy has made a dash for freedom; and unless his friends in Auburn recognise him as an individual with a personality of his own, and treat him as such and not as simply Roy's brother, Ray says he too will leave the town and go where it is not known that he is a twin or, as he expresses it, "only half a boy."

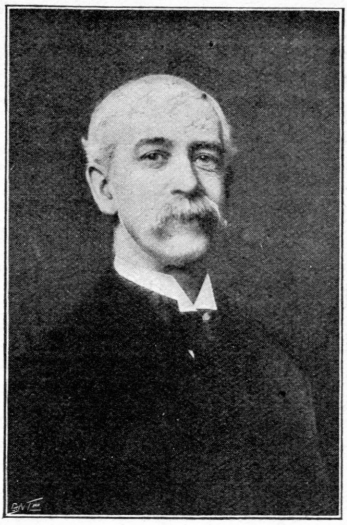
XXXI.—THE MAKING OF PICTURES IN WOOD.

By Frederick T. C. Langdon.

One of the strangest avocations pursued by any person in the civilized world is that pursued by Mr. E. C. Larrabee, jun., of Salem, Massachusetts, U.S.A., who makes, with bits of rarest wood which he has spent almost two decades in collecting from all parts of the globe, the most beautiful and intricate pictures imaginable. These pictures are veritable gems of art, offspring of the playtime efforts of a gentleman whose nominal life-work is the manufacture and sale of native wines. In perfect detail of workmanship, in delicate beauty of colouring, in indescribable blending of natural tints, Mr. Larrabee's marvellous pictures rival the most exquisite inlaid pearl-work done in any clime. Even the carven beauties of Japanese ivory-work are scarcely to be compared with the intricate productions of Mr. Larrabee's care and skill.

Not since the days of the German Fatherland's long ago has similar work been done,

and Mr. Larrabee knows of no other person in the world to-day who is engaged in the fashioning of pictures in inlaid wood. Indeed, the art—and it is an art—stands unique in the latter-time history of wood-working. Between it and the carving of blocks into living, breathing shapes—wood sculpture one may call it—there is not the least comparison. Nor is there the slightest similarity between Mr. Larrabee's beautiful products and the products of that other beautiful art, pyrography, the graving of pictures or designs on wooden plaques or panels by burning or scorching.



MR. E. C. LARRABEE, JUNR., MAKER OF THE PICTURES IN WOOD.
From a Photo. by E. G. Merrill, Salem, Mass.

So wonderfully perfect is the concrete result of Mr. Larrabee's work that even the practised eye finds it extremely difficult at times to ascertain what material has been made use of. It is no small labour to lay out, carve, and place scores of tiny pieces of wood so that the natural colours will blend and give the effect of a painting in oils, without the least sign of rigidity or the most remote suggestion that wood rather than pigment was manipulated. That the intricacies of the work may be realized, let it be said that this wood-artist of the noted American "City of Witches" has often spent half a day mousing about his assortment of material to find a piece of rare wood to suit his needs, and which no more than five minutes was required to inlay.

A great deal of the wood used in the work comes from portions of the globe but rarely visited by travellers. A sacred tree of Indian growth, the wood of which was once used only for the manufacture of idols, has furnished Mr. Larrabee with many rare pieces. The wood is not coloured or stained by any means other than those which Nature has chosen.

The method of work is very interesting. First, upon a mount of wood a sixteenth of an inch thick is pasted a pen-and-ink sketch of the picture to be fashioned. A wood backing, also a sixteenth of an inch thick, is applied to the first, and both are then cut with a jig-saw along the inked lines. Then those portions of the upper panel which have been cut free by the saw are removed, and the orifices formed in such a way are filled by a careful upward displacement of the corresponding sections sawed simultaneously from the basic slab. Quite naturally, the delicacy of the work depends a great deal upon the saw, for the finer the saw the less the kerf.

"AN OLD PARISIAN STREET MUSICIAN."—WORKED IN WOOD BY E. C. LARRABEE.
From a] [Photo,

In the construction, for example, of a wooden painting 10in. by 14in. square, from forty-eight to seventy-two saw-blades imported

from Switzerland are worn out, and from six hundred to eight hundred or even a thousand bits of little-known wood but a sixteenth of an inch thick are made use of. Not at all infrequently the sawing of the material demands the most extreme patience on Mr. Larrabee's part because of the innumerable irritating factors which are by the nature of the material forced into the labour. Take as an instance the wood of the cocoabollo, which exudes a gum that fills up the crevices of the saw so quickly that not more than six, or at the greatest seven, strokes can be made. Then, too, some of the rarest and most beautiful woods are so saturated with sap that baking and drying must be done before the glue will cling.

When at work Mr. Larrabee places his two thin wooden panels upon a glass table which may be turned at any angle, and does his cutting with what is known as a Fleetwood jig-saw. Photographic reproductions of some of the most exquisite bits of Mr. Larrabee's work accompany this article.

One of Mr. Larrabee's pictures, in which he takes great pride, is "A Paris Street Musician." This striking bit of handiwork is made with a background of plum-pudding mahogany. The coat is inlaid in black ebony from Madagascar, the doffed hat in striped ebony from the banks of the Congo River, the hair and portions of the trousers of Alabama persimmon, the eyes of white English holly, the cuffs and cravat of American maple, portions of the vest of gold-coloured bamboo from India and yellow sandal wood from the Philippines, the face and hands of rare cream-coloured olive wood from Palestine, the shirt of cream-coloured quince wood grown in Massachusetts, and the violin bridge and "F" holes of Cuban pepil. Portions of the trousers and a bit of the hat are inlaid in ashen grey impee wood, which grows in the Philippines.

The conception of "The Desert After a Storm" is said by persons who have been permitted to see the great Sahara under such conditions to be marvellously accurate. Our photograph of this picture gives a splendid idea of the scenic value of the original; but unfortunately the charming colour effects which are obtained through the skilful manipulation of the rare woods cannot be

From a] "AFTER THE STORM—A DESERT SCENE." WORKED IN WOOD BY E. C. LARRABEE. [*Photo.*

From a] "THE OLD VIOLIN MAKER." WORKED IN WOOD BY E. C. LARRABEE. *[Photo*

reproduced. It will be seen that the figures are extremely lifelike and that the poses are very natural, while the departing sand-storm in the distance is weirdly impressive. This storm, true in colour, and the ominous sky seen through it and above are brought forth by the grain of the wood with as much perfection as an artist could obtain with the admixture of the primal colours on his palette.

The red and grey sand-cloud, the murky sky, and the rocks in the nearer landscape are inlaid with the little-known but very truly-named zebra wood from Stanley Falls, Africa, and with tortoiseshell wood from the Amazon River in South America. The camels are inlaid in burr French walnut cut in the vicinity of Paris, and the cords encircling the camels' backs are done in the indescribably beautiful golden-yellow vagnatico wood from Persia. The Arabs and their trappings are constructed variously of ebony, tulip, and satin-wood obtained, after great trouble, from the south of Africa, from Cayenne, and from Arabia respectively. Portions of the Arabs are inlaid, too, with impee wood and burnose garnet from the region around Manila in the Philippine Islands.

The head-gear and sashes of the Arabs consist of Arabian satin-wood and the wood of the Turkish tulip. The water-bag thrown over the back of the recumbent camel is fashioned from Cuban zincotta and the fibre of the leopard tree from India. The saddle-pommels are of red and yellow African cam wood. Merely the naming and placing of these many-hued woods serve to give some idea of the wondrous beauty which radiates from the picture as a whole, and it is almost idle to say that "The Desert After a Storm" must be seen in its grand wooden actuality to be truly appreciated.

In the recumbent camel alone there are 750 bits of wood, and of this great number between sixty and seventy are in the saddle.

Mr. Larrabee's most recent picture is entitled "The Old Violin Maker," and represents the great Antonio Stradivarius in his workshop, surrounded by the tools of his

trade and portions of violins or completed ones. The old man sits with one of his beloved instruments on his knee, studying it meditatively, his right hand to his face. Our half-tone reproduction represents well indeed the vast amount of detail in the wood picture.

"The Old Violin Maker" contains between 700 and 800 pieces of wood from India, China, Africa, South America, the United States, and the Philippines. The tiny picture which can be discerned on the wall just beyond the violin-maker shows an actual castle on the Philippine Island of Mindanino, and is composed of but a single piece of wood, save one tiny part of the castle which was inserted to cover a worm-hole. About twenty-five different kinds of wood are used in the picture of "The Old Violin Maker," and Mr. Larrabee has been working upon it for many months.

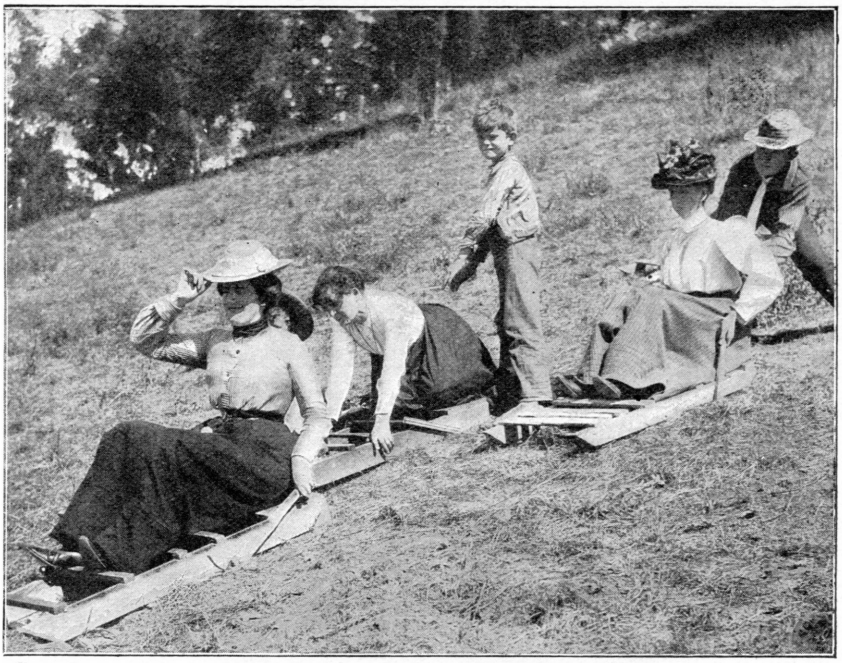
XXXII.—"COASTING."

By John L. Von Blon.

The most exhilarating sport for the youths, and one of the oddest sights in Southern California, is coasting. Imagine a lot of barefoot boys and girls, in the scantiest summer attire, sliding down long slopes where not a flake of snow has ever been known to fall, and you have the strange picture before you. This sledding, with the thermometer registering 100deg. in the shade and a midsummer sun beating down upon the semi-tropical land, is beyond a doubt the most unique ever attempted. This is the first time it has ever been done, so far as known, and it all came about through the discovery of a lad with a penchant for doing something out of the ordinary. He learned that snow isn't the only thing that makes the hills slippery, and as a result the people of Los Angeles enjoy a winter sport where winter never comes and where no wraps are needed to keep the biting frost from nipping off their precious ears and noses.

After the spring rains the Southern California mountains and hills are thickly covered with weeds and grasses, which die and dry in the summer heat, leaving a brown coating so thick that it remains until the following season. While playing on a hill the inquisitive boy found the dead wild mustard so slick that he could scarcely walk over it. Instinct suggested that he get a board and take a slide, and he did. Others took a hand,

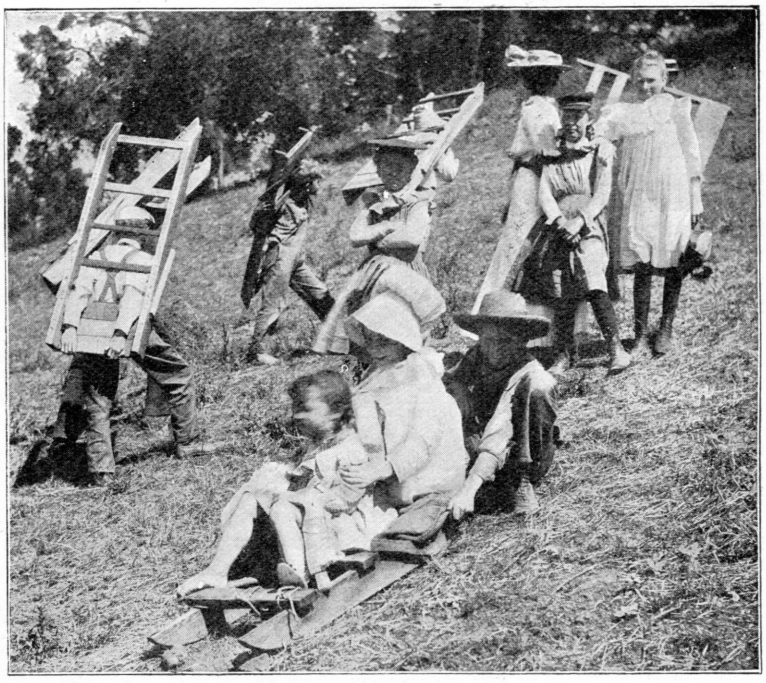
From a] A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COASTING HILL. [*Photo.*



From a] READY TO START. *[Photo.*

evolution brought the sled, and now hundreds go coasting every day. A smooth slope a quarter of a mile long, where the accompanying photographs were taken on the 4th of July, is the favourite slide, but there are many others.

The spectacle of half a hundred yelling boys and shrieking girls shooting down the hill at lightning-express speed, landing in heaps at the end of the run, and trudging back and pulling their sleds, is very interesting. There are exciting races, thrilling tumbles, and hair-breadth escapes when obstructions chance in the way, and all the incidents except the snow and ice and cold of the north enliven this glideway. At the steeper places the sleds go so fast that brakes are necessary to keep the youngsters from flying off at a tangent into kingdom come. Only a boy can handle the brake, and a novice is sure to pull the lever at the wrong time and wind up with a disaster. A young lady who made the mistake of handling the brake went through a performance that would have shamed an acrobat just after these pictures were taken. Before she was through a dozen sleds and their occupants were piled on top of her.



From a] THE FINISH. *[Photo.*

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. Jacobs.

CHAPTER X.

TIME failed to soften the captain's ideas concerning his son's engagement, and all mention of the subject in the house was strictly forbidden. Occasionally he was favoured with a glimpse of his son and Miss Kybird out together, a sight which imparted such a flavour to his temper and ordinary intercourse that Mrs. Kingdom, in unconscious imitation of Mr. James Hardy, began to count the days which must elapse before her niece's return from London. His ill-temper even infected the other members of the household, and Mrs. Kingdom sat brooding in her bedroom all one afternoon, because Bella had called her an "overbearing dishpot."

The finishing touch to his patience was supplied by a little misunderstanding between Mr. Kybird and the police. For the second time in his career the shopkeeper appeared before the magistrates to explain the circumstances in which he had purchased stolen property, and for the second time he left the court without a stain on his character, but with a significant magisterial caution not to appear there again. Jack Nugent gave evidence in the case, and some of his replies were deemed worthy of reproduction in the *Sunwich Herald*, a circumstance which lost the proprietors a subscriber of many years' standing.

One by one various schemes for preventing his son's projected alliance were dismissed as impracticable. A cherished design of confining him in an asylum for the mentally afflicted until such time as he should have regained his senses was spoilt by the refusal of Dr. Murchison to arrange for the necessary certificate; a refusal which was like to have been fraught with serious consequences to that gentleman's hopes of entering the captain's family.

Brooding over his wrongs the captain, a day or two after his daughter's return, strolled slowly down towards the harbour. It was afternoon, and the short winter day was already drawing towards a close. The shipping looked cold and desolate in the greyness, but a bustle of work prevailed on the *Conqueror*, which was nearly ready for sea again. The captain's gaze wandered from his old craft to the small vessels dotted about the harbour and finally dwelt admiringly on the lines of the whaler *Seabird*, which had put in a few days before as the result of a slight collision with a fishing-boat. She was high out of the water and beautifully rigged. A dog ran up and down her decks barking, and a couple of squat figures leaned over the bulwarks gazing stolidly ashore.

"FOR THE SECOND TIME HE LEFT THE COURT WITHOUT A STAIN ON HIS CHARACTER."

There was something about the vessel which took his fancy, and he stood for some time on the edge of the quay, looking at her. In a day or two she would sail for a voyage the length of which would depend upon her success; a voyage which would for a long period keep all on board of her out of the mischief which so easily happens ashore. If only Jack——

He started and stared more intently

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than before. He was not an imaginative man, but he had in his mind's eye a sudden vision of his only son waving farewells from the deck of the whaler as she emerged from the harbour into the open sea, while Amelia Kybird tore her yellow locks ashore. It was a vision to cheer any self-respecting father's heart, and he brought his mind back with some regret to the reality of the anchored ship.

He walked home slowly. At the Kybirds' door the proprietor, smoking a short clay pipe, eyed him with furtive glee as he passed.

"THE PROPRIETOR EYED HIM WITH FURTIVE GLEE AS HE PASSED."

Farther along the road the Hardys, father and son, stepped briskly together. Altogether a trying walk, and calculated to make him more dissatisfied than ever with the present state of affairs. When his daughter shook her head at him and accused him of going off on a solitary frolic his stock of patience gave out entirely.

A thoughtful night led to a visit to Mr. Wilks the following evening. It required a great deal of deliberation on his part before he could make up his mind to the step, but he needed his old steward's assistance in a little plan he had conceived for his son's benefit, and for the first time in his life he paid him the supreme honour of a call.

The honour was so unexpected that Mr. Wilks, coming into the parlour in response to the tapping of the captain's stick on the floor, stood for a short time eyeing him in dismay. Only two minutes before he had taken Mr. James Hardy into the kitchen to point out the interior beauties of an ancient clock, and the situation simply appalled him. The captain greeted him almost politely and bade him sit down. Mr. Wilks smiled faintly and caught his breath.

"Sit down," repeated the captain.

"I've left something in the kitchen, sir," said Mr. Wilks. "I'll be back in half a minute."

The captain nodded. In the kitchen Mr. Wilks rapidly and incoherently explained the situation to Mr. Hardy.

"I'll sit here," said the latter, drawing up a comfortable oak chair to the stove.

"You see, he don't know that we know each other," explained the apologetic steward, "but I don't like leaving you in the kitchen."

"I'm all right," said Hardy; "don't you trouble about me."

He waved him away, and Mr. Wilks, still pale, closed the door behind him and, rejoining the captain, sat down on the extreme edge of a chair and waited.

"I've come to see you on a little matter of business," said his visitor.

Mr. Wilks smiled; then, feeling that perhaps that was not quite the right thing to do, looked serious again.

"I came to see you about my—ny son," continued the captain.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Wilks. "Master Jack, you mean?"

"I've only got one son," said the other, unpleasantly, "unless you happen to know of any more."

Mr. Wilks almost fell off the edge of the chair in his haste to disclaim any such knowledge. His ideas were in a ferment, and the guilty knowledge of what he had left in the kitchen added to his confusion. And just at that moment the door opened and Miss Nugent came briskly in.

Her surprise at seeing her father ensconced in a chair by the fire led to a rapid volley of questions. The captain, in lieu of answering them, asked another.

"What do you want here?"

"I have come to see Sam," said Miss Nugent. "Fancy seeing you here! How are you, Sam?"

"Pretty well, miss, thank'ee," replied Mr. Wilks, "considering," he added, truthfully, after a moment's reflection.

Miss Nugent dropped into a chair and put her feet on the fender. Her father eyed her restlessly.

"I came here to speak to Sam about a private matter," he said, abruptly.

"Private matter," said his daughter, looking round in surprise. "What about?"

"A private matter," repeated Captain Nugent. "Suppose you come in some other time."

Kate Nugent sighed and took her feet from the fender. "I'll go and wait in the kitchen," she said, crossing to the door.

Both men protested. The captain because it ill-assorted with his dignity for his daughter to sit in the kitchen, and Mr. Wilks because of the visitor already there. The face of the steward, indeed, took on such extraordinary expressions in his endeavour to convey private information to the girl that she gazed at him in silent amazement. Then she turned the handle of the door and, passing through, closed it with a bang which was final.

Mr. Wilks stood spellbound, but nothing happened. There was no cry of surprise; no hasty reappearance of an indignant Kate Nugent. His features working nervously he resumed his seat and gazed dutifully at his superior officer.

"I suppose you've heard that my son is going to get married?" said the latter.

"I couldn't help hearing of it, sir," said the steward in self defence—"nobody could."

"He's going to marry that yellow-headed Jezebel of Kybird's," said the captain, staring at the fire.

Mr. Wilks murmured that he couldn't understand anybody liking yellow hair, and, more than that, the general opinion of the ladies in Fullalove Alley was that it was dyed.

"I'm going to ship him on the *Seabird*," continued the captain. "She'll probably be away for a year or two, and, in the meantime, this girl will probably marry somebody else. Especially if she doesn't know what has become of him. He can't get into mischief aboard ship."

"No, sir," said the wondering Mr. Wilks. "Is Master Jack agreeable to going, sir?"

"That's nothing to do with it," said the captain, sharply.

"No, sir," said Mr. Wilks, "o' course not. I was only a sort o' wondering how he was going to be persuaded to go if 'e ain't."

"That's what I came here about," said the other. "I want you to go and fix it up with Nathan Smith."

"Do you want 'im to be *crimped*, sir?" stammered Mr. Wilks.

"I want him shipped aboard the *Seabird*," returned the other, "and Smith's the man to do it."

"It's a very hard thing to do in these days, sir," said Mr. Wilks, shaking his head. "What with signing on aboard the day before the ship sails, and before the Board o' Trade officers, I'm sure it's a wonder that anybody goes to sea at all."

"You leave that to Smith," said the captain, impatiently. "The *Seabird* sails on Friday morning's tide. Tell Smith I'll arrange to meet my son here on Thursday night, and that he must have some liquor for us and a fly waiting on the beach."

Mr. Wilks wriggled: "But what about signing on, sir?" he inquired.

"He won't sign on," said the captain, "he'll be a stowaway. Smith must get him smuggled aboard, and bribe the hands to let him lie hidden in the fo'c's'le. The *Seabird* won't put back to put him ashore. Here is five pounds; give Smith two or three now, and the remainder when the job is done."

The steward took the money reluctantly and, plucking up his courage, looked his old master in the face.

"It's a 'ard life afore the mast, sir," he said, slowly.

"Rubbish!" was the reply. "It'll make a man of him. Besides, what's it got to do with you?"

"I don't care about the job, sir," said Mr. Wilks, bravely.

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded the other, frowning. "You go and fix it up with Nathan Smith as soon as possible."

Mr. Wilks shuffled his feet and strove to remind himself that he was a gentleman of independent means, and could please himself.

"I've known 'im since he was a baby," he murmured, defiantly.

"I don't want to hear anything more from you, Wilks," said the captain, in a hard voice. "Those are my orders, and you had better see that they are carried out. My son will be one of the first to thank you later on for getting him out of such a mess."

Mr. Wilks's brow cleared somewhat. "I 'spose Miss Kate 'ud be pleased too," he remarked, hopefully.

"Of course she will," said the captain. "Now I look to you, Wilks, to manage this thing properly. I wouldn't trust anybody else, and you've never disappointed me yet."

The steward gasped and, doubting whether he had heard aright, looked towards his old master, but in vain, for the confirmation of further compliments. In all his long years of service he had never been praised by him before. He leaned forward eagerly and began to discuss ways and means.

In the next room conversation was also proceeding, but fitfully. Miss Nugent's consternation when she closed the door behind her and found herself face to face with Mr. Hardy was difficult of concealment. Too late she understood the facial contortions of Mr. Wilks, and, resigning herself to the inevitable, accepted the chair placed for her by the highly-pleased Jem, and sat regarding him calmly from the other side of the fender.

"I am waiting here for my father," she said, in explanation.

"In deference to Wilks's terrors I am waiting here until he has gone," said Hardy, with a half smile.

There was a pause. "I hope that he will not be long," said the girl.

"Thank you," returned Hardy, wilfully misunderstanding, "but I am in no hurry."

He gazed at her with admiration. The cold air had heightened her colour, and the brightness of her eyes shamed the solitary candle which lit up the array of burnished metal on the mantelpiece.

"I hope you enjoyed your visit to London," he said.

Before replying Miss Nugent favoured him with a glance designed to express surprise at least at his knowledge of her movements. "Very much, thank you," she said, at last.

Mr. Hardy, still looking at her with much comfort to himself, felt an insane desire to tell her how much she had been missed by one person at least in Sunwich. Saved from this suicidal folly by the little common sense which had survived the shock of her sudden appearance, he gave the information indirectly.

"Quite a long stay," he murmured; "three months and three days; no, three months and two days."

A sudden wave of colour swept over the girl's face at the ingenuity of this mode of attack. She was used to attention and took compliments as her due, but the significant audacity of this one baffled her. She sat with downcast eyes looking at the fender, occasionally glancing from the corner of her eye to see whether he was preparing to renew the assault. He had certainly changed from the Jem Hardy of olden days. She had a faint idea that his taste had improved.

"MISS NUGENT'S CONSTERNATION WAS DIFFICULT OF CONCEALMENT."

"Wilks keeps his house in good order," said Hardy, looking round.

"Yes," said the girl.

"Wonder why he never married," said Hardy, musingly; "for my part I can't understand a man remaining single all his life; can you?"

"I never think of such things," said Miss Nugent, coldly — and untruthfully.

"If it was only to have somebody to wait on him and keep his house clean," pursued Hardy, with malice.

Miss Nugent grew restless, and the wrongs of her sex stirred within her. "You have very lofty ideas on the subject," she said, scornfully, "but I believe they are not uncommon."

"Still, you have never thought about such things, you know," he reminded her.

"And no doubt you have devoted a great deal of time to the subject."

Hardy admitted it frankly. "But only since I returned to Sunwich," he said.

"Caused by the spectacle of Sam's forlorn condition, I suppose," said Miss Nugent.

"No, it wasn't that," he replied.

Miss Nugent, indignant at having been drawn into such a discussion, lapsed into silence. It was safer and far more dignified, but at the same time she yearned for an opportunity of teaching this presumptuous young man a lesson. So far he had had it all his own way. A way strewn with ambiguities which a modest maiden had to ignore despite herself.

"Of course, Wilks may have had a disappointment," said Hardy, with the air of one willing to make allowances.

"I believe he had about fifty," said the girl, carelessly.

Hardy shook his head in strong disapproval. "No man should have more than one," he said, firmly; "a man of any strength of will wouldn't have that."

"Strength of will?" repeated the astonished Miss Nugent.

Their eyes met; hers sparkling with indignation; his full of cold calculation. If he had had any doubts before, he was quite sure now that he had gone the right way to work to attract her attention; she was almost quivering with excitement.

"Your ideas will probably change with age—and disappointment," she said, sweetly.

"I shall not be disappointed," said Hardy, coolly. "I'll take care of that."

Miss Nugent eyed him wistfully and racked her brains for an appropriate and crushing rejoinder. In all her experience—and it was considerable considering her years — she had never met with such carefully constructed audacity, and she longed, with a great longing, to lure him into the open and destroy him. She was still considering ways and means of doing this when the door opened and revealed the surprised and angry form of her father and behind it the pallid countenance of Mr. Wilks. For a moment anger deprived the captain of utterance.

"Who ——" he stammered. "What——"

"What a long time you've been, father," said Miss Nugent, in a reproving voice. "I began to be afraid you were never going."

"You come home with me," said the captain, recovering.

The command was given in his most imperious manner, and his daughter dropped her muff in some resentment as she rose, in order to let him have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Hardy pick it up. It rolled, however, in his direction, and he stooped for it just as Hardy darted forward. Their heads met with a crash, and Miss Nugent forgot her own consternation in the joy of beholding the pitiable exhibition which terror made of Mr. Wilks.

"I'm very sorry," said Hardy, as he reverently dusted the muff on his coat-sleeve before returning it. "I'm afraid it was my fault."

"It was," said the infuriated captain, as he held the door open for his daughter. "Now, Kate."

Miss Nugent passed through, followed by her father, and escorted to the front door by the steward, whose faint "Good-night" was utterly ignored by his injured commander. He stood at the door until they had turned the corner, and, returning to the kitchen, found his remaining guest holding his aching head beneath the tap.

"And now," said the captain, sternly, to his daughter, "how dare you sit and talk to that young cub? Eh? How dare you?"

"He was there when I went in," said his daughter.

"Why didn't you come out, then?" demanded her father.

"I was afraid of disturbing you and Sam," said Miss Nugent. "Besides, why shouldn't I speak to him?"

"HE FOUND HIS REMAINING GUEST HOLDING HIS ACHING HEAD BENEATH THE TAP."

"Why?" shouted the captain. "Why? Because I won't have it."

"I thought you liked him," said Miss Nugent, in affected surprise. "You patted him on the head."

The captain, hardly able to believe his ears, came to an impressive stop in the roadway, but Miss Nugent walked on. She felt instinctively that the joke was thrown away on him, and, in the absence of any other audience, wanted to enjoy it without interruption. Convulsive and half-suppressed sounds, which she ascribed to a slight cold caught while waiting in the kitchen, escaped her at intervals for the remainder of the journey home.

CHAPTER XI.

JACK NUGENT'S first idea on seeing a letter from his father asking him to meet him at Samson Wilks's was to send as impolite a refusal as a strong sense of undutifulness and a not inapt pen could arrange, but the united remonstrances of the Kybird family made him waver.

"You go," said Mr. Kybird, solemnly; "take the advice of a man wot's seen life, and go. Who knows but wot he's a-thinking of doing something for you?"

"Startin' of you in business or somethin'," said Mrs. Kybird. "But if 'e tries to break it off between you and 'Melia I hope you know what to say."

"He won't do that," said her husband.

"If he wants to see me," said Mr. Nugent, "let him come here."

"I wouldn't 'ave 'im in my house," retorted Mr. Kybird, quickly. "An Englishman's 'ouse is his castle, and I won't 'ave him in mine."

"Why not, Dan'l," asked his wife, "if the two families is to be connected?"

Mr. Kybird shook his head, and, catching her eye, winked at her with much significance.

"'Ave it your own way," said Mrs. Kybird, who was always inclined to make concessions in minor matters. "'Ave it your own way, but don't blame me, that's all I ask."

Urged on by his friends Mr. Nugent at last consented, and, in a reply to his father, agreed to meet him at the house of Mr. Wilks on Thursday evening. He was not free himself from a slight curiosity as to the reasons which had made the captain unbend in so unusual a fashion.

Mr. Nathan Smith put in an appearance at six o'clock on the fatal evening. He was a short, slight man, with a clean-shaven face mapped with tiny wrinkles, and a pair of colourless eyes the blankness of whose expression defied research. In conversation, especially conversation of a diplomatic nature, Mr. Smith seemed to be looking through his opponent at something beyond, an uncomfortable habit which was a source of much discomfort to his victims.

"MR. NATHAN SMITH."

"Here we are, then, Mr. Wilks," he said, putting his head in the door and smiling at the agitated steward.

"Come in," said Mr. Wilks, shortly.

Mr. Smith obliged. "Nice night outside," he said, taking a chair; "clear over'ead. Wot a morning it 'ud be for a sail if we was only young enough. Is that terbacker in that canister there?"

The other pushed it towards him.

"If I was only young enough—and silly enough," said the boarding-house master, producing a pipe with an unusually large bowl and slowly filling it, "there's nothing I should enjoy more than a three years' cruise. Nothing to do and everything of the best."

"'Ave you made all the arrangements?" inquired Mr. Wilks, in a tone of cold superiority.

Mr. Smith glanced affectionately at a fish-bag of bulky appearance which stood on the floor between his feet. "All ready," he said, cheerfully, "an' if you'd like a v'y'ge yourself I can manage it for you in two twos. You've on'y got to say the word."

"I don't want one," said the steward, fiercely; "don't you try none o' your larks on me, Nathan Smith, cos I won't have it."

"Lord love your 'art," said the boarding master, "I wouldn't 'urt you. I'm on'y acting under your orders now; yours and the captin's. It ain't in my reg'lar way o' business at all, but I'm so good-natured I can't say 'no.'"

"Can't say 'no' to five pounds, you mean," retorted Mr. Wilks, who by no means relished these remarks.

"If I was getting as much out of it as you are I'd be a 'appy man," sighed Mr. Smith.

"Me!" cried the other; "do you think I'd take money for this—why, I'd sooner starve, I'd sooner. Wot are you a-tapping your nose for?"

"Was I tapping it?" demanded Mr. Smith, in surprise. "Well, I didn't know it. I'm glad you told me."

"You're quite welcome," said the steward, sharply. "Crimping ain't in my line; I'd sooner sweep the roads."

"'Ear, 'ear," exclaimed Mr. Smith, approvingly. "Ah! wot a thing it is to come acrost an honest man. Wot a good thing it is for the eyesight."

He stared stonily somewhere in the direction of Mr. Wilks, and then blinking rapidly shielded his eyes with his hand as though overcome by the sight of so much goodness. The steward's wrath rose at the performance, and he glowered back at him until his eyes watered.

"Twenty past six," said Mr. Smith, suddenly, as he fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket and drew out a small folded paper. "It's time I made a start. I s'pose you've got some salt in the house?"

"Plenty," said Mr. Wilks.

"And beer?" inquired the other.

"Yes, there is some beer," said the steward.

"Bring me a quart of it," said the boarding master, slowly and impressively. "I want it drawed in a china mug, with a nice foaming 'ead on it."

"Wot do you want it for?" inquired Mr. Wilks, eyeing him very closely.

"Bisness purposes," said Mr. Smith. "If you're very good you shall see 'ow I do it."

Still the steward made no move. "I thought you brought the stuff with you," he remarked.

Mr. Smith looked at him with mild reproach. "Are you managing this affair or am I?" he inquired.

The steward went out reluctantly, and drawing a quart mug of beer set it down on the table and stood watching his visitor.

"And now I want a spoonful o' sugar, a spoonful o' salt, and a spoonful o' vinegar," said Mr. Smith. "Make haste afore the 'ead goes off of it."

Mr. Wilks withdrew grumbling, and came back in a wonderfully short space of time considering, with the articles required.

"Thankee," said the other; "you 'ave been quick. I wish I could move as quick as you do. But you can take 'em back now, I find I can do without 'em."

"Where's the beer?" demanded the incensed Mr. Wilks; "where's the beer, you underhanded swab?"

"I altered my mind," said Mr. Smith, "and not liking waste, and seeing by your manner that you've 'ad more than enough already to-night, I drunk it. There isn't another man in Sunwich I could ha' played that trick on, no, nor a boy neither."

Mr. Wilks was about to speak, but, thinking better of it, threw the three spoons in the kitchen, and resuming his seat by the fire sat with his back half turned to his visitor.

"Bright, cheerful young chap, 'e is," said Mr. Smith; "you've knowed 'im ever since he was a baby, haven't you?"

Mr. Wilks made no reply.

"The *Conqueror's* sailing to-morrow morning, too," continued his tormentor; "his father's old ship. 'Ow strange it'll seem to 'im following it out aboard a whaler. Life is full o' surprises, Mr. Wilks, and wot a big surprise it would be to you if you could 'ear wot he says about you when he comes to 'is senses."

"I'm obeying orders," growled the other.

"Quite right," said Mr. Smith, approvingly, as he drew a bottle of whisky from his bag and placed it on the table. "Two glasses and there we are. We don't want any salt and vinegar this time."

Mr. Wilks turned a deaf ear. "But 'ow are you going to manage so as to make one silly and not the other?" he inquired.

"It's a trade secret," said the other; "but I don't mind telling you I sent the cap'n something to take afore he comes, and I shall be in your kitchen looking arter things."

"I s'pose you know wot you're about?" said Mr. Wilks, doubtfully.

"I s'pose so," rejoined the other. "Young Nugent trusts you, and, of course, he'll take anything from your 'ouse. That's the beauty of 'aving a character, Mr. Wilks; a good

character and a face like a baby with grey whiskers."

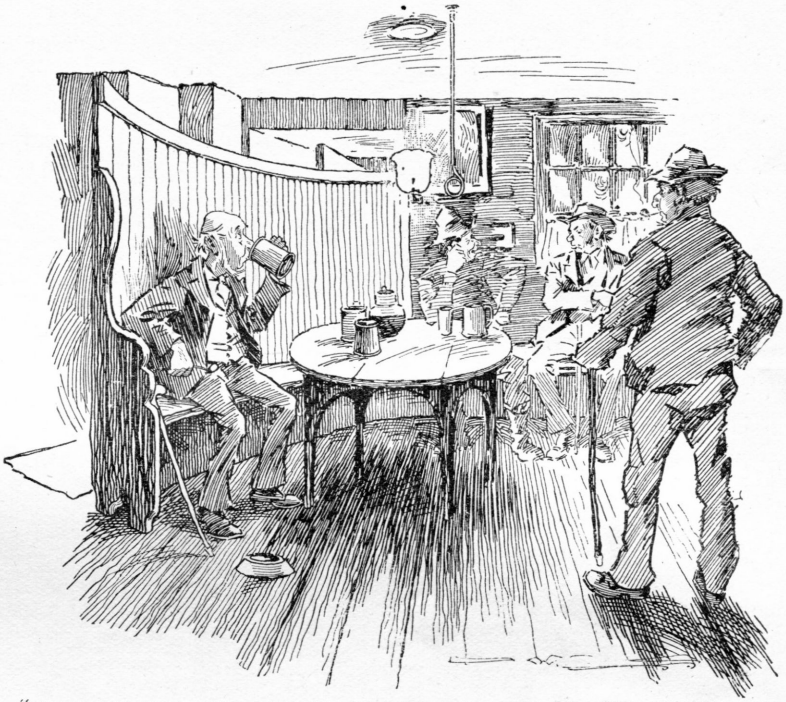
Mr. Wilks bent down and, taking up a small brush, carefully tidied up the hearth.

"Like as not, if my part in it gets to be known," pursued Mr. Smith, mournfully, "I'll 'ave that gal of Kybird's scratching my eyes out or p'r'aps sticking a hat-pin into me. I had that once; the longest hat-pin that ever was made, I should think."

He shook his head over the perils of his calling, and then, after another glance at the clock, withdrew to the kitchen with his bag, leaving Mr. Wilks waiting in a state of intense nervousness for the arrival of the others.

Captain Nugent was the first to put in an appearance, and by way of setting a good example poured a little of the whisky in his glass and sat there waiting. Then Jack Nugent came in, fresh and glowing, and Mr. Wilks, after standing about helplessly for a few moments, obeyed the captain's significant nod and joined Mr. Smith in the kitchen.

"You'd better go for a walk," said that gentleman, regarding him kindly; "that's wot the Cap'n thought."



"IT WAS NOT UNTIL HE HAD CONSUMED A PINT OR TWO OF THE STRONGEST BREW THAT HE BEGAN TO REGAIN SOME OF HIS OLD SELF-ESTEEM."

Mr. Wilks acquiesced eagerly, and tapping at the door passed through the room again into the street. A glance as he went through showed him that Jack Nugent was drinking, and he set-off in a panic to get away from the scene which he had contrived.

He slackened after a time and began to pace the streets at a rate which was less noticeable. As he passed the Kybirds' he shivered, and it was not until he had consumed a pint or two of the strongest brew procurable at the Two Schooners that he began to regain some of his old self-esteem. He felt almost maudlin at the sacrifice of character he was enduring for the sake of his old master, and the fact that he could not narrate it to sympathetic friends was not the least of his troubles.

The shops had closed by the time he got into the street again, and he walked down and watched with much solemnity the reflection of the quay lamps in the dark water of the harbour. The air was keen and the various craft distinct in the starlight. Perfect quiet reigned aboard the *Seabird*, and after a vain attempt to screw up his courage to see the victim taken aboard he gave it up and walked back along the beach.

By the time he turned his steps homewards it was nearly eleven o'clock. Fullalove Alley was quiet, and after listening for some time at his window he turned the handle of the door and passed in. The nearly empty bottle stood on the table, and an overturned tumbler accounted for a large, dark patch on the table-cloth. As he entered the room the kitchen door opened and Mr. Nathan Smith, with a broad smile on his face, stepped briskly in.

"All over," he said, rubbing his hands; "he went off like a lamb, no trouble nor fighting. He was a example to all of us."

"Did the cap'n see 'im aboard?" inquired Mr. Wilks.

"Certainly not," said the other. "As a matter o' fact the cap'n took a little more than I told 'im to take, and I 'ad to help im up to your bed. Accidents will 'appen, but he'll be all right in the morning if nobody goes near 'im. Leave 'im perfectly quiet, and when 'e comes downstairs give 'im a strong cup o' tea."

"In my bed?" repeated the staring Mr. Wilks.

"He's as right as rain," said the boarding master. "I brought down a pillow and blankets for you and put 'em in the kitchen. And now I'll take the other two pound ten and be getting off 'ome. It ought to be ten pounds really with the trouble I've 'ad."

Mr. Wilks paid the desired amount on to the table, and Mr. Nathan Smith placing it in his pocket rose to go.

"Don't disturb 'im till he's 'ad 'is sleep out, mind," he said, pausing at the door, "else I can't answer for the consequences. If 'e should get up in the night and come down raving mad, try and soothe 'im. Good-night and pleasant dreams."

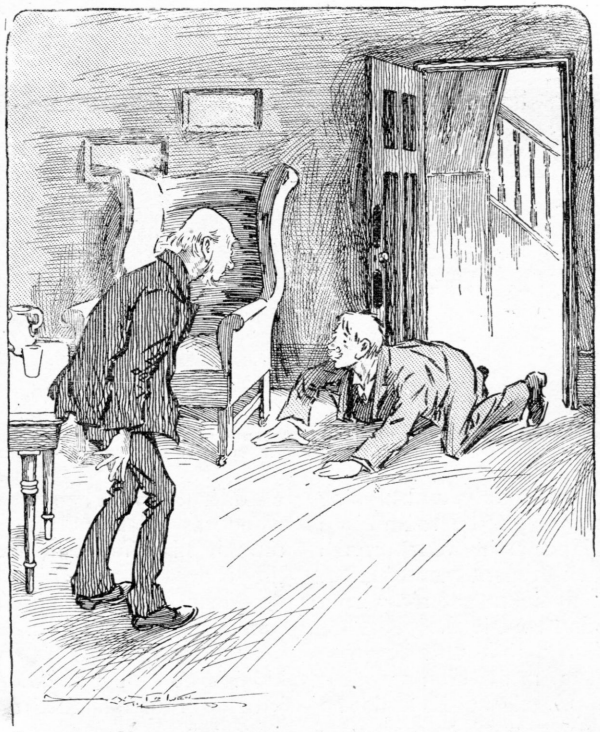
He closed the door after him quietly, and the horrified steward, after fetching the bed-clothes on tiptoe from the kitchen, locked the door which led to the staircase, and after making up a bed on the floor lay down in his clothes and tried to get to sleep.

He dozed off at last, but woke up several times during the night with the cold. The lamp burnt itself out, and in the dark he listened intently for any sounds of life in the room above. Then he fell asleep again, until at about half-past seven in the morning a loud crash overhead awoke him with a start.

In a moment he was sitting up with every faculty on the alert. Footsteps blundered about in the room above, and a large and rapidly widening patch of damp showed on the ceiling. It was evident that the sleeper, in his haste to quench an abnormal thirst, had broken the water-jug.

Mr. Wilks, shivering with dread, sprang to his feet and stood irresolute. Judging by the noise, the captain was evidently in a fine temper, and Mr. Smith's remarks about insanity occurred to him with redoubled interest. Then he heard a hoarse shout, the latch of the bedroom door clicked, and the prisoner stumbled heavily downstairs and began to fumble at the handle of the door at the bottom. Trembling with excitement Mr. Wilks dashed forward and turned the key, and then retreating to the street door prepared for instant flight.

He opened the door so suddenly that the man on the other side, with a sudden cry, fell on all fours into the room, and raising his face stared stupidly at the steward. Mr. Wilks's hands dropped to his sides and his tongue refused its office, for in some strange fashion, quite in keeping with the lawless proceedings of the previous night, Captain Nugent had changed into a most excellent likeness of his own son.



"THE MAN ON THE OTHER SIDE FELL ON ALL FOURS INTO THE ROOM."

(*To be continued.*)

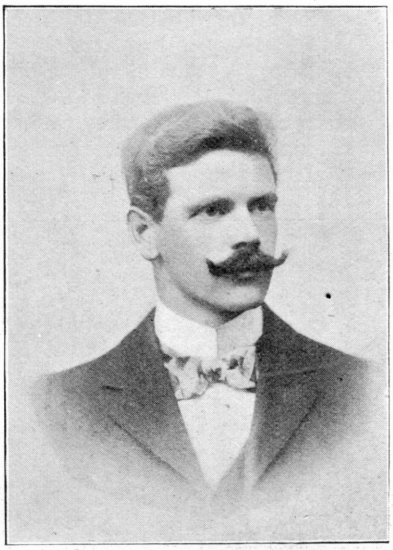
The Jones-Hilliard Bicycle Sensation.

By Tertius Carr.

Illustrations from Photographs by A. J. Johnson.

I WAS standing at the door of the London Pavilion the other day chatting to my friend, Mr. Frank Glenister, when he suddenly turned to me and said: "By-the-bye, have you been to see my show on the cycle-track?" "What's that?" I answered.

"Why, the Jones-Hilliard bicycle sensation, with Charlie Jones, the ex-champion of Australia and New Zealand, in the chair—at least, not exactly in the chair, but on the seat."



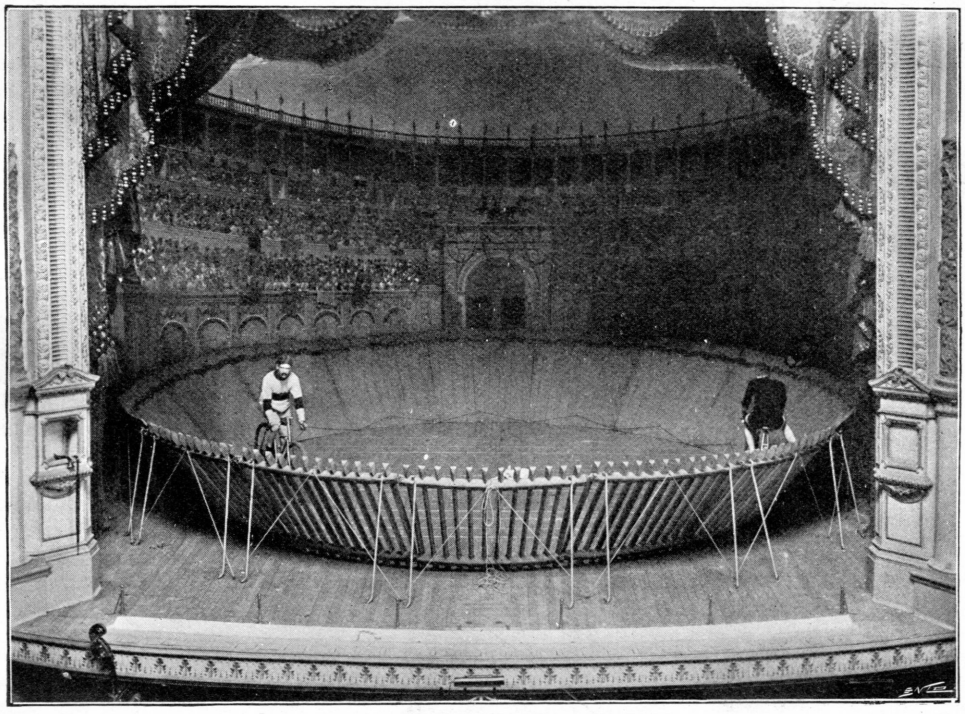
MR. CHARLES JONES, THE SENSATIONAL CYCLIST.
From a Photo. by H. Pawson, Blackpool.

I confessed that although inclination would make me a constant spectator of his marvellous collection of varieties, yet time and business had so far kept me away.

"Never mind," said he, "come in to-night, and if your blood doesn't curdle and your eyeballs hang out like a pair of ripe cherries, don't call me a showman again."

Well, I went, I saw, and I was conquered. I kept my eyesight, and the red corpuscles still flow genially through my system. But what a show! Certainly, as regards the art of cycling, the most striking thing the world has ever seen.

Hearing that Charlie Jones was a New Zealander I had an indistinct notion that I was going to see a native Maori doing the ordinary business on a trick bicycle, and as I sat in the stalls I felt no particular anxiety one way or the other, but when the curtain went up on what appeared to be a gigantic soup-plate with the edges shaved off and part of the front sliced out like a Wedgwood card-basket, I began to wonder. Then I found that the redoubtable



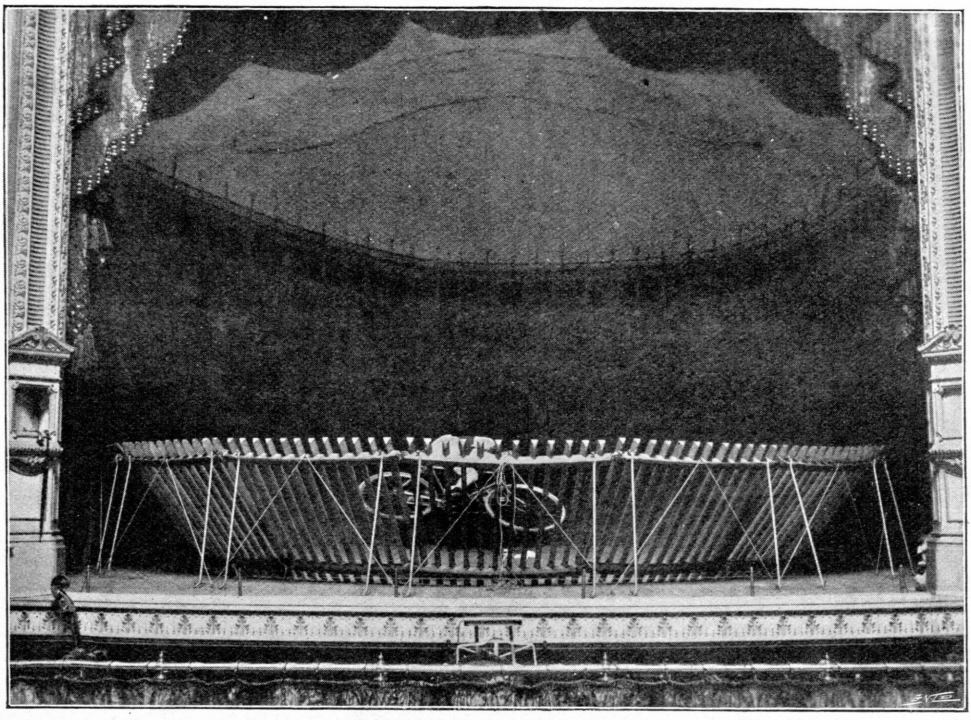
THE TRACK, AS SEEN FROM THE DRESS CIRCLE.

Charlie Jones was no Maori at all, but a well-set-up, fine-trained specimen of British manhood, clean cut in his limbs and as lissom as a panther. After the show was over, by dint of persuasion I was "taken round" and introduced; hence this story.

To return to our soup-plate. We were told that, in order to show the absolute control he had over his machine, he would ride it at full speed round the track, and that without using his hands or his handle-bar. Now, considering the fact that this said track, or soup-plate, or card-basket, is only 18ft. in diameter, and that its sides rise at an angle of 60deg. and are only 5ft. in width, we in the stalls smiled gently at one another, because to us it was perfectly evident that the pretty gentleman in the white shirt-front had been telling us a tarradiddle.

But, no; in a brace of shakes there was Charlie Jones scorching round that track with his hands spread out and arms upraised, and the soup-plate was shivering and rattling and groaning, and we were holding on tight to the arms of our seats, wishing that our feet were in stirrups and screwed to the floor. But there was no time to settle down, for out comes our lecturer with another story—we half believed it this time, but only half. The ex-champion was to ride round the card-basket, standing on the upper or right-hand side of the machine with his left leg passed through the frame, the frame of the bicycle, *bien entendu!* He did it, and never turned a hair, and the bicycle looked none the worse.

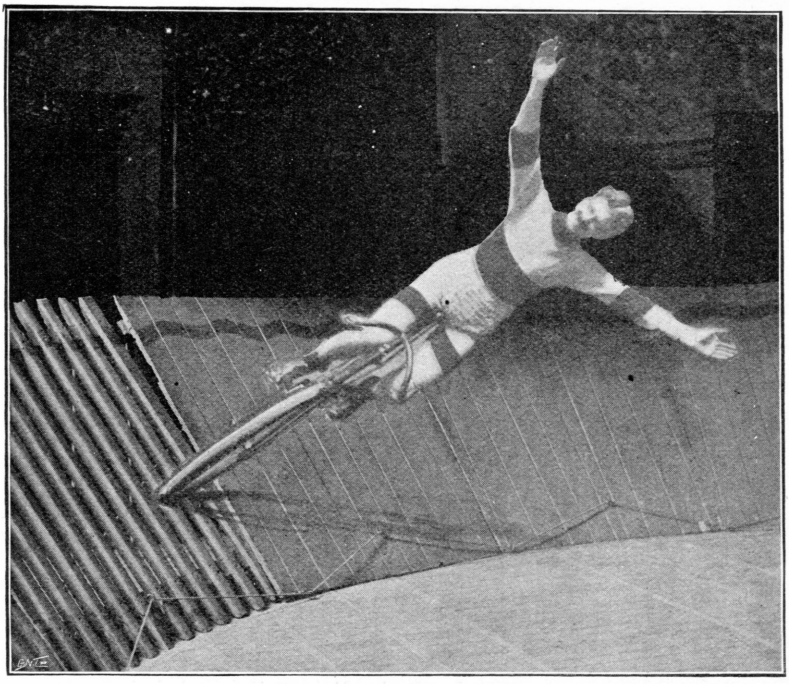
By this time we had begun to settle down, and when we heard that he would ride round that rumbling, grinding, crashing track seated side-saddle, using one foot only and disdaining his handle-bar, we thoroughly believed our informant and only waited to see Charlie Jones break his neck.



THE TRACK, AS SEEN FROM THE STALLS.

Slowly at first and then with a wild rush he was on the track—whiz—whoosh! round he went, the gallery boys yelling and sedate stalls applauding vigorously. Our hands had got loose from the seat-arms by this time.

Our friend in evening dress, who up to this time had kept us strictly informed on every point of interest, now came to the front and looked round the house with an expression of sadness. "I am empowered to challenge anyone in the world to ride the ex-champion on the Jones-Hilliard track for £50 a-side." There were no takers. I asked him afterwards why he was so sad, and he told me that it arose from a long-continued

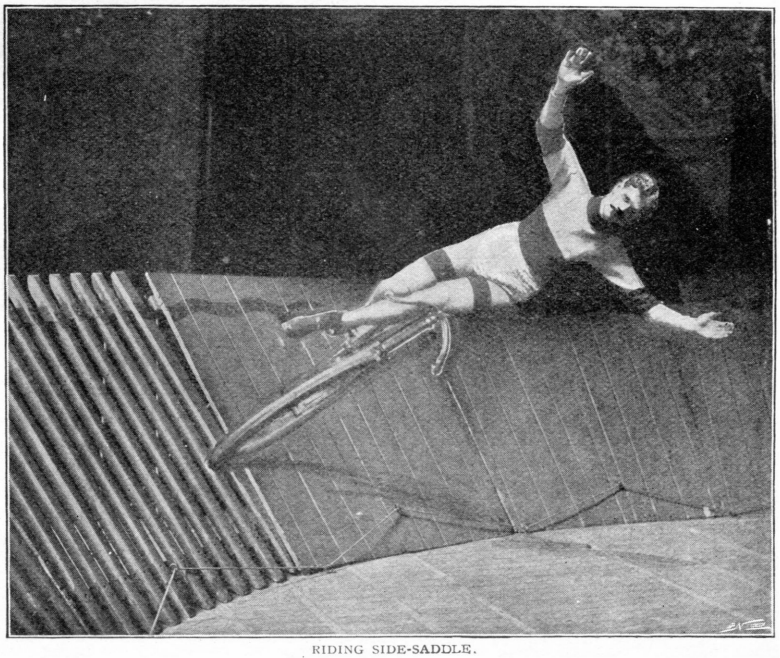


RIDING WITHOUT HANDS ON HANDLE-BAR.

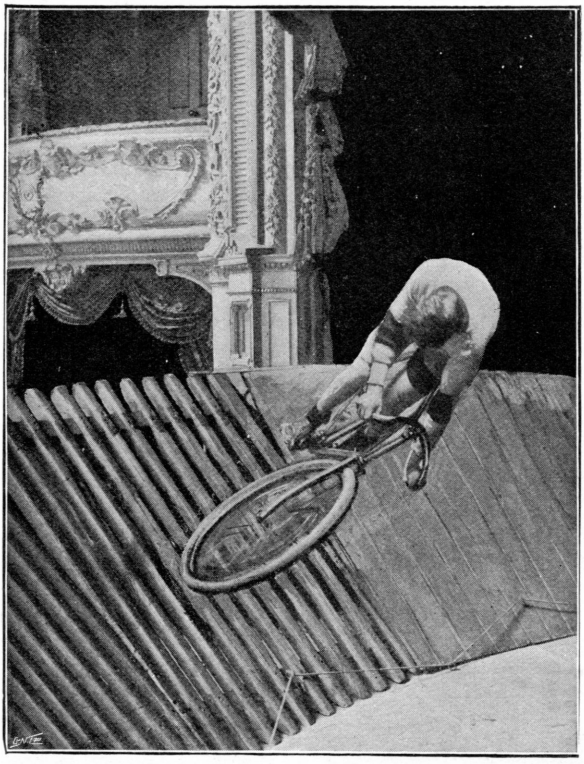
disappointment. He was always hoping against hope that somebody would come forward to make Jones stretch himself, but no one had succeeded yet. I felt almost inclined to oblige him, but when I looked over the edge of that awful soup-plate I thought of my loving wife and precious children, and crept wearily away.

"He will dress himself in ordinary street-going costume, he will ride at full speed round the track, he will light a cigarette, and he will—in short, he will undress"; this from our sad-eyed friend. The ex-champion of Australia and New Zealand did all these things, and we once again stamped and split our gloves in the intensity of our excitement.

"Thirty miles an hour and without his handle-bar; no power of guidance over his machine save his wonderful balance. See it before you believe it." Thus our friend. Thirty miles an hour! Whoop, whizz, and away; faster, and faster, and faster still! He no longer looks like a man on a bicycle: he is a blurred line drawn round the track, and the track groans and protests and then, yah! our hearts are in our mouths and we catch at our breath as if we had swallowed a fly, for, in mid-career, he has made one wild jump from his machine, and is standing smiling and bowing in the middle of the card-basket.



RIDING SIDE-SADDLE.



RIDING WITH LEG THROUGH FRAME.

Then they led me trembling to the personal interview I referred to above.

A three-cornered room with red walls, a mat, two chairs, a table, a looking-glass, a square basket, and a collection of mysterious colours and cosmetics on the mantelpiece, with a washstand in the corner. Present: "Charlie" Jones, Mr. Harold Hilliard, and myself. Mr. Harold Hilliard is Charlie Jones's partner and co-inventor. He is a big man with a genial cast of countenance and a pleasant wit; he looks after the business arrangements, whilst Charlie Jones saves as much of his neck and other parts as possible. He was sitting on the basket, and as the two chairs were occupied with a miscellaneous collection of uncouth garments of varied colours he offered me a share of it. The share was small, but then he is a man of large stature and ample beam, but gentle withal. I sat beside him.

At once I plunged *in medias res*. "Tell me, Mr. Jones, are you a born Australian or are you a native of New Zealand?"

"Neither," he replied. "My foot is on my native heath; my name's—'Jones.' I am London born—but ask Hilliard, he'll tell you all about it while I finish dressing."

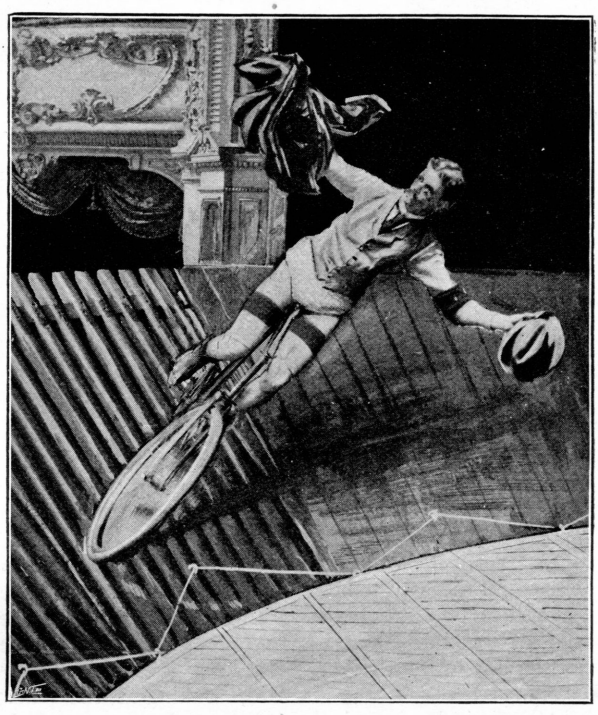
I turned to Mr. Hilliard, and information came rolling from him.

"When Jones was two years of age his people emigrated, first to Australia, and later to New Zealand, where they disposed their Lares and Penates in Christchurch. He took to cycling when he was twenty years of age, and rode one of those old fire-escape machines known as

REMOVING HANDLE-BAR WHILE RIDING AT FULL SPEED.

ordinaries. Three months later fortune provided him with one of the modern safeties, and at his first attempt he broke the New Zealand record for road-racing. Three months after he carried off five races in succession at Kirwee, and then he was put on the scratch mark. In 1894 he won the Ten-Mile Championship of New Zealand, besides several provincial contests.

"On September 8th of the same year, at Moor Park, Sydney, he carried off the Ten-Mile Championship of Australia. In 1896 he came to England with a view of riding for the World's Amateur Championship, and for some months he trained at Wood Green for that purpose, but on the score that he had rendered himself a professional he was refused his license as an amateur, and so perforce he entered the professional ranks and started lowering records, which he has done successfully."



REMOVING CLOTHES AT FULL SPEED.

Mr. Hilliard stopped, but my thirst for information overbore my natural timidity. I turned to the ex-champion and asked: "Have you ever done anything else than lower records and do impossible feats on nerve-breaking tracks?"

He took the towel out his mouth and said: "Ask my partner Hilliard."

Again I turned. "Yes," said Mr. Hilliard, "he is an expert revolver shot, and he plays the cornet; he can make a watch—he hasn't tried to mend mine, but that's by the way—and he can make or mend a bicycle as well as he can ride and end them; and I believe that on one or two occasions he illustrated the local edition of the New Zealand *War Cry*. No, it did not kill the Salvation Army in the Colony, but I believe it lowered its tone. It became more gentle and modest after that trial."

"There's one thing I should like to tell you, Mr. Carr," said Mr. Jones. "Thirty-seven years ago, at the Agricultural Hall, my father scorched round the track at the enormous and unheard-of speed of eight miles an hour and created a record. He rode what we call to-day a 'bone-shaker,' with iron tyres and wooden wheels. The handle-bars were about 7in. across, and you kicked forward at the pedals like a shot rabbit. So, you see, the disease is hereditary. My brother, too, has been bitten, and although he only rode three races in his life, he won them all. It was somewhere up-country in New Zealand, and a more motley collection of machines and riders I never saw. My brother was riding my light racer, and the others disported themselves on bicycles of every known age, type, and quality. He won the five-mile race by a mile, and then turned back to look for the others. Yes, we are a racy and racing family."

DORIS.

BY

WINIFRED GRAHAM

EXCITED shouts from the road, mingled with the screams of a terrified woman. Little Doris rushed to her mother's room, white and frightened.

"There's a lovely carriage outside and two big horses on the pavement, and everything is in a heap!" she cried. "The horses ran away—straight into a dust-cart, the lady and little boy were thrown right against our area railings——"

Mrs. Stephens caught Doris in her arms—Doris at least was safe; for the moment nothing else mattered. Then she remembered the lady and the little boy, and ran quickly downstairs.

It all seemed like a dream to Doris. Event followed event with extraordinary rapidity. At first she had been idly watching the street from a dingy window, then came the novelty of a carriage and pair in that unfashionable locality, and Doris began to weave stories about the elegant dark woman and the boy at her side. Before the story had time to form itself definitely the horses had taken fright and the disaster occurred.

Now the same lady, with her dainty clothes torn and mud-besmeared, was sobbing hysterically in the inartistic front parlour which Mrs. Stephens called her drawing-room.

"I thought Henri was killed!" she cried, clasping her son to her heart. "He is my only treasure!"

The treasure wriggled free and showed Doris a bruise on his arm. He looked a thorough English boy, though his mother spoke with a French accent.

Mrs. Stephens ministered to their comfort with tactful sympathy, and gradually the hysterical lady became calm and reassured.

"You have been very good to me," she said, looking at the pale, tragic face of her unknown hostess. "I fear we have given you much trouble, for you are not well yourself."

Mrs. Stephens forced a smile.

"You are very observant, madame," she said.

"Ah!" sighed the stranger; "I read faces. It was my profession before I married; I am clairvoyante, and I see that you are ill—too ill ever to recover—am I not right?"

Mrs. Stephens bowed her head.

"Behind your illness there is some trouble—of another kind. I should say your married life was unhappy."

Mrs. Stephens's eyes wandered to the children in the window. The sun shone upon Doris, making her hair like gold and her face as the face of an angel.

"If I have lost my husband's love, at least there is still my child."

"'I THOUGHT HENRI WAS KILLED!' SHE CRIED."

She half whispered the words, for from Doris she had tried to conceal her husband's fatal tendency to drink and the ravages of her own incurable disease. The child was the one healthy plant—beautiful, sweet, unspotted—under a roof where selfish vice and long-suffering sorrow joined hands.

"Yes," said the stranger, "I have never seen a lovelier child."

As she spoke she fixed her bright eyes on Doris—and something in their expression struck sudden unaccountable fear into Mrs. Stephens's soul. She felt as if this woman, smothered with the evidences of wealth, envied her the little daughter whose beauty was the one jewel the poorer woman had left to treasure and adorn her life. The boy, Henri, had no pretensions to good looks, though his plain face was redeemed by a merry smile.

"Yes," murmured madame; "a lovely child — and as sweet as she is lovely, no doubt."

"Yes, indeed! Doris would do anything in the world for me," replied Mrs. Stephens warmly.

"I have always longed for a daughter, but it is not the will of *le bon Dieu* to so bless me. Boys are different; they go to school, to college, and are lost to us."

A silence fell, only the sound of the children's prattle broke that long and ominous pause.

"My husband is American," said the low, foreign voice at last, still in a whisper. "I have sent a messenger to him — to come at once. I hope you do not mind our staying here. My coachman has his leg broken, and is being attended at the police-station opposite. The inspector asked me so many questions I was bewildered—I rushed to this house for shelter—I beg you will let me remain."

Mrs. Stephens willingly assented, and with her own hands brought in tea. Though poor, and hampered by cruel circumstances, it was impossible to mistake her for anything but a lady.

Doris, still wondering at the glistening rings and extravagant attire of their unknown guest, crept softly to her side and looked up at her with a pair of wide blue eyes.

"What are you thinking, little angel?" asked madame.

"I was just hoping," replied Doris, "that your beautiful carriage would mend again, or will you have to throw it away?"

Madame laughed.

"Like a broken doll! No, no, *chérie;* some clever person will put it all together very nicely."

"I'm so glad—for you," said Doris, softly. "I don't think you could walk very far with such a long tail to your dress. Mother never wears long tails like that."

"She is charming!" murmured madame, in Mrs. Stephens's ear. "My husband is an amateur artist. I know he will want to paint your little girl. But, unfortunately, we are leaving England next week and returning to New York. My married name is 'Kelly.' I was Mademoiselle de Lancy, a well-known fortune-teller. Now I have the fortune myself and more money than I can spend,

but money will not buy me an adorable little girl, will it? . . . will it?"

The strange, insinuating tone, the half-halting repetition, and chiefly the expression of madame's eyes, sent the mother's blood cold.

"I don't know what you mean," she said, stonily.

A moment later she felt the touch of a magnetic hand upon her wrist. The strong personality of the clairvoyante seemed overpowering her.

"Your daughter will grow up beautiful. What are you going to do for her? You are ill yourself, your husband is not kind—what has little Doris to look forward to? With me she would be in a proper setting, with a brilliant future stretching before her. With me as her mother she could some day find the world at her feet! If it were possible to come to a satisfactory arrangement, would you be justified in denying all this to your child? When I take an idea into my head I must speak—that is my nature. I do not beat about the bush!"

Mrs. Stephens sat like one stunned. Her lips parted as if by a sudden cry of pain, but no sound came. Her eyes, widely opened, seemed looking on—on—into the far beyond. Then she leant back dizzily, with her head hanging limply on the hard wood of the chair.

Madame rose and caught her in her arms.

"Run quickly for some water, Doris," she said; "your mother has fainted."

"Mamma, dear, where have you been today? You look so tired," said Doris, dragging a big chair forward, into which Mrs. Stephens sank gratefully. "Yes," continued the childish voice, "you look quite white like the tablecloth, just as white as the day you fainted. Please—if you can help it possibly—don't faint again this afternoon. I thought my heart was going to jump right out on the floor, and the little boy said, 'She's dead,' and I said, 'She isn't,' and, oh! I wanted to knock him hard for saying anything so dreadful. He was sorry afterwards, so of course I forgave him. One must always forgive people."

Doris sighed at this conclusion.

"MADAME ROSE AND CAUGHT HER IN HER ARMS."

"Always forgive," echoed her mother; "of course. Yes, I saw Henri this afternoon—his father calls him 'Harry.' They live in a great house overlooking Hyde Park, and soon they are going on the sea to America. You have never been on the sea, Doris, and they want to take you with them. Madame has bought you a big French doll, with a bed, a perambulator, and portmanteau of its own. You will be very happy, won't you?"

Mrs. Stephens spoke cheerfully; she was not looking at the child. Doris put up her

hands and caught her breath with a little gasp. A sudden intuition of what this journey meant came like a flash of revelation to the infantile soul.

"She will take me away for always from you." The words came quickly.

Mrs. Stephens never moved a muscle. "God will see to that, Doris. We must only think of the present and what is best for us all."

Doris scrambled to her mother's knee and buried her face on the thin, wasted shoulder.

"I love you! I can't leave you! I love you, and I don't care how many dolls with perambulators are going on the sea."

She clung to Mrs. Stephens in a frenzy of fear. The awful agony of separation stabbed her young courage and laid it low. The whole world meant "mother"; in that one word lay the child's complete universe.

It seemed that no power on earth could drag her away now that she had fast hold of her mother's neck, and the little hands tightened, half strangling the fragile woman, who sat, apparently unmoved—white, stony, and calm.

"Doris," she said, when she could find her voice, "if you really loved me you would like to do something to please me. *I want you to go!*"

The words came with force and decision—there was a pleading look in the woman's eyes, as if imploring mercy.

The words sank deeply into the mind of the sensitive child. "*I want you to go!*" How cruel! how terrible! how hopelessly final!

Against such words there could be no argument. Doris struggled with her tears as the small face worked convulsively. Gradually the fingers clutching Mrs. Stephens's shabby gown loosened their hold.

"You want it to—to—make you happy?"

"To make me happy."

"You would rather I went away?"

"Yes."

Doris slipped off her mother's knee, standing for a moment irresolute, as if unable still to believe her ears.

"To make you happy," she repeated; "I see."

Never before had her mother demanded a sacrifice. Hitherto the hard places were smoothed for Doris, and love found ways to hide pain and sorrow from those innocent blue eyes.

Doris walked slowly through the open door and out into the little yard at the back of the house. Here she stood with her face turned up to the sky, and her gaze fixed upon the wild clouds—driven by strong winds.

She felt like one of the clouds: they had to go just where the wind blew them, and she would be blown away—far across the sea.

She struggled to keep back her tears. What had she done, that mother no longer needed her? Why could it be that everything had altered—all in so short a time? Something soft and living rubbed against her foot. She bent down to stroke a black-and-white cat—an old and valued friend. "Your kittens have all gone," she said. "Mother gave them away, but they did not mind! Now mother is going to give me away, and I mind, oh! so much! I'd just like to lie down and die. If it wasn't to make her happy I'd cry and cry till she promised to keep me always. It's dreadfully hard to be brave, pussy, when things like this happen. Somehow, I never expected anything of the sort, but perhaps your kittens did not expect it either. I wish I had never been born!"

The cat stood on its hind legs and rubbed a furry cheek against Doris's tumbled curls, bent low over her dumb friend.

"I'll take you to bed with me to-night," she said. "I may get lonely and dream I am on the sea. When I hear you purring I shall know I am still at home. If father had wanted me to go I could have quite understood, but mother always said she loved me." Perplexity mingled with her sadness of heart as she carried the black-and-white cat upstairs.

"It's ever so difficult to be brave," she whispered in the velvety ear. "I feel sure I shall cry, but I don't mean to let mother see. It might spoil her happiness, and that would be a pity. You know, pussy, I mustn't mind about its hurting so much, because *she wants* me to go!"

Years had drifted down the even course of time, but in the dim distance, like a black spot upon her life, Doris remembered the days of silent suffering which followed her departure from home and parents. Gradually, in new scenes, surrounded by kindness and adulation, the "little angel" (as she was called) regained her flagging spirits. She thought less often of the pale woman she had loved, and grew to rely upon fresh influences. When, two years later, they told her Mrs. Stephens was dead, it seemed as if all the pain and horror had been borne long ago, the childish heart having then fully endured its fair share of human emotion.

So Doris grew up conscious of a love she believed to have been slighted, for her mother parted from her without shedding a tear.

To the last Mrs. Stephens played on the good feelings of the tiny martyr; had actually feigned joy when first they saw the great vessel which meant such a long good-bye.

"I wonder," said Henri Kelly, "how it is you have such intense sympathy with children."

He was a tall, intelligent looking young man, much improved in appearance since childhood, and spoke to a girl with sunny hair and the bluest eyes the world had ever seen.

"I know how intensely they feel just when people least suspect they suffer. I remember myself as a child — it seems like another person altogether, a little life which belonged to somebody else. When my mother gave me to your mother it was like crossing over the edge of the world into space—nothing mattered; I felt dazed, paralyzed, numb! Now I am one of the happiest girls alive!" She slipped her hand into his.

"I'm so excited about my coming-of-age party to-morrow," she continued. "People will be very surprised when my engagement is announced, as an extra attraction, and to lend an air of romance to the proceedings. We have always been looked upon as brother and sister. I don't believe anyone ever guessed we were in love."

"Don't make too sure. I believe we have been like that confiding animal the ostrich!"

Doris laughed.

"I don't care!" she said. "I daresay they will pretend to be surprised, which will do just as well. People expand when an engagement is first made known — they say delightful things, and all the wishes seem like blessings in one big shower!"

"Doris," he whispered, "my mother tells me she has a little packet to give you on your twenty-first birthday—something that came for you when your own mother died. I asked that you might have it to-night. I thought it would make you sad to-morrow. She has put it in your room."

A wistful look came into the girl's eyes.

"I loved my mother dearly," she said, "but I suppose I was a tiresome child, and she was glad to be rid of me. I fell into good hands. I ought to be very grateful to Providence—and I am!"

"A WISTFUL LOOK CAME INTO THE GIRL'S EYES."

With lover's kisses on her lips Doris went singing to her room.

The fresh beauty of her face was like an opening rose.

The moon made the night as light as day; she sat by her window, holding between her hands a paper parcel, sealed and addressed. The writing brought the past back suddenly, as if the long gap had never been. The spirit of the child returned, she was once more

little Doris with the aching heart and throbbing pulses.

From the torn string and broken seals a worn and faded diary—like a voice from the dead—appeared to speak its pitiful story of human sacrifice and mental pain.

The mother—whom Doris half suspected of hardness—rose now to justify herself from her long interval of silence. The short extracts, written in a hurried, tortured handwriting, gave the simple picture of Doris as a child; Doris loved more dearly than words could tell; Doris, the idol of a woman who had lost hope. As Doris read her eyes grew hot and sightless with unshed tears—tears that gathered and scalded beneath her lids. Every pulse quickened as she realized the heroism lying beneath the calm exterior of the woman who had given up, for love's sake, the very thing love yearned and tried to keep.

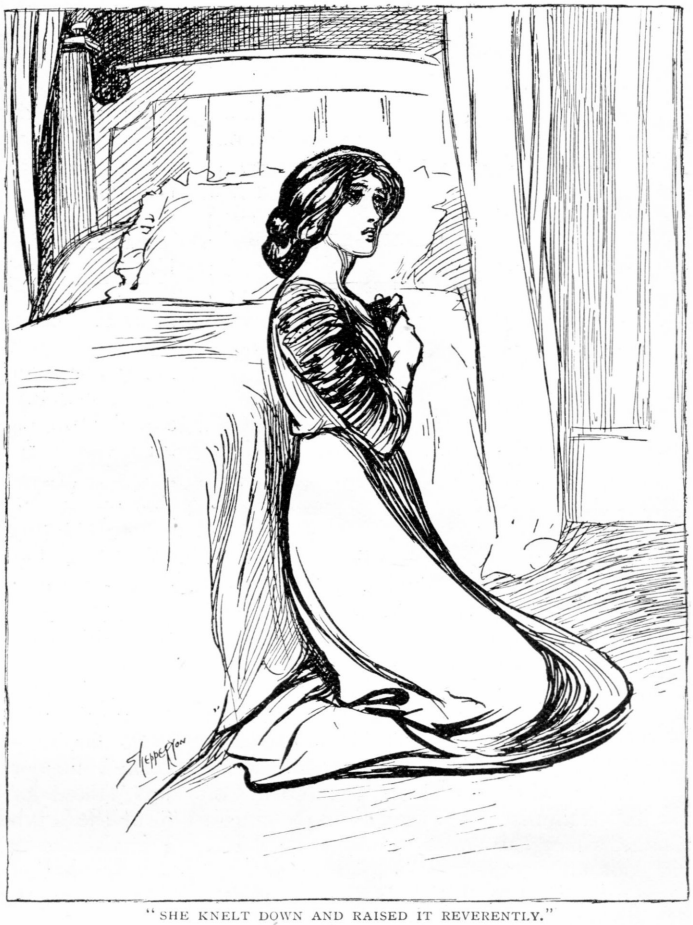
"I thought I was brave, mother," she said, as the vivid recollection of that parting filled her mind. "I little dreamed your sacrifice was greater far than mine. No wonder I bore my sorrow silently. I was your child with your blood in my veins!"

She stretched out her hands to the moon, fancying that on its rays the spirit of some being strangely noble, and infinitely dear, drew near to kiss the little child Doris. In that weird, unearthly embrace the mutual sacrifice became a thing of joy, no longer to be remembered with sadness, but crowned by the laurels of success.

Doris started up quivering—the faded volume fell to the ground, and lay like a tribute at her feet.

She knelt down and raised it reverently.

"I must have been dreaming," she said; "I thought mother was in the room!"



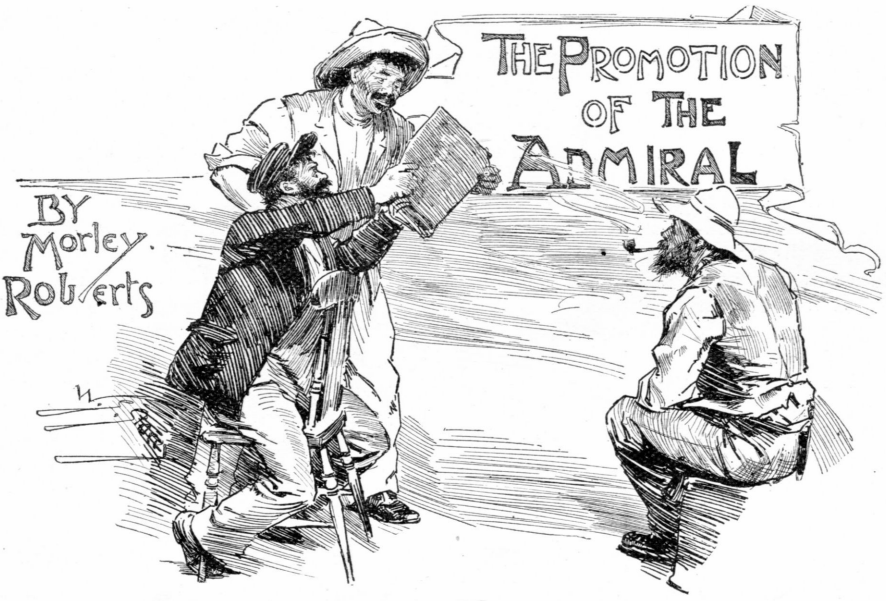
"SHE KNELT DOWN AND RAISED IT REVERENTLY."

She opened the book at random, and her eyes sought the first words:—

"Poor little Doris cried herself to sleep; she did not know I was listening at the door. Tears are easily dried—it is only the tearless sorrow that really matters. Some day she will realize it was for her happiness, not mine. Some day I may hear her say: 'Mother, you were right!'"

Doris repeated the words slowly, softly.

"Mother, you were right. Mother, I am *so* happy! Perhaps you are listening at my door again—perhaps!"



MR. SMITH, who ran a sailors' boarding-house in that part of San Francisco known as the Barbary Coast, was absolutely *sui generis*. If any drunken scallywag of a scholar who had drifted ashore on his boarding-house mud-flats had ventured in a moment of alcoholic reminiscence to say so in the classic tongue, Shanghai Smith would have "laid him out cold" with anything handy, from a stone match-box to an empty bottle. But if that same son of culture had used his mother tongue, as altered for popular use in the West, and had murmured: "Jerusalem, but Mr. Smith is the daisy of all!" Smith would have thrown out his chest and blown through his teeth a windy oath and guessed he was just so.

"Say it and mean it, that's me," said Smith. "I'm all right. But call me hog and I *am* hog, and don't you forget it!"

Apparently all the world called him hog. For that he was no better than one whether he walked or ate or drank or slept was obvious to any sailor with an open eye. But he was hard and rough and tough, and had the bull-headed courage of a mad steer, combined with the wicked cunning of a monkey.

"Don't never play upon me," he said often. "For 'get even' is my motter. There ain't many walking this earth that can say they bested me, not from the time I left Bristol in the old *Dart* till now, when I'm known the wide world over."

So far as ships and sailormen were concerned he certainly spoke the truth. He was talked of with curses in the Pacific from the Prybiloffs to the Horn, from San Francisco to Zanzibar. It was long odds at any given time in any longitude that some seaman was engaged in blaspheming Shanghai Smith for sending him on board drunk and without a chest, and with nothing better to propitiate his new shipmates with than a bottle of vinegar and water that looked like rum till it was tasted. Every breeze that blew, trade-wind or monsoon, had heard of his iniquities. He got the best of everyone.

"All but one," said Smith, in a moment of weakness, when a dozen men who owed so much money that they crawled to him as a Chinaman does to a joss were hanging on his lips; "all but one."

"Oh, we don't take that in," said one of the most indebted; "we can't 'ardly believe that, Mr. Smith."

Sometimes this unsubtle flattery would have ended in the flatterer's being thrown out. But Smith was now gently reminiscent.

"Yep, I was done brown and never got the best of one beast," said the boarding-house keeper. "I don't ask you to believe it, for I own it don't sound likely, me being what I am. But there was one swab as give me a hidin', and he give it me good, so he did."

He looked them over malignantly.

"I kin lick any of you here with one hand," he went on, "but the man as belted me could have taken on three of you with both hands. And I own I was took aback considerable when I run against him on the pier at Sandridge when I was in Australia fifteen years ago. He was a naval officer, captain of the *Warrior*, and dressed up to kill, though he had a face like a figure-head cut out of mahogany with a broad axe. And I was feelin' good and in need of a scrap. So when he bumped ag'in me I shoved him over. Prompt I shoved him. Down he went, and the girls that knowed me laughed. And two policemen came along quick. I didn't care much, but this naval josser picks himself up and goes to 'em. Would you believe it, but when he'd spoke a bit I seed him donate 'em about a dollar each, and they walked off round a heap of dunnage on the wharf, and the captain buttoned up his coat and came for me.

"I never seen the likes of it. He comes up dancin' and smilin', and he kind of give me half a bow, polite as you like, and inside of ten seconds I knew I'd struck a cyclone, right in the spot where they breed. I fought good (you know me) and I got in half-a-dozen on his face. But I never fazed him none and he wouldn't bruise mor'n hittin' a boiler. And every time he got back on me I felt as if I'd been kicked.

"He scarred me something cruel, I could see it by the blood on his hands. 'Twarn't his by a long sight, for his fists were made of teak, I should say. And in the end, when I seemed to see a ship's company of naval officers around me, one of them hit me under the ear and lifted me up. And another hit me whilst I was in the air, and a third landed me as I fell. And that was the end of it so far's I remember. When I come to, which was next day in a kind of sailor's hospital, I reached up for a card over my head, and I read, 'Concussion of the brain' on it. What's more — I believed it. If the card had let on that I'd been run over by a traction engine, and picked up dead, I'd have believed it. And when I reely came to my senses a med'cal student says as Captain Richard Dunn, of the *Warrior*, had bin to inquire when the funeral was, so's he could send a wreath. They said he was the topside fighter in the hull British Navy, and I'm here to say he was."

He breathed fierce defiance, and invited any man alive to tell him he was lying.

"And you never got even?" asked the bar-tender, seeing that no one took up the challenge.

"Never set eyes on him from that day to this," said his boss, regretfully.

"And if you did?"

Smith paused—took a drink.

"So help me I'd Shanghai him if he was King of England!"

And one of the crowd who had put down the *San Francisco Chronicle* in order to hear this yarn picked it up again.

"S'elp me," he said, in breathless excitement, "'ere's a funny cohincidence. 'Ere's a telegram from 'Squimault, sayin' as how the flagship *Triumphant*, Hadmiral Sir Richard Dunn, K.C.B., is comin' down to San Francisco!"

"By Jove, let's look," said Shanghai Smith. He read, and a heavenly smile overspread his hard countenance. He almost looked good, such joy was his.

"Tom," he said to the bar-tender, "set up the drinks for the crowd. This is my man, for sure. And him an admiral, too! Holy sailor, ain't this luck?"

He went out into the street and walked to and fro, rubbing his hands, while the men inside took their drink and looked through the uncleaned windows at the boss.

"Blessed Mackinaw," said Tom, who had drifted West from Michigan, "I reckon never to have seen Mr. Smith so pleased since he shipped a crowd in the *Harvester* and got 'em away that night and shipped 'em in the *Silas K. Jones*."

"He's struck a streak o' luck in his mind," said one of the seamen; "it's this 'ere hadmiral. Now, mark me, mates, I wouldn't be that 'ere hadmiral for the worth of all California. Mr. Sir Blooming Hadmiral, K.C.B., et setterer, is going to 'ave a time."

He shook his head over the melancholy fate of a British admiral.

"Rot," said one of the younger men, "'tain't possible to do nothin' to the likes of an admiral. Now, if 'twas a lieutenant or even a captain, I'm not sayin' as Mr. Smith mightn't do something. But an admiral——"

"You mark me," said the older man, "I'd rather be as green as grass and ship as an able-bodied seaman with Billy Yates, of the *Wanderer*, than be in that hadmiral's shoes. What do you say, Tom?"

Tom filled himself up a drink and considered.

"Waal," he answered, after a long pause, "it's my belief that it won't necessary be *all* pie to be an admiral if the boss is half the man he used to be. For you see it is quite evident he has a special kind of respect for this admiral, and when Mr. Smith has been done by anyone that he respects, he don't ever forget. Why, you know yourselves that if one of you was to do him he'd forgive you right off after he'd kicked the stuffing out of you."

This clear proof that Mr. Smith did not respect them and was kind was received without a murmur. And as the boss did not return the tide of conversation drifted into the narrower, more personal, channels of the marvels that had happened in the "last ship." And in the meantime H.M.S. *Triumphant*, known familiarly on the Pacific Coast Station as "The Nonsuch—two decks and no bottom," was bringing Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Dunn, K.C.B., to his fate in San Francisco.

"Was there ever such luck? Was there ever such luck?" murmured Mr. Shanghai Smith. "To think of him turnin' up all of his own accord, on my partic'lar stampin' ground! And I'll lay odds he's clean forgot me. I'll brighten up his mem'ry with sand and canvas and souji-mouji, so I will. Holy sailor! was there ever such luck?"

The morning of the following day Her Majesty's ship *Triumphant* lay at her anchors off Saucelito in San Francisco Bay, and was glad to be there. For this was in the times when the whole British Fleet was not absolutely according to Cocker. She leaked not a little, and she rolled a great deal, and she would not mind her helm except upon those occasions when the officer in charge of the deck laid his money and his reputation on her going to starboard when, according to all rules, she should have altered her course to port. But though she was a wet ship with a playful habit of trying to scoop the Pacific Ocean dry, and though her tricks would have broken the heart of the Chief Naval Constructor had he seen her at them, she was the flagship in spite of her conduct, because at that time she was half the whole Pacific Squadron. The other half was lying outside Esquimault Dry Dock waiting for it to be repaired. And when the *Chronicle* said that "Dicky Dunn" was the admiral it had not lied. If any of that paper's reporters had known "Dicky" as his men knew him, he would have spread himself in a column on the admiral's character and personal appearance.

"'E's the dead spit of a bosun's mate, to *be* sure," said the crew of the *Triumphant* when they received him at Esquimault. "An 'ard nut 'e looks!"

And a "hard nut" he certainly was. Though he stood five feet nine in height he looked two inches less, for he was as broad as a door and as sturdy as the fore-bitts. His complexion

"A HARD NUT!"

was the colour of the sun when it sets in a fog for fine weather; the skin on his hands shone, and was as scaly as a lizard's hide. His teeth were white and his eyes piercing. He could roar like a fog-horn, and sing, as the crew said, "like any hangel." There wasn't the match of "Dicky" on any of the seas the wide world over. The only trouble was that he looked so much like the traditional sailor and buccaneer that no one could believe he was anything higher than a warrant officer at the most when he had none of his official gear about him.

Though the Admiral did not know it, one of the very first to greet him when he set his foot on dry land at the bottom of Market Street was the man he had licked so thoroughly fifteen years before in Melbourne.

"Oh, it's the same," said Smith to his chief runner, who was about the "hardest case" in California. "He ain't changed none. Just so old he was when he set about me. Why, the galoot might be immortal. Mark him, now; will you know him anywhere?"

"It don't pay me ever to forget," replied the runner. He had to remember the men who owed him grudges.

"Then don't forget this one," said Smith. "Do you find me a considerate boss?"

"Oh, well——" said the runner, ungraciously.

"You've got to do a job for me, Billy."

"And what?"

"I'm goin' to have thishyer admiral shipped before the stick on the toughest ship that's about ready to go to sea," replied Smith.

Billy flinched.

"Sir, it's the penitentiary!"

"I don't care if it's lynchin'," said Smith. "Help or get. I'm bossin' this job; which is it?"

And Billy, seeing that he was to play second fiddle, concluded to help.

"And," he said to himself, "if we get nailed I'll split. Calls himself a considerate boss. Well, Shanghai Smith *has* a gall!"

"Which do you reckon is the worst ship inside the Gate now?" asked Smith, after he had savoured his coming revenge for a few minutes.

"The *Harvester* ain't due for a month, sir."

Smith looked melancholy.

"No, she ain't, that's a fact. It's a solid pity. Bates would have suited this Dunn first-class."

He was the most notorious blackguard of a ship-master yet unhung.

"There's the *Cyrus G. Hake*."

Smith shook his head contemptuously.

"D'ye think I want to board this admiral at the Palace Hotel? Why, Johnson hasn't hurt a man serious for two trips."

"Oh, well, I thought as he'd sure break out soon," said Bill; "but there's the *President*. They do say that her new mate is a holy terror."

"I won't go on hearsay," said Smith, decidedly; "I want a good man you and I know. One that'll handle this Dicky Dunn from the start. Now, what's in the harbour with officers that can lick *me*?"

"Well, I always allowed (as you know, sir) that Simpson of the *California* was your match."

Smith's face softened.

"Well, mebbe he is."

At any other time he would never have admitted it.

"And the *California* will sail in three days."

"Righto," said Smith; "Simpson is a good, tough man. Bill, the *California* will do. But it's an almighty pity the *Harvester* ain't here. I never knew a more unlucky thing. But we must put up with the next best."

"But how'll you corral the Admiral, sir?" asked Bill.

"You leave that to me," replied his boss. "I've got a very fruitful notion as will fetch him, if he's half the man he was."

Next evening Smith found occasion to run across a couple of the *Triumphant's* crew, and he got them to come into his house for a drink.

"Are these galoots to be dosed and put away?" asked the bar-tender.

"Certainly not," said Smith. "Fill 'em up with good, honest liquor at my expense."

The bar-tender hardly knew where good, honest liquor was to be found in that house, but he gave the two man-o'-war's men the slowest poison he had and they were soon merry.

"Is the Admiral as dead keen on fightin' with his fists as he was?" asked Smith.

"Rather," said the first man.

"Oh, no, he's tired," said the second. "'E allows he can't find no one to lick 'im. 'E never could."

"Oh, that's his complaint, is it?" said Smith. "And is he as good as he was?"

"I heard him tell the fust luff on'y the other day as 'e reckoned to be a better man now than he was twenty years ago. And I believe 'im. 'Ard? Oh, my! I do believe if he ran ag'in a lamp-post he'd fight through it."

It was enough for Smith to know that the Admiral was still keen on fighting. To draw a man like that would not be difficult. When he had turned the two naval seamen into the street he called for the runner.

"Have you found out what I told you?"

"Yep," replied Bill. "He mostly comes down and goes off at eleven."

"Is he alone?"

"Mostly he has a young chap with him. I reckon they calls him the flag-lieutenant; a kind of young partner he seems to be. But that's the only one so far. And the *California* sails day after ter-morrer, bright and early."

"Couldn't be better," said Smith: "after waitin' all these years I carn't afford to lose no time. Thishyer racket comes off to-night. Look out, Mr. Bully Admiral, I'm on your track."

And the trouble did begin that night.

Mr. "Say-it-and-mean-it" Smith laid for Admiral Sir Richard Dunn, K.C.B., etc., etc., from ten o'clock till half-past eleven, and he was the only man in the crowd that did not hope the victim would come down with too many friends to be tackled.

"It's a penitentiary job, so it is," said Bill. And yet when the time arrived his natural instincts got the best of him.

The Admiral came at last; it was about a quarter to twelve, and the whole water-front was remarkably quiet. The two policemen at the entrance to the ferries had, by some good luck or better management, found it advisable to take a drink at Johnson's just opposite. And the Admiral was only accompanied by his flag-lieutenant.

"That's him," said Smith. "I'd know the beggar anywhere. Now, keep together, and sing!"

He broke into "Down on the Suwanee River," and advanced with Bill and Bill's two mates right across the Admiral's path. They pretended to be drunk, and so far as three were concerned there was not so much pretence about it after all. But Smith had no intention of being the first to run athwart the Admiral's hawse. When he came close enough he shoved the youngest man right into his arms. The Admiral jumped back and landed that unfortunate individual a round-arm blow that nearly unshipped his jaw. The next moment everyone was on the ground, for Bill sandbagged the Admiral just as he was knocked down by the lieutenant. As Sir Richard fell he reached out and caught Smith by the ankle. The boarding-house master got the lieutenant by the coat and brought him down too. And, as luck would have it, the youngster's head hit the Admiral's with such a crack that both lay unconscious.

"HE SHOVED THE YOUNGEST MAN RIGHT INTO HIS ARMS."

"Do we want the young 'un too?" asked Bill, when he rose to his feet, swinging his sandbag savagely. And Smith for once lost his head.

"Leave the beast, and puckarow the Admiral," he said. And indeed it was all they could do to carry Sir Richard without exciting any more attention than four semi-intoxicated men would as they took home a mate who was quite incapacitated.

But they did get him home to the house in the Barbary Coast. When he showed signs of coming to he was promptly dosed, and his clothes were taken off him. As he slept the sleep of the drugged they put on a complete suit of rough serge toggery, and he became Tom Deane, able-bodied seaman.

"They do say that he's the roughest, toughest, hardest nut on earth," said Bill. "We'll see what like he shapes on the *California*. I daresay he's one of that lot that let's on how sailormen have an easy time. It's my notion the *California* will cure him of that."

By four o'clock in the morning Tom Deane, who was, as his new shipmates allowed, a hard-looking man, who could and would pull his weight, lay fast asleep in a forward bunk of the *California's* fo'c's'le as she was being towed through the Golden Gate. And his flag-lieutenant was inquiring in hospital what had become of the Admiral. And nobody could tell him more than he himself knew. So much he told the reporters of the *Chronicle* and the *Morning Call*, and flaring headlines announced the disappearance of a British Admiral, and the wires and cables fairly hummed to England and the world generally. At the same time the San Francisco police laid every water-front rat and tough by the heel, on the chance that something might be got out of them.

"What did I tell you?" asked Bill, in great alarm, as he saw several intimate friends of his being escorted to gaol.

"Are you weakenin' on it?" said Smith, savagely; "if I thought you was I'd murder you. Give me away, and when I get out I'll chase you three times round the world and knife you, my son."

And though Bill was so much of a "terror" he could not face Smith's eyes.

"Well, I ain't in it, anyhow," he swore.

But certainly "Tom Deane, A.B.," was in, and was having a holy time.

When the Admiral woke, which he did after half an hour's shaking administered in turns by three of the *California's* crew, who were anxious to know where he had stowed his bottle of rum, he was still confused by the "dope" given him ashore. So he lay pretty still and said:—

"Send Mr. Selwyn to me!"

But Selwyn was his flag-lieutenant, and was just then the centre of interest to many reporters.

"Send the devil; rouse out, old son, and turn to," said one of his new mates. And the Admiral rose and rested on his elbow.

"Where am I?"

"On board the *California* to be sure."

"I'm dreaming," said the Admiral, "that's what it is. To be sure, I'm dreaming."

There was something in his accent as he made this statement that roused curiosity in the others.

"No you ain't, not much," said the first man who had spoken; "and even if you was I guess Simpson will wake you. Rouse up before he comes along again. He was in here an hour back inquiring for the trumpet of the Day of Jedgment to rouse you. Come along, Deane; now then!"

"My name's Dunn," said the Admiral, with contracted brows.

"Don't doubt it!" said his friend. "And who done you? Was it Shanghai Smith?"

The Admiral sat up suddenly, and by so doing brought his head into violent contact with the deck above him. This woke him thoroughly just in time to receive Mr. Simpson, mate of the *California*, who came in like a cyclone to inquire after his health.

"Did you ship as a dead man?" asked Mr. Simpson, "for if you did I'll undeceive you."

And with that he yanked the Admiral from his bunk and dragged him by the collar out upon the deck at a run. Mr. Simpson was "bucko" to his finger-tips and had never been licked upon the high seas. But for that matter Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Dunn, K.C.B., had never hauled down his flag either to any man. It surprised him, as it would have surprised any of his crew, to find that he took this handling almost meekly. But then no one knows what he would do if the sky fell, and as far as the Admiral was concerned the entire world was an absurd and ridiculous nightmare. He rose at the end of his undignified progress and stared at the mate.

"Who—who are you?" he said.

Mr. Simpson gasped.

"Who am I—oh, who am I? Well, I'll oblige you by statin' once for all that I'm mate of this ship, and you're my dog."

But the dog shook his head.

"Nothing of the sort," he said, as he staggered with the remains of the opiate. "I'm a British Admiral, and my name's Sir Richard Dunn. Where's my ship?"

Any ordinary kind of back-answer or insubordination received only one kind of treatment on board the *California*, and when a man had been beaten to a jelly he rarely recovered enough spirit to inquire why he had been hammered. But this was a new departure in back-talk.

"Oh, you're an admiral, an admiral, heh?" said Simpson.

"Of course," said Sir Richard, and a sudden gust of rage blew the last opium out of him, "why, confound it, sir, what the deuce do you mean by laying your filthy paws on me? Where's your captain, sir? By all that's holy I'll smash you if you so much as look at me again."

Now, it is a remarkable fact that the utterly and entirely unexpected will sometimes shake the courage of the stoutest heart. It is possible that a tiger would itself turn tail if a lamb rushed at him with open mouth. And though Mr. Simpson would have tackled a prize-fighter, knowing he was a prize-fighter, the fact that one of the kind of man whom he was accustomed to wipe his boots on now turned upon him with entirely strange language and a still stranger air of authority for a moment daunted him utterly. He stood still and gasped, while the Admiral strode aft and went up the poop-ladder. He was met there by the captain, who had been the terror of the seas as a mate. A narrow escape of a conviction for murder had partially reformed him. He had also become religious, and usually went below when Simpson or the second "greaser" was hammering anyone into oblivion and obedience.

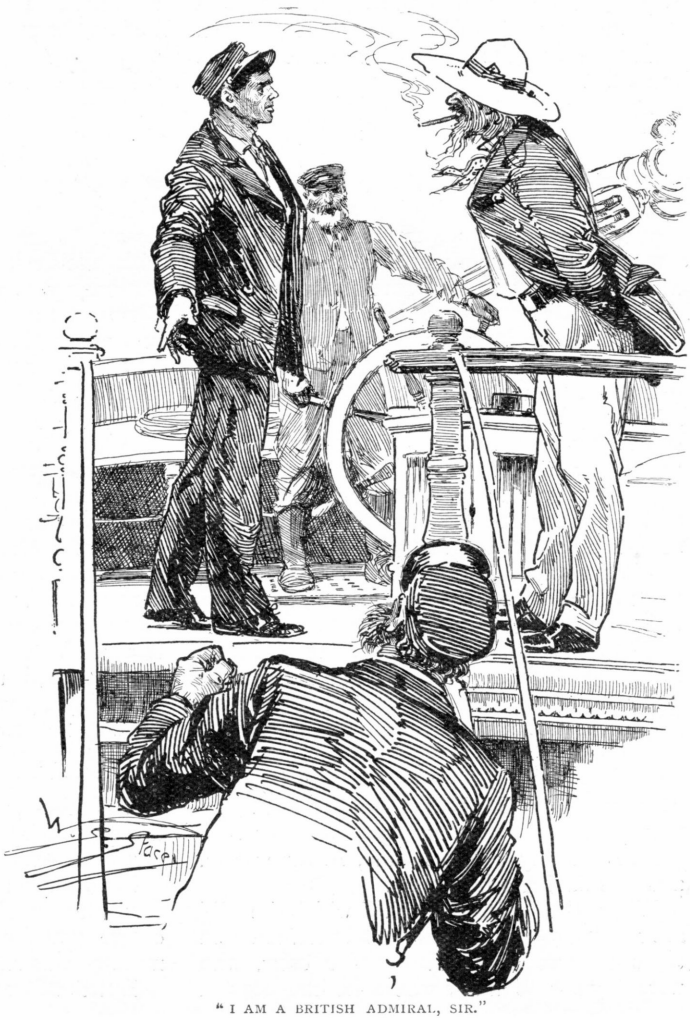
"What is this?" asked Captain Blaker, mildly, yet with a savage eye. "Mr. Simpson, what do you mean by allowing your authority (and mine delegated to you) to be disregarded?"

"Sir," said Mr. Simpson, and then the Admiral turned on him.

"Hold your infernal tongue, sir," he roared; "and, sir, if you are the master of this vessel, as I suppose, I require you to put about for San Francisco. I am a British admiral, sir; my name is Sir Richard Dunn."

"Oh, you're an admiral and you require?" said Blaker. "Waal I do admire! You look like an admiral; the water-front is full of such. Take that, sir."

And the resurgent old Adam in Blaker struck the Admiral with such unexpected force that Dunn went heels over head off the poop and landed on Simpson. The mate improved the opportunity by kicking him



"I AM A BRITISH ADMIRAL, SIR."

violently in the ribs. When he was tired he spoke to the Admiral again.

"Now, you lunatic, take this here ball of twine and go and overhaul the gear on the main. And if you open your mouth to say another word I'll murder you."

And though he could not believe he was doing it, Sir Richard Dunn crawled aloft and did what he was told. He was stunned by his fall and the hammering he had received. But that was nothing to the utter and complete change of air that he experienced. As he overhauled the gear he wondered if he was an admiral at all. If he was, how came he on the main topgallant yard of a merchant ship? If he wasn't, why was he surprised at being there? He tried to recall the last of his life as an admiral, and was dimly conscious of a late evening somewhere in San Francisco, at which he had certainly taken his share of liquor. A vague sense of having been in a row oppressed him, but he could recall nothing till he had been yanked out of his bunk by that truculent brute of a mate then patrolling the poop.

"I—I must be mad," said the Admiral.

"Now then, look alive there, you dead, crawling cat," said Mr. Simpson, "or I'll come up and boot you off the yard. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir," said the Admiral, meekly, and as he put a new mousing on the clip-hooks of the mizzen-topmast staysail tripping-line block he murmured, "I suppose I never was an admiral after all; I don't seem to know what I am."

And the hardest nut among the Admirals of the Active List wiped away a tear with the sleeve of his coat as he listened to the sacred commination service, with all its blessings, intoned in a down-East twang by the eminent Mr. Simpson.

"He's crazy," said Simpson to the second greaser; "says he's an admiral. I've had the Apostle Peter on board and a cook who said he was St. Paul, but this is the first time I've run against an admiral before the mast."

"Does he look like it, sir?" asked Wiggins, laughing.

"He looks the toughest case you ever set eyes on," said Simpson. "But you'd have snorted to see the way the old man slugged him off the poop. And yet there's something about him I don't tumble to. I guess that's where his madness lies. Guess I'll cure him or kill him by the time we get off Sandy Hook. Now, then, you admiral, come down here and start up the forerigging, and do it quick, or I'll know the reason why."

And the Knight Commander of the Bath came down as he was bid and, having cast a perplexed eye over Simpson and Wiggins, who sniggered at him with amused and savage contempt, he went forward in a hurry.

"This is a nightmare," he said; "I'm dreaming. Damme, perhaps I'm dead."

When he had overhauled the gear at the fore—and being a real seaman he did it well—Wiggins called him down to work on deck, and he found himself among his new mates. By now they were all aware that he believed he was an admiral, and that he had spoken to Simpson in a way that no man had ever done. That was so much to his credit, but since he was mad he was a fit object for jeers. They jeered at him accordingly, and when they were at breakfast the trouble began.

"Say, are you an admiral?" asked Knight, the biggest tough on board except Simpson and Wiggins.

And the Admiral did not answer. He looked at Knight with a gloomy, introspective eye.

"Mind your own business," he said, when the question was repeated.

And Knight hove a full pannikin of tea at him. This compliment was received very quietly, and the Admiral rose and went on deck.

"Takes water at once," said Knight; "he ain't got the pluck of a mouse."

But the Admiral went aft and interviewed Mr. Simpson.

"May I have the honour of speaking to you, sir?" he said, and Simpson gasped a little, but said he might have that honour.

"Well, sir," said Sir Richard Dunn, "I don't know how I got here, but here I am, and I'm willing to waive the question of my being a British Admiral, as I can't prove it."

"That's right," said Simpson. "Oh, I'll have you sane enough by-and-by, my man."

The Admiral nodded.

"But I wish to have your permission to knock the head off a man called Knight, for'ard. It was always my custom, sir, to allow fights on board my own ship when I considered them necessary. But I always insisted on my permission being asked. Have I yours, sir?"

Simpson looked the Admiral up and down.

"Your ship, eh? You're still crazy, I'm afraid. But Knight can kill you, my man."

"I'm willing to let him try, sir," said the Admiral. "He hove a pannikin of tea over me just now, and I think a thrashing would do him good and conduce to the peace and order of the fo'c's'le."

"KNIGHT HOVE A FULL PANNIKIN OF TEA AT HIM."

"Oh, you think so?" said Simpson. "Very well, you have my permission to introduce peace there."

"I thank you, sir," said the Admiral. He touched his hat and went forward. He put his head inside the fo'c's'le and addressed Knight:—

"Come outside, you bully, and let me knock your head off. Mr. Simpson has been kind enough to overlook the breach of discipline involved."

And Knight, nothing loth, came out on deck, while Simpson and Wiggins stood a little way off to enjoy the battle.

"I'd like to back the Admiral," said Wiggins.

"I'll have a level five dollars on Knight," said Simpson, who remembered that he had, on one occasion, found Knight extremely difficult to reduce to pulp.

"Done with you," said Wiggins.

And in five minutes the second mate was richer by five dollars, as his mates carried Knight into the fo'c's'le.

"I don't know when I enjoyed myself more," said Simpson, with a sigh, "even if I do lose money on it. While it lasted it was real good. Did you see that most beautiful upper-cut? And the right-hand cross-counter that finished it was just superb. But I'll hev to speak to the victor, so I will."

And he addressed the Admiral in suitable language.

"Don't you think because you've licked him that you can fly any flag when I'm round. You done it neat and complete and I overlook it; but half a look and the fust letter of a word of soss and I'll massacre you myself. Do you savvy?"

And the Admiral said:—

"Yes, sir."

He touched his cap and went forward to the fo'c's'le to enter into his kingdom. For Knight had been "topside joss" there for three voyages, being the only man who had ever succeeded in getting even one pay-day out of the *California*. The principle on which she was run was to make things so hot for her crew that they skipped out at New York instead of returning to San Francisco, and the fresh crew shipped in New York did the same when they got inside the Golden Gate.

"I understand," said the Admiral as he stood in the middle of the fo'c's'le, "that the gentleman I've just had the pleasure of knocking into the middle of next week was the head bully here. Now, I want it thoroughly understood in future that if any bullying is to be done, I'm going to do it."

All the once obedient slaves of the deposed Knight hastened to make their peace with the new power. They fairly crawled to the Admiral.

"You kin fight," said one.

"I knew it just as soon as you opened

yer mouth," said another; "the tone of yer voice argued you could."

"It's my belief that he could knock the stuffin' out o' Mr. Simpson," said the third.

"'Twould be the best kind o' fun," said another admirer of the powers that be, "for Blaker would kick Simpson in here and give the Admiral his job right off. He's got religion, has Blaker, but he was an old packet rat himself, and real 'bucko' he was, and believes in the best men bein' aft."

And though the Admiral said nothing to this he remembered it, and took occasion to inquire into its truth. He found that what he knew of the sea and its customs was by no means perfect. He learnt something every day, and not least from Knight, who proved by no means a bad sort of man when he had once met his match.

"Is it true," asked the Admiral, "what they say about Captain Blaker giving anyone the mate's job if he can thrash him?"

"It used to be in the Western Ocean," said Knight, "and Blaker was brought up there. He's a real sport for all his bein' sort of religious. Yep, I'll bet it's true."

He turned to the Admiral suddenly.

"Say, you wasn't thinkin' of takin' Simpson on, was you?"

"If what you say's true, I was," said the Admiral. "It don't suit me being here."

"Say now, partner," put in Knight, "what's this guff about your bein' an Admiral? What put it into your head?"

And Sir Richard Dunn laughed. As he began to feel his feet, and find that he was as good a man in new surroundings as in the old ones, he recovered his courage and his command of himself.

"After all, this will be the deuce of a joke when it's over," he thought, "and I don't see why I shouldn't get a discharge out of her as mate. Talk about advertisement!"

He knew how much it meant.

"Look here, Knight," he said, aloud. "I *am* an Admiral. I can't prove it, but my ship was the *Triumphant*. I don't want to force it down your throat, but if you'd say you believe it, I should be obliged to you."

Knight put out his hand.

"I believes it, sonny," he said, "for I own freely that there's suthin' about you different from us: a way of talk and a look in the eye that ain't familiar in no fo'c's'le as I ever sailed in. And if you was lyin' how came you to lie so ready, bein' so drunk when Simpson hauled you out o' yer bunk? No, I believe you're speakin' the trewth."

And Sir Richard Dunn, K.C.B., shook hands with Charles Knight, A.B.

"I won't forget this," he said, huskily. He felt like Mahomet with his first disciple.

"And now, in confidence," said the Admiral, "I tell you I mean to have Simpson's job by the time we're off the Horn."

"Good for you," cried Knight. "Oh, he kicked me somethin' cruel the time him and me had a turn-up. Give it him, old man, and here's a tip for you. If you get him down, keep him down. Don't forget he kicked you, too."

"I don't forget," said Sir Richard. "I don't forget, by any means."

Yet he did his duty like a man. Though many things were strange to him he tumbled to them rapidly. One of his fads had been doing ornamental work even when he was an Admiral, and he put fresh "pointing" on the poop ladder-rails for Blaker in a way that brought everyone to look at it. There was no one on board who could come within sight of him at any fancy work, and this so pleased Simpson that the Admiral never had a cross word till they were south of the Horn. Then by chance the mate and the captain had a few words which ended in Simpson getting much the worst of it. As luck would have it the Admiral was the handiest to vent his spite on, and Simpson caught him a smack on the side of his head that made him see stars.

"Don't stand listenin' there to what don't concern you, you cursed lazy hound," he said. And when the Admiral picked himself off the deck Simpson made a rush for him. The Admiral dodged him and shot up the poop-ladder. He took off his cap to the captain, while Simpson foamed on the main deck and called him in vain. At any other time Blaker would have gone for the seaman who dared to escape a thrashing for the moment by desecrating the poop, but now he was willing to annoy Simpson.

"Well, what do you want?" he roared.

The Admiral made a really elegant bow.

"Well, sir, I wanted to know whether Western Ocean custom goes here. I've been told that if I can thrash your mate I shall have his job. They say forward that that's your rule, and if so, sir, I should like your permission to send Mr. Simpson forward and take his place."

There was something so open and ingenuous in the Admiral that Captain Blaker, for the first time on record, burst into a

shout of laughter. He went to the break of the poop and addressed the mate.

"Do you hear, Mr. Simpson?" he inquired, genially.

"Send him down, sir," said Simpson.

"Are you sure you can pound him?"

Simpson gritted his teeth and foamed at the mouth.

"Kick him off the poop, sir."

The Admiral spoke anxiously.

"I'm a first-class navigator, sir. Is it a bargain?"

And Blaker, who had never liked Simpson, laughed till he cried.

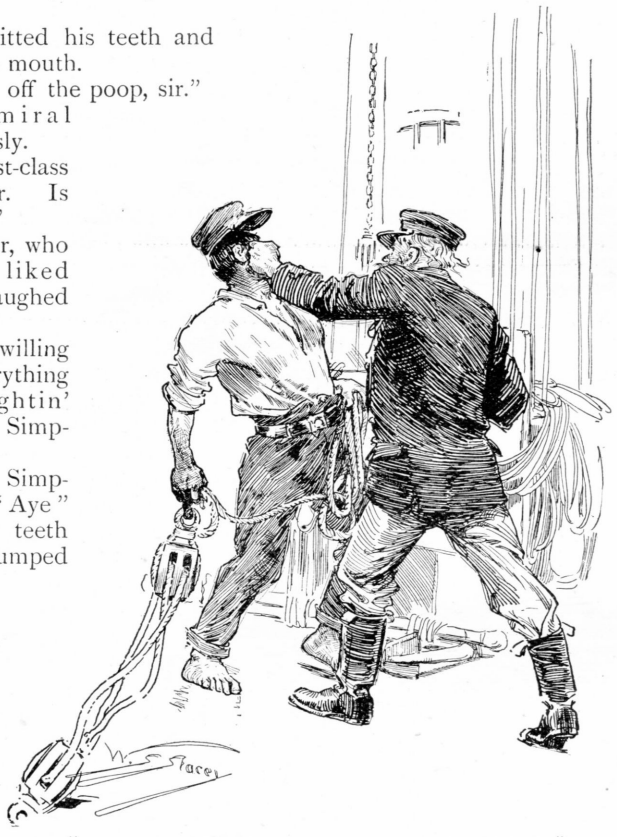
"Are you willing to stake everything on your fightin' abilities, Mr. Simpson?"

And when Simpson said "Aye" through his teeth the Admiral jumped down on the main deck.

Now, according to all precedents the fight should have been long and arduous, with varying fortunes. But the Admiral never regarded precedents, and inside of ten seconds Mr. Simpson was lying totally insensible under the spare topmast. To encounter the Admiral's right fist was to escape death by a hair's breadth, and it took Charles Simpson, able seaman (*vice* Mr. Simpson, chief officer), two hours and a quarter to come to.

"And I tho't he could fight," said the disgusted skipper; "come right up, Mr. What's-your-name, you're the man for me. There ain't no reason for you to trouble about my second mate, for Simpson could lay him out easy. All I ask of you is to work the whole crowd up good. And I don't care if you are an admiral, you are the right sort all the same. I guess that Simpson must have reckoned he struck a cyclone."

And Blaker rubbed his hands. Like Simpson at the fight between the Admiral and Knight, he did not know when he had enjoyed himself more. He improved the occasion by going below and getting far too much to drink, as was his custom, and the promoted Admiral took charge of the deck.



"THE ADMIRAL WAS THE HANDIEST TO VENT HIS SPITE ON."

"Ability tells anywhere," said Sir Richard Dunn. "I didn't rise in the Service for nothing. Ship me where you like, and I'll come to the top. If I don't take this hooker into New York as captain and master I'll die in the attempt."

He had quite come to himself and was beginning to enjoy himself. His natural and acquired authority blossomed wonderfully when he took on the new job, and, as Blaker never swore, the Admiral's gift of language was a great vicarious satisfaction to him. Wiggins accepted the situation without a murmur. Even Simpson himself bore no malice when his supplanter not only showed none, but after knocking the bo'sun's head against a bollard gave his place to the former mate. Though he kept the men working, and got the last ounce out of them, none of them were down on him.

"I tell you he's an admiral, sure," they said.

"He's got all the ways of one, I own," said Bill, an old man-o'-war's man. "I spoke to an admiral myself, once; or, rather, he spoke to me."

"What did he say?" asked the rest of his watch.

"He said," replied Bill, proudly, "he upped and said, 'You cross-eyed son of a dog, if you don't jump, I'll bash the ugly head off of you!' And you bet I jumped. Oh, he's all the ways of *some* admirals, he has!"

"Well, admiral or none," said the rest of the crowd, "things goes on pleasanter than they done when you was mate, Simpson."

And Simpson grunted.

"And he gets more work out of us than you done either, Simpson, for all yer hammerin' of us."

"I'll likely be hammerin' some of you again shortly," said Simpson. And as he was cock of the walk in the fo'c's'le, whatever he was in the ship, the others dried up.

Nothing of great interest happened till they were well east of the Horn and hauled up for the northward run. And then Blaker took to religion (or what he called religion) and rum in equally undiluted doses.

"I'm a miserable sinner, I am," he said to the Admiral; "but, all the same, I'll do my duty to the crowd."

He called them aft and preached to them for two hours. And when one man yawned he laid him out with a well-directed belaying-pin. The next day, when it breezed up heavily and they were shortening sail, he called all hands down from aloft, on the ground that their souls were of more importance than the work in hand.

"Come down on deck, you miserable sinners," said Blaker, through a speaking-trumpet. His voice rose triumphantly above the roar of the gale. "Come down on deck and listen to me. For though I'm a miserable sinner, too, there's some hopes for me, and for you there's none unless you mends your ways in accordance with what I'm tellin' you."

Even with the speaking-trumpet he could hardly make himself heard over the roar of the increasing gale and the thunderous slatting of the three topsails in the spilling-lines.

"Don't you think, sir, that they'd better make the topsails fast before you speak to them?" said the Admiral.

"No, I don't," replied Blaker, "not much, I don't, not by a jugful. For if one of 'em went overboard I'd be responsible before the Throne. And don't you forget it."

"Damme, he's mad," said Sir Richard, "mad as a March hare. She'll be shaking the sticks out of her soon."

He leant over the break of the poop and called up Wiggins.

"Mr. Wiggins, one word with you."

Wiggins came up, as Blaker roared his text through the trumpet.

"Will you stand by me, Mr. Wiggins, if I knock him down and take command?"

"I will, but mind his gun," said Wiggins. "When he's very bad he'll shoot."

It was not any fear of Blaker's six-shooter that made the Admiral hesitate. To take the command even from a madman at sea is a ticklish task, and may land a man in gaol for all his being a Shanghaied admiral.

"I tell you, Mr. Wiggins, that Simpson is a good man. I'll bring him aft again."

And Wiggins made no objection when Simpson was called up by the Admiral.

"Mr. Simpson," said the mate, "this is getting past a joke. Have you any objection to taking on your old job if I secure this preaching madman and take command?"

Simpson was "full up" of the fo'c's'le, and as he had a very wholesome admiration for the Admiral he was by no means loth to return to his old quarters.

"I'm with you, sir. In another quarter of an hour we shall have the sticks out of her."

And still Blaker bellowed Scripture down the wind. He was still bellowing, though what he bellowed was not Scripture, when Simpson and Wiggins took him down below after five minutes of a row in which the deposed captain showed something of his ancient form as the terror of the Western Ocean. As they went the Admiral, now promoted to being captain of a Cape Horner, picked up the battered speaking-trumpet and wiped some blood from his face which had been in collision.

"Up aloft with you, and make those topsails fast," he roared. "Look alive, men, look alive!"

And they did look alive. For "Dicky Dunn" never needed a speaking-trumpet in any wind that ever blew. When things were snugged down and the *California* was walking north at an easy but tremendous gait he felt like a man again. He turned to Simpson and Wiggins with a happy smile.

"Now we're comfortable, and things are as they should be, Mr. Simpson, let the men have a tot of grog. And how's Mr. Blaker?"

"Waal," said Simpson, cheerfully, "when we left him he wasn't exactly what you would call religious nor resigned."

But if Blaker was not happy the Admiral was thoroughly delighted.

"Now you see what I said was true," he declared at dinner that night. "If I hadn't been an admiral and a man born to rise, how could I have been shipped on board this ship as a foremast hand and come to be captain in six weeks? I'll be bound you never heard of a similar case, Mr. Simpson."

And Simpson never had.

"Was it Shanghai Smith, do you think, as put you here?" he asked.

The Admiral had never heard of Shanghai Smith.

"When I get back I'll find out," he said.

"WHEN WE LEFT HIM HE WASN'T EXACTLY WHAT YOU WOULD CALL RESIGNED."

"And if it was I'll not trouble the law, Mr. Simpson. I never allow any man to handle me without getting more than even."

"You don't," said Simpson. If his manner was dry it was sincere.

"But I don't bear malice afterwards. Your health, Mr. Simpson. This kind of trade breeds good seamen after all. But you are all a trifle rough."

Simpson explained that they had to be.

"When the owner's scheme is to have one man do three men's work, they have to get men who will make 'em do it. And when the owners get a bad name, and their ships a worse, then men like Shanghai Smith have to find us crews. If you could get back to San Francisco and hammer an owner some of us would be obliged to you, sir."

"Ah! when I get back," said the Admiral. "This will be a remarkable yarn for me to tell, Mr. Simpson. I still feel in a kind of dream. Would you oblige me by going to Mr. Blaker and telling him that if he continues to hammer at that door I'll have the hose turned on him."

And when Simpson went to carry this message the Admiral put his feet on the table and indulged in a reverie.

"I'll make a note about Shanghai Smith and settle with him in full. But I shall rise higher yet. I know it's in me. Steward!"

"Yes, sir," said the steward.

"I think I'll have some grog."

He drank to the future of Admiral Sir Richard Dunn, master of the *California*.

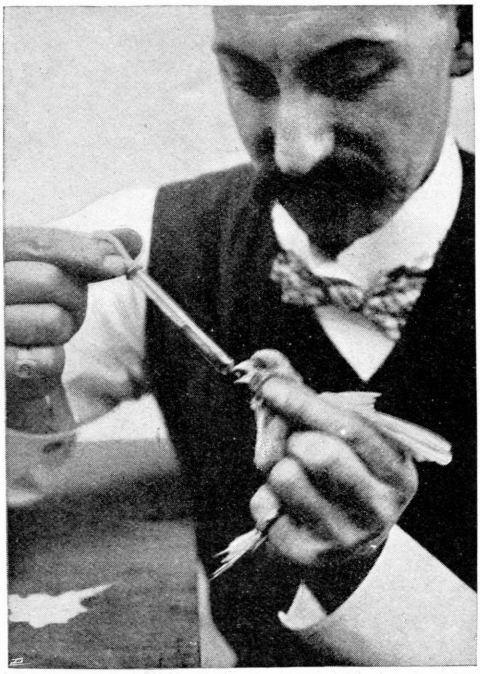
An Hour with a Bird-Doctor.

By Frank Holmfield.

"WRING its neck!"

Such was the "cure" at one time almost universally recommended in the case of some unfortunate feathered friend whose ailment seemed at all serious.

Human nature, however, is apt to rebel against a course of treatment that, if short, sharp, and sure, deprives us of a pet whose companionship would be sadly missed. And when it occurred to someone that the study of birds' ailments would form an interesting and, at the same time, a lucrative calling, lovers of all kinds of feathered beauties were delighted. Nowadays there is hope for almost all serious cases of injuries or ailments of birds. The professional bird-doctor, with his medicine case and surgical instruments—and also his little bill!—finds plenty to do in alleviating pain and curing disease.

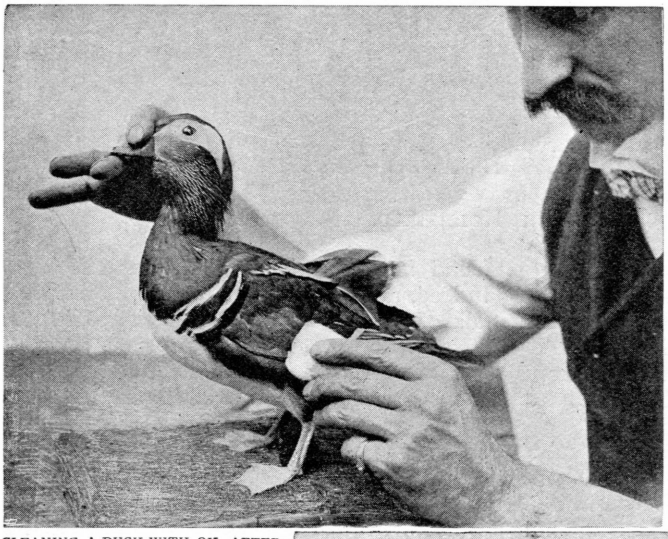


From a] GIVING A BIRD A DOSE OF MEDICINE. *[Photo.*

Perhaps the busiest practitioner amongst ailing feathered pets is Mr. E. W. Little, of Blandford Street, W., who might boast of having, during a long and successful career, the most aristocratic of bird society as patients, for his practice largely lies throughout the residential quarter of which Park Lane forms the centre, and where the fashion of keeping winged pets has been growing steadily during the past decade or so. The sweetly warbling canary, the comical big-billed toucan, or the talking parrot may be found nowadays in most West end houses. Indeed, not so very long ago there was some talk of holding a pet bird show, and it may be that during next season such a function will become an established institution, just as are cat and dog exhibitions.

The writer recently paid a visit to Mr. Little's surgery and operating-room in the interests of readers of The Strand Magazine, and a most instructive hour was spent in witnessing the skilful treatment rendered by London's busiest bird-doctor to a number of winged creatures, which included almost every feathered form to be seen as the pet of a home.

The ailments to which bird-flesh is heir are surprisingly numerous. Phthisis is the greatest and most insidious enemy to be dealt with. Parrots especially are liable to this terrible disease. Most of the birds of that species imported into England suffer from its attacks. Mr. Little made the surprising statement that out of every fifty parrots brought to this country only five manage to escape the ravages of phthisis. It spreads like wildfire where birds are placed together in large numbers. Mr. Little related particulars of the hard case of an importer who lost £70 worth of birds owing to having inadvertently introduced into his establishment a parrot suffering from that disease. If treated in its early stages phthisis in birds is curable.

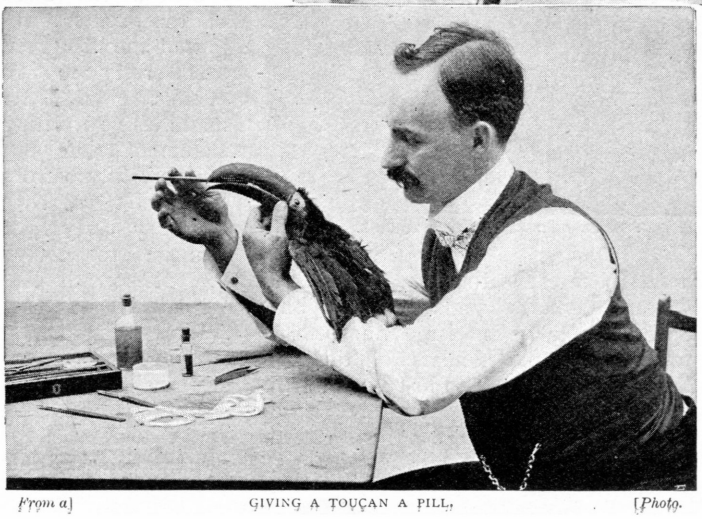


CLEANING A DUCK WITH OIL AFTER AN OPERATION. [*Photo.*
From a]

Enteric is another scourge amongst birds, being very contagious, and to which seed-eating birds are particularly liable. Pet canaries are a constant source of worry, their delicate throats rendering complaints such as colds, asthma, and inflammation always ready to attack them.

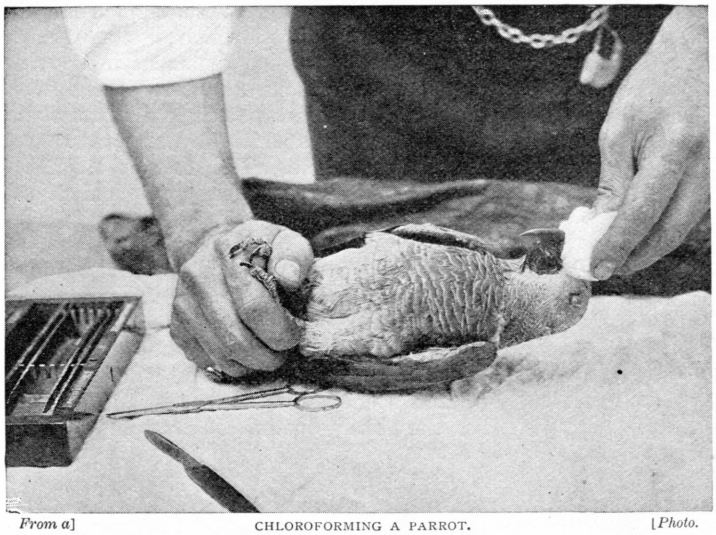
The writer, amongst other interesting medicinal and surgical treatment, witnessed the rather delicate operation of administering a pill to a refractory pet toucan, which had evidently made up its mind that it would *not* be doctored. Although this creature will swallow a grape whole in the ordinary way without, as it were, turning a feather, it seemed on this occasion to instinctively understand that the juicy fruit at first offered by the doctor contained something more sinister than seeds; and again and again, no matter how carefully the pill was concealed inside the grape, the sagacious

REMOVING A HORNY GROWTH FROM A PARROT'S BEAK.
From a Photo.



From a] GIVING A TOUCAN A PILL. [*Photo.*

bird would not "bolt" it, but very gravely proceeded to eject the pill from its capacious beak and then swallow the grape, exhibiting at the same time an almost human expression of the eye, as though it would say, "You can't fool me!" Finally the doctor was compelled to resort to more ruthless measures by ramming the pill down the toucan's throat with an instrument.



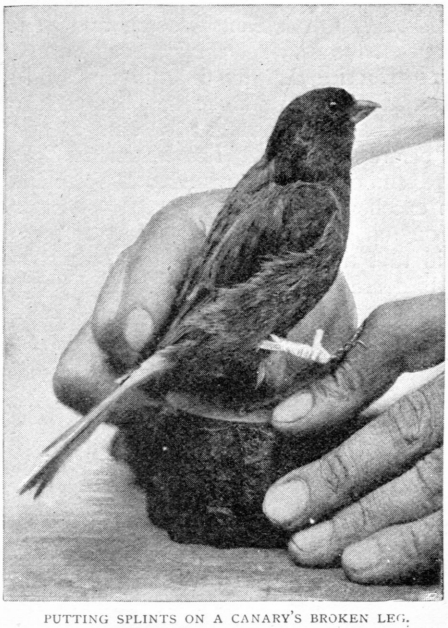
From a] CHLOROFORMING A PARROT. *[Photo.*

The photographer has succeeded in snapping the scene, including the miserable expression of the toucan's eye, as though it had realized that the doctor had got the better of it, at last!

Another very refractory patient was a parrot that suffered from a horny growth over one of its nostrils. As soon as the doctor touched the bird it seemed to realize that something very unpleasant was about to happen, and it acted accordingly. It indulged in "the finest flow of language ever heard," and, as it had evidently received most of its lingual education on board ship, the language was certainly not of the kind usually indulged in in polite society. Its struggles were absolutely terrific. In the end the creature had to be wrapped around with a length of thin twine to prevent its mad wing-flapping. Then, after a good deal of persuasion on the part of the doctor, "Poll" allowed the operation to be performed, and she was carried out of the room shouting, "I want a bit o' bread!" "I want a bit o' bread!" together with remarks of a less Parliamentary nature.

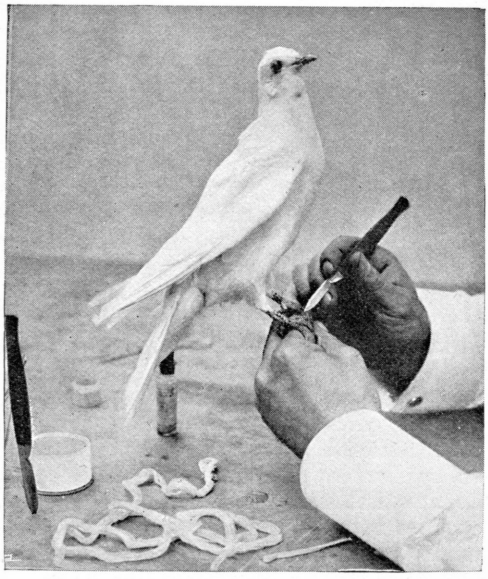
Although Mr. Little does not care about employing chloroform, surgical cases frequently occur in which the use of that drug becomes very necessary. There is a certain risk in placing birds under its influence. To minimize that risk a special preparation has been introduced, and this has the effect of rendering the bird to be operated upon unconscious of pain, with a minimum danger of the drug proving fatal. We give an illustration showing how the anæsthetic is administered to a valuable parrot, which was about to be operated upon for the removal of a tumour.

Canaries, being naturally fragile and nearly always delicate in our climate, are a class of patient to which the bird-doctor gives special study and attention. They form, as a rule, the larger portion of his *clientèle*, for, as drawing-room pets, they are by far the greater favourites of the winged world. The treatment accorded them has to be of the most delicate description, whilst the handling of their bodies for various ailments is in itself an operation demanding the utmost care, as an inadvertent squeeze might cause their death. The affection showered by owners of canaries upon their little pets is often quite touching; many ladies making it a stipulation that they are present whilst any necessary operation is being carried out. Tears are shed freely on such occasions, and joy becomes manifest as soon as the poor little birdies are pronounced "out of danger."



PUTTING SPLINTS ON A CANARY'S BROKEN LEG.
From a Photo.

We are enabled to reproduce the photograph of a treasured pet in the form of a canary whose leg had been broken by the fall of its cage from a first-floor window-sill to an area below. The difficulties in the



TAKING SCALES FROM A PIGEON'S LEG.
From a Photo.

way of making a successful "splice" are enormous, the bird naturally pecking away at the splints or bandage until it loosened. But Mr. Little has solved the problem. His method is a professional secret, and we may not describe it. Yet the system he employs is so effective that the injured bird will not even attempt to remove the bandage, and the leg is thus allowed to become as sound as before the break. The instance of clever bird surgery shown turned out, fortunately, an excellent cure, and the canary is now as strong on its legs as ever. Here it may be said that the bones of the legs or wings of a bird are those which, by careful surgical treatment, may be set—a broken breast-bone is almost invariably a hopeless injury, to which the bird must succumb.

Cage birds are great sufferers from the overgrowth of claws, which if not seen to in time may result in permanent injury. In gripping the perches the points of overgrown claws are apt to scrape the lower part of the leg, causing sores which, in time, will render the bird a cripple. The doctor's assistance in good time prevents a great deal of unnecessary suffering.

A very delicate operation is the removal of old scales from pigeons' claws, but the process never fails to improve the appearance of a bird, especially when the pigeon is intended for exhibition at a show.

There are many other ailments and injuries which are treated from time to time by the bird-doctor, but we have given,

FIXING A BROKEN WING WITH WIRE.
From a Photo.

perhaps, a sufficient number of instances to show that the existence of such a profession means the alleviation of much suffering amongst the denizens of the feathered world.

Sandow in Plaster of Paris.

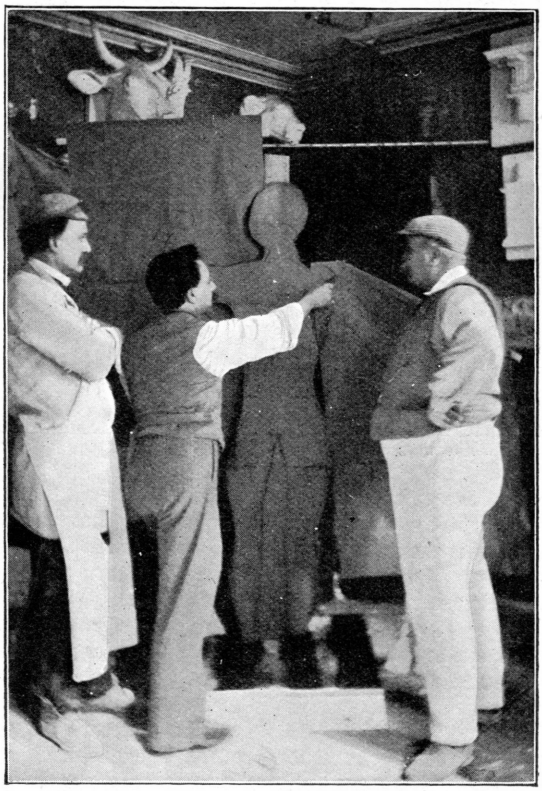
A UNIQUE CAST.

Illustrations from Photographs by Arthur Weston, 16 and 17, Poultry, E.C. The copyright of Sandow's Grip Dumb-bell Co.

MY friend the Superior Person had been visiting the South Kensington branch of the British Museum, and he came back in high dudgeon. When I met him, indeed, he was literally spluttering with wrath. Evidently his very superior susceptibilities had suffered cruel outrage. "Great Scot!" he ejaculated, in replying to my look of inquiry, "what will the Museum be coming to next? A penny show with marionettes and performing dogs, I suppose. They've actually got a cast of Sandow the Strong Man—music-hall people in the British Museum, faugh!" And the S.P., having delivered himself of this outburst, turned on his heel and tempestuously took himself off.

Now, although I am very far from sharing his opinions on most subjects, his remarks certainly excited my curiosity. That there should be a cast of Eugen Sandow in the Museum did not surprise me very much—on the contrary, it seemed to me that the authorities would have been remiss in not seizing the opportunity of handing down to future generations a permanent record of the most perfect specimen of physical culture of our days—perhaps of any age. Still, I know what popular prejudice is—even in these enlightened days individuals still exist who regard the cultivation of the body as a thing to be frowned upon, who are perfectly willing to hold up to our admiration the beautiful human forms of classical times, but regard any attempt to emulate these worthies as pernicious in the extreme. So after examining the cast (about which I shall have a good deal more to say in a moment) it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to see Professor Ray Lankester and ascertain how the new departure of having the cast of a living man on view had come about.

Professor Lankester was good enough to devote a few minutes of his valuable time to me, and gave me a very clear idea of his object in advising the Trustees to have the cast made. It serves a twofold purpose, and is interesting to anthropologists for two reasons. Firstly, it presents a perfect type of a European man (and in course of time Professor Lankester hopes to have types of all the races), and, secondly, it furnishes a striking demonstration of what can be done in the way of perfecting the muscles by simple means. A good many people, he remarked, are fond of insisting that the mighty men of muscle which were portrayed in marble by the sculptors of the classical age were simply products of the sculptors' imagination: fancy presentments of men as they might be, rather than of any who actually existed.

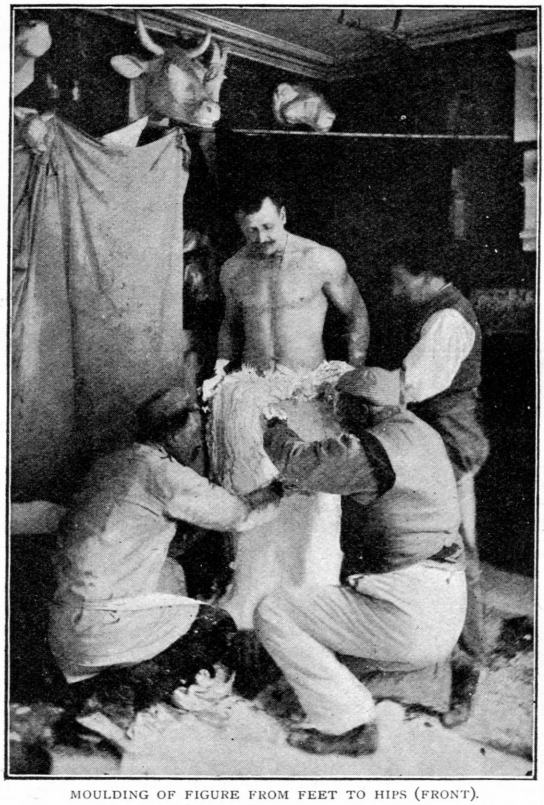


ROUGH PAPER OUTLINE FROM WHICH THE "SHELLS" ARE MADE.

But here we have a cast of a man who lives and breathes at this very moment which comes favourably out of a comparison with any of them. A cast, mind you, as Professor Lankester was careful to bid me remember—a model would have

been of small value; but here we have the actual mould of the living figure, which must be correct in every detail. In the times to come this will show the world that such men as the great sculptors portrayed have most indubitably existed in the flesh. I am glad to say that Professor Lankester demurs very strongly from the notion entertained by a good many people that Sandow's wonderful development entitles him to be regarded as a "monstrosity" rather than as a physically perfect human being. As he so logically put it to me, who is to say what are the limits of muscular development—where the line is to be drawn where healthy development leaves off and monstrosity begins?

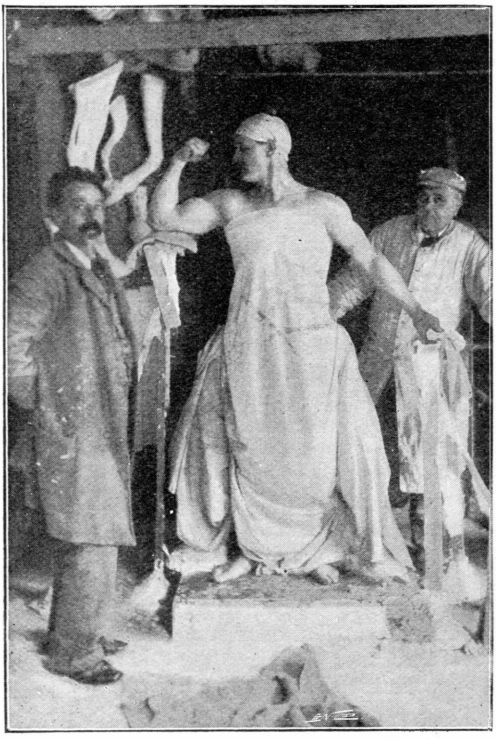
The ordinary athlete regards himself with his fairly well-cultivated muscles as superior physically to the man who spends all his time sitting at a desk or engaged in indoor occupation. Why should he be loth to admit that Sandow is as much ahead of him in this respect as he is of the ordinary individual? Certainly the judgment of the Curator of the Natural History Department of the National Museum is one that ought to carry weight, and I think enough has been said to show that he is fully alive to the educational value that the cast may prove to the public. He is probably the last man in the world who would be moved by considerations of what is likely merely to amuse and to gratify the idle curiosity of a certain section of the public.



MOULDING OF FIGURE FROM FEET TO HIPS (FRONT).

But, as he also pointed out to me, the cast is interesting for another and entirely different reason from those already enunciated. It is practically unique of its kind; probably no such cast has ever been attempted, not to say satisfactorily completed. Of course, casts of hands, and feet, and faces are common enough, and now and again a cast of the whole living body in a recumbent, relaxed position has been taken; but this cast is entirely different, being no less than of the complete figure, posed, and with the muscles in a tense condition. The latter fact renders it doubly valuable from an anatomical point of view, as the muscles are shown standing out with great clearness, and of course this would not have been the case had the cast been taken from the figure in a condition of relaxation. Naturally this added very greatly to the difficulty of carrying out the work—not the least part of it falling upon the subject. Indeed, Messrs. Brucciani, the famous cast-makers, who undertook and carried out the work, told me that at the beginning they were exceedingly doubtful whether the attempt would be a success. The process was a long one and a tedious one—indeed, from first to last it occupied over a month. As it is highly probable that the majority of the readers of THE STRAND are ignorant of the process of cast-making a brief description of the work as kindly explained and shown to me by Messrs. Brucciani will give them a clearer idea of the exceptional difficulties which have just been tackled with such excellent results.

The ordinary process is a comparatively simple one. A mould roughly corresponding in shape but somewhat larger than the object of which the cast is to be taken is made. This is placed round the object and the intervening space filled in with plaster of Paris in a semi-fluid condition, and this, of course, moulds itself to the exact shape of the object it covers. The latter has prior



POSING FIGURE—THE SUPPORT FOR RIGHT ARM WILL BE NOTICED.

to the commencement of operations been oiled in order to prevent the plaster from sticking. When the plaster sets it is carefully removed in sections, and these, when placed together, form a perfect mould. Into this plaster is again poured; when this hardens the mould is broken off and the cast itself remains.

Now, all this seems simple enough, and so it is when an inanimate object is concerned or a portion of the human frame in repose. For in order to insure success while the mould is being made it is absolutely necessary that the subject should be practically still. That is so obvious that it is perhaps scarcely doing justice to the intelligence of the ordinary reader to lay stress upon it; the smallest movement tends to disturb the hardening plaster and mars the perfection of the mould. Is it surprising, therefore, that, as it takes from ten to fifteen minutes to complete each one of the separate pieces of which the complete mould is made up, Messrs. Brucciani were rather dubious as to the result? However, they got to work, and slowly, piece by piece, not without occasional disappointments and failures, the thing got itself completed. They are quite sure that no one but Sandow could possibly have "sat" for such a work of art. Fancy, you young men who are fond of baring your right arm and displaying that little lump of biceps you refer to as your "muscle"; fancy setting your teeth and keeping that muscle "up" for a quarter of an hour! And without moving it more than the proverbial hair's breadth! This is what had to be done, and, mind you, whether it was the arm, or the neck and shoulders, or the legs that were being operated upon, the whole pose had to be struck, all the muscles contracted, as otherwise the pieces would never have fitted properly when they came to be joined.

Certain mechanical devices had, of course, to be adopted to insure that the pose should be exactly the same on each occasion. The strain of holding the muscles tense was so great that only about a couple of moulds could be taken at one "sitting," and so Sandow had to submit himself to the ordeal day by day for nearly a month. The photographs which we publish give a very fair idea of the whole process. They were, of course, taken at the time, and the whole series

MOULDING CHEST AND ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

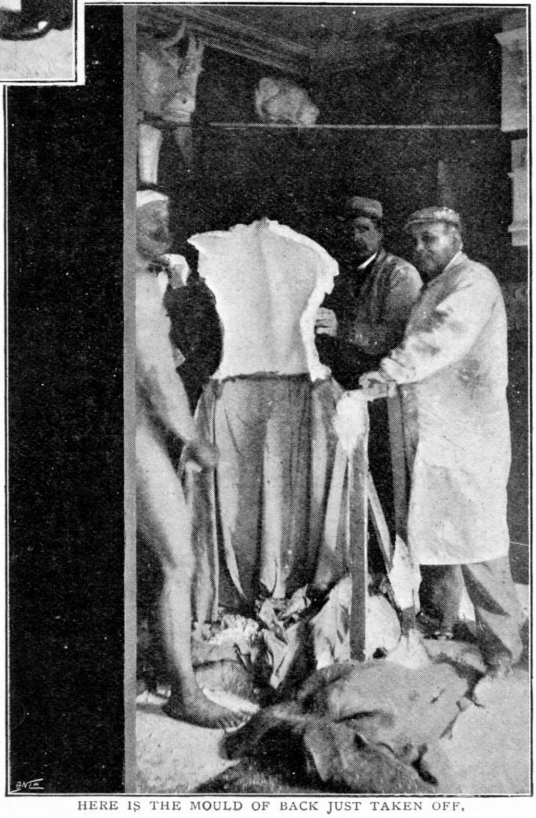
TAKING MOULD OF BACK AND SHOULDERS — THE SLIGHTEST MOVEMENT OF ARM WOULD DISTURB THE "DELTOID" AND "LATISSIMUS DORSI" MUSCLES.

(of which we give the most striking) show how the work was conducted from beginning to end. In the first instance, an outline in paper, roughly to measurement, of the figure in the pose proposed to be taken up was made; this was simply to serve as a guide for the making of the "shells" for supporting the plaster forming the moulds.

The mechanical arrangements for securing the same pose each time to which I have alluded were very simple. The position of the feet on the floor was marked out, there was a support for the right elbow, and also for the fingers of the right hand—this insured that the right arm should be in the proper position as regards the body and also flexed always at the same angle. The position of the other hand was also marked, and that of the top of the head. These were helps in taking up the pose, but, of course, practically none at all in keeping it so far as the muscles were concerned —they had to be kept contracted purely by an effort of will. It may be noticed that in the hands are clasped the grip dumb-bells; this was in order to facilitate the keeping the muscles tense and rigid.

The dumb-bell in question is made in two parts, with springs between them which have to be compressed before the two halves can be brought together—by bringing them together and then keeping them there the muscles were kept in the proper tense and immovable condition necessary for the successful execution of the cast.

After the shells were made it was necessary to mark out the figure into sections, each of which was moulded separately. A certain amount of margin was allowed in each piece, this being taken off afterwards according to the most absolutely correct measurements before the numerous sections were fitted together. Of course, by comparison, the work entailed over some of the sections was easy; thus, the filling in of the shell round the legs was in a manner plain



HERE IS THE MOULD OF BACK JUST TAKEN OFF.

sailing by contrast with the difficulty and anxiety entailed over other portions of the figure which it was so much harder to keep perfectly still. Possibly most trouble had to be taken over the front of the figure from the waist upwards—it will be noticed that the abdominal muscles are set, and that some of the chest muscles are brought out also. To "set" one's chest or abdomen long enough to be measured is simple enough, and is usually managed by holding the breath. Obviously this was out of the question in this instance; even Sandow could hardly be expected to refrain from breathing for the space of a quarter of an hour! How he managed it will be told in a minute in his own words.

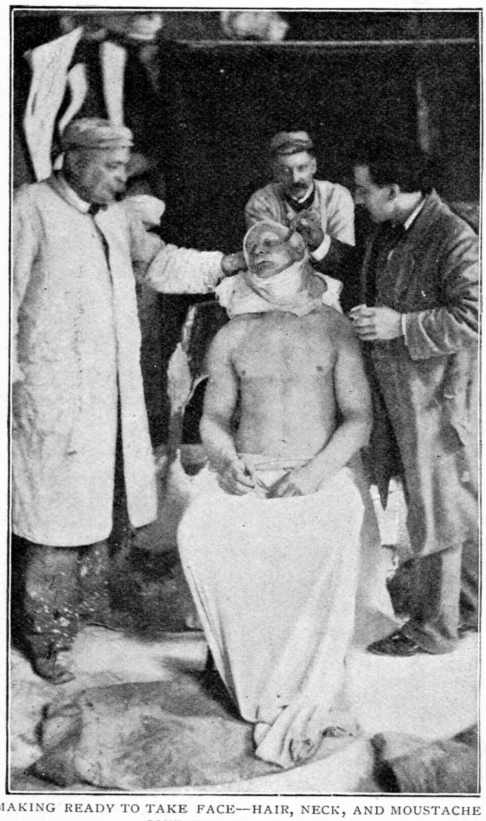
In spite of almost complete immobility on the part of the subject it is more than probable—indeed, a careful survey of the completed cast as it stands in the Museum convinces me of the fact—that the cast in some respects does not, and cannot, do perfect justice to the living subject. Even an almost imperceptible movement affects the plaster, and slight

TAKING HEAD AND NECK — THE HAIR IS COVERED WITH A CLOTH.

MOULDING UPPER PORTION OF BACK AND NECK.

movement there must have been, with the natural result that a few of the very finest lines may have been lost. This, to a close observer, especially if he be endowed with some knowledge of anatomy, is specially to be noticed in the muscles of the chest and the lower portion of the throat—very fine, indeed, are they in the cast, but here and there the effect of what a painter would call very minute *nuances* seems to be lost—at all events, that is the impression made upon those of us who have had numerous opportunities of inspecting the original.

Thus the cast is certainly not flattering; on the contrary, if it falls short at all it is that, while it represents very finely the development and the general contours of Sandow, it here and there is deficient in those fine lines, those little shades of muscle which soften the massiveness of the build and cause even his herculean figure to look shapely and graceful. Not that I mean to imply for a moment that the cast in any way gives an impression of unwieldy strength and coarseness of development — one has only to look at many of the classical statues in Great Russell Street to see that it does



MAKING READY TO TAKE FACE—HAIR, NECK, AND MOUSTACHE COVERED WITH CLOTHS.

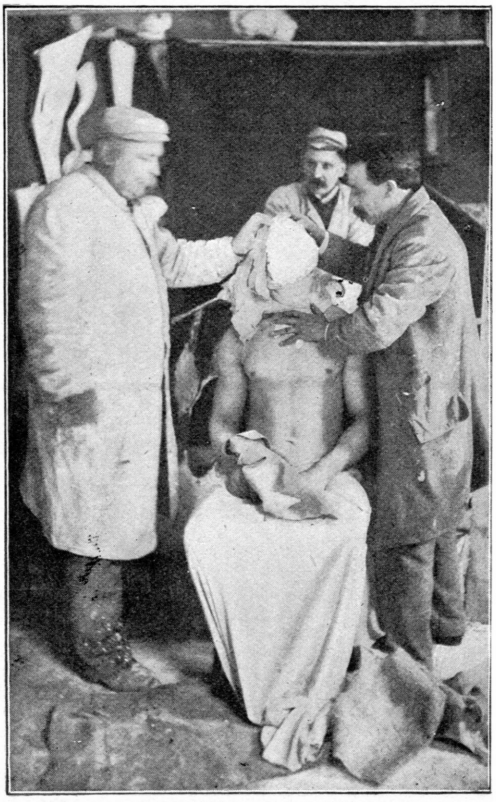
not suffer by the comparison; all I mean is that, beautiful piece of workmanship as it is, the dead plaster does not and cannot represent in its full perfection a form the charm of which to no small extent depends upon the fine gradations and mobile finish of its development.

Again, there are certain minor points of difference which the captious critic will no doubt seize upon with unholy glee. Do a few hairs in the moustache take a turn unseen in that of the original? Is the hair of the head a trifle too regular in its curliness? Well, let it at once be explained that there are limits even to the cast-maker's craft—that the taking of a mould of the separate hairs of a man's head is out of the question. The general contour of both hair and moustache were cast, but they were covered over with a piece of linen for the purpose, otherwise the consequences would have been very disastrous to the victim. He would have emerged from the ordeal, in fact, balder than the new-born babe; as it was, in spite of the body and limbs being well oiled before the plaster was put on, the removal of the latter caused him a good deal of trouble. So the hair and moustache, having been roughly cast as described, were modelled afterwards from photographs specially taken for the purpose. These and the eyes (the cast of the face, of course, being taken with the eyelids closed) were finished by skilled craftsmen, and are the only parts of the figure in which there is any possibility of any error having been made. Personally I have seen Sandow standing by the cast, and have carefully compared the two heads; I don't think that there is much to choose between them. Always excepting the fact that the cast is lacking in the fresh colouring and blue eyes of the original.

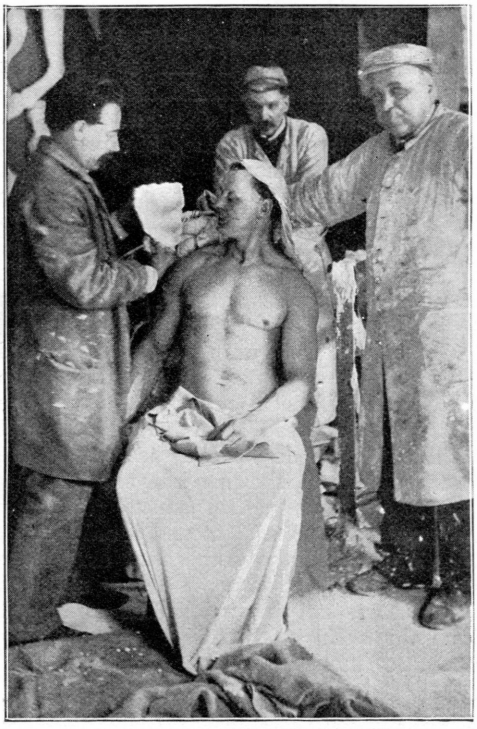
Here is another point which will probably interest both the earnest student as well as the curious layman. What are the dimensions of the cast? Here they are as taken by Messrs. Brucciani, with mathematical exactness:—

ACTUAL DIMENSIONS OF CAST.

	in.		in.
Chest	49	Thigh	25
Waist	36	Calf..	17¾
Biceps.....	18	Ankle.....	9
Forearm	15½	Neck	17
Wrist	7¾	Height	69



A VERY TRYING TEN MINUTES.



A SIGH OF RELIEF—THE MASK IS FINISHED.

Now, the probability is that a question will at once arise in the minds of a good many people, and especially of those who have read Sandow's book: How do these measurements taken from the cast compare with those given by Sandow himself? Do they exactly agree, and if they differ, are they larger or smaller? And, if so, why? These are quite fair questions, and as a preliminary to answering them I give the dimensions as they appear in the book. Here they are:—

DIMENSIONS AS GIVEN IN BOOK.

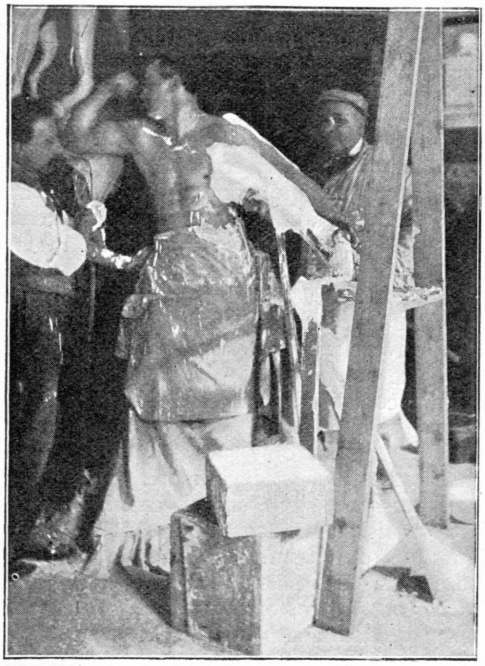
	in.		in.
Chest	48	Thigh	26
Waist	30	Calf	18
Biceps	19½	Ankle	8½
Forearm	16½	Neck	18
Wrist	7½	Height	69¼

It will be noted that the figures are not identical—that in most cases those given in the book are bigger than those of the cast, whereas in one or two instances the reverse is the case. This is capable of a very simple—I might say obvious—explanation. The measurements given in the book are those of each limb taken separately, in the position which gives the greatest measurement and with the muscles contracted to their maximum extent. In the pose for the cast the conditions were far otherwise. To begin with, in no one case is any particular limb placed so as to bring the muscles out to their fullest extent. Again, as so many groups of muscles are contracted at once, it is apparent that the amount of nervous energy which in the other case would be concentrated upon the muscles of one limb is spread over a much wider space; and, lastly, it would have been quite impossible to keep up for a quarter of an hour or even ten minutes a tension which it was a strain to retain for a few seconds for measuring purposes. Had it been attempted the result would have been dire failure—after a minute or two the tension would have relaxed and the mould been spoiled.

On the other hand, in the cast the chest is 49in. as compared with 48in. (normal) of the book; the waist is 36in. compared with 30in.; but the height is only 5ft. 9in. as compared with a quarter of an inch more. Regarding the latter—the figure in the cast is not perfectly upright; the contraction necessary to show the development of the abdominal muscles takes a shade off the height. The forcing out, again, of the muscles makes the waist measurement much greater than it would be were the chest fully expanded and the former drawn in, while the extra inch round the chest is due to the slight increase from the normal which the pose entails.

And what does Sandow himself think about it all? Naturally he is pleased and

TAKING THE MOULD OF THOSE MIGHTY BICEPS.

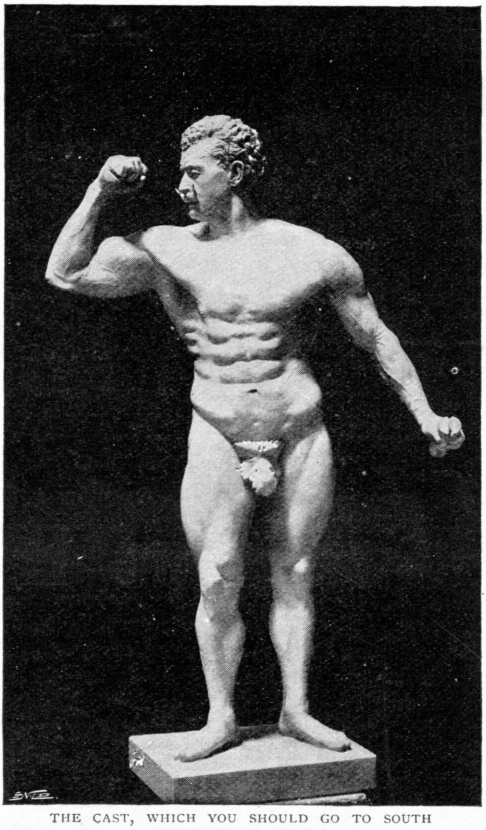


MOULDING STRETCHED OUT LEFT ARM—THE GRIP DUMB-BELL IS HELD IN THE HAND TO KEEP THE MUSCLES TENSE.

gratified that his cast should be thought worthy to be placed in the National Museum to serve as an object-lesson to generations yet unborn; but when I saw him he was chiefly concerned to talk about the sufferings he had endured over the process. He told me that it was the hardest job he'd ever had in all his life; "in fact," said he, "I should like you to say that I regard it as the greatest feat of endurance I have ever performed. Good heavens," he went on, "time after time I thought I'd have to give it up, the strain was awful. I used to finish up after each piece was done fairly 'blown,' perspiring and winded much more than after the most arduous weight-lifting performance I have ever accomplished.

"The operation is painful too—one feels as if one were being suffocated, especially when the mould of the face is being taken. They tell me that only about one man in two hundred can stand having his face done, and I'm not a bit surprised. But if that is the case I don't believe that one in a million could be found who could stand to have his chest done—mind, in a strained position, I mean. Really, when my chest and abdomen were being moulded, what with the peculiar 'biting' feeling of the plaster as it dried on the skin, and the difficulty in regulating the breathing, I thought I should burst. How did I manage about breathing so as not to disturb the plaster? Oh, it was difficult, I confess. I had to keep the muscles of the chest and abdomen still, and take very small, quick breaths, never entirely filling or emptying the lungs, but just taking in—almost continuously—enough fresh air to take the place of that I used up; at the same time keeping the muscles set so as not to disturb the outer contour. A very troublesome job that; the worst of the whole business, and it was a tiresome business from beginning to end.

"Of course, I was only too glad and proud to do it. I grudge no trouble and time in the cause of physical culture. And I hope I sha'n't be accused of undue egotism if I say that I really do believe that having the cast before them, showing how an originally delicate child can perfect himself physically by simple and natural means, should be of benefit to those who come after us. I am glad to have had it done; as I have said, the doing it was not very enjoyable. Indeed, I don't think I'd go through it again for any amount of money."



THE CAST, WHICH YOU SHOULD GO TO SOUTH KENSINGTON TO SEE.

How Turlupin Won the Princess.

A Story for Children. Translated from the French of Jérome Doucet.

By G. H. Woodhouse.

AT the back of his garret Turlupin kept an old chest which he had never dared to open, although there was nothing alarming in its appearance. It was not of oak heavily banded with iron, nor was it of leather all studded with nails. It was simply a small box of common wood, painted dark green, with a bunch of flowers painted on the top of the lid. Still, Turlupin, so far, had been afraid to open it.

One morning—it was a Friday and the thirteenth of the month, but Turlupin was not superstitious—he climbed the stairs, determined at last to see what the wonderful box contained. When he first raised the lid he thought the chest was empty, and having got so used to the idea that it must contain something mysterious and wonderful he felt quite disappointed. At last, however, he espied something lying in a corner, and putting in his hand drew out a pair of gloves. He found they were white ones. At least they had been white once, but they were soiled with use and yellowed with age, and the dust which covered them had certainly not improved their appearance. Still, they had been white once, and therefore we will continue to flatter them by calling them a pair of "white gloves."

Turlupin put them on, and as he did so they reminded him of a wedding, naturally his own. Having put them on he went downstairs in such a hurry that he forgot to close the lid of the box, and, putting on his best hat—he only had two, for he was very poor—he immediately started to find the fair unknown who, he was sure, was destined to become his wife.

He had not walked very far along the high road when he met an old woman riding to market on her donkey. On either side she carried a pannier of apples, which she hoped to be able to sell.

Turlupin stopped and raised his hat politely.

"Madam," he said, with a low bow, "I have the honour to ask your daughter's hand in marriage."

The old dame laughed so heartily that you could have heard the apples rattling together.

"Of my daughter, you foolish fellow!" she cried. "My old donkey, perhaps! Why, you are not half rich enough for a daughter of mine, I can tell you."

Turlupin answered, quietly: "You deserve that I should take you at your word," and the donkey, with a loud "hee-haw," seemed quite to agree with him.

Perhaps it did really understand him, for you must know that donkeys are not half so stupid as people pretend to believe; but whether it did or did not, it started off so suddenly that the old woman was taken by surprise and, losing her balance, was left sitting in the road with her apples rolling in all directions around her.

The good-natured Turlupin came to the rescue and lifted her to her feet, after which he picked up her apples and caught the donkey for her.

"Let this be a lesson to you," he said, as he left her to continue on her way. "Choose an honest man for your daughter's husband because he *is* honest, not because he is rich."

Turlupin had walked about three leagues farther when he met an old man hobbling along with the aid of his stick.

"Good-day, friend," he said.

"Good-day to you, stranger," the old man replied.

"I have the honour to ask your daughter's hand in marriage," Turlupin continued.

"I am sorry. I am afraid you are a little late, for she has been married this last thirty years; and her daughter even is married too. Otherwise I should have been quite willing to accept you as a son-in-law; I like the look of you."

Turlupin thanked him for his good opinion and went on his way once more.

The next person he met was also a man, and again he was unsuccessful, for although the man had seven children they were, unfortunately, all boys.

Decidedly, Turlupin was unlucky so far, and his ill-luck seemed likely to continue, for the next person he met informed him, when he had made the usual request, that she was an old maid who was very satisfied with her condition and had no desire to change it.

Turlupin was beginning to grow tired of

"HE MET AN OLD WOMAN RIDING TO MARKET."

his journey. He had been walking for nearly ten hours and he was both hungry and thirsty. The gloves, too, to which he was not used, caused him considerable inconvenience and made his hands feel hot and very uncomfortable.

He was in two minds whether to turn towards home or not when he came face to face with a great noble, dressed all in red, embroidered with gold.

Turlupin stopped him.

"My lord," he began, "I have the honour to propose for your daughter's hand."

For a moment the nobleman looked very much surprised, but at length he said:—

"My friend, I am glad to meet you—if you really want what you say. You do really wish to marry my daughter, the Princess Harpigelle? Very well, you shall do so, and what is more, do so as soon as you like. What is your name?"

"I am called Turlupin, my lord."

The King, for really it was he, immediately led Turlupin to the palace and sent for his daughter, the Princess Harpigelle.

"My daughter," he said, "my kingdom has at last produced a man who knows you so little or else is so brave that he asks for your hand in marriage. Here he is. I offer him to you as a husband."

Harpigelle looked scornfully at Turlupin, albeit she felt rather uneasy at his calm and assured bearing. She was amused, however, and surprised at the white gloves he wore so proudly.

"Well! as you please," she said, carelessly; "but does he know the conditions?"

As Turlupin did not appear to understand the Princess continued: "You must bring me, within a year from to-day, the teeth of a nightingale, the feathers of a carp, and the scales of a lion," and, having spoken, Harpigelle, with a mocking curtsy, ran laughing from the room.

"You have heard her, my friend," said the King, sadly. "This is the thousandth time at least that I, her unhappy father, have heard her make the same demands from the suitors I have invited to the palace."

Turlupin, however, appeared in no way moved.

"Since she demands these things, sire," he said, "the only thing to do is to endeavour to find them with as little delay as possible. In a year from now, come what may, I will place in her own hand what she asks."

The monarch patted him on the back approvingly.

"That is capital," he said, "capital! Go then, Turlupin, and return quickly. I long for your success, for you are worthy to become my son-in-law."

Turlupin went first to the heart of a great forest. "It is there," he said to himself, "that I shall have the best chance of finding a nightingale which possesses the teeth I require, for nightingales love old trees and lonely places."

He chose an old oak, gnarled and mossy with age, and sat upon the soft grass at its foot, his back leaning against the trunk, and then he waited patiently.

The birds, frightened at first, hid themselves among the thickest foliage, but gradually, seeing that Turlupin was motionless, they began to move about above his head, emboldened and curious, and some of the less timid at last fluttered to the ground and moved about around him.

Turlupin had taken the precaution to bring some corn with him, and this he threw in handfuls towards the birds. Greedily they picked it and waited for more, but Turlupin did not gratify them at once. When evening came, however, he gave them another meal, and for several days continued to feed them regularly. The birds were now almost tame, and perched on his hands and feet and head, and would even let him handle them. In vain, however, he examined the nightingales. Not one of them could he find possessing any teeth.

His bag of corn rapidly grew empty, until at last it was quite exhausted. Then he began to dig with his knife, and found beetles and grubs among the moss and grass with which to feed his little friends. One day he uncovered a golden ring. Taking off a glove he put his finger through it, and, pulling with all his might, drew up a golden cage. Inside the cage a bird sat pining, with drooping wings.

Turlupin, always kind-hearted, opened the little door. The bird came quickly out and, fluttering its feathers and uttering little cries of gratitude and pleasure, was suddenly transformed into a most beautiful maiden, who addressed him thus:—

"Turlupin, I am the Queen of the Birds! Your kindness has won my people's hearts, and you have rescued me from the power of the Giant of the Forest, who had cast a spell over me. I know what you are seeking—what you so earnestly desire—and, at the needful hour, I will teach you how to procure it. In the meanwhile I give to your voice all the sweetness and the knowledge which my subjects themselves possess. The gift will enable you to give pleasure to yourself and to others. From this moment you are able to sing as sweetly as any nightingale."

With a noise like the soft rustling of feathers the fairy disappeared, and Turlupin was alone once more.

Turlupin thereupon set out for home and, when he reached it, he found to his surprise that he had been absent for half a year. He still, therefore, had six months before him in which to accomplish his two remaining tasks.

"Fish," he reflected, "are found in rivers, and it is at the water's edge, therefore, that I must seek the wonderful carp which Harpigelle has ordered me to find."

He proceeded to establish himself upon a small island situated in the middle of the nearest large river and, full of confidence in the future, began his search.

Our hero had taken the precaution to bring with him a number of jars which contained every variety of the worms and grubs of which fish are so greedy that they swallow the hooks as well, and he also had paste, flies, and grasshoppers in order to be able to suit all possible tastes.

Turlupin at once began to feed the fish, and by throwing in the food less and less far each time was able to bring them so near the bank that he could see and distinguish them quite easily.

Alas! all the carp he saw were covered with scales instead of feathers. Their shining sides gleamed in the sun as they leapt from the water, and the wretched Turlupin saw his bait exhausted without setting eyes once on the strange fish he was so anxious to find.

In time all the bait was gone, and there was nothing more to give the shoals of greedy fishes which hungrily lined the shore in a compact, expectant mass.

One day, walking along the water's edge, he knocked his foot against a sharp stone, and, stooping to examine what had hurt him, saw that the stone was surrounded by a strongly knotted cord. This he picked up and pulled.

Presently a wicker trap appeared weighted

"A WICKER TRAP APPEARED, AND IN THE TRAP HE DISCOVERED A GORGEOUS FISH."

with a stone, and in the trap he discovered a gorgeous fish. Its scales were of all the colours of the rainbow, its fins were of strange and fantastic shapes, and its eyes gleamed with an expression altogether unlike anything Turlupin had ever seen before.

But the fish was already gasping, and so Turlupin, taking it from the trap in which it had been imprisoned, gently replaced it in the water.

The water sparkled and became luminous, and, to his boundless surprise, from the spot where he had replaced the fish Turlupin saw the figure of a beautiful maiden rising slowly out of the water. She was clad in a robe of glittering scales, and in her hand she bore a golden water-lily as a sceptre.

"Turlupin," she said, "my subjects love you for the kindness you have shown them, and you have rescued me from the spell which the wicked Giant of the Water had thrown over me. I wish now to do you a service. I know what your wish is and what you seek. At the hour of your need you shall find that which the Princess Harpigelle has demanded of you. Remember this, you who have lived amongst my dumb subjects, that although speech is a precious gift, silence is at times more valuable."

As she spoke the last words she disappeared below the surface of the river.

Turlupin, well pleased with this adventure, returned home once more, and found that his absence had lasted three months. He still had three more in which to accomplish the third feat set him by the Princess Harpigelle.

"It is more than I shall need," he told himself confidently, and started, furnished with as much meat as he could carry, for the desert where lions abounded, and where he hoped to find the animal of which he was in search. He soon reached it, and made his way towards a small oasis, where he seated himself at the foot of a banana tree and calmly awaited the course of events. He hadn't to wait long, poor Turlupin!

A furious roaring shook the air and, pit-pat, pit-pat, an enormous lion came trotting up. It must be confessed that Turlupin felt as though very cold water were trickling down his back, but he was a brave man and, better still, he had a mind free from reproach.

He took a large piece of raw meat and threw it to the great beast, which caught it in its huge jaws and then, without so much as a "Thank you," pit-patted away out of sight as quickly as it had approached.

Turlupin heaved a sigh of relief and felt distinctly happier. His content did not last long, however. A mournful cry was heard and a hyena crept stealthily near. The result, of course, was the same—the giving of another piece of meat, followed by another trotting off without a word of thanks.

Turlupin did not feel quite so easy in his

mind. The night seemed the longest he had ever known. No sooner did he begin to doze than a thousand strange voices of the night sounded all around him, rousing him effectually again and again.

At dawn he was approached successively by a jackal, a tiger, and a lioness, and he began to realize that his stock of meat would not last long among so many and such hungry guests, and he began to wonder how he could obtain a fresh supply and, above all, find shelter for himself from the voracious appetites of his new friends. He espied a palm tree a little distance away, and it seemed to offer him a refuge high enough to protect him from the attacks of the savage beasts with which the desert evidently swarmed.

He lost no time in climbing this tree, and from its top saw that he was surrounded by the desert which, on all sides, stretched as far as eye could reach. Not even a blade of grass broke the level monotony of the view. Only, on his left, he saw in the distance a large black hole, and at the same time heard the mournful roaring of a lion, which seemed to proceed from its mouth.

Turlupin climbed down the tree and went towards the hole, which he found had been covered over with branches and leaves and then with sand. This covering was all broken away, and at the bottom of the pit a huge lion was lying groaning, evidently in great pain.

Deceived by the apparently solid nature of the sand-strewn opening the animal had trodden upon the covering and fallen into the pit and, having broken a paw in its fall, was unable to jump out of the trap. Turlupin, with nothing but his own white gloves to protect him from the lion's terrible claws, lay down and, leaning over the side of the hole, was able to reach the injured paw and examine it.

He bound it up as best he could, using a large handkerchief he was fortunate to have in his pocket, and then he gave the starving beast the remainder of his stock of meat. The poor lion greedily devoured it and, strengthened by its meal and thanks to Turlupin's skill in bandaging, managed to leap out of the trap and approach its deliverer.

Turlupin felt somewhat alarmed, but judge of his relief when the lion suddenly changed into a beautiful lady, who addressed him thus :—

"A STRANGER ENTERED THE LISTS MOUNTED UPON AN ASS."

"Turlupin, I am the Fairy of the Sun. You have delivered me from the enchanter who held me prisoner, the Giant of the Desert. In return I wish to do something for you, for I know what your dearest wish is and what it is that you are in search of. You shall have it when you need it. You have lived amongst the inhabitants of the desert, and you will, I hope, remember that courage is man's greatest virtue."

And saying this she vanished suddenly.

Turlupin had succeeded in accomplishing his tasks and triumphantly set out for the King's palace. It was night when he arrived, but he caught sight of the Princess Harpigelle, who, leaning from the window, was gazing at the stars.

Turlupin bethought him of the Fairy of the Birds and of her gift, and began to sing the ever-beautiful song of the nightingale.

Harpigelle listened, enraptured. When the song was over she leaned out and, addressing the singer, who was hidden in the shadow of the wall, cried, "Oh, singer divine! willingly would I become your bride!"

Turlupin, disguising his voice, replied, "But, Princess, did you not pledge your word to Turlupin?"

"Poor Turlupin! he has been gone a year, and to-morrow is the last day left him in which to accomplish the task I set him. It is impossible for him to return in time."

"If that is so, Princess, then give me your hand."

Harpigelle did so, and, raising himself upon a projecting stone, Turlupin carried it to his lips and bit it until it bled.

With a cry of pain Harpigelle disappeared from the window and Turlupin quickly hid himself in the trees which surrounded that part of the palace garden.

Next morning the heralds went through the town proclaiming a tournament. The Black Knight had bidden defiance to the King and his barons, but such was his reputation for prowess that none could be found to accept the challenge.

At the hour appointed the King, the Princess, and the whole population flocked to the lists where the Black Knight awaited his rival. It was the last day the challenge would remain open, and if no champion could be found the challenger would take possession of the kingdom and deprive the monarch of his throne.

"RAISING HIS FLAIL, HE BROKE HIS ADVERSARY'S LANCE WITH A SINGLE BLOW."

There was a sudden commotion amongst the crowd, and a stranger entered the lists mounted upon an ass. Instead of a helmet he wore a cotton night-cap pulled down over his face, with two holes cut out of it to enable him to see; instead of a lance he carried a flail.

He approached the foot of the throne, picked up the Black Knight's gauntlet and put it upon his right hand; his left hand was already covered with a white glove. The Black Knight, scornful, flew upon him. The new-comer, however, raising his flail, broke his adversary's lance with a single blow.

The Black Knight, furious, threw himself

upon him, sword in hand. All present believed that all was over with the poor stranger; but he, brave and strong, used his flail shrewdly, and at last stretched his foe on the ground.

The crowd, delighted, roared with applause, and the victor, drawing off his gauntlet, laid it at Harpigelle's feet and knelt before her.

"Sir," she said, "you are a brave man, a perfect lion. I am ready to become your wife."

The unknown replied:—

"And Turlupin?"

But while the Princess was replying that it was hardly likely that the absent one had accomplished his tasks the conquerer had disappeared.

All day long no one could speak of anything but the encounter and the mysterious conqueror, until a magician, pointed cap on head, appeared in the market-place. All crowded round him and eagerly demanded a story.

Harpigelle, who was walking in that direction, attended by ladies of the Court, had also the curiosity to demand a story, but the magician remained obstinately silent in spite of her promises and threats. The Princess grew angry.

"Have you no voice, then?" she demanded. "One would think you were as dumb as a carp!"

Then the magician took a pen and wrote upon a piece of parchment:—

"A MAGICIAN APPEARED IN THE MARKET-PLACE."

"Princess, you wish to know your fate. It is that you shall marry Turlupin."

"Turlupin?" she cried. "He is far away and not at all likely to be here. Besides, listen! even now it is striking twelve, and with the last stroke the year is up."

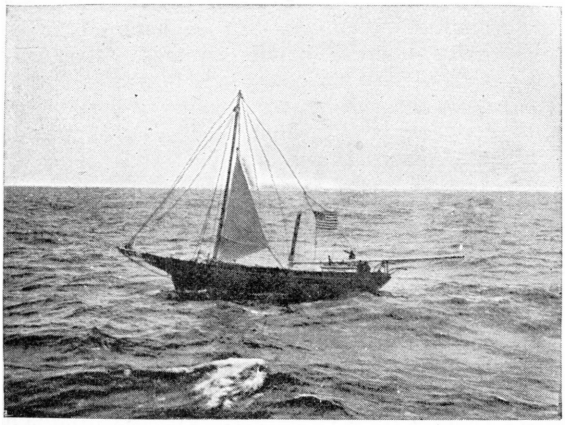
As the last stroke sounded the magician took off his cap and, bowing, said: "Your Highness, I am Turlupin!" He took her hand.

"Look," he said, "at this bite, still fresh. It was made by the tooth of the nightingale that sang last night beneath your window. See that gauntlet you carry at your girdle, that gauntlet of steel scales! They are the scales of the lion which only this morning fought to save your father's kingdom; while this quill pen with which I wrote your fate is the feather of the carp which refused to speak to you."

Harpigelle married Turlupin. Softened and tamed she became the best of wives, while Turlupin became a great and wise King. Turlupin, we must not forget to add, carefully replaced the old white gloves in the chest where he had found them, in the hope that perhaps they would lead another man to fortune and happiness, as they had led him. But he forgot to leave in the chest at the same time his courage, honesty, and simple good-nature, the qualities to which alone he owed his happiness and success, and without which no one can hope to be happy or successful.

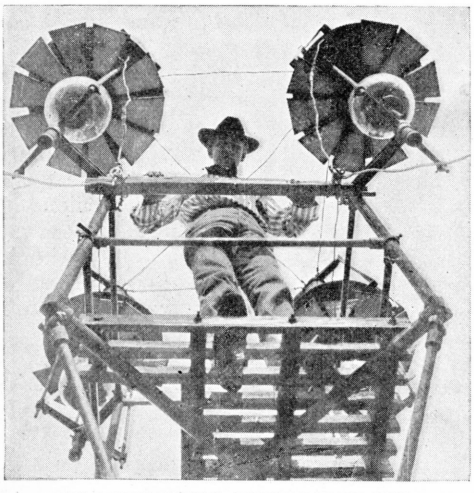
*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



A BRAVE MARINER.

"This is the way in which an Atlantic gale dealt with the fishing smack *Sea Fowl* on the Grand Banks. For six hours the wind blew at the rate of seventy miles an hour, driving the little craft and its crew before it. The next morning she was sighted by the steamship *Vedamore*, and the captain asked if they wished to be taken off by his crew. Although 400 miles from the nearest land, with the main-mast broken off but a few feet from the deck, and only a small bit of canvas left for a sail, the plucky Yankee skipper hoisted his flag and said he would work his way in as best he could. The *Sea Fowl* came from Rockland, Me., and had been on the Banks two months catching cod. The photograph was taken from the steamship as she passed the wrecked schooner." — Mr. E. W. Bearden, Shelbyville, Tennessee.

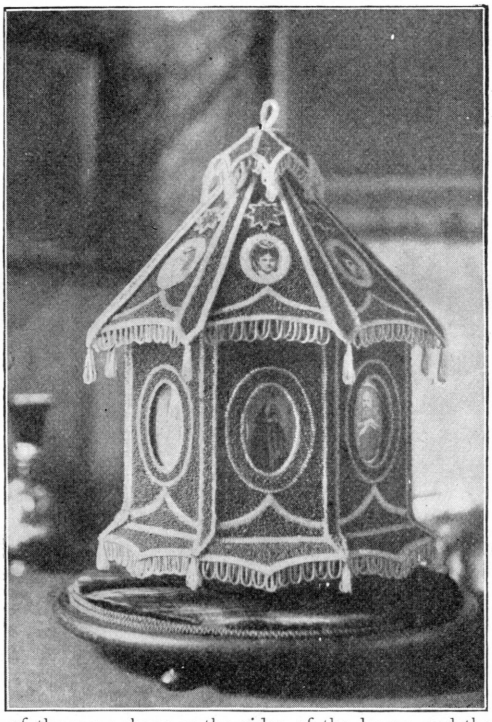


AN ACCIDENTAL FLYING-MACHINE.

"This photograph might, at first glance, represent a 'new-styled' flying-machine. As a matter of fact it is but a photo. of an electric tower. The camera was placed on the platform beneath and the picture taken in a vertical position. If the reader holds the picture in a horizontal position above his head the flying-machine vanishes and the picture becomes almost natural."—Mr. E. W. Bearden, Shelbyville, Tennessee.

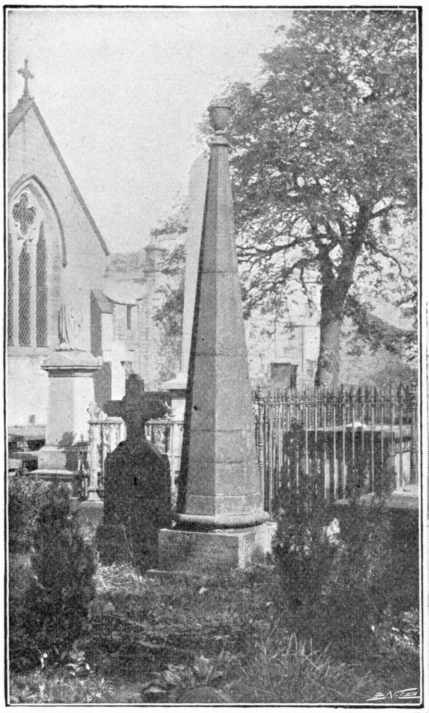
A MONUMENT OF PATIENCE.

"I send you a unique specimen of shell-work done by my grandmother, Mrs. Feek, Station Road, Burnham Market, Norfolk, when she was considerably over sixty years of age. The foundation of this 'Album House,' as the maker calls it, is of wood, and was made by a local carpenter from a cardboard model designed and put together entirely by the old lady. As will be seen, it is octagonal in shape, and holds sixteen photos., eight in the lower part of the house and the same number in the roof. The ornamentation of the house is, in every detail, the work of Mrs. Feek, and is composed of white crystal beads for the borders and fringes and of shells for the inner parts. The beads are all sewn on to sections of cardboard



of the same shape as the sides of the house, and the shells are fastened to the cardboard with gum. All the shells employed were gathered by Mrs. Feek herself, and they are so minute that, in getting them from the beach, sand, stones, and shells had all to be gathered up together and taken home en masse, to be separated at leisure—and in the work of separation no fewer than seven sieves of different sizes were employed by Mrs. Feek—after which the shells were all oiled to bring out the colours. All these shells were so very tiny that in using them in her work the old lady had to put them into position with a pin, as they were too small to be manipulated by the fingers." —Miss Florence Chinery, 5, Adelaide Road, Ashford, Middlesex.

* Copyright, 1901, by George Newnes, Limited.



WHEN IS A STEEPLE NOT A STEEPLE?

"Here is a photograph of a pinnacle that never occupied the summit of a church tower. It is in the churchyard of St. Thomas's, Barrowford, Lancashire. It appears that, in 1839, the church then being without pinnacle on its tower, a gentleman offered to find one if the congregation would supply the remaining three. He fulfilled his promise by furnishing one, but, the other three not being forthcoming, he had it placed in the churchyard, where it now stands with the following inscription upon its base :—

In 1839
I should have mounted high,
But, alas ! what is man ?
Poverty and discord
Have tied me to the ground,
And here I am left alone."

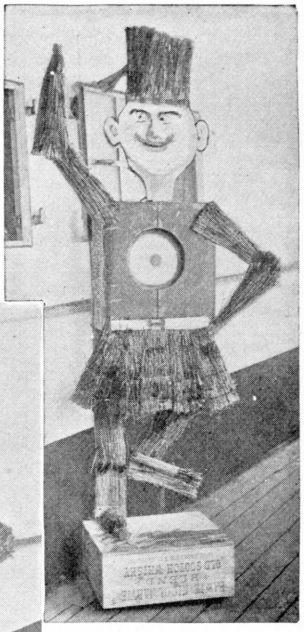
—Mr. Arthur Smith, 171, Barkerhouse Road, Nelson, Lancs.

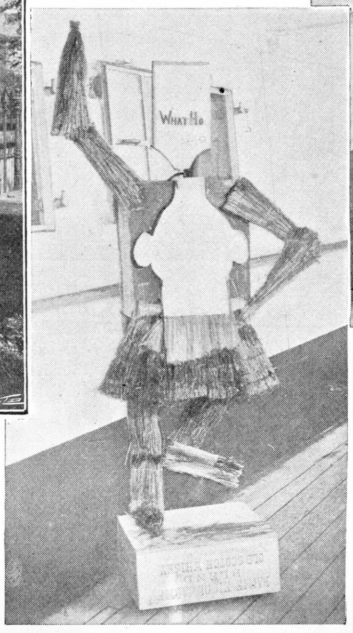
"THE TREE WENT ON GROWING."

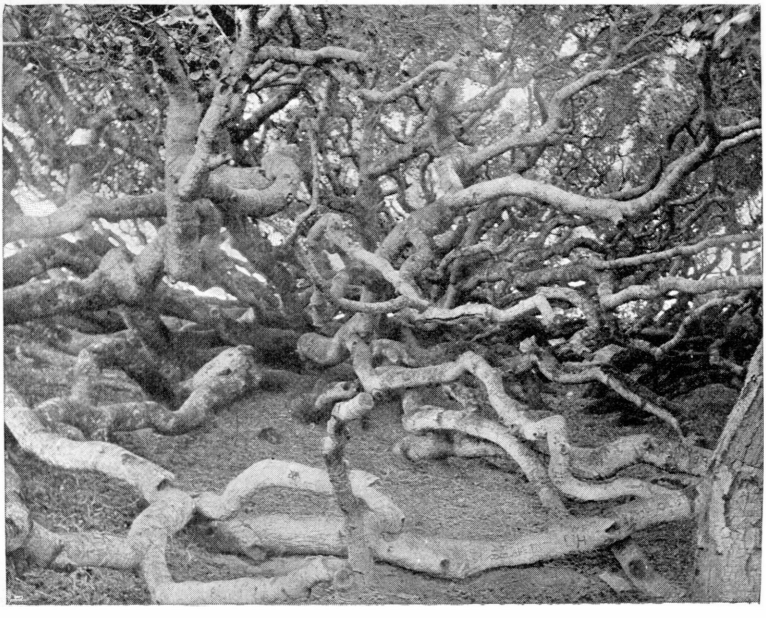
"I send you the photograph of an old oak tree, growing near Monterey, which is one of the curiosities of the district. The tree has evidently been blown down at some early date, the sand banking up to form a hill behind it, and it has continued its growth along the ground."—Mr. A. H. Cowan, "The Knoll," Loomis, Placer Co., California.

FUN ON BOARD SHIP.

"Thinking the inclosed photographs might be of interest to the readers of THE STRAND I send them to you. The Scotchman, as he was called, was made of two whisky-cases and the straws off the bottles. It was a ladies' event in the sports on the way home from the Cape, and caused a great deal of fun. When the target was hit the head fell down as shown in photo. number two. Some very old travellers said it was quite original."—Mr. A. S. Pitt, 113, Brompton Road, Eastbey, Portsmouth.

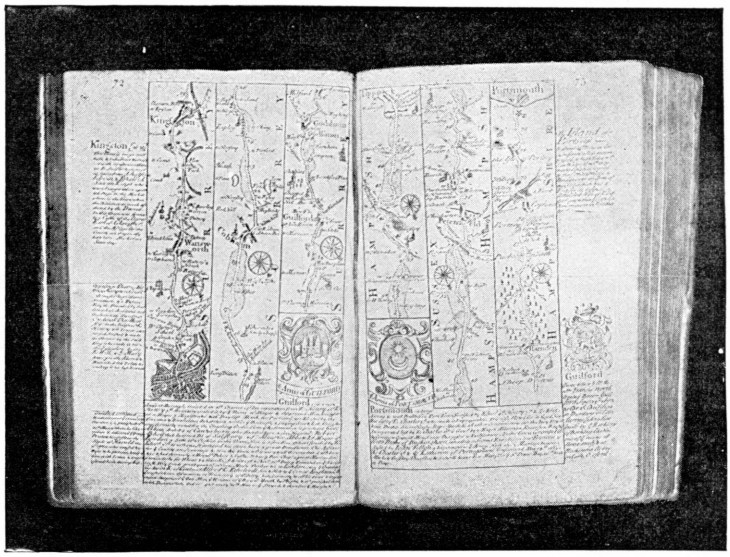






AN OLD ROAD-BOOK.

"Road-books abound nowadays, and at first sight this might be taken for a photograph of one of the latest, but it is not. It is an old book of 1736, one of the pioneers of such literature, and was issued before bicycles were dreamed of or even the majority of the roads were made. The above view gives the now-familiar Portsmouth road. It is interesting to see what it was like nearly a hundred and seventy years ago. London appears to end at the turnpike where the 'Dullidge' road turns off, that is, about a mile and a half from London Bridge, and from there to Wandsworth is a hedged road with various country houses and seats sprinkled along it. An examination of these pages gives a great amount of detailed information in a simple fashion that might well be copied by the cycle guides of to-day. One sees at once if the road is open or hedged, up or down hill, the cross-roads, the rills and rivers, and the very material of which the bridges are made. The margins are filled with the history of any remarkable place on the road, and nothing could be clearer either in matter or in printing. The road begins at the bottom left-hand corner and proceeds upwards, then continues from the bottom of the second column, and so on throughout. To make this plan possible the road must be drawn fairly straight, and, as this might prove misleading, at frequent intervals come the familiar-looking wheels, with their little fleur-de-lys pointing always to the north. It is a wonder that such a simple, easy, and compact plan has not been more frequently copied."—Mr. John Brook, c/o Mrs. Back, Swinegate, Grantham.

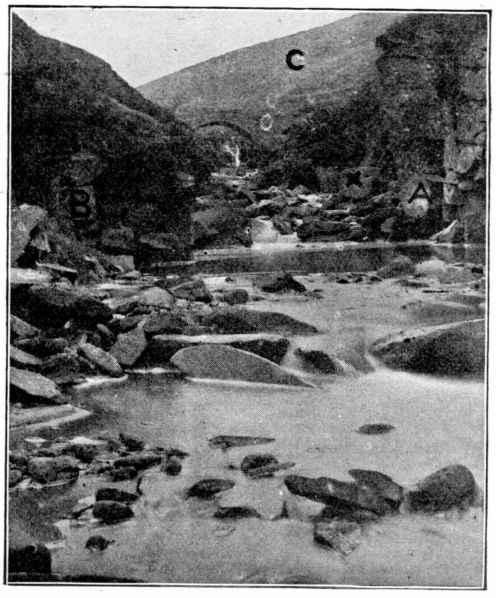


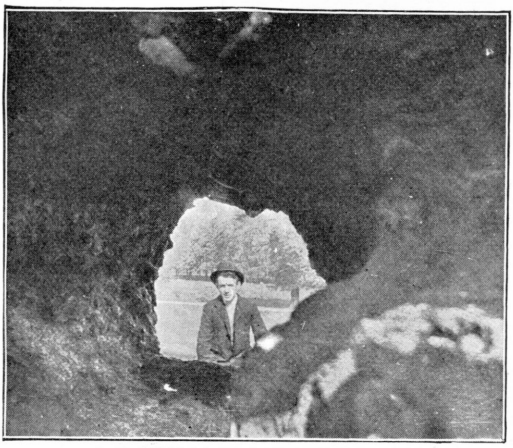
A SHELL THAT "GOT TIRED."

"This is a photo. of a shell which began to burst but 'got tired' and failed to finish the job. Artillerymen state that such an occurrence is almost unprecedented, and amongst the many and various curios of the South African War we have not met with such a thing before. The shell is a 15lb. shrapnel, and was fired by A Battery, Royal Australian Artillery, in February last, when repelling an attack made by Boers on Vryburg, Bechuanaland. The casing of the shell was blown off, but all the rest remained solid. The shell was picked up by a scout, and photographed for THE STRAND by Mr. W. Klisser, Vryburg."

THE PRIZE-FIGHTER'S PARADISE.

"In the photo. which I send you A stands for Staffordshire, B for Cheshire, and C for Derbyshire. By sitting on the stone X a person can be in all three counties at once. This spot has been the scene of many prize-fights, because, by moving three or four yards, the fighters could resume a fight, started in one county, in another county, under the very eyes of the sheriff of the first county holding a warrant for their arrest. The warrant was, of course, rendered useless by their movements."—Mr. S. Bidder.



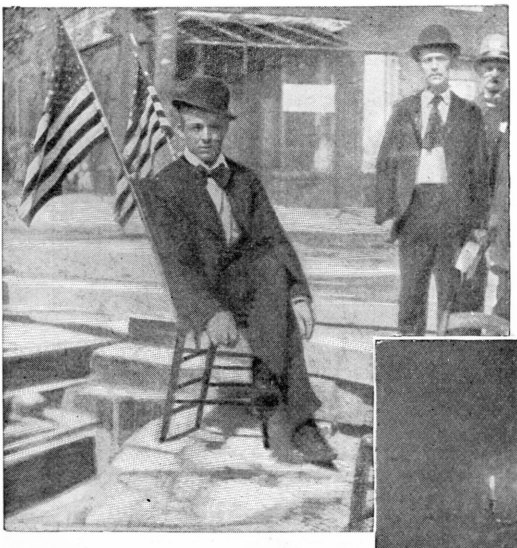


A NATURAL PICTURE-FRAME.

"The young man in the accompanying photo. is not peering into the entrance to 'Aladdin's Cave,' as might be supposed, he is only looking through a hole in an old trunk of a tree, which, by the way, makes an excellent and novel picture-frame."—Mr. George Skinner, junr., 27, Medora Road, Brixton Hill.

"POSSESSION IS NINE . . . ."

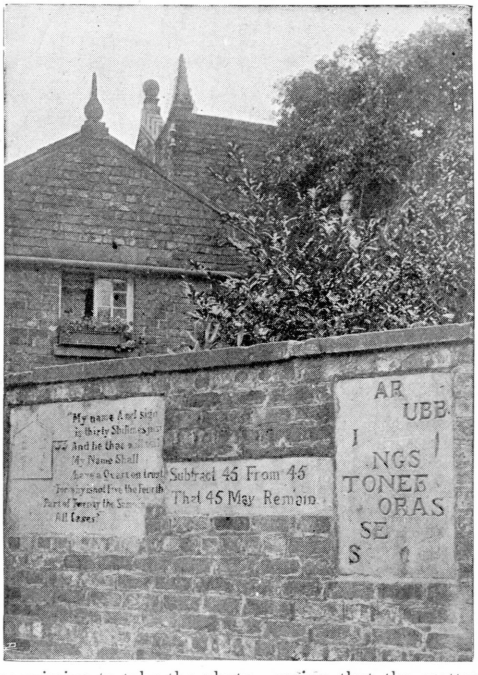
"The man in the chair defied a street railroad company and a force of policemen for ten days. He owned a drug store in Baltimore, in front of which the railroad company wished to lay tracks. He objected, and when they attempted to put down the rails he



dug a hole in the centre of the roadway, placed a chair in it, and sat there. His neighbours, who sympathized with him, placed two American flags upon the chair to show their admiration. Either the druggist or one of his family occupied the chair night and day, until the railroad company paid him £200, which he claimed for his damages."—Mr. D. Allan, Willey, Baltimore.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

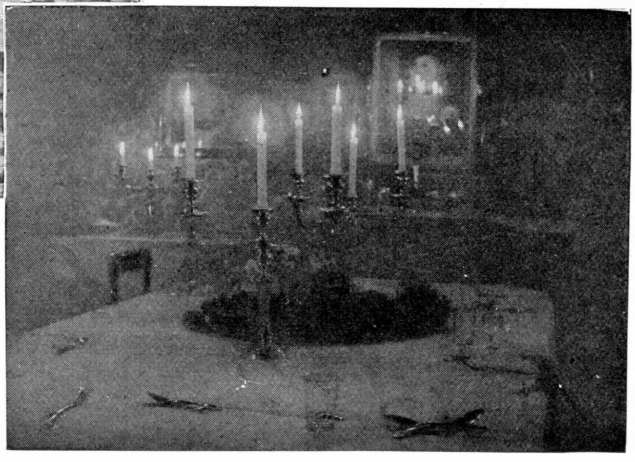
"The photo. I send you is that of a garden wall abutting on the public footpath at Bebington, near Birkenhead. The owner of the wall may be observed in the garden amongst the foliage, but I did not interview him, as it was not necessary to obtain his

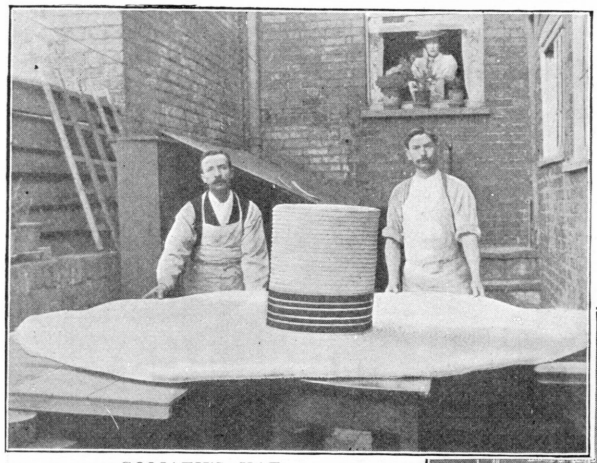


permission to take the photo., seeing that the matter chiselled on the stones is specially provided for the edification and amusement of the public. Your readers will make out the interpretation without using the stone in the manner suggested."—Mr. J. J. Burnley, 100, Wallasey Road, Liscard, Cheshire.

TAKEN BY CANDLE-LIGHT.

"I send you a photograph taken by candle-light, on an ordinary plate, with an exposure of half an hour. It was taken by the light of fifteen candles, no other light of any kind being used."—Miss H. M. McKenzie, The Cedars, Sunderland.



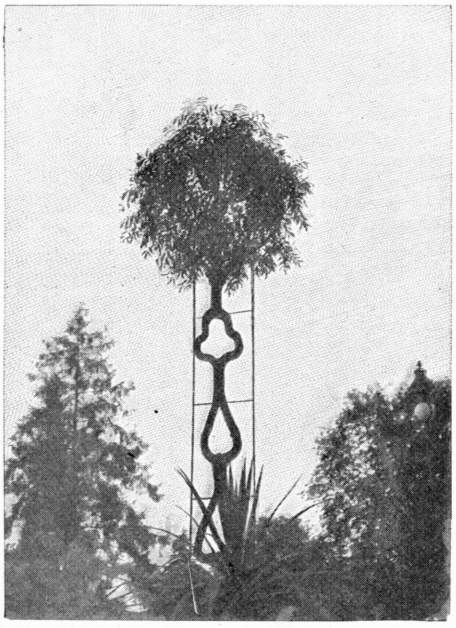


GOLIATH'S HAT.

"This monster hat was recently made by Mr. J. G. Field, of Wellington Street, Luton, for exhibition purposes. It measured 7ft. 4in. across the brim and contained upwards of 300yds. of broad Jumbo plait. The crown, which was 18in. deep and measured 54in. round it, had to be trimmed and lined before the brim was sewn on. The brim itself required the services of four men to shape it, and took upwards of three hours to sew on a 'box' machine."—Mr. H. Field, 83, Guilford Street, Luton, Beds.

A REMARKABLE TREE.

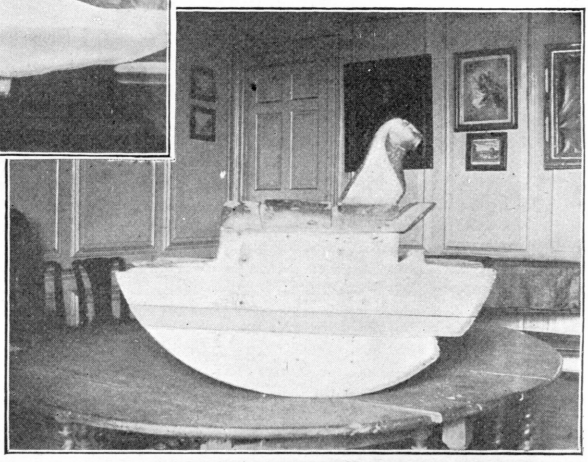
"I send you a photo. of a remarkable tree, now growing in the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris. A notice is affixed near stating the facts of the case.



The tree is really formed from five separate and distinct young trees, which have been trained to grow together into one thick trunk, this again being trained to open out into the shapes seen in the photograph. Nothing unusual can be noticed about the trunk, which is covered with a perfect coating of bark."—Mr. R. H. Stevens, 40, Gannow Lane, Burnley, Lancs.

A KING'S ROCKING-HORSE.

"I beg to send you a photo. of King Charles I.'s rocking-horse. This old 'curio' is now kept at Cheshunt Great House, where I was fortunate enough to obtain the picture."—Mr. W. E. Sutton, Prospect House, Cheshunt.



"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

"While I was leaning over to pick some flowers a friend of mine, unknown to me, secured a snap-shot, with the accompanying 'freak' result—a caricature of a bulldog, the hat forming the head and the waist the body of the animal. By holding the picture at arm's length and covering the skirt portion the effect is more striking. Modern millinery and a camera have, in this instance, combined to produce an extraordinary picture—that of a vicious brute who owes his photographic existence to a chiffon hat, a military collar, and a shirt-waist. The picture was taken by Mr. J. E. Bourke, of this city."—Miss Lillian Ferguson, the *Examiner*, San Francisco.

From the Picture by] "THE FIRE OF LONDON." *[Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.*

By permission of the Sun Fire Insurance Company, donors of the Picture to the Royal Exchange.

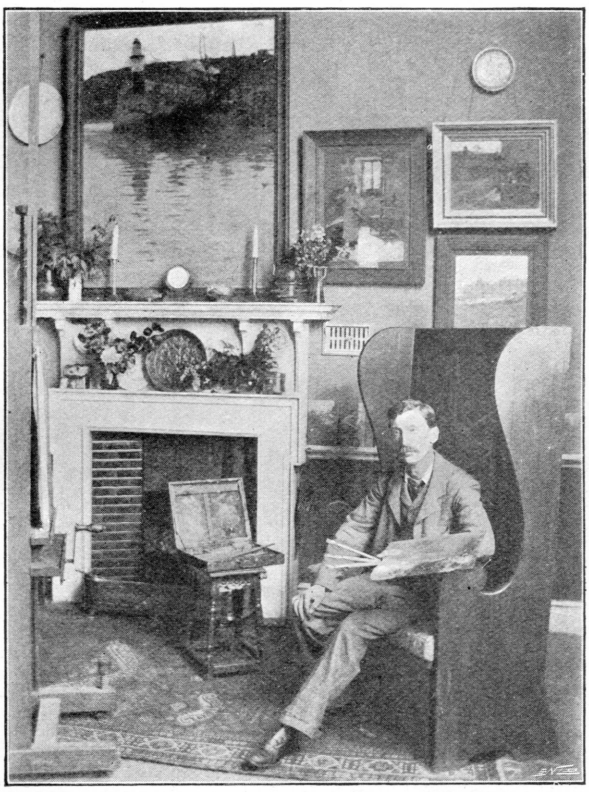
THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxii. NOVEMBER, 1901. No. 131.

Illustrated Interviews.

LXXVI.—MR. STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A. By Frederick Dolman.

EVERYBODY in Newlyn seems to know Mr. Stanhope Forbes. Thrice have I to seek the direction to "Trewarveneth" (although had I known that the name of the painter's house was Cornish for "Top of the Hill" it would doubtless have been found easily enough), but in each instance, from fisherman mending his nets, from housewife washing the clothes, and a carter leading his team, the response was very ready and explicit. The painter of so many Newlyn interiors, the leader of the little band of artists who have given the Cornish fishing village a world-wide fame, is evidently very much "at home" with the simple little community in which he has lived for the last sixteen years.



MR. STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A., IN HIS STUDIO.
From a Photo. by John E. Douglas, St. Ives, Cornwall.

In my walk from Penzance along the sea-front I pass the picture-gallery presented by Mr. Passmore Edwards to the Newlyn artists, cross the bridge over a little stream of which Mr. Forbes has made so pleasing a picture, and, turning away from quay and harbour, begin the ascent of what is locally known as Paul Hill. This road takes one to the back of the village, giving extensive views of Newlyn as a whole, but not introducing you to the picturesque harbour, which I afterwards find to be its greatest charm, as the Royal Academy exhibition had led me to expect. Mr. Forbes's house is right on the crest of the hill, the village beginning some distance below it and sloping down to the water's edge. Once the residence of a well-known Cornish family, "Trewarveneth" was for many years a farm-house, and in adapting it to his needs Mr. Forbes has not altered it much. A five-barred gate and a short road through field and hedge-row lead you to expect some such old, cottage-like dwelling, which still bears, although in rather illegible figures, a date of the seventeenth century. Apart from the large studio, built like the house in the grey stone which is characteristic of the county, Mr. Stanhope Forbes has added nothing more than a glass conservatory and a latticed porch to the door. With its small casements and low, timbered roof "Trewarveneth," as a bit of old Newlyn, is doubtless dear to the painter's heart.

"I came to Newlyn for a fortnight and I have stayed sixteen years," says Mr. Forbes, receiving me in the little drawing-room which, daintily furnished as it is, has still the beamed ceiling and the projecting chimney-

corner of old. "I had just returned from Brittany, and was looking around for a fresh sketching-ground. A friend suggested the Cornish coast. We settled at Manaccan, on the other side of Mount's Bay, but finding the place lacked interest for a figure painter I took my knapsack, went exploring on my own account, and ultimately found myself at Newlyn. The place from the first greatly attracted me; in a day or two it suggested 'The Fish Sale,' and so I stopped on here, working mainly at this picture, which, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1885, touched. Perhaps I should not have settled at Newlyn, however, if I had not met my wife here. We were married at the village church in 1889. For some time we lived right in the heart of the village, among the fisher-folk; we did not take this house till about seven years ago."

"What is now the size of the artists' colony at Newlyn?"

"It is not so large as it was formerly, and several of our best, Frank Bramley, T. C. Gotch, Fred Hall, and others have left us; but we still muster a goodly number

From the Picture by] "THE VILLAGE PHILHARMONIC." *[Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.*

By permission of the Committee of the City of Birmingham Art Gallery.

was one of the first of any size and importance to emanate from Newlyn. The same year saw Mr. Walter Langley's "Among the Missing," one of the finest works of this well-known water-colour painter.

"The success of 'The Fish Sale' only confirmed my first impression that there was at Newlyn and its immediate neighbourhood any amount of fresh material for the artist. I am of the same opinion to-day, after all the work of all the men of what has been called the Newlyn School. There are still any number of subjects which have not yet been

on those occasions when at each other's houses we gather together of an evening. For we have no club at Newlyn, except a dramatic club, which every now and then comes to life and gives a performance in aid of some local charity. We have also an orchestral society, a circumstance which suggested my picture, 'The Village Philharmonic.' Before that time I had never touched an instrument myself. But I had to buy a violoncello in order to paint it in this picture, and somehow or other I got interested in the instrument. I had to work

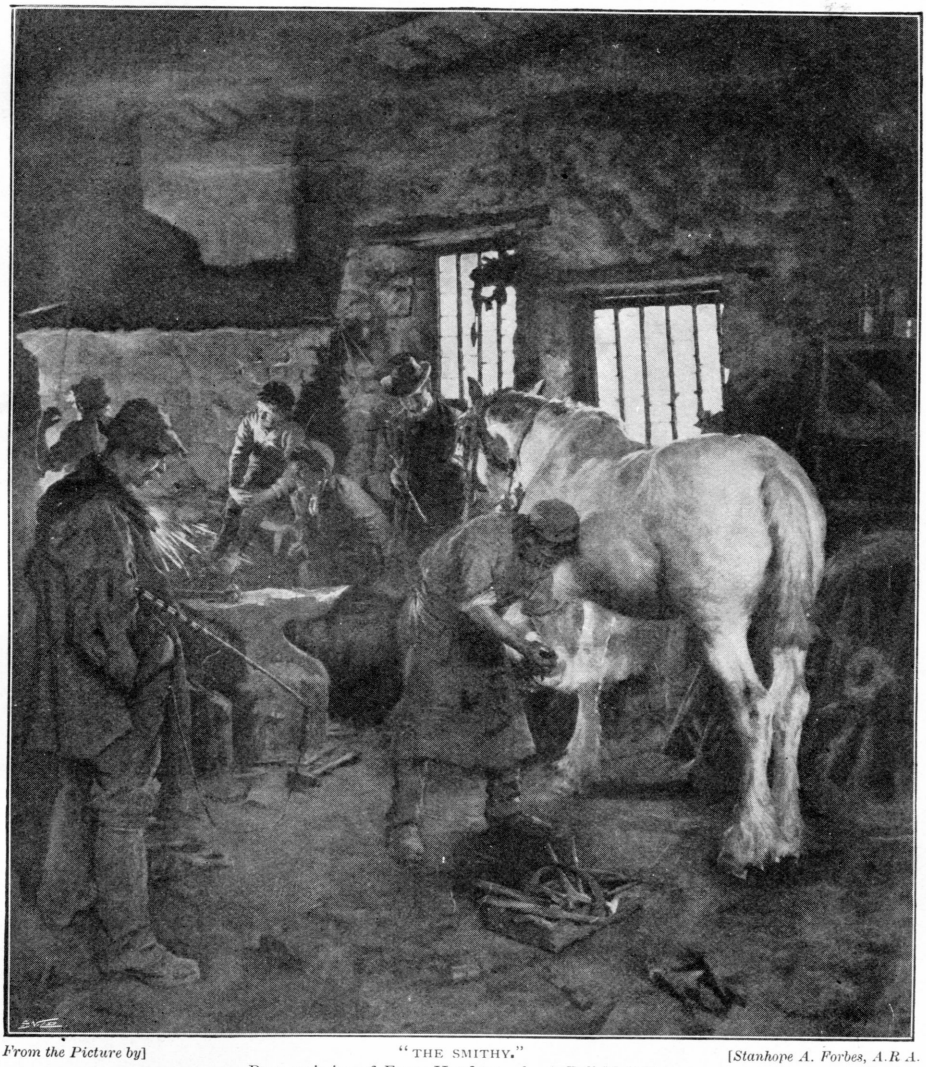
hard for a long time before I could do anything with it, but I now find the 'cello-playing such a pleasant recreation that I don't regret my waste of time."

The studio, into which Mr. Forbes now leads me by way of a conservatory gay with lilies and geraniums, is both large and lofty; but it was not large or lofty enough for the dimensions of his fresco, "The Fire of London," for the Royal Exchange—the most important picture he has painted without a Newlyn background. The canvas had to be painted in sections.

"But was it not difficult, Mr. Forbes, to work at such a picture here — so far away from the Thames?"

"No, not after I had spent some days in the library of the British Museum, making sketches of old prints, etc., and had taken a mental photograph of the sort of Thames scene which I intended painting. Of course, I had to bring the costumes down from London, but there was no trouble about getting the models I wanted from among the people of Newlyn. There never was such a place for good characteristic models, both men and women, and they pose naturally and patiently."

Looking round the studio, which has all the tidiness of the recess after sending-in day at the Academy, I notice the work of several well-known Newlyn artists besides my host. Among other original studies of Mr.

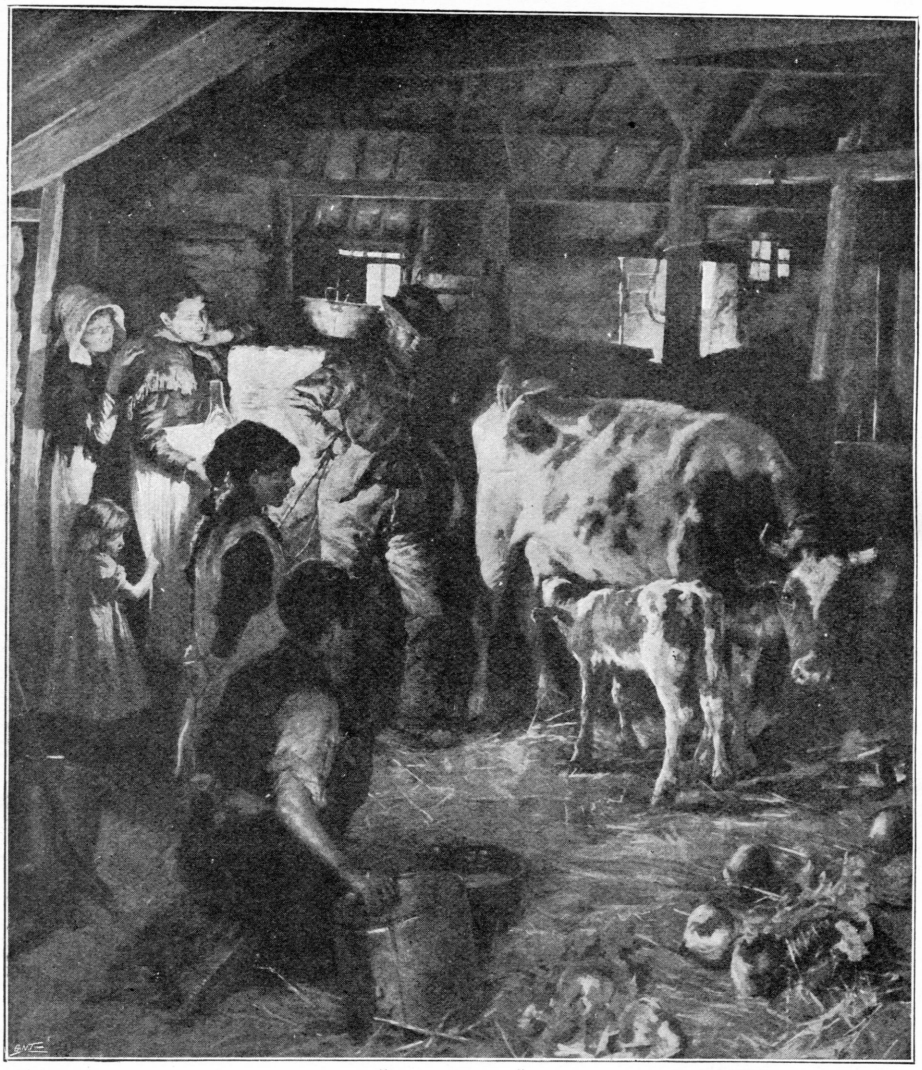


From the Picture by] "THE SMITHY." *[Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.*

By permission of Franz Hanfstaengl, 16, Pall Mall East.

Forbes's own pictures are those of "The Smithy," "The New Calf," and "The Quarry Team." The study for "The Smithy," I observe, shows sundry tears and scratches in the canvas. And thereby hangs a tale.

"Years after I had painted and sold—and therefore pretty well forgotten—'The Smithy,' a friend came to me one day and declared that he had seen a picture of mine in a



From the Picture by] "THE NEW CALF." [*Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.*

By permission of Daniel Delius, Esq., Balcombe House, Balcombe, Sussex.

labourer's cottage serving the purpose of a fire-screen. It was in a village near here, called Sheffield. I went over to Sheffield and found this original study for 'The Smithy' fulfilling the useful function my friend had described. The woman seemed quite sorry to part with it—she said it was such an excellent screen. The cottage was close by the village blacksmith's where I had painted the study, and I remember that I had been accustomed to leave the canvas at this cottage overnight instead of carrying it to and fro."

"Was 'The Smithy' actually painted in a blacksmith's shop, then?"

"Yes, down to the smallest detail. I found it rather tiring work, I remember, owing to the heat and the noise. Every now and then I had to fly helter-skelter with brushes, palette, and canvas to escape from the cloud of smoke. In the same way I painted 'Forging the

Anchor,' which is sometimes confounded with my 'Smithy,' in a small Newlyn foundry. In both cases the workmen were pleased and flattered by my suggestion of painting them at their work, but I am afraid I tried their patience sorely before I had finished. In such circumstances I never dare to tell people how long I shall take to paint my picture, when it may be weeks or months."

"The Health of the Bride," the picture which represents Mr. Forbes in the New National Gallery at Millbank, was painted mainly in the artist's own studio under circumstances of greater comfort. "I remember," Mr. Forbes continued, "that one debatable point was settled by a most opportune piece of real experience. I was anxious that my bride should have wreath and veil for the sake of picturesque effect, but several friends strongly represented to me that at a village wedding of the kind I was painting the bride never did have a wreath and veil, and that I was, therefore, spoiling the realism of the picture. The lady who afterwards became my wife came one day across a village wedding, just such a wedding as I was painting. She looked anxiously at the bride—yes, she had both wreath and veil. She waited till the ceremony was over and then ran after the party and obtained the loan of both articles for me to paint. No, I didn't borrow the bride as well, for all my models were already sitting for me, village people whom I had carefully chosen for their various parts.

"The scene of this picture, by the way, is supposed to be the best parlour of a village inn. It is the Cornish custom for a wedding party after the ceremony is over to partake of a meal at an inn and then take a drive of a few miles, 'going foreign,' as Newlyn people, who rarely leave their native village, call it. Standing in one of these inn parlours I had first thought of painting an anglers' meeting —you will notice one or two cases of fish on the wall—but it afterwards occurred to me that a wedding party could be much more picturesquely grouped, even though one had to paint them in the smarter, more conventional Sunday clothes."

From the Picture by] "THE HEALTH OF THE BRIDE." [*Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.*

By permission of Messrs. Mawson, Swan, and Morgan, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and Mr. Harry Dickins, 26, Regent Street, W., owners of the copyright.

From the Picture by] "BY ORDER OF THE COURT." [*Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.*

"How did you come to paint your picture, 'By Order of the Court,' Mr. Forbes?"

"Through attending so many of the auction sales at farms and country houses hereabouts in the hope of picking up odd things for my home and studio. All the details of the scene were stamped upon my memory, and I had no difficulty in painting them. For some of the figures I got models from among the village people in the usual way, but for several I had to induce friends to sit, a common practice among painters of the Middle Ages."

Mrs. Stanhope Forbes comes to summon us to her tea-table on the lawn. At Newlyn there is apparently nothing extraordinary about tea in the garden on an April afternoon, and in sunshine which is genial without being hot, amidst daffodils and narcissus, a most pleasant incident it proves to be.

At tea the conversation turns to the exhibition of Mrs. Stanhope Forbes's work, which was then taking place in Bond Street, work which had occupied her during the greater part of the previous year. In several of these small pictures her son Alec, aged five, was the principal figure. I learned with regret that the original of these charming studies of child life was just then away from home.

Mrs. Stanhope Forbes is very fond of painting the rural scenery near Newlyn, such as she has given us in "Moorland Princesses" and "Hop o' my Thumb." For such pictures she uses a movable painting hut, wherein she can comfortably work in all kinds of weather. Just now the hut stands in a beautiful wood, five or six miles away, where she had done a good deal of work for her Bond Street exhibition. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, like nearly all the Newlyn artists, are both enthusiastic cyclists, and find their machines most convenient in reaching distant painting grounds.

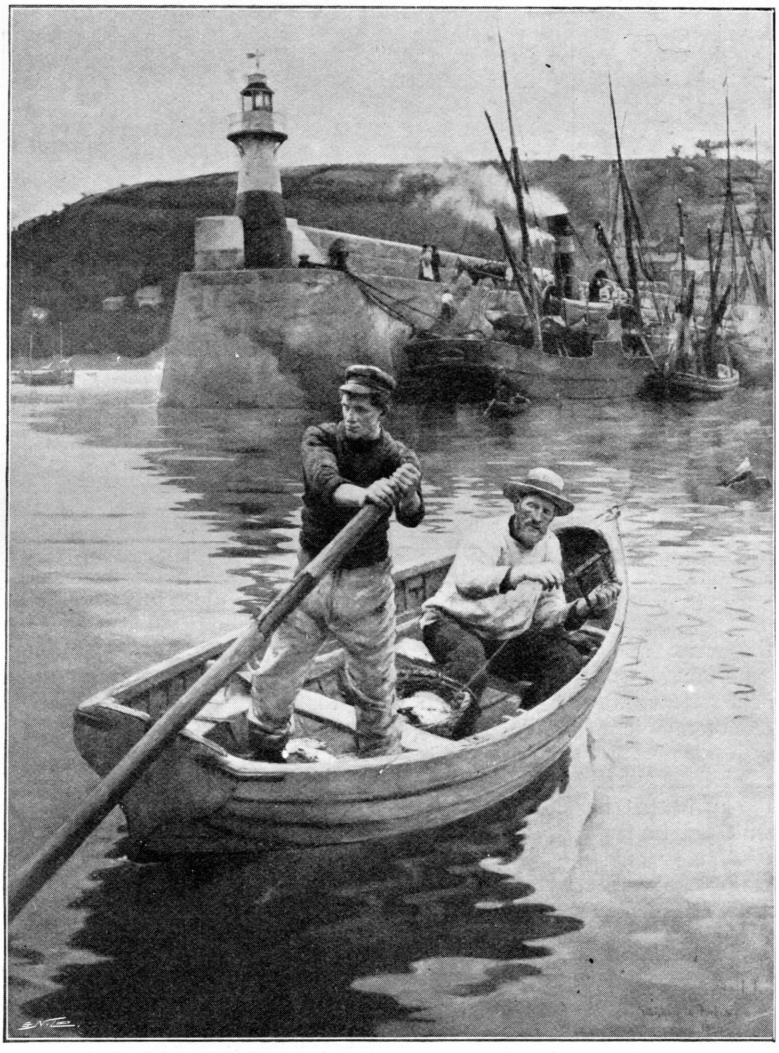
In "the cool of the evening" Mr. Forbes takes me for a ramble through Newlyn as he has painted it. We reach the high road, passing through a kitchen-garden and along a lane cut through pasture-fields and inclosed by high hedges, familiarly known as "The Terrace." We pause at the wicket-gate at the end of this lane to enjoy the view before descending the hill — a view of the harbour filled with fishing-boats, of Penzance and St. Michael's Mount in the distance. From the high road we turn into the quaint Newlyn streets, hardly

wide enough to admit any vehicular traffic, and paved with stones of so many different shapes and sizes that in descending to the harbour the pedestrian stranger has need of some caution lest he should go down headlong.

Mr. Forbes shows me the fisherman's cottage, with thatched roof and weather-stained walls, in which Mr. Frank Bramley, A.R.A., painted his well-known picture, "A Hopeless Dawn." It was his studio for a time, and by the side of the cottage a piece of wood is still fixed on which have been painted the words, "Rue des Beaux Arts," reminiscent of the humour of some students recently returned from Paris, which at the time much puzzled the natives. Close by is the meadow—once grass land in the centre of the village overlooking the bay—now a cultivated garden. In this have been built a number of studios and glass-houses, where at one time or other nearly all the painters whose names are associated with Newlyn have worked. Several of these are now filled with Mr. and Mrs. Forbes's pupils, for they have now a flourishing art school here, and a considerable number of students work under their direct supervision. Here is the large studio in which they draw and paint from the life, finding characteristic models amongst the village folk, and near at hand, under the trees, is a shady plateau, where, in fine weather, the class meets for the study of open-air painting. The students have come from all parts of the country, and Mr. and Mrs. Forbes look forward with confidence to the effect their school will have in insuring the permanency of Newlyn as an artists' settlement.

Just above here Mr. Forbes has his own glass-house, wherein he works chiefly for atmospheric effects in the wet grey days, which are perhaps the most distinctive feature of Cornish winters. With studio and glass-house he is able to paint in all the weathers that Newlyn knows much of.

At the door of one of the smallest cottages



From the Picture by] "THE LIGHTHOUSE." [*Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.*

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From the Picture by] "THE LETTER." *[Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.*

the artist stopped with the exclamation: "Let me introduce you to Grace, an old acquaintance who has figured in more than one of my pictures."

Having gently rapped at the door and received a feeble response Mr. Forbes lifts the latch. It is quite a tiny room, crowded with old furniture and adorned with quaint ornaments of still older fashion. In the chimney-corner, crouched over the fire, was an old woman in whom I think I recognised the features of the grandmother in "The Health of the Bride." Grace receives the painter and his friend very cordially, and seems pleased when I speak of her pictorial appearances. Doubtless the fees she still receives as a "model" contribute not a little to the comfort of her very old age. But a question as to the number of her years is quietly ignored. Upon that point, Mr. Forbes tells me, Grace will say nothing. No one in Newlyn knows how old she really is.

Walking to the harbour, we passed the picturesque bit of Newlyn known as "The Slipway," in which I recognise the subject of another canvas by Mr. Forbes. It is close to the new pier, on which nowadays the "catches" of the boats are sold by auction.

"These piers don't add to the beauty of Newlyn," Mr. Forbes remarks, "although the new harbour is doubtless a great boon. The scene of the fish sale on the sands yonder as I painted it was much prettier, although I remember that in making my sketches there in the early morning it was very wet and cold. From this slipway I remember once catching some fine mullet with a fishing-rod."

"You must be an expert angler, Mr. Forbes."

"I don't know about that," he replied, smiling, as he proceeded to explain how the feat was accomplished. "At one time I was rather fond of deep-sea fishing, and went out with the boats a good many nights."

On the quayside a number of men, fishermen, fish-salesmen, and carters, are lounging about, chatting and smoking, some of whom look as if they had stepped out of Mr. Forbes's pictures. Many of them greet the artist, and he indicates several to me as having been painted by him on

From a Photo. by] MR. STANHOPE FORBES'S ART SCHOOL AT NEWLYN. *[John E. Douglas.*

between the painters of Newlyn and those of St. Ives.

"What was your first Academy picture, Mr. Forbes?"

"It was a portrait, the portrait of the daughter of a Harley Street doctor who was an old friend of my father. It was hung with the title of 'Florence,' and was sufficiently successful to bring me several commissions. My first sketching expedition was to Galway, and although a mere lad at the time I had been favoured with a commission, through a various occasions. Here was the brawny carter, for instance, with immense whip, who appears as one of the bystanders in "Forging the Anchor," there one of the "sailors and soldiers, too," of "The Salvation Army"—in which picture all the models were actually "Salvationists."

Mr. Forbes gives friendly recognition to a farmer and his wife riding behind a smart trotting cob. "It was on their farm," he mentions, "that I painted my picture for last year's Academy, the three horses drinking at a stream, to which I gave the title, 'The Drinking Place.' It is several miles from Newlyn, and when my day's work was finished I used to be provided with tea at the farm-house."

We next encountered the son of the vicar of Newlyn near his father's church, where Mr. and Mrs. Forbes were married. This friend of the artist's is known at Newlyn as "the vicar's son," but as "Perkins, the cricketer," he enjoys fame throughout the country. The talk naturally turns upon cricket, and Mr. Forbes playfully challenges the distinguished amateur and his friends to a match with the artists' cricket club in London. Mr. Forbes has been fond of the game in his time, and has taken part in more than one match

MRS. STANHOPE FORBES WORKING AT HER SHELTER IN THE WOOD.
From a Photo. by John E. Douglas, St. Ives, Cornwall.

family friend, to paint the portrait of a lady well known socially in the West of Ireland. In fact, I should have probably settled down as a portrait-painter but for the circumstance that in 1882 the Liverpool Corporation purchased a picture I had painted in Brittany, a street scene at Quimperlé. This encouraged me to go on with my open-air painting, and proved to be quite a turning-point in my career.

"This incident was the more important to me—a young man who had his own way to make to a large extent—because of the great disappointment I had then recently experienced at the Academy. Having had two or three portraits accepted I sent in my third year three more portraits, and I had the mortification of receiving them all back. So the Liverpool Art Committee did me a very good turn indeed. I went on painting Brittany subjects, and with a fair amount of success, until I thought people were getting tired of them, my peasants necessarily looking so much alike with blue blouses and white caps. I read one day in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that 'Mr. Forbes sees Nature as if he looked at it through blue spectacles,' and this incisive though kindly notice led me to resolve upon a change of scene."

ALEC FORBES (SON OF MR. AND MRS. STANHOPE FORBES).
From the Picture by Mrs. Stanhope Forbes.

Before the walk is ended I get an insight into one aspect of the influence which the artists are exercising upon the daily life of Newlyn. An old, somewhat dilapidated cottage, seemingly uninhabited, has a black-lettered title across its front wall—"Newlyn Industrial Class."

"Here many of the young men of the place," Mr. Forbes explains, "gather of an evening — fisher-lads, mostly — to work at copper and brass work. Mr. J. D. Mackenzie gives them instruction and provides them with his original designs, and they have really turned out some excellent work. I have a sconce and one or two other specimens in my own house, and most of the articles that are made now find, I believe, a ready sale through agents in various parts. The young fellows enjoy the hammering, and there is something appropriate, I think, about a copper and brass industry in Cornwall."

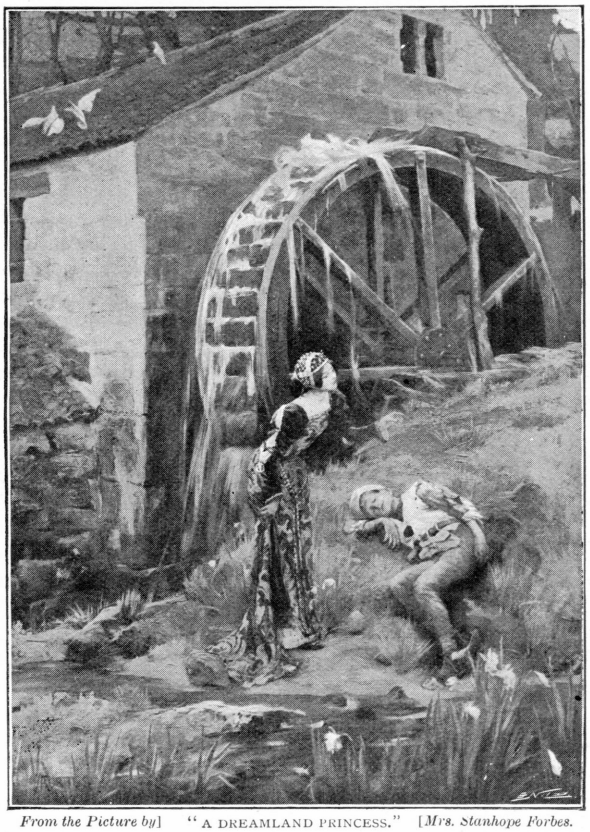
With his somewhat slight figure and comparatively pale features Mr. Stanhope Forbes presents a dramatic contrast to the stoutly-built and ruddy-complexioned men and women among whom we have been moving. The artist is a townsman by birth and breeding, and sixteen years' residence at Newlyn has apparently not in the slightest degree affected the physical significance of this fact. Mr. Forbes is an Irishman by birth, although not by descent, having first seen the light in Dublin, in 1857, when his father, Mr. William Forbes, was manager of the Midland Great Western Railway of Ireland.

"My family," he tells me, "afterwards lived at Dulwich, and I went to Dulwich College. La Thangue and one or two other artists were there at the same time. We had, as art master, Mr. J. C. L. Sparkes, of the Lambeth School of Art, and we also had the advantage, of course, of a fine collection of pictures on the premises. From the first I was very fond of drawing, and Sparkes took a lot of interest in me. It was through him that on leaving the college my father was induced to allow me to attend the Lambeth Art School with a view to my making a profession of art. After that I went to Brussels, where my father had become manager of the Luxembourg Railway, and I attended classes

there as well as in Paris, my Paris master being M. Bonnat."

"And you finished up, Mr. Forbes, at the Royal Academy School?"

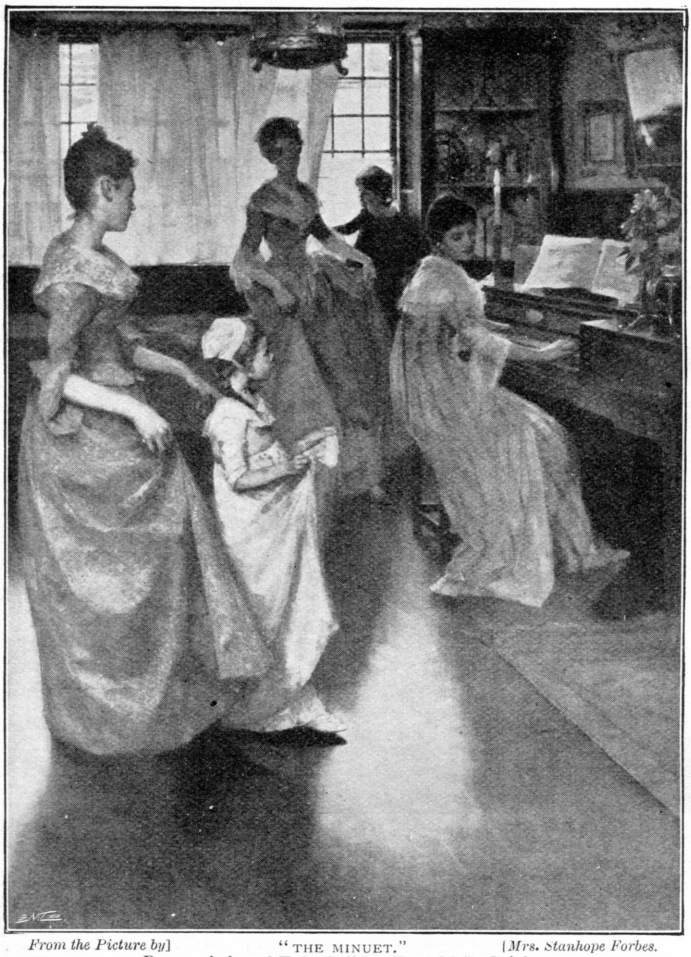
"Yes, I was fortunately successful in obtaining admission at my first application, and the first picture I sent for exhibition was also accepted and well hung. I think it has been fairly plain sailing with me, although I can truly say that there has been plenty of hard work in my life. It is a great mistake to suppose that with a love for art success can be gained without hard work. I am sure that I love painting, but for my own part I find that the business of painting can be very arduous and fatiguing. It is so difficult to satisfy yourself that you have done your best.



From the Picture by] "A DREAMLAND PRINCESS." *[Mrs. Stanhope Forbes.*

"My father was in Brussels," Mr. Forbes relates at the luncheon table next day, "during the Franco-German War, when for a long time there was an excited belief that the neutrality of Belgium would be violated. I happened to be there one day when a report came that the Germans were about to seize the Luxembourg Railway, and the railway officials came hurrying in with all the loose gold, notes, etc., to give them to my father for safe keeping. My father slept that night with I don't know

From the Picture by] "HOP O' MY THUMB." *[Mrs. Stanhope Forbes.*



From the Picture by] "THE MINUET." *[Mrs. Stanhope Forbes.*
By permission of T. B. Bolitho, Esq., M.P., Brixham.

how many thousands of pounds under his pillow."

In speaking of her own Continental experiences Mrs. Forbes mentions that she spent some months studying at Munich. But her art education was obtained chiefly as a member of the Art Students' League of New York. Quite early in its career she was attracted by this remarkable organization of American art reformers from her home in Ottawa, where her father, Mr. William Armstrong, was a Civil Service official. Unlike some Canadians, Mrs. Forbes has not a trace of the Yankee accent, but these years in New York, at the most impressionable age, probably had some influence on her manner as well as her art.

During the day Mr. Forbes takes me down to the Passmore Edwards Art Gallery for the "private view" of a new exhibition. Every month the walls of the gallery are replenished, the Newlyn artists, of course, being the principal contributors. It is the custom, too, for the Newlyn men to exhibit here their pictures for the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, etc., before they are sent to London for the judgment of "hanging committees," and I notice on the walls of fishermen's cottages one or two placards announcing this year's show.

"I am not sure," says Mr. Forbes, "that the people did not appreciate more our old 'show days' in the Meadow. Percy Craft and I first started, I think, the 'private view' in our studios, and in a year or two it became general. The Meadow would be crowded with people from far and near, who would make quite a picnic of it, looking through the studios, chatting on the grass, drinking tea and eating cake provided for them in the open air. It was, I can assure you, in many ways a most quaint and interesting scene, but, of course, when Mr. Passmore Edwards kindly built us a gallery this picture picnic had to be abandoned in favour of the more conventional exhibition.

On entering the Gallery Mr. Forbes is soon introducing me to some of the members of the Newlyn colony. In talking of the work on the walls it is pleasing to observe with what cordiality and affection Mr. Stanhope Forbes, as the leader of the Newlyn School, is regarded by his comrades. Conversation by no means wholly, or even mainly, turns upon artistic "shop"; a fertile topic with several artists of varying age and fame being the condition and progress of flowers and vegetables in their gardens! In the easy *negligé* of country attire, with sunburnt features and jovial voices, they testify as a group to the healthfulness of the art life at Newlyn, to which it is Mr. Forbes's hope and endeavour to give an enduring future.

The Hound of the Baskervilles.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STAPLETONS OF MERRIPIT HOUSE.

THE fresh beauty of the following morning did something to efface from our minds the grim and grey impression which had been left upon both of us by our first experience of Baskerville Hall. As Sir Henry and I sat at breakfast the sunlight flooded in through the high mullioned windows, throwing watery patches of colour from the coats of arms which covered them. The dark panelling glowed like bronze in the golden rays, and it was hard to realize that this was indeed the chamber which had struck such a gloom into our souls upon the evening before.

"I guess it is ourselves and not the house that we have to blame!" said the baronet. "We were tired with our journey and chilled by our drive, so we took a grey view of the place. Now we are fresh and well, so it is all cheerful once more."

"And yet it was not entirely a question of imagination," I answered. "Did you, for example, happen to hear someone, a woman I think, sobbing in the night?"

"That is curious, for I did when I was half asleep fancy that I heard something of the sort. I waited quite a time, but there was no more of it, so I concluded that it was all a dream."

"I heard it distinctly, and I am sure that it was really the sob of a woman."

"We must ask about this right away." He rang the bell and asked Barrymore whether he could account for our experience. It seemed to me that the pallid features of the butler turned a shade paler still as he listened to his master's question.

"There are only two women in the house, Sir Henry," he answered. "One is the scullery-maid, who sleeps in the other wing. The other is my wife, and I can answer for it that the sound could not have come from her."

And yet he lied as he said it, for it chanced that after breakfast I met Mrs. Barrymore in the long corridor with the sun full upon her face. She was a large, impassive, heavy-featured woman with a stern, set expression of mouth. But her tell-tale eyes were red and glanced at me from between swollen lids. It was she, then, who wept in the night, and if she did so her husband must know it. Yet he had taken the obvious risk of discovery in declaring that it was not so. Why had he done this? And why did she weep so bitterly? Already round this pale-faced, handsome, black-bearded man there was gathering an atmosphere of mystery and of gloom. It was he who had been the first to discover the body of Sir Charles, and we had only his word for all the circumstances which led up to the old man's death. Was it possible that it was Barrymore after all whom we had seen in the cab in Regent Street? The beard might well have been the same. The cabman had described a somewhat shorter man, but such an impression might easily have been erroneous. How could I settle the point for ever? Obviously the first thing to do was to see the Grimpen postmaster, and find whether the test telegram had really been placed in Barrymore's own hands. Be the answer what it might, I should at least have something to report to Sherlock Holmes.

Sir Henry had numerous papers to examine after breakfast, so that the time was propitious for my excursion. It was a pleasant walk of four miles along the edge of the moor, leading me at last to a small grey hamlet, in which two larger buildings, which proved to be the inn and the house of Dr. Mortimer, stood high above the rest. The postmaster, who was also the village grocer, had a clear recollection of the telegram.

"Certainly, sir," said he, "I had the telegram delivered to Mr. Barrymore exactly as directed."

"Who delivered it?"

"My boy here. James, you delivered that telegram to Mr. Barrymore at the Hall last week, did you not?"

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"Yes, father, I delivered it."

"Into his own hands?" I asked.

"Well, he was up in the loft at the time, so that I could not put it into his own hands, but I gave it into Mrs. Barrymore's hands, and she promised to deliver it at once."

"Did you see Mr. Barrymore?"

"No, sir; I tell you he was in the loft."

"If you didn't see him, how do you know he was in the loft?"

"Well, surely his own wife ought to know where he is," said the postmaster, testily. "Didn't he get the telegram? If there is any mistake it is for Mr. Barrymore himself to complain."

It seemed hopeless to pursue the inquiry any farther, but it was clear that in spite of Holmes's ruse we had no proof that Barrymore had not been in London all the time. Suppose that it were so — suppose that the same man had been the last who had seen Sir Charles alive, and the first to dog the new heir when he returned to England. What then? Was he the agent of others, or had he some sinister design of his own? What interest could he have in persecuting the Baskerville family? I thought of the strange warning clipped out of the leading article of the *Times*. Was that his work, or was it possibly the doing of someone who was bent upon counteracting his schemes? The only conceivable motive was that which had been suggested by Sir Henry, that if the family could be scared away a comfortable and permanent home would be secured for the Barrymores. But surely such an explanation as that would be quite inadequate to account for the deep and subtle scheming which seemed to be weaving an invisible net round the young baronet. Holmes himself had said that no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I prayed, as I walked back along the grey, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his preoccupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility from my shoulders.

Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, flaxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands.

"IT WAS A STRANGER PURSUING ME."

"You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House."

"Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?"

"I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window

of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?"

"He is very well, thank you."

"We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?"

"I do not think that it is likely."

"Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?"

"I have heard it."

"It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end."

"But how?"

"His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of any dog might have had a fatal effect upon his diseased heart. I fancy that he really did see something of the kind upon that last night in the Yew Alley. I feared that some disaster might occur, for I was very fond of the old man, and I knew that his heart was weak."

"How did you know that?"

"My friend Mortimer told me."

"You think, then, that some dog pursued Sir Charles, and that he died of fright in consequence?"

"Have you any better explanation?"

"I have not come to any conclusion."

"Has Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

The words took away my breath for an instant, but a glance at the placid face and steadfast eyes of my companion showed that no surprise was intended.

"It is useless for us to pretend that we do not know you, Dr. Watson," said he. "The records of your detective have reached us here, and you could not celebrate him without being known yourself. When Mortimer told me your name he could not deny your identity. If you are here, then it follows that Mr. Sherlock Holmes is interesting himself in the matter, and I am naturally curious to know what view he may take."

"I am afraid that I cannot answer that question."

"May I ask if he is going to honour us with a visit himself?"

"He cannot leave town at present. He has other cases which engage his attention."

"What a pity! He might throw some light on that which is so dark to us. But as to your own researches if there is any possible way in which I can be of service to you I trust that you will command me. If I had any indication of the nature of your suspicions, or how you propose to investigate the case, I might perhaps even now give you some aid or advice."

"I assure you that I am simply here upon a visit to my friend Sir Henry, and that I need no help of any kind."

"Excellent!" said Stapleton. "You are perfectly right to be wary and discreet. I am justly reproved for what I feel was an unjustifiable intrusion, and I promise you that I will not mention the matter again."

We had come to a point where a narrow grassy path struck off from the road and wound away across the moor. A steep, boulder-sprinkled hill lay upon the right which had in bygone days been cut into a granite quarry. The face which was turned towards us formed a dark cliff, with ferns and brambles growing in its niches. From over a distant rise there floated a grey plume of smoke.

"A moderate walk along this moor-path brings us to Merripit House," said he. "Perhaps you will spare an hour that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to my sister."

My first thought was that I should be by Sir Henry's side. But then I remembered the pile of papers and bills with which his study table was littered. It was certain that I could not help him with those. And Holmes had expressly said that I should study the neighbours upon the moor. I accepted Stapleton's invitation, and we turned together down the path.

"It is a wonderful place, the moor," said he, looking round over the undulating downs, long green rollers, with crests of jagged granite foaming up into fantastic surges. "You never tire of the moor. You cannot think the wonderful secrets which it contains. It is so vast, and so barren, and so mysterious."

"You know it well, then?"

"I have only been here two years. The residents would call me a new-comer. We came shortly after Sir Charles settled.

But my tastes led me to explore every part of the country round, and I should think that there are few men who know it better than I do."

"Is it so hard to know?"

"Very hard. You see, for example, this great plain to the north here, with the queer hills breaking out of it. Do you observe anything remarkable about that?"

"It would be a rare place for a gallop."

"You would naturally think so, and the thought has cost folk their lives before now. You notice those bright green spots scattered thickly over it?"

"Yes, they seem more fertile than the rest."

Stapleton laughed.

"That is the great Grimpen Mire," said he. "A false step yonder means death to man or beast. Only yesterday I saw one of the moor ponies wander into it. He never came out. I saw his head for quite a long time craning out of the bog-hole, but it sucked him down at last. Even in dry seasons it is a danger to cross it, but after these autumn rains it is an awful place. And yet I can find my way to the very heart of it and return alive. By George, there is another of those miserable ponies!"

Something brown was rolling and tossing among the green sedges. Then a long, agonized, writhing neck shot upwards and a dreadful cry echoed over the moor. It turned me cold with horror, but my companion's nerves seemed to be stronger than mine.

"It's gone!" said he. "The Mire has him. Two in two days, and many more, perhaps, for they get in the way of going there in the dry weather, and never know the difference until the Mire has them in its clutch. It's a bad place, the great Grimpen Mire."

"And you say you can penetrate it?"

"Yes, there are one or two paths which a very active man can take. I have found them out."

"But why should you wish to go into so horrible a place?"

"Well, you see the hills beyond? They are really islands cut off on all sides by the impassable Mire, which has crawled round them in the course of years. That is where the rare plants and the butterflies are, if you have the wit to reach them."

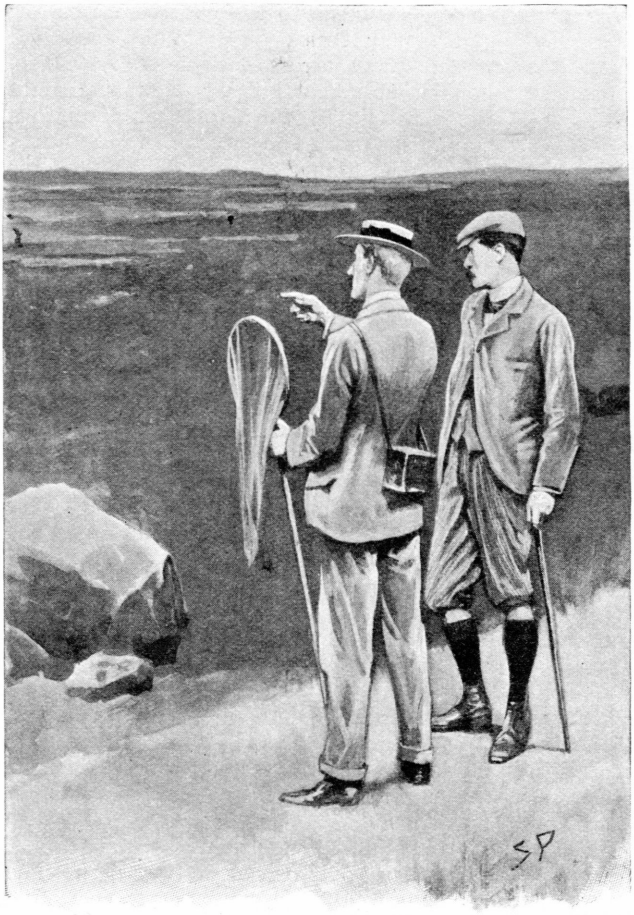
"I shall try my luck some day."

He looked at me with a surprised face.

"For God's sake put such an idea out of your mind," said he. "Your blood would be upon my head. I assure you that there would not be the least chance of your coming back alive. It is only by remembering certain complex landmarks that I am able to do it."

"Halloa!" I cried. "What is that?"

A long, low moan, indescribably sad, swept over the moor. It filled the whole



"THAT IS THE GREAT GRIMPEN MIRE."

air, and yet it was impossible to say whence it came. From a dull murmur it swelled into a deep roar, and then sank back into a melancholy, throbbing murmur once again. Stapleton looked at me with a curious expression in his face.

"Queer place, the moor!" said he.

"But what is it?"

"The peasants say it is the Hound of the Baskervilles calling for its prey. I've heard it once or twice before, but never quite so loud."

I looked round, with a chill of fear in my heart, at the huge swelling plain, mottled with the green patches of rushes. Nothing stirred over the vast expanse save a pair of ravens, which croaked loudly from a tor behind us.

"You are an educated man. You don't believe such nonsense as that?" said I. "What do you think is the cause of so strange a sound?"

"Bogs make queer noises sometimes. It's the mud settling, or the water rising, or something."

"No, no, that was a living voice."

"Well, perhaps it was. Did you ever hear a bittern booming?"

"No, I never did."

"It's a very rare bird—practically extinct — in England now, but all things are possible upon the moor. Yes, I should not be surprised to learn that what we have heard is the cry of the last of the bitterns."

"It's the weirdest, strangest thing that ever I heard in my life."

"Yes, it's rather an uncanny place altogether. Look at the hill-side yonder. What do you make of those?"

The whole steep slope was covered with grey circular rings of stone, a score of them at least.

"What are they? Sheep-pens?"

"No, they are the homes of our worthy ancestors. Prehistoric man lived thickly on the moor, and as no one in particular has lived there since, we find all his little arrangements exactly as he left them. These are his wigwams with the roofs off. You can even see his hearth and his couch if you have the curiosity to go inside."

"But it is quite a town. When was it inhabited?"

"Neolithic man—no date."

"What did he do?"

"He grazed his cattle on these slopes, and he learned to dig for tin when the bronze sword began to supersede the stone axe. Look at the great trench in the opposite hill. That is his mark. Yes, you will find some very singular points about the moor, Dr. Watson. Oh, excuse me an instant! It is surely Cyclopides."

A small fly or moth had fluttered across our path, and in an instant Stapleton was rushing with extraordinary energy and speed in pursuit of it. To my dismay the creature flew straight for the great Mire, but my acquaintance never paused for an instant, bounding from tuft to tuft behind it, his green net waving in the air. His grey clothes and jerky, zig-zag, irregular progress made him not unlike some huge moth himself. I was standing watching his pursuit with a mixture of admiration for his extraordinary activity and fear lest he should lose his footing in the treacherous Mire, when I heard the sound of steps, and turning round found a woman near me upon the path. She had come from the direction in which the plume of smoke indicated the position of Merripit House, but the dip of the moor had hid her until she was quite close.

I could not doubt that this was the Miss Stapleton of whom I had been told, since ladies of any sort must be few upon the moor, and I remembered that I had heard someone describe her as being a beauty. The woman who approached me was certainly that, and of a most uncommon type. There could not have been a greater contrast between brother and sister, for Stapleton was neutral tinted, with light hair and grey eyes, while she was darker than any brunette whom I have seen in England—slim, elegant, and tall. She had a proud, finely-cut face, so regular that it might have seemed impassive were it not for the sensitive mouth and the beautiful dark, eager eyes. With her perfect figure and elegant dress she was, indeed, a strange apparition upon a lonely moorland path. Her eyes were on her brother as I turned, and then she quickened her pace towards me. I had raised my hat, and was about to make some explanatory remark, when her own words turned all my thoughts into a new channel.

"Go back!" she said. "Go straight back to London, instantly."

I could only stare at her in stupid surprise. Her eyes blazed at me, and she tapped the ground impatiently with her foot.

"Why should I go back?" I asked.

"I cannot explain." She spoke in a low, eager voice, with a curious lisp in her utterance. "But for God's sake do what I

"'GO BACK!' SHE SAID."

ask you. Go back and never set foot upon the moor again."

"But I have only just come."

"Man, man!" she cried. "Can you not tell when a warning is for your own good? Go back to London! Start to-night! Get away from this place at all costs! Hush, my brother is coming! Not a word of what I have said. Would you mind getting that orchid for me among the mare's-tails yonder? We are very rich in orchids on the moor, though, of course, you are rather late to see the beauties of the place."

Stapleton had abandoned the chase and came back to us breathing hard and flushed with his exertions.

"Halloa, Beryl!" said he, and it seemed to me that the tone of his greeting was not altogether a cordial one.

"Well, Jack, you are very hot."

"Yes, I was chasing a Cyclopides. He is very rare, and seldom found in the late autumn. What a pity that I should have missed him!" He spoke unconcernedly, but his small light eyes glanced incessantly from the girl to me.

"You have introduced yourselves, I can see."

"Yes. I was telling Sir Henry that it was rather late for him to see the true beauties of the moor."

"Why, who do you think this is?"

"I imagine that it must be Sir Henry Baskerville."

"No, no," said I. "Only a humble commoner, but his friend. My name is Dr. Watson."

A flush of vexation passed over her expressive face. "We have been talking at cross purposes," said she.

"Why, you had not very much time for talk," her brother remarked, with the same questioning eyes.

"I talked as if Dr. Watson were a resident instead of being merely a visitor," said she. "It cannot much matter to him whether it is early or late for the orchids. But you will come on, will you not, and see Merripit House?"

A short walk brought us to it, a bleak moorland house, once the farm of some grazier in the old prosperous days, but now put into repair and turned into a modern dwelling. An orchard surrounded it, but the trees, as is usual upon the moor, were stunted and nipped, and the effect of the whole place was mean and melancholy. We were admitted by a strange, wizened, rusty-coated old manservant, who seemed in keeping with the house. Inside, however, there were large rooms furnished with an elegance in which I seemed to recognise the taste of the lady. As I looked from their windows at the interminable granite-flecked moor rolling unbroken to the farthest horizon I could not but marvel at what could have brought this highly educated man and this beautiful woman to live in such a place.

"Queer spot to choose, is it not?" said he, as if in answer to my thought. "And yet we manage to make ourselves fairly happy, do we not, Beryl?"

"Quite happy," said she, but there was no ring of conviction in her words.

"I had a school," said Stapleton. "It was in the north country. The work to a man of my temperament was mechanical and uninteresting, but the privilege of living with youth, of helping to mould those young minds and of impressing them with one's own character and ideals, was very dear to me. However, the fates were against us. A serious epidemic broke out in the school and three of the boys died. It never recovered from the blow, and much of my capital was irretrievably swallowed up. And yet, if it were not for the loss of the charming companionship of the boys, I could rejoice over my own misfortune, for, with my strong tastes for botany and zoology, I find an unlimited field of work here, and my sister is as devoted to Nature as I am. All this, Dr. Watson, has been brought upon your head by your expression as you surveyed the moor out of our window."

"It certainly did cross my mind that it might be a little dull—less for you, perhaps, than for your sister."

"No, no, I am never dull," said she, quickly.

"We have books, we have our studies, and we have interesting neighbours. Dr. Mortimer is a most learned man in his own line. Poor Sir Charles was also an admirable companion. We knew him well, and miss him more than I can tell. Do you think that I should intrude if I were to call this afternoon and make the acquaintance of Sir Henry?"

"I am sure that he would be delighted."

"Then perhaps you would mention that I propose to do so. We may in our humble way do something to make things more easy for him until he becomes accustomed to his new surroundings. Will you come upstairs, Dr. Watson, and inspect my collection of lepidoptera? I think it is the most complete one in the south-west of England. By the time that you have looked through them lunch will be almost ready."

But I was eager to get back to my charge. The melancholy of the moor, the death of the unfortunate pony, the weird sound which had been associated with the grim legend of the Baskervilles, all these things tinged my thoughts with sadness. Then on the top of these more or less vague impressions there had come the definite and distinct warning of Miss Stapleton, delivered with such intense earnestness that I could not doubt that some grave and deep reason lay behind it. I resisted all pressure to stay for lunch, and I set off at once upon my return journey, taking the grass-grown path by which we had come.

It seems, however, that there must have been some short cut for those who knew it, for before I had reached the road I was astounded to see Miss Stapleton sitting upon a rock by the side of the track. Her face was beautifully flushed with her exertions, and she held her hand to her side.

"I have run all the way in order to cut you off, Dr. Watson," said she. "I had not even time to put on my hat. I must not stop, or my brother may miss me. I wanted to say to you how sorry I am about the stupid mistake I made in thinking that you were Sir Henry. Please forget the words I said, which have no application whatever to you."

"But I can't forget them, Miss Stapleton," said I. "I am Sir Henry's friend, and his welfare is a very close concern of mine. Tell me why it was that you were so eager that Sir Henry should return to London."

"A woman's whim, Dr. Watson. When you know me better you will understand that I cannot always give reasons for what I say or do."

"No, no. I remember the thrill in your voice. I remember the look in your eyes. Please, please, be frank with me, Miss Stapleton, for ever since I have been here I have been conscious of shadows all round me. Life has become like that great Grimpen Mire, with little green patches everywhere into which one may sink and with no guide to point the track. Tell me then what it was that you meant, and I will promise to convey your warning to Sir Henry."

An expression of irresolution passed for an instant over her face, but her eyes had hardened again when she answered me.

"You make too much of it, Dr. Watson," said she. "My brother and I were very much shocked by the death of Sir Charles. We knew him very intimately, for his favourite walk was over the moor to our house. He was deeply impressed with the curse which hung over his family, and when this tragedy came I naturally felt that there must be some grounds for the fears which he had expressed. I was distressed therefore when another member of the family came down to live here, and I felt that he should be warned of the danger which he will run. That was all which I intended to convey."

"But what is the danger?"

"You know the story of the hound?"

"I do not believe in such nonsense."

"But I do. If you have any influence

"YOU KNOW THE STORY OF THE HOUND?"

with Sir Henry, take him away from a place which has always been fatal to his family. The world is wide. Why should he wish to live at the place of danger?"

"Because it *is* the place of danger. That is Sir Henry's nature. I fear that unless you can give me some more definite information than this it would be impossible to get him to move."

"I cannot say anything definite, for I do not know anything definite."

"I would ask you one more question, Miss Stapleton. If you meant no more than this when you first spoke to me, why should you not wish your brother to overhear what you said? There is nothing to which he, or anyone else, could object."

"My brother is very anxious to have the Hall inhabited, for he thinks that it is for the good of the poor folk upon the moor. He would be very angry if he knew that I had said anything which might induce Sir Henry to go away. But I have done my duty now and I will say no more. I must get back, or he will miss me and suspect that I have seen you. Good-bye!" She turned, and had disappeared in a few minutes among the scattered boulders, while I, with my soul full of vague fears, pursued my way to Baskerville Hall.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST REPORT OF DR. WATSON.

FROM this point onwards I will follow the course of events by transcribing my own letters to Mr. Sherlock Holmes which lie before me on the table. One page is missing, but otherwise they are exactly as written, and show my feelings and suspicions of the moment more accurately than my memory, clear as it is upon these tragic events, can possibly do.

BASKERVILLE HALL,
October 13th.

MY DEAR HOLMES, — My previous letters and telegrams have kept you pretty well up-to-date as to all that has occurred in this most God-forsaken corner of the world. The longer one stays here the more does the spirit of the moor sink into one's soul, its vastness, and also its grim charm. When you are once out upon its bosom you have left all traces of modern England behind you, but on the other hand you are conscious everywhere of the homes and the work of the prehistoric people. On all sides of you as you walk are the houses of these forgotten folk, with their graves and the huge monoliths which are supposed to have marked their temples. As you look at their grey stone huts against the scarred hill-sides you leave your own age behind you, and if you were to see a skin-clad, hairy man crawl out from the low door, fitting a flint-tipped arrow on to the string of his bow, you would feel that his presence there was more natural than your own. The strange thing is that they should have lived so thickly on what must always have been most unfruitful soil. I am no antiquarian, but I could imagine that they were some unwarlike and harried race who were forced to accept that which none other would occupy.

All this, however, is foreign to the mission

on which you sent me, and will probably be very uninteresting to your severely practical mind. I can still remember your complete indifference as to whether the sun moved round the earth or the earth round the sun. Let me, therefore, return to the facts concerning Sir Henry Baskerville.

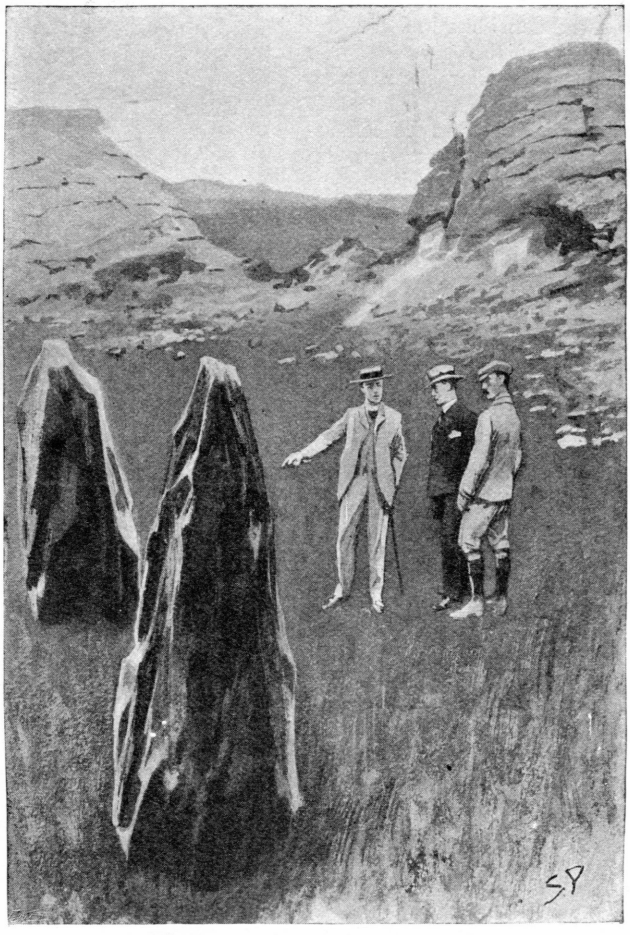
If you have not had any report within the last few days it is because up till to-day there was nothing of importance to relate. Then a very surprising circumstance occurred, which I shall tell you in due course. But, first of all, I must keep you in touch with some of the other factors in the situation.

One of these, concerning which I have said little, is the escaped convict upon the moor. There is strong reason now to believe that he has got right away, which is a considerable relief to the lonely householders of this district. A fortnight has passed since his flight, during which he has not been seen and nothing has been heard of him. It is surely inconceivable that he could have held out upon the moor during all that time. Of course, so far as his concealment goes there is no difficulty at all. Any one of these stone huts would give him a hiding-place. But there is nothing to eat unless he were to catch and slaughter one of the moor sheep. We think, therefore, that he has gone, and the outlying farmers sleep the better in consequence.

We are four able-bodied men in this household, so that we could take good care of ourselves, but I confess that I have had uneasy moments when I have thought of the Stapletons. They live miles from any help. There are one maid, an old manservant, the sister, and the brother, the latter not a very strong man. They would be helpless in the hands of a desperate fellow like this Notting Hill criminal, if he could once effect an entrance. Both Sir Henry and I were concerned at their situation, and it was suggested that Perkins the groom should go over to sleep there, but Stapleton would not hear of it.

The fact is that our friend the baronet begins to display a considerable interest in our fair neighbour. It is not to be wondered at, for time hangs heavily in this lonely spot to an active man like him, and she is a very fascinating and beautiful woman. There is something tropical and exotic about her which forms a singular contrast to her cool and unemotional brother. Yet he also gives the idea of hidden fires. He has certainly a very marked influence over her, for I have seen her continually glance at him as she talked as if seeking approbation for what she said. I trust that he is kind to her. There is a dry glitter in his eyes, and a firm set of his thin lips, which go with a positive and possibly a harsh nature. You would find him an interesting study.

He came over to call upon Baskerville on that first day, and the very next morning he took us both to show us the spot where the

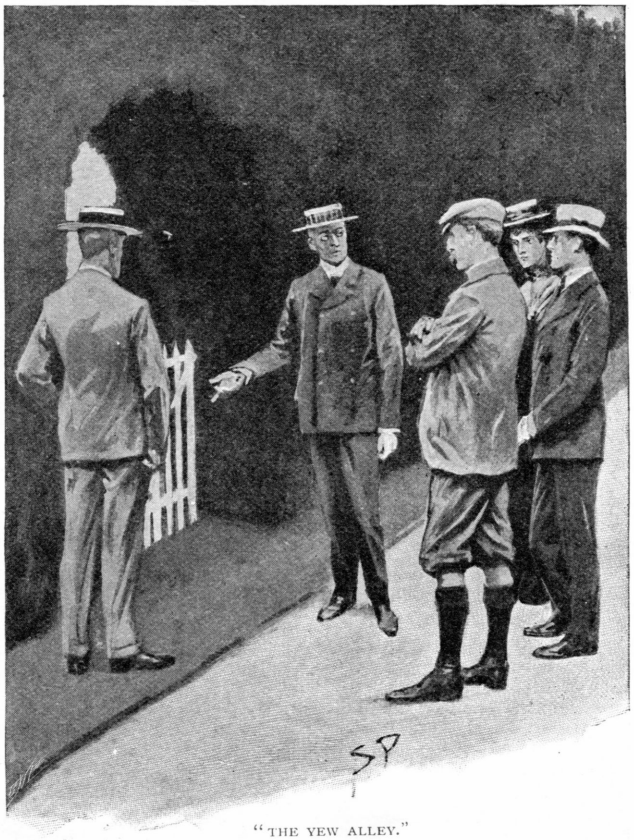


"HE TOOK US TO SHOW US THE SPOT."

legend of the wicked Hugo is supposed to have had its origin. It was an excursion of some miles across the moor to a place which is so dismal that it might have suggested the story. We found a short valley between rugged tors which led to an open, grassy space flecked over with the white cotton grass. In the middle of it rose two great stones, worn and sharpened at the upper end, until they looked like the huge, corroding fangs of some monstrous beast. In every way it corresponded with the scene of the old tragedy. Sir Henry was much interested, and asked Stapleton more than once whether he did really believe in the possibility of the interference of the supernatural in the affairs of men. He spoke lightly, but it was evident that he was very much in earnest. Stapleton was guarded in his replies, but it was easy to see that he said less than he might, and that he would not express his whole opinion out of consideration for the feelings of the baronet. He told us of similar cases, where families had suffered from some evil influence, and he left us with the impression that he shared the popular view upon the matter.

On our way back we stayed for lunch at Merripit House, and it was there that Sir Henry made the acquaintance of Miss Stapleton. From the first moment that he saw her he appeared to be strongly attracted by her, and I am much mistaken if the feeling was not mutual. He referred to her again and again on our walk home, and since then hardly a day has passed that we have not seen something of the brother and sister. They dine here to-night, and there is some talk of our going to them next week. One would imagine that such a match would be very welcome to Stapleton, and yet I have more than once caught a look of the strongest disapprobation in his face when Sir Henry has been paying some attention to his sister. He is much attached to her, no doubt, and would lead a lonely life without her, but it would seem the height of selfishness if he were to stand in the way of her making so brilliant a marriage. Yet I am certain that he does not wish their intimacy to ripen into love, and I have several times observed that he has taken pains to prevent them from being *tête-à-tête*. By the way, your instructions to me never to allow Sir Henry to go out alone will become very much more onerous if a love affair were to be added to our other difficulties. My popularity would soon suffer if I were to carry out your orders to the letter.

The other day—Thursday, to be more exact—Dr. Mortimer lunched with us. He has been excavating a barrow at Long Down, and has got a prehistoric skull which fills him with great joy. Never was there such a single-minded enthusiast as he! The



"THE YEW ALLEY."

Stapletons came in afterwards, and the good doctor took us all to the Yew Alley, at Sir Henry's request, to show us exactly how everything occurred upon that fatal night. It is a long, dismal walk, the Yew Alley, between two high walls of clipped hedge, with a narrow band of grass upon either

side. At the far end is an old, tumble-down summer-house. Half-way down is the moor-gate, where the old gentleman left his cigar-ash. It is a white wooden gate with a latch. Beyond it lies the wide moor. I remembered your theory of the affair and tried to picture all that had occurred. As the old man stood there he saw something coming across the moor, something which terrified him so that he lost his wits, and ran and ran until he died of sheer horror and exhaustion. There was the long, gloomy tunnel down which he fled. And from what? A sheep-dog of the moor? Or a spectral hound, black, silent, and monstrous? Was there a human agency in the matter? Did the pale, watchful Barrymore know more than he cared to say? It was all dim and vague, but always there is the dark shadow of crime behind it.

One other neighbour I have met since I wrote last. This is Mr. Frankland, of Lafter Hall, who lives some four miles to the south of us. He is an elderly man, red faced, white haired, and choleric. His passion is for the British law, and he has spent a large fortune in litigation. He fights for the mere pleasure of fighting, and is equally ready to take up either side of a question, so that it is no wonder that he has found it a costly amusement. Sometimes he will shut up a right of way and defy the parish to make him open it. At others he will with his own hands tear down some other man's gate and declare that a path has existed there from time immemorial, defying the owner to prosecute him for trespass. He is learned in old manorial and communal rights, and he applies his knowledge sometimes in favour of the villagers of Fernworthy and sometimes against them, so that he is periodically either carried in triumph down the village street or else burned in effigy, according to his latest exploit. He is said to have about seven lawsuits upon his hands at present, which will probably swallow up the remainder of his fortune and so draw his sting and leave him harmless for the future. Apart from the law he seems a kindly, good-natured person, and I only mention him because you were particular that I should send some description of the people who surround us. He is curiously employed at present, for, being an amateur astronomer, he has an excellent telescope, with which he lies upon the roof of his own house and sweeps the moor all day in the hope of catching a glimpse of the escaped convict. If he would confine his energies to this all would be well, but there are rumours that he intends to prosecute Dr. Mortimer for opening a grave without the consent of the next-of-kin, because he dug up the neolithic skull in the barrow on Long Down. He helps to keep our lives from being monotonous and gives a little comic relief where it is badly needed.

And now, having brought you up to date in the escaped convict, the Stapletons, Dr. Mortimer, and Frankland, of Lafter Hall, let me end on that which is most important and tell you more about the Barrymores, and especially about the surprising development of last night.

First of all about the test telegram, which you sent from London in order to make sure that Barrymore was really here. I have already explained that the testimony of the postmaster shows that the test was worthless and that we have no proof one way or the other. I told Sir Henry how the matter stood, and he at once, in his downright fashion, had Barrymore up and asked him whether he had received the telegram himself. Barrymore said that he had.

"Did the boy deliver it into your own hands?" asked Sir Henry.

Barrymore looked surprised, and considered for a little time.

"No," said he, "I was in the box-room at the time, and my wife brought it up to me."

"Did you answer it yourself?"

"No; I told my wife what to answer and she went down to write it."

In the evening he recurred to the subject of his own accord.

"I could not quite understand the object of your questions this morning, Sir Henry," said he. "I trust that they do not mean that I have done anything to forfeit your confidence?"

Sir Henry had to assure him that it was not so and pacify him by giving him a considerable part of his old wardrobe, the London outfit having now all arrived.

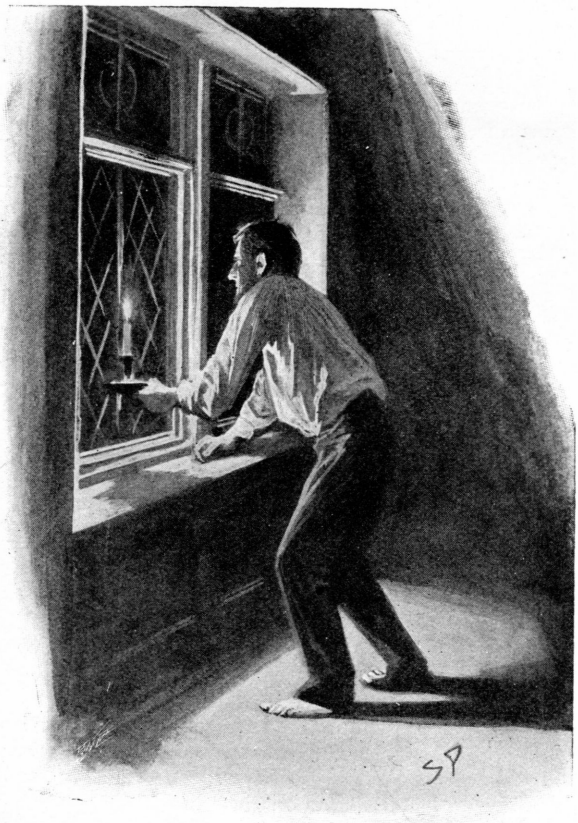
Mrs. Barrymore is of interest to me. She is a heavy, solid person, very limited, intensely respectable, and inclined to be puritanical. You could hardly conceive a less emotional subject. Yet I have told you how, on the first night here, I heard her sobbing bitterly, and since then I have more than once observed traces of tears upon her face. Some deep sorrow gnaws ever at her heart. Sometimes I wonder if she has a guilty memory which haunts her, and sometimes I suspect Barrymore of being a domestic tyrant. I have always felt that there was something singular and questionable in this

man's character, but the adventure of last night brings all my suspicions to a head.

And yet it may seem a small matter in itself. You are aware that I am not a very sound sleeper, and since I have been on guard in this house my slumbers have been lighter than ever. Last night, about two in the morning, I was aroused by a stealthy step passing my room. I rose, opened my door, and peeped out. A long black shadow was trailing down the corridor. It was thrown by a man who walked softly down the passage with a candle held in his hand. He was in shirt and trousers, with no covering to his feet. I could merely see the outline, but his height told me that it was Barrymore. He walked very slowly and circumspectly, and there was something indescribably guilty and furtive in his whole appearance.

I have told you that the corridor is broken by the balcony which runs round the hall, but that it is resumed upon the farther side. I waited until he had passed out of sight and then I followed him. When I came round the balcony he had reached the end of the farther corridor, and I could see from the glimmer of light through an open door that he had entered one of the rooms. Now, all these rooms are unfurnished and unoccupied, so that his expedition became more mysterious than ever. The light shone steadily as if he were standing motionless. I crept down the passage as noiselessly as I could and peeped round the corner of the door.

Barrymore was crouching at the window with the candle held against the glass. His profile was half turned towards me, and his face seemed to be rigid with expectation as he stared out into the blackness of the moor. For some minutes he stood watching intently. Then he gave a deep groan and with an impatient gesture he put out the light. Instantly I made my way back to my room, and very shortly came the stealthy steps passing once more upon their return journey. Long afterwards when I had fallen into a light sleep I heard a key turn somewhere in a lock, but I could not tell whence the sound came. What it all means I cannot guess, but there is some secret business going on in this house of gloom which sooner or later we shall get to the bottom of. I do not trouble you with my theories, for you asked me to furnish you only with facts. I have had a long talk with Sir Henry this morning, and we have made a plan of campaign founded upon my observations of last night. I will not speak about it just now, but it should make my next report interesting reading.



"HE STARED OUT INTO THE BLACKNESS."

(To be continued.)

A Queer Guide-Book.

By Leonard Larkin.

SIXTY miles from Tokio, the Japanese capital, lies the village and district of Hakoné, a much-favoured holiday resort, with its mountains, its mineral springs, its great lake, and its magnificent scenery. But though the scenery is magnificent, the mountains magnificent, the lake, the springs, and the rest all equally magnificent, it may be doubted if Hakoné has ever produced anything else quite so magnificent as a certain little "Guide" to the district, which was published a year or two ago. The little manual is in English, in quite correct, grammatical English, almost always, but in such English as you shall see, and shall read without a grin if you can. Come then, let us to Hakoné, under guidance of the accomplished Japanese gentleman who here makes his bow as a man of English letters.

"DURING THE WINTER DAYS THE COLDNESS ROBS UP ALL PLEASURES FROM OUR HANDS."

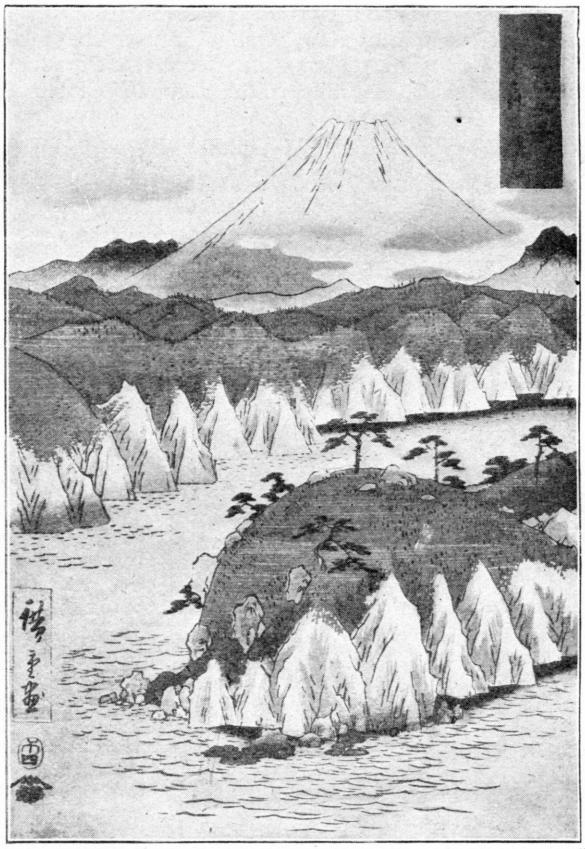
We must climb, it seems, to get to Hakoné. Many difficulties must be endured by travellers, we are told, but then—"the result of toleration is pleasure." Just so. The phrase reads at first like a profound doctrine, needing much thinking out, but it only means that the fun is worth the trouble. The highest of the Hakoné mountains is Komaga-daké, once a flaming volcano; "but lately," says the guide, "its activity became quite absent." And the worst of it is that nobody seems to know where it has gone. But to come to the centre of the beauties of Hakoné, the village itself. "Although the village has not so much population," says Mr. Tsuchiya, the writer, "the degree of livelihood of the inhabitants is comparatively excellent"; and as you read it you are inwardly delighted to find the population so excellently lively. But that is probably because of the air. "Draught of pure air," the report goes on, "suspends no poisonous mixture, and always cleanses the defilement of our spirit. During the winter days the coldness robs up all pleasures from our hands, but at the summer months they are set free." And here we perceive that gradual gliding into poetic enthusiasm that is to furnish us with the purest delights of our little book; and though one may be afflicted with some doubt as to whether it is our hands that are set free in the summer months, or merely the pleasures that have been robbed up from them, or whether it is our hands that have set free the defilement of our coldness because the spirit has been robbed up from all this poisonous mixture—but there, let us pass on to consider the scenery.

"Whenever we visit this place"—I am quoting again—"the first pleasure to be longed is the view of Fuji Mountain, and its summit is covered with permanent undissolving snow, and its regular configuration hanging down the sky like an opened white fan, may be looked long at equal shape from several regions surrounding it. Everyone who saw

it ever has nothing but applause. It casts the shadow in a contrary direction on still glassy face of lake. . . . Buildings of Imperial Solitary Palace, scenery of Gongen, all are spontaneous pictures. Wind proper in quantity, suits to our boat to slip by sail, and moonlight shining on the sky shivers quartzy lustre over ripples of the lake. The cuckoo singing near by our hotel, plays on a harp, and the gulls flying about to and fro seek their food in the waves. All these panorama may be gathered only in this place."

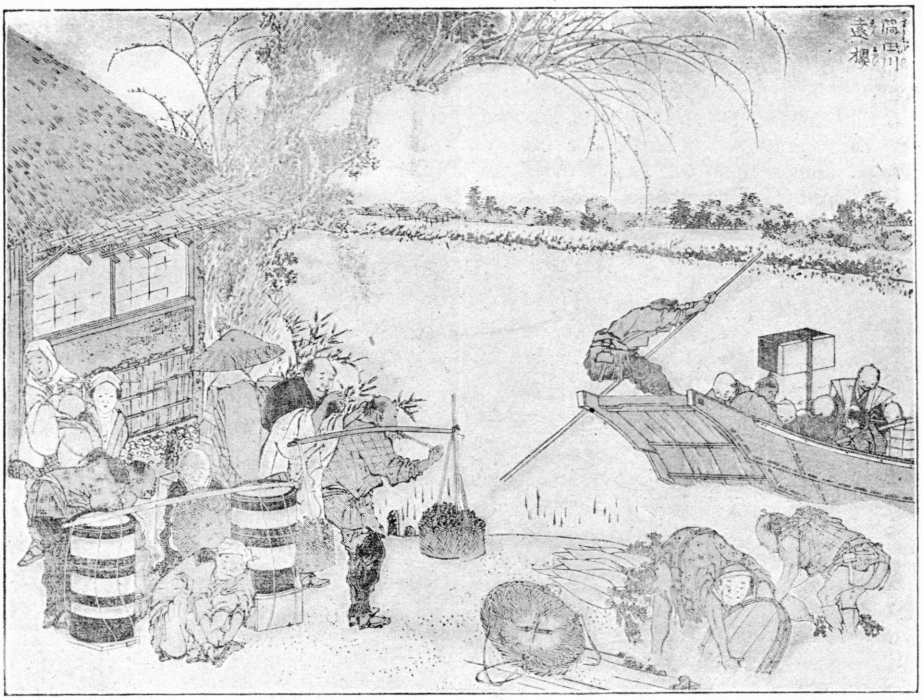
There—isn't it lovely? Delighted as I was with Hakoné when I saw it myself, I confess I didn't gather all these panorama. I fear I missed my opportunities. It never struck me to suspect the moonlight of shivering quartzy lustre—or, indeed, of shivering at all—and not a soul informed me of the accomplished cuckoo that plays on a harp. But I shall ever bitterly regret that I never caught that cuckoo.

A little later in the book we are told of various excursions in the district. Travelling towards Hata we come to Oidaira, the name meaning "Old Man's Plain." And here we get a moral story. "There is a narrative now remained about the name Oidaira which I will tell you a little. At an ancient period, a youth called Urashima Taro ever passed here, and rested himself from his labour. Within his baggages he had a box which he was left from his wife with whom he had lived happily, and which he was strictly decreed never to open whatever be the case and that if it be opposed he will become old. But he forgot of his wife's decretive words. He opened the box. The lid was cast into front mountain and the box into hind mountain. Suddenly his face wrinkled, his beard became white, his loins bent as shrimp, and all blessings disappeared at once. On that account, mountain to which he cast the box was called Bunko-yama which Japanese means 'Mountain of box' and that of lid was called Futago-yama of which pronunciation is in like sound with 'lid' in Japanese, and this flat place was named Oidaira as I have just spoken." A sad story, of which the chief moral is, no doubt, that you must not forget of your wife's decretive words, especially in the matter of baggages; and that, if you do, you must not be surprised if all blessings disappear at once, including the unshrimplike rectitude of your loins.



"THE FIRST PLEASURE TO BE LONGED IS THE VIEW OF FUJI MOUNTAIN."

But if we leave Hakoné in the opposite direction to that leading to Oidaira we shall be on the road to Settai. "The more we go forward the lower the ground becomes." As to Settai, "in former ages the horses passing through this place received bestowment of the bean" (clearly a case of "giving 'em beans"); "but at the present time the alms of tea are given to everyone who travels on this mountain instead of giving compassion to horses." So that it would seem that if you chose to travel on this mountain in preference to giving compassion (or beans) to horses, you may legally claim "alms of tea." Though why travelling on the mountains should be incompatible with giving compassion (or even beans) to horses is not made quite clear. "However, Mishima" (a place farther on the



THE LAKE.

route) "is a small town busy of one's own occupation, and there may be the perfect convenience of all wants desired for."

This latter route was westward; but if we travel south of Hakoné, at about seven miles out we shall come to a high place where "unbounded prospects in every direction of land and sea may be looked down distinctly." On the whole the beautiful views about the neighbourhood are summed up thus: "It was already described that all the mountain sceneries in Hakoné are very agreeable to us, but especially there may be eight sceneries picked out. 1. The snow-crowned view of Koma-ga-daké. 2. The evening twilight of Togashima. 3 The flowing lanterns on the waves of Ashi Lake." (What is a flowing lantern, and how does it get on among the waves?) "4. The wild geese flying down near Sanada-yama. 5. The moonlight shining upon Kurakaké-yama. 6. The wild ducks swimming about Kasumiga-ura in light-hearted manner." (Perhaps they had been reading Mr. Tsuchiya's guide-book.) "7. The blossoms of azalea or tsutsuji flowering upon Byobu-yama. 8. The ship putting fire-woods into when the weather snows." Which last combined feat of nautical gymnastics and meteorological display ought to bring visitors from everywhere, stop the moonlight shivering, and even induce the cuckoo to drop the harp on which he plays near our hotel.

Hakoné is well provided with religious institutions. In addition to the Shinto temple where, a few years ago, two Royal princesses came "on their amusing excursion," there are four Buddhist temples, while "for the Christian religion, there is a teaching hall to its devouts." In the forest near the lake there is another Shinto temple, which has been instituted two thousand years. But, sad to relate, "seven hundred years ago the temples, halls, and other chambers were flamed up totally. After a few years all buildings are rebuilt as previous. Two hundred years had elapsed without an accident, and then the battle of Odawara happened, and the solemn places were placed into fire." But they were built once more, and still stand, and they contain many valuable and rare relics. "If you ask courteously to their keeper, you shall have an honour to look at them."

Speaking of the lake, our guide tells us (or asks us) this: "The old withered cedar-trees about 2ft. or 3ft. in diameter sink vertically or transversely on the bottom of the lake. Why are they immerging to the lake? A slight research will easily give you a reason."

As to the history of Hakoné, we learn most as to what happened at the revolution.

"Frequently the violent wars were battled here in ancient times. I will only describe the latest battle struggled at Hakoné. At May of the first year of Meiji about thirty years ago from the present, two feudal and military chiefs engaged in battle on Hakoné mountain. One of them was Okubo Kagano-Kami the lord of Odawara-han, and other (Poor chap! I have almost missed my own over that sentence.) "He was defeated very badly, and retired to Yumoto. Secondly, he ran back to Hakoné, defeated by enemy. By violent pursuit of Imperial Army he was finally obliged to run to Ajiro about four miles south from Atami, and thence to escape to his own previous dominion.

"FREQUENTLY THE VIOLENT WARS WERE BATTLED HERE IN ANCIENT TIMES."

was Shonosuké Hayashi, lord of Boshu; and the former belonged to Imperial Army and the latter was in Shogun's side. One time, Hayashi staid at Numadzu and held a good many soldiers. Leading them, he passed Mishima and came to Hakoné."

Here, it seems, he wished to pass a certain barrier-gate, but Okubo wouldn't hear of it. "He durst to pass through it by military power"; and at once, it would seem, all was gas and gaiters, so to speak. "Then the battle was instigated, and instantly guns were fired." The civil population took to their heels and hid among the hills. The guardians of the gate were outnumbered and retreated to the castle of Odawara, followed by Hayashi. "Taking advantage of victory, he advanced his army to destroy them." But, alas! the destruction failed to come off. "He missed unexpectedly his cogitation." Thenceforth the construction of perfect Imperial government by the revolution of Meiji placed the nation out of impetuous struggles of Feudalism. And this ruin was remained to endless fancy." Well, well, perhaps it was.

In taking an affectionate leave of Mr. Tsuchiya and his guide-book, let us not seem too censorious. It is a terribly difficult thing for a Japanese to learn to write even moderately good English, and Mr. Tsuchiya (who is properly modest in his preface) has made his meaning very clear through most of his little book, though, as we have seen, there are a few places here and there where he has missed unexpectedly his cogitation. And probably there are not a dozen Englishmen in the world who could have written the thing in Japanese half as well as Mr. Tsuchiya has written it in English.

The Friends' Trysting-Place.

By G. H. Page.

RAYMOND, the young English tourist, sat on the terrace of the only hotel of Etréport overlooking the sea, which, immeasurable, very calm, and of the positive blue which is never seen from our own shores, flowed in foamless and silent to press insatiable kisses upon a silver strand.

He had driven over from Bellefonds, which he had reached by the afternoon boat, and while he drank a glass of lager beer old Dupont, the landlord, who remembered him from his previous visit of two years since, stood and chatted to him with French cordiality and ease.

Dupont expected a very good season, in anticipation of which he begged Raymond to observe he had built an additional wing. But so far the season had not begun. Monsieur was the first English tourist to arrive. At present he had only French visitors—a family from Bellefonds and two or three people from Paris.

"YOU SAW THOSE TWO LADIES IN DEEP MOURNING, DID YOU NOT?"

As he spoke the hotel omnibus—which goes when needed to meet the trains at Petit Charmettes—appeared round the corner of the house, and with tremendous whip-cracking, sharp and resonant as pistol-shots, drew up at the inn door.

Arthur, the cook's underling, climbed down from his seat behind the driver, who handed him from the roof two big baskets of food-stuff, while Dupont rushed over to open the omnibus door for the inside passengers. A gentleman and two ladies got out, and from their casual, unobservant manner, and the fact that they had no luggage, Raymond concluded these were some of the hotel guests, who had been away on a day's excursion.

After a few words with Dupont the new arrivals went indoors, and Dupont returned to Raymond.

"Your visitors?" inquired the young man.

"Yes, my Parisians," said the landlord. "They have been to-day into Gex on business, and terrible business, too. Ah, a sad tale!"

He took a chair opposite Raymond and leaned his arms confidentially upon the table, while his puckered old face blossomed out with the pleasure of finding a fresh ear into which to pour an oft-told story.

"You saw those two ladies in deep mourning, did you not? That is Mme. Maréchal and Mlle. Léonie, her daughter, a very beautiful girl, let me tell you, although at the present moment overwhelmed with crape and a natural grief. Why? For a very good reason. The only son of the elder lady, the only brother of the young one, disappeared six months ago—oh! but disappeared so utterly and so incomprehensibly that his death is morally certain. Nothing but his death could have prevented him during all these months from communicating with his family; and, as you see, his mother and sister have given up all hope and have put on mourning for him.

"Now," continued Dupont, moistening his lips to better relish that luxury of woe which the outsider enjoys in the tragedy which does not touch him personally, "the worst of it is that I—I who speak to you—am in some degree responsible for the death of that young man!"

Raymond took care to look suitably

astonished and impressed, and the other proceeded with his tale.

"Six months ago Mr. Victor Maréchal was staying in this house, and I had given him No. 7, which is the room next to the one I have to-day given you. He was a charming young fellow, very gay and friendly, and just as fond of roaming in the forest as you are yourself, which ought to be a warning to you, if you'll excuse my saying so. He would be off at ten in the morning and not return till six at night, having had nothing but just a bar of chocolate and a hunch of bread taken with him in his pocket. And if it vexed me that he should miss his midday meal, it was certainly only for his own sake, since he paid me weekly full board at eight francs a day, wine included. But he would come home at six at night, as I have said, hungry as a wolf, and having dined, sipped a liqueur, and smoked a couple of cigarettes, would go to bed and sleep like one of God's blessed saints until the short hand of the clock got round to six again. Then up to sort, and prepare, and classify the plants and insects he had brought in the day before—for he was an entomologist and botanist, was poor Mr. Victor—and so off again.

"Now, one night he didn't return, and the rain having come on heavily in the afternoon—it was on the second Friday in October last year that this happened, and the thirteenth of the month too, as my wife afterwards pointed out to me—we supposed he had found himself weather-bound some miles away, and had sought shelter elsewhere. We didn't begin to get uneasy until next day, but when another night passed, and we got no word of him, we naturally set inquiries on foot. All, however, to no purpose. Not a trace of him could be found. Finally, although the authorities took the matter up, nothing definite has been discovered concerning his fate from that day to this.

"To be sure, very strong suspicions are entertained against a certain Leroy and his wife. Young Maréchal was last seen alive by a waggoner, going in at their door. In consequence the couple are this moment in prison at Gex, waiting their interrogations by the Public Prosecutor. And it is on this account that Mme. Maréchal and her daughter are here, while the gentleman whom you may have observed with them is Maître Puivert, their advocate, and a nephew by marriage of the old lady's."

"But who are these Leroys?" Raymond wanted to know. "And for what reason are they suspected of murdering an inoffensive young entomologist?"

Dupont was only too pleased to explain.

"During your wanderings in the forest," said he—"wanderings which, for the future, I should hope, you will not have the temerity to repeat, did you ever happen to come across a miserable little hovel of a dilapidated inn called by the sign of The Friends' Trysting-Place? A singularly inappropriate name surely, for the lair of such bandits as the Leroys! But although they have enjoyed a bad reputation for years, nothing so far has been proved against them. Ha! You do know them, I see?"

For Raymond, with his glass at his lips, suddenly placed it down upon the table, and was leaning forward with animation in his eyes. Yet he answered with assumed indifference.

"I seem to remember such an inn. About five miles to the north-west of this, is it not, a whitewashed house, of two stories, standing back from the road in a sort of little clearing?"

"That's it," Dupont assented, and went on to give details of Leroy's appearance, of the appearance of his wife, of the stories already current to their discredit, and of the probable motives for the crime, if crime it was.

"Mr. Victor carried his money always about his person in bank-notes. Inadvertently he may have allowed these to be seen. Anyhow, he has been traced to the door of the inn. A wood-cutter has come forward to depose that he observed a young man answering to Maréchal's description enter the house on the night of October the 13th. The Leroys admit that a young man had on that evening dined there. But they insist that he left them, after dinner, in spite of the rain, because the house was full, and they have produced two persons, waggoners, who have been able to prove that they actually occupied the only two guest-rooms which the inn contained on the night in question."

And Dupont divagated down this channel of surmise and that of suspicion, while Raymond appeared to be giving him his whole attention. But in reality he was listening to another voice, an infinitely more engrossing voice, the voice of memory, which, bit by bit, was bringing back to him every detail of a strange adventure, and of a still stranger dream, which he had experienced while staying in that part of the country, over two years ago.

Two years ago he was tramping through

the forest of La Lande, and wheeling before him his bicycle, which had come to grief. He had already ridden thirty miles out, and seventeen back towards Etréport, when the accident happened. He had walked another seven, and he was so utterly fagged out that had the night promised dryness he would have lain down there where he stood and slept till morning. But the evening was misty and cold; the early spring foliage was not sufficiently thick to afford any protection overhead; and the ground, owing to rain on the previous day, was too damp for comfort underfoot. Besides, he was extremely hungry. The only thing to do was to plod on until he came to some human habitation where he could obtain food and at least a shake-down.

The dusk deepened, the road seemed to stretch out to eternity, his leaden feet held him to earth, but he walked on determinately, nevertheless.

"HE LEANED HIS CYCLE AGAINST THE WALL AND LOOKED ROUND."

All the same he was counting how many more steps he could take before giving in, when suddenly the forest trees seemed to draw together, to disclose a vacant space in which huddled some vague buildings, from one of which came a blessed gleam of light.

As he approached this light he saw that it shone from the unshuttered window of a low house, which, if he did not mistake the signs, was a wayside inn.

The discovery made him knock at the door with assurance, although he would have knocked with the resolution of having it opened to him in any case, for, with the rain beginning to fall again as the night advanced, it was no moment for standing on ceremony.

When, therefore, the door was partially opened by a burly, swart-faced man, Raymond pushed in without waiting for the welcoming word which did not come.

He leaned his cycle against the wall and looked round an apartment—half eating-room, half kitchen, and wholly unattractive.

Some stained tables and wooden benches, a floor covered with grey dirt which once might have been clean sand, and a large number of spittoons comprised the entire furniture and decoration. A couple of logs smouldered on the hearth, and an evil-smelling kerosene lamp, with an opaline shade, hung from the ceiling.

Two persons occupied the room, the man who had opened the door—evidently the innkeeper—and a stout, dark, squat little woman of repellent visage.

Raymond wondered what sort of a living these two could make, since surely direful necessity alone such as his was could ever keep them a customer. Even so, he hesitated a moment as to whether he would not merely ask for something to eat and take leave again.

But a rain-gust flinging itself against the windows made him dismiss the fastidious idea.

At his request the woman brought him food—of a sort—hesitated when he asked for a bed, and consulted her husband with furtive eyes. The couple had a most disquieting habit of speaking to each other in silence. Most of the time they kept their

gaze suspiciously fixed upon their guest, but every now and then they turned to interlock glances, and it was impossible not to suspect that some unspoken communication passed between them.

Now, after her pause, the woman, instructed evidently by her husband, replied that if the gentleman could put up with a very poor bedroom they had one at his disposal, but that they did not lay themselves out to accommodate visitors for the night, and the only decent room the house contained they occupied themselves. The one which they could give monsieur had a bed in it certainly, but it was over the stable, it was very bare, it was——

Raymond cut short her litany of its deficiencies by his cheerful assurance that it would do perfectly well, and having finished his supper announced his desire to go to bed at once.

Taking the lamp out of its swinging ring and leaving the room and her husband in more than semi-darkness, the woman led the way upstairs, then through a long and narrow passage, which now mounted a step or two, now descended again, to a small room at the farthest end of it; a lonely and dilapidated little room with a dormer window and a slanting roof.

There was no curtain to the window, no carpet on the floor, no furniture but one rickety, rush-bottomed chair, a pedestal table, a washstand holding a chipped basin and a handleless ewer, and a pallet bed. But Raymond noticed that the sheets were exquisitely white and clean, while the room was rain-proof at least. So, well disposed to make the best of the circumstances, he bade the woman a pleasant "good-night."

It was not until her retreating footsteps were no longer heard along the passage that he realized she had left him neither matches nor a candle, but had set the lamp down upon the table and gone away in the dark. However, it did not signify, since matches he had in his own pocket, and should he need the lamp again after extinguishing it, it would not be an affair of much difficulty to re-light it.

But first, by an instinct of prudence which surprised himself, he began by carefully examining the room and turning the key in the door.

The examination of the room led to the finding of a cupboard in which hung some frouzy garments, and on pushing these aside Raymond was startled to discover that in the back of the cupboard there was a second door. To this door there was a lock, but no key or any other means of fastening it, and it opened inwards, though with difficulty, on account of the heavy winter clothes hanging over it.

Where it led to he felt too tired to investigate, almost too tired to care; yet he carried the washstand inside the cupboard and set it against the inner door, arranging the crockery in such a manner that the door could not be opened without causing clatter sufficient to awaken him, and then, satisfied with his precautions, he turned the lamp-flame down, let it flicker out, and in two minutes was fast asleep.

He awoke very suddenly.

For how long he had slept he could form no idea. The room was completely dark and the silence was profound.

Yet he had a conviction that he had been awakened by a noise within the cupboard. He listened attentively, and surely heard someone gently trying the handle of the inner door.

"Who's there?" he shouted, and struck a match.

All was still.

With some difficulty he removed the lamp's chimney, re-lighted the wick, and when it burned steady took it over to the cupboard. Everything remained as he had arranged it—not a sound broke the silence, not a mouse stirred.

He came to the conclusion that he had dreamed the noise of the turned handle, and with sufficient vividness to wake himself up.

Nevertheless, he now added the table and chair to the barricade within the cupboard, put the lamp down on the floor by the window to burn itself out, and went back to bed, to again fall asleep.

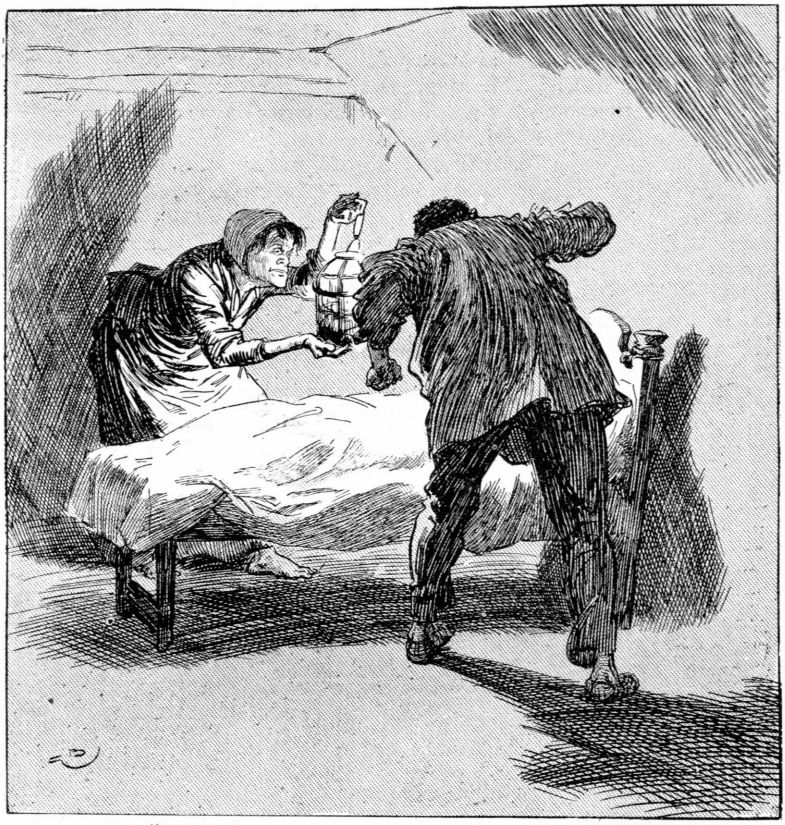
But now he dreamed a dream which was so consequent in its happenings, and which remained so clearly impressed upon his mind next morning, that he could call it up with absolute accuracy of detail across the intervening years.

In this dream he stood in the sordid attic, and a man, either himself or another, lay sleeping in the bed. And while he looked curiously at the sleeper, trying to make out his identity, there came again the noise at the cupboard's inner door.

Raymond fixed his eyes upon the door and saw it begin to move slowly inwards, until it stood wide open. Now a flash of yellow light showed the top rungs of a ladder leading up to the threshold, and a black abyss beyond. The innkeeper's head

appeared, then his shoulders ; then he stepped through the aperture and, treading softly on list slippers and carrying a stable-lantern in his hand, came out into the room. Following him, equally soft-footed, came his sinister-looking wife.

The two went over and stood together by the bed, and the woman, taking the lantern from her husband's hand, held it so that its light streamed down upon the sleeper, and



"THE TWO WENT OVER AND STOOD TOGETHER BY THE BED."

the man, drawing a knife from his belt, leaned over the unconscious victim and drove it into his heart.

Now the man and woman, taking up the corpse by the head and feet, prepared to carry it down the way they had come up ; but because they needed light, yet neither had a hand free, the man took the slender ring of the lantern between his teeth, and thus the two murderers lighted themselves down the ladder.

Next Raymond heard the sound of a pick, pick, pick, picking on the stones in the stable below preparatory to digging the victim's grave, and he awoke in cold sweats of terror to find the sun streaming in through the curtainless window, and the innkeeper's wife at the door with his morning coffee. And he had no doubt that it was the sunlight upon his eyelids which had caused him to dream of the lantern, while the woman's preliminary rap upon the door had been the stimulating cause of the entire dream.

However, she was as repulsive-looking in the gay light of morning as she had been the night before. The coffee was vile and the appointments dirty.

Raymond hurried through his dressing, paid his bill without comment on its extortionate items, and gave a prolonged whistle of relief when he got away into the road.

Turning back to give a last look at the horrible inn, he now read its name, which he had not been able to do in the obscurity of the previous evening. And this name, painted in great brown letters from end to end of the whitewashed front, was "The Friends' Trysting-Place."

"But monsieur is not listening to me?" complained old Dupont, somewhat piqued.

"On the contrary," Raymond replied, courteously, "I have listened with the deepest attention, since I have reason to be extremely interested in what you have told me. But there comes Maître Puivert from the house. You would do me a service in introducing me to him."

It was not difficult to get the young barrister to talk of the case which was engrossing his whole attention and that of the entire countryside, and Raymond listened so intelligently, and showed so much genuine

sympathy with the bereaved relatives, that Puivert insisted on making him known to Mme. Maréchal and her daughter.

The elder lady was gentle, faded, and broken with grief. The young girl was beautiful, poignantly sad, yet at the same time full of energy and fire.

The mother had resigned herself to the mystery which shrouded her son's fate. The daughter rebelled against it.

"The Leroys are suspected by the police," Mme. Maréchal explained as she talked the affair over with Raymond and her nephew on the terrace after dinner. "But after all, it is a mere suspicion. And, indeed, how is it possible to believe that that man and his wife could have been guilty of so cold-blooded a crime?"

"I shall never have a moment's happiness again," said the girl, "until we have proved that Victor has neither deserted us nor committed suicide. These suggestions have been made. They are horrible. Victor adored us. He would never voluntarily have given those he loved one moment's anxiety. Why should he abandon us? And he was happy, honourable, prosperous. Why should he take his own life?"

"This gentleman," remarked Puivert, indicating Raymond, "has been telling me that he knows the inn, and that he fancies he knows the Leroys. It seems that he passed a night there himself a few years ago."

"Ah, monsieur!" cried Léonie, clasping her hands, "if you could help us!"

"My testimony, such as it is, only tells in the inn's favour, since I slept there, had money in my pocket, yet came away next morning unscathed."

He related the adventure over again as he had already told it to Puivert, but neither then nor now did he touch upon the dream.

"I think I should like to see these Leroys," he said, aside, to Puivert, before parting that night. "If I were to come into Gex with you to-morrow, would it be possible to manage it for me?"

"Not only possible, but easy." And it was arranged that he should accompany the advocate into the examining judge's room, and be present at the interrogation of the Leroys.

Mlle. Léonie spoke to Raymond as the two men set off next morning. She and her mother, not being wanted in Gex, were going to spend a quiet day at Etréport.

"If you can help us in any way to solve this dreadful mystery," she told him, with swimming eyes, "you may reckon on our eternal gratitude."

"You may believe that I would do everything a man can," Raymond assured her, "merely to win from you one kindly thought."

He spoke so earnestly that she was surprised into a blush.

He referred enthusiastically to Mlle. Léonie when he and Puivert were in the train together on the way to Gex.

"'YOU MAY BELIEVE THAT I WOULD DO EVERYTHING A MAN CAN,' RAYMOND ASSURED HER."

"A very beautiful creature!" he said. "But for a young girl her face is too sad."

"Ah! You should have known her before this affair," answered the other. "Full of vivacity, blooming and smiling as Hebe. Well, we can do little for her but trust to time."

Raymond told himself he should like to aid time in winning her back to lightheartedness.

Arrived at Gex he was enabled, through the influence of Puivert, to slip into the judge's room, amongst the reporters and other minor officials, whence he might assist at the interrogations, himself unobserved.

How well he remembered the man who was now brought in between two prison warders! The burly, swart-faced man with the bull's throat, the small, suspicious pig's eyes, the muscular, hairy hands, every detail of whose appearance struck Raymond familiarly, as if not two years but two hours only lay between then and now. The rough voice in which Leroy answered the questions put him seemed never to have ceased snarling at Raymond's ear.

But the judge extracted nothing from these answers beyond a repetition of the already admitted facts.

Yes. A gentleman *had* visited the inn on the night in question, had asked for a bed, and had been refused it, as the only two rooms available were already occupied by two waggoners (whose separate testimony had confirmed the statement's truth). The gentleman, therefore, having eaten his supper, had paid and gone away, and that was all Leroy knew, so help him God!

He was removed that his wife might be introduced, and, brute-beast as was the man, about the woman there was something still more sinister. This stout, squat, dark little woman with the eyes set too close together, and the loose, cruel mouth, might well have served as the evil spirit of even such a ruffian as Leroy. If his was the hand to carry out their crimes, hers was the turpitude to suggest them.

But the story concocted to save their necks from those crimes' consequence had evidently been well rehearsed. Point for point, word for word, the woman repeated the asseverations of the man. The couple had been separated over two weeks, but not the discrepancy of a pin's head could be found between the two tales.

"No, my good monsieur," she whined, "we had no bed to give the gentleman. Besides our own room we have but two others, which were occupied on that night by two waggoners, Hugues and Rebelle. This is God's truth, and they will tell you so themselves."

At this moment there was a movement among the reporters on the judge's left. Raymond had pushed back his chair, risen, and now came forward.

"Pardon me, monsieur," he said, bowing to the judge, "will you allow me to ask a question?"

Then, turning to the woman, "But your third room, the attic over the stable? Did you not put Victor Maréchal to sleep there?"

Her mouth fell open as she stared at the speaker, but no word came.

Raymond, however, answered for her, emphatically and fluently, as though he were become the mouthpiece of some superior force.

"Yes!" he cried, "you put the unfortunate young man to sleep in that little lonely attic room, separated from the rest of the house by a long passage, with nothing below him but the disused stable, so that his cries, if he should cry out, would not be heard.

"But you gave him no opportunity of crying out. You waited until he slept profoundly, and then you and your husband came up through the stable by the ladder leading to the cupboard's secret door, and while you held the lantern to guide the blow, Leroy stabbed the victim in his sleep.

"After which the two of you carried the body down the way you had come to bury it beneath the flags of the stable floor; but because you needed light on the way down, and neither of you had a hand to spare, Leroy carried the lantern by holding the ring between his teeth."

The woman's face had changed to the colour of ashes during this denunciation, while her eyes, globular and ringed with white, seemed to move forward from their sockets.

"What! You were there, then?" she exclaimed. "You saw everything? But how is that possible?"

A thrill ran through the room as these incriminating words were uttered and written down.

Recognising the next instant her fatal blunder, the woman now took refuge in a savage silence, except when refusing in violent language to sign her deposition presently read over to her.

But when it was read over to Leroy,

brought back to hear it after his wife's removal to the cells, he, believing that she had betrayed him, fell into such red fury, and swore such horrible oaths that he would do for her when he got out, that he had to be gagged and manacled.

He never, however, got out, for the charge was proved convincingly. The stable floor was taken up and the body of the victim discovered, as well as the bones of another unknown previous victim which had lain there for apparently four or five years. Leroy finished his career on the scaffold. His wife, the more guilty of the two, has also the harder doom, for she still lives in the convict prison for women at Noirlieu.

These events, of course, followed later.

The rest of the day on which Raymond had brought home the crime to its perpetrators was spent in animated discussion of the extraordinary means by which he had been enabled to do so. As he and Puivert were on their way back to Etréport the barrister could talk of nothing but the dream which he had heard for the first time narrated by Raymond before they left the court-house.

"Do you suppose that they intended to murder you too?" he queried.

"I have never been able to decide. Did I frustrate their plans by my barricade at the cupboard-door or did I merely dream the attempted entrance, as I certainly dreamed the accomplished crime?"

"Then, again, was it a dream of premonition?" debated Puivert. "Was it my poor cousin whom you *fore*-saw in the bed? Or was it the spirit of the earlier victim still haunting the place, and communicating itself to your spirit?"

"Or mightn't it simply be that the evil intentions brooding in the Leroys' own minds, their mental rehearsal of the already familiar procedure, radiated out and entered my mind," Raymond suggested, "as the wireless message enters the receiver? In these days of wireless telegraphy, of the Röntgen rays, and of the still more wonderful Becquerel rays, I don't see how we are going to deny the possibility of telepathy too."

"Oh, we live in a world of marvellous possibilities," Puivert conceded. "And no one can say what hitherto undiscovered powers and properties are *not* lying close at hand. Indeed, the sum total of what we know, compared to all that is knowable, about equals, I suppose, the chicken's knowledge of the poultry-yard before he has chipped his way out of the shell!"

Raymond sat wrapped in thought, and Puivert confidently expected something stimulating and abstruse to be contributed to the subject. But when he did speak it was with surprising irrelevancy.

"Do you think," said he, "that Mlle. Léonie will ever recover her good spirits?"

"RAYMOND SAT WRAPPED IN THOUGHT."

Puivert was intensely disappointed, yet bore up gallantly.

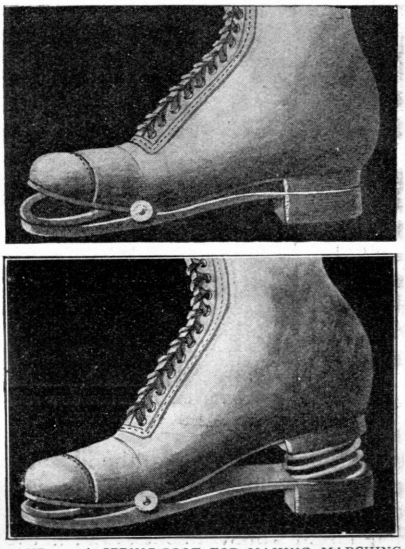
"You and I will help my cousin to recover them," said he; and it would appear that Raymond's thought did here radiate out into the other's mind, for Maître Puivert received at that moment a clear mental picture of the not distant day when this pleasant-faced young Englishman would be able to claim him as cousin too.

Military Novelties.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT.

WHEN any great matter affecting a nation's welfare arises it is sure to stir into action the latent potency of many individual minds. So it has proved in connection with the lamentable war which has for so long a period ravaged South Africa. As fast as disasters or inconveniences accumulated men were ready with schemes by the adoption of which future misfortunes of a like character might be avoided.

In the mechanical and inventive aspects of the matter keen and wonderful projects have been laid before military officers and others in kindred employment, patent agents, and journalists who interest themselves in these subjects. It has been my purpose to bring together for survey many objects of which the germs have proceeded from a variety of minds, and I think that the series embraces quite a unique assortment of ideas, to which without further prologue I will devote some attention.



1 AND 2.—A SPRING-BOOT FOR MAKING MARCHING EASY.

In the natural course of things the outfit of Tommy Atkins acquires first importance, and perhaps boots might be regarded as deserving of initial consideration, especially as it was once reported that many soldiers were practically barefooted during certain periods of their protracted wanderings.

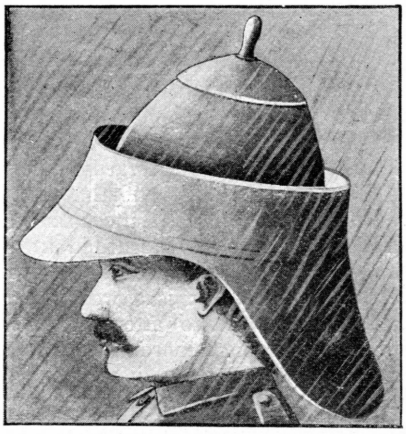
In Nos. 1 and 2 we have a boot which can claim many merits. Consisting essentially of a pivoted and detachable sole, furnished with springs at the front and back, it is supposed to reduce materially the exertion demanded in marching and to enable worn-out soles to be easily and quickly replaced by others. Between the proper and the extra heels is a coiled spring, whilst a horse-shoe spring occupies a portion of the area between the toes. As the boot stands when off a foot it would appear as in No. 1, both heel and toe being slightly elevated above the additional sole. In use the hinder spring would tend to soften the tread as the heel met the ground, and during the lifting of the heel the expansion of the spiral would help to relieve the tiresome weight occasioned when the body is supported merely on the toes and a clear space necessarily exists below the heel. The effect of the front spring would be to lend assistance during the movements of the foot. Regarded from the cobbling point of view, it appears to offer substantial advantages. It is a weary and often impossible matter to attend to the repair of footgear during a march; and here we have a neat solution of the difficulty. A stock of extra soles of various sizes should be selected for transport, and as fast as they became destroyed through hard wear they could be immediately replaced by new ones pivoted into proper position.

Having dealt briefly with the feet we will ascend to a discourse concerning a quaint helmet.

One of the acutest sufferings to which fighting men are subjected is undoubtedly the prolonged deprivation of that essentially necessary commodity, water. The awful parched throat is a most agonizing thing for a marching soldier to endure. The wounded warrior, too, knows how frightful is the experience of an absence of water, for usually his first call is for something to quench his intolerable thirst. This being the case, all ideas which have for their object the alleviation of this form of suffering deserve due attention, however far-fetched they may appear at first sight.

The suggestion embodied in Nos. 3 and 4, for instance, appears at first to be an outrageous and ludicrous one; but the apparently repellent features disappear when we fully consider its claims.

The helmet may be so constructed that the lower portion of it really represents a narrow reservoir, this effect being produced by the addition of a secondary connection which fits over and outside the fundamental headgear, being joined to it only along the base line, thus providing an intervening space.



3.—HELMET FOR COLLECTING RAIN.

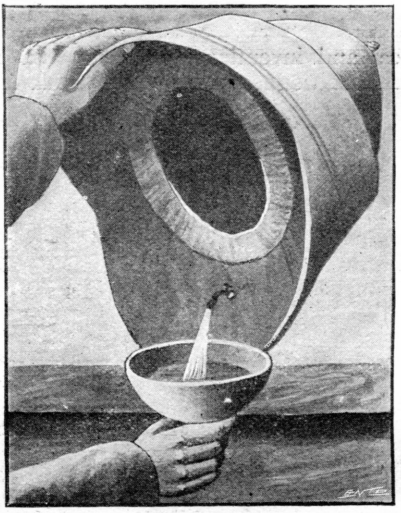
Midway down this cunningly contrived cavity is to be a ring of carbon (or similarly suitable substance) entirely surrounding the helmet.

In districts where, during long marches, it was the exception to meet with water, but where an occasional shower of rain presented itself, a sufficiency of the liquid, in a purified condition, would be secured automatically, and without detrimental halting of the troops.

There is another merit borne by the contrivance, which is not an inconsiderable one. In hot countries a helmet so partially filled with water would serve as a beneficial cooling agent to the throbbing head of the soldier wearing it. The life-sustaining liquid would be accessible by means of a tiny tap inserted beneath the under-rear of the helmet. If the device be regarded impartially I think that it may justifiably be said to be worthy of adoption, either as it stands or in a modified form. A cup to hold the water might be screwed on to the top of the helmet, from which position it would be readily detachable.

Why the soldier's body should not be amply protected where possible, even at the sacrifice of dignity, is a question presenting a queer phase of mystery. Warriors, during battle, are not seen by spectators as they are during a review, and mere outward appearance should be regarded as trifling compared with the opportunities offered by the provision of a shield of some kind or other, however grotesque it might be. After all, a living soldier, however ludicrous he might appear to the caricaturists and other people with an eye for comicalities, would be far more valuable to those whom he served than a dead one.

It may be argued that the use of shields would tend to diminish a soldier's personal courage; but I think we need fear no effects of this kind. As a matter of fact, the recipient of a bullet does not know who fired it (as a rule), so that the pluck required to face a shower of bullets is far different from that demanded to meet a bayonet charge. This being a feature concerning which many arguments for and against could be adduced, I will refrain from continuing my meditations, and take the illustration No. 5 in hand.



4.—THE HELMET GIVING OUT PURE FILTERED WATER.

There, the shield buckled to the front of the soldier's body covers the most vulnerable spots, and, if the surmise of the inventor be correct, would prove a most beneficial protection. It is not intended to be composed merely of a sheet of netting, but is to be provided with small spiral coils at the junctions of the wires, the whole apparatus being overlaid with fine wire. The impact of the bullet would be toned down immediately it touched the resilient surface of the shield. In other words, the bullet would be thrust back by the springs.

5.—A SPRING-FITTED WIRE SHIELD.

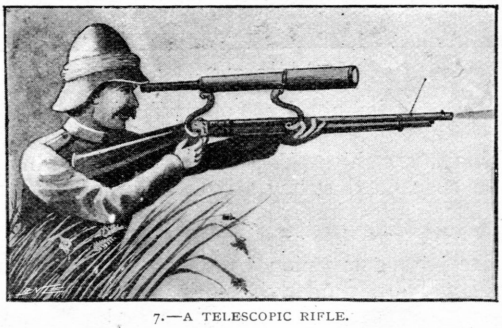
The climbing of forts and steep declivities is one of the most dangerous and hazardous tasks which fall to the lot of soldiers during war time, and any ideas

which might be available for reducing difficulties of this nature deserve a warm welcome. Whether the strange notion pictured in No. 6 comes into a useful category or not is a point around which much difference of opinion will probably arise.

The leather belt now used by a military man acts as an indispensable adjunct to his outfit, enabling many articles to receive a secure and steady attachment, which would be impossible in the case of its absence from the fighter's waist. We will, therefore, regard the suggested item as a kind of *secondary* belt, to be composed of some strong and light metal. It is intended to be a kind of circular spring (somewhat similar to many patterns of ladies' bracelets) fitted so that its ends, when united, could be locked immovably together. The formation of the trellis-ladder would proceed by one belt or hoop being linked into a fellow one, and, after having been brought round as flat as possible with it, to be screwed up tight. In this manner each hoop would interlace with others in its own immediate vicinity, and, when several dozens had been so treated, a tolerably firm and convenient ladder would result, up which several men at once could swarm. Used as belts, extreme portability would, of course, be insured, in contradistinction to the nuisance occasioned by cumbrous ladders. An additional advantage may be cited on behalf of the contrivance. Being worn continually upon the person, no delay would be caused, as might happen when ladders went astray, or failed to be brought up in time to the spot where they were required. We will suppose that under cover of the darkness the troops had successfully reached a coveted portion of the exterior of a fort. Silently the belts would be detached from the waists, and each soldier would quickly interweave his belt into position with those adjacent to him. When men had been efficiently drilled into the methods of attachment the task of building up a trellis-ladder many feet high and several yards long would occupy only a few moments of time, and dozens of attackers be enabled to ascend to advantageous positions along the battlements.

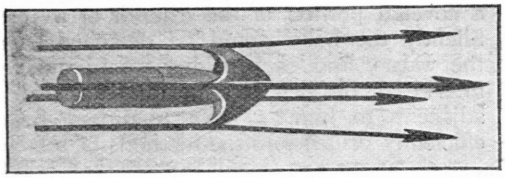
6.—A TRELLIS-LADDER MADE OF BELTS.

Important and powerful improvements are continually being effected in rifles, and it may be reasonably expected that at some time in the near future the long range attainable will exceed the limit to which clear vision will be enabled to seek an object to aim at. In such a case something similar to the peculiar device illustrated in No. 7 may be used. It consists, as will be seen, merely of a telescope affixed in an uplifted position to the rifle, so that sight and aim may be taken simultaneously at the otherwise invisible enemy. Of course, other parts of the rifle would need careful development in order to meet the alteration caused by the added features; but this would not prove a very formidable task for inventors of military contrivances.



7.—A TELESCOPIC RIFLE.

While on the subject of rifles I should like to direct the reader's attention to a notion for the existence of which, in a materialized form, there would seem to be scarcely any justification, even when judged from the brutal point of view. It is suggested that an object like that depicted in No. 8, having barbed frontal extensions, should be placed loosely over the muzzle of a rifle preparatory to firing it. The conical portion of it would

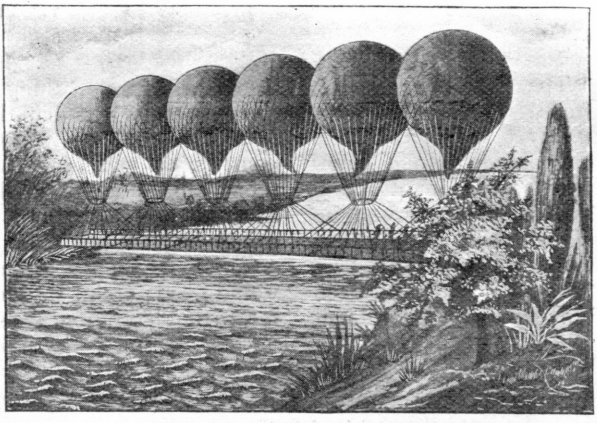


8.—A COMPOUND ARROW, TO BE DRIVEN FROM THE MUZZLE OF A RIFLE BY THE BULLET.

come immediately over the muzzle of the gun. It is anticipated that a discharged bullet, as it sprang from the rifle, would carry the object impaled upon it, and impart equivalent energy to it. Seeing that a bullet itself can inflict effectual damage upon arriving at its desired destination, such an addition appears to be somewhat superfluous; but it has been added to this catalogue on account of its unique formation and purpose.

The crossing of streams is one of the most formidable obstacles encountered during an army's progress, and the delay caused by the incidental awkwardness of the experience oftentimes results disastrously, giving undesired opportunities to the enemy.

Much ingenuity has been developed in efforts having for their object the provision of some worthily serviceable contrivance with the aid of which quick, safe, and easy passage may be made across rivers; but I think that the suggested balloon bridge (No. 9) can claim novelty as a predominant feature of itself.

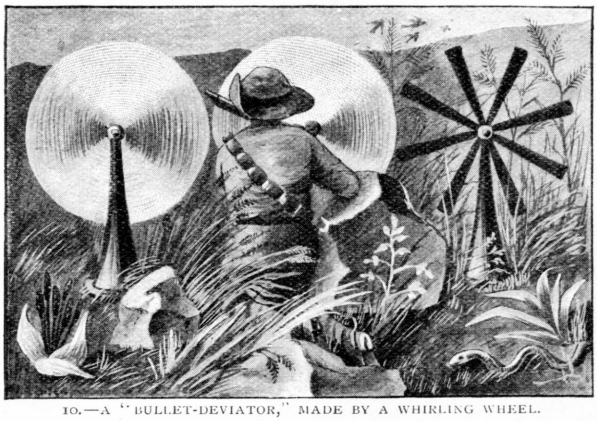


9.—A BALLOON BRIDGE.

Let us examine the thing thoroughly. To small balloons would be suspended strong and light, open-ended, oblong cars, instead of circular ones, built in such a way that one could be bolted and locked to a companion car, which in its turn could be similarly treated in connection with a third car, and so on. Upon the arrival of the troops at a spot suitable for the purpose the balloons would be inflated and the cars attached. Extremely careful ballasting would necessarily be a most important requirement on the part of the operators; but such capabilities are not impossible. When one car had been so securely and properly fixed to the river's bank that the floor of the car was tolerably steady and level, the operators would guide a second balloon into position, and rigidly fasten its car to that already prepared for use. At this point there would be practically a single car, twice the size of the normal ones, supported by *two* balloons. In like manner a third one would be joined in line with the first two; and then a fourth, fifth, sixth, and others successively until the opposite bank was reached, when the last one would require firm attachment to the land. During the construction of this quaint bridge the flooring or roadway, as it became resolved into shape, could be utilized as a platform for the continuance of the work. The very delicate and varying ballasting required could be considerably aided by means of ballast-bags suspended from the balloons and resting on the river's bottom, serving really as anchors. In this way it would be possible to hold a balloon stationary at any desired altitude. If needed a few feet higher, the mooring-rope would be allowed to lengthen; whilst if the men wished to reach a lower elevation, the rope would be gathered in.

Once formed, there would exist a solid, compact gangway over the river, the gas-bags having sufficed instead of scaffolding to support the various sections of the bridge during their manipulation. Torrential currents, which render pontoon bridge building unmanagable, would not prove very serious in connection with the kind of work with which I am now dealing, and this fact alone is worth some consideration. With modifications, not only rivers, but ravines, and gorges, and similar geographical torments, which are now regarded as absolutely impassable, could be negotiated. Strategical movements would thereby receive an advantageous impetus.

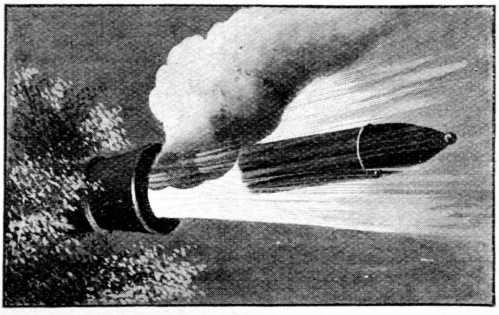
It would need actual experiment to demonstrate the efficiency or futility, as the case might be, of the extraordinary contrivance



10.—A "BULLET-DEVIATOR," MADE BY A WHIRLING WHEEL.

depicted in No. 10, and naturally such experiments would demand a risk to which few people would care to voluntarily expose themselves. Theoretically, however, the invention seems to possess unusual merits, being destined to serve as an obstructor to sundry bullets whose billets would otherwise be the human body in proximity to the apparatus. It is a very simple affair—nothing more, indeed, than a rapidly rotating wheel. It is supposed that should a soldier occupying a position behind it be fired at, the bullet would, immediately upon arrival at the wheel, be struck aside by the revolving fans. Whether such a desirable result would really ensue in connection with such a thing as a swiftly travelling bullet cannot be definitely declared; but that apparently it would be quite possible may be understood by a simple experiment. If the reader will remove one of the wheels from a discarded clock (or, in fact, use any kind of open wheel), and spin it briskly upon a table, he will find that when a small object is dropped down on to the rotating wheel it is thrust violently aside, instead of falling through the meshes of the wheel. From analogy, something similar in effect might be expected on the part of a bullet coming into contact with one of the revolving wheels illustrated in No. 10, provided that the motions of the latter were made with extreme speed. The motive force operating a series of these barriers might reasonably be electricity, a power which will undoubtedly be extensively utilized in future warfare. When quickly revolving this contrivance would not interfere with the view of a soldier, as there would appear before him seemingly a mere circular mist. His own bullet would, of course, be fired from between a pair of the wheels, in the angle caused by their close proximity one to the other.

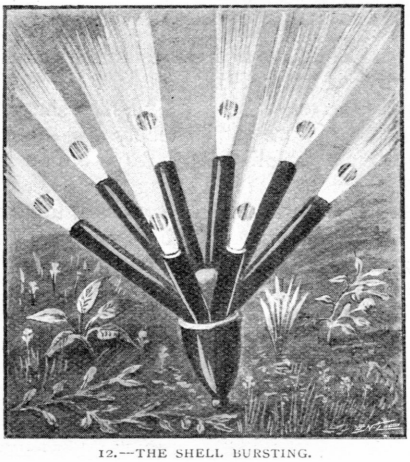
Here, finally, is a newly devised shell of extreme originality. When fired from the gun it would resemble the object portrayed in No. 11. It consists of a hollow cone, to which are hinged a number of tubes like miniature cannons, each capable of discharging an explosive shell on its own account. Upon the shell arriving at its destination it would fall point downwards, the tubes would open out and point in every



11.—A NOVEL COMPOUND SHELL.

direction, and from them would issue the explosive shells scattering to all points of the compass, as shown in No. 12. In this manner a more disastrous result could be secured than by using a single large shell to explode where it fell, for a vast area could be swept by these means.

A soldier fully equipped in a uniform comprising the helmet, belt, shield, and boots illustrated would certainly present a curious spectacle; but from a utilitarian aspect there can be no denying his increased efficiency, and, after all, the soldier exists for quite a different reason than that of gratifying the eyes of artistic people.



12.—THE SHELL BURSTING.

A Labour of Love.

By Winifred Graham

"GOOD-BYE, darlings; I am so sorry to leave you on your holiday."

A very pretty woman bent down to kiss a pair of rosy-cheeked boys. They hung round her neck affectionately. She did not seem to fear their little brown fingers would soil her immaculate lace dress. The kisses had an evil effect on her large picture-hat, but she soon rectified the trouble before a mirror in the hall.

The day-school Teddy and Roy attended economized its holidays—a whole one proved a great event.

Mrs. Stuart's dainty little feet stepped into the victoria; Teddy caught a glimpse of very high bronze heels, the colour of his mother's hair in the sunlight.

"You have a treat in store to-day," she said. "Don't forget you lunch with Uncle Robert."

Sir Robert Dunbar was seldom at home; he lived in a great house a mile distant. The boys were devoted to him—perhaps the proverbial love of the cow for the haystack had something to do with their devotion.

As the carriage drove away Teddy followed the large picture-hat shielding its wealth of red-gold hair with big, wistful eyes.

"Isn't she pretty?" he said, sighing deeply.

Roy nodded assent, as he stooped to pat a shaggy poodle, whose thick winter coat gave him a hot, unfashionable appearance on this glorious spring morning.

"I wish we could do something for her," went on Teddy, continuing his line of thought. "I don't believe she wanted to go to that wedding—she would rather have been with us on our holiday, but the wedding was settled a long time ago. I wonder why people get married!"

Roy considered a moment.

"Oh, it is because they are in love," he said, proud of his superior knowledge on the subject. "When a man loves a girl, I've heard he always wants to do something to please her, so I suppose he marries her because girls like to get married."

"Then I expect I'm in love with mother," replied Teddy, with childish logic. "Roy, I've got an idea!"

He fixed his eyes on the chocolate-coloured poodle basking on the sunny steps.

"Mother said only yesterday she did want Pompey shaved. He feels the heat and looks so wintry. She asked father to do it, but he had not time. You remember how smart Pompey looked last year with half his back bare, and two little rosettes of hair left on each side? The horse-clippers are in the stables—suppose we do it for a surprise. Mother likes to take him out driving, with ribbons on his head to match her dress, when his coat is cut—she would be awfully pleased!"

Roy thought it a wonderful idea; in fact, it amounted to inspiration, and together they journeyed in search of the beautifying instrument.

Enticing with biscuits the unsuspecting poodle to a distant shed, the two amateur hair-dressers consulted seriously together.

"It was this half of his back that was shaved last year, from the middle to the tail," said Roy. "I suppose it would not do to have it the same two years running."

"No, I suppose not," murmured Teddy. "Mother likes change; she says fashions alter very quickly. The things in our house are not a bit like other people's, that is why visitors so often walk round, as if they were at a bazaar, and call out: 'Oh, what an original room!' when they ought to sit down and drink their tea. I guess mother would be quite grateful if we could make Pompey look 'original.'"

"Well, why not begin the other end; clip his head and the first part of his back, letting the last half hang long? It will be very hard, because the hair is so thick, but we must use the scissors first."

With many coaxing words and a renewed supply of biscuits Pompey was induced to submit to their well-intentioned operations. In deep earnest the small fingers set to work with astonishing skill. Love gave them patience, defying weariness, though their faces flushed hotter and their arms ached, while the boyish curls grew damp from the moisture on their foreheads. The horse-clippers were not easy weapons to wield, but Teddy mastered the difficulty with a success that surprised himself and filled Roy's soul with reverent admiration.

Before the task was half finished the loud ringing of a hand-bell resounded through the garden. Roy let go of Pompey and danced to the door.

"It's Maria ringing for us to come in and wash our hands. It must be time for us to start for Uncle Robert's! It wouldn't do to be late; we want to be there as early as we can. I am longing to see the great big live monkey he has brought from Australia and the baby kangaroo."

Teddy did not stir. His face was very grave, and he looked Roy up and down with an expression of fine contempt.

"If we go out to lunch," he said, "we shall not have time to finish Pompey, and mother will come home to find—*this!*"

He gazed sadly at their incomplete work.

"Uncle Robert promised me cherry-tart, with cream on it," said Roy, convinced so strong an argument would justify desertion. The thought gave Teddy a pang, which he knew to be unworthy.

"So you wouldn't sacrifice a helping of cherry-tart—for—for mother's sake?" he muttered, growing very red.

"I should be sure to have two helpings, and perhaps three," answered Roy, stubbornly.

"But we started our work to please her," said Teddy. "I can't possibly finish alone, without you to help me. Only think what a tame ending! You would go away—now, in the very middle—and spoil everything. Because you want to amuse yourself you are willing to leave Pompey in patches, with one side of his head bare as my hand and the other just like a mop. It's a wicked idea! I really could not get on by myself, you know that—it would not be possible for one person to manage. See, Pompey won't stay still an instant! Instead of good, all we have done up till now will turn to harm. How can Pompey go out driving in such a state? Mother would not be the least proud of him. We are doing this to please her—you can't have forgotten that. Of course I want to go to Uncle Robert's just as much as you do, but we mustn't think of ourselves now. I did not know it would take so long; but if you love mother you will give up everything to get finished."

Roy still kept his hand on the door.

"Uncle Robert always gives us a shilling each. I had meant to buy a kite with mine," he said.

Teddy did not mention his intended purchase, though he knew it well enough, and the memory brought a wave of temptation which seemed calling him from his labour of love, from work-alluring pleasure. On one side he saw an unselfish task to please his mother, on the other hand rose visions of

"Yes, she knows we may do exactly what we like all to-day for a treat. Maria must walk to the hall and say we are too busy to come to lunch. She might tell Uncle Robert we are sorry, and give him our best love."

Roy obeyed, leaving Teddy in charge of

"'UNCLE ROBERT ALWAYS GIVES US A SHILLING EACH. I HAD MEANT TO BUY A KITE WITH MINE,' HE SAID."

gilded halls and cherry-tarts, of delightful gallops round the park mounted on the same horse with Uncle Robert.

He stood his ground staunchly. Roy must not see how great an effort it was for him to stick to his guns.

Teddy's unrelenting attitude had a strong effect upon Roy. He suddenly felt ashamed of himself. It was not a pleasant sensation to know his brother despised him.

The older boy's influence told on the younger. His example stood out clearly as a thing that must be followed. Ahead lay the path of sacrifice, and there could be no turning aside. It meant a holiday spoilt, but what matter? It was to please mother, to give her a happy surprise who so often arranged unexpected delights for them.

"P'r'aps I'd better tell Maria we are not going," he said.

His voice shook slightly, and he stared through the open door very hard.

Pompey. The dog sat up and shook himself. Teddy put a small arm caressingly round his neck.

"You'll be so cool and comfortable, old chap!" he said, and Pompey licked his face in canine worship as the boy gently scratched him with a broken piece of comb.

The shed appeared to grow suddenly very misty as Teddy hummed a little defiant tune to try and keep up his spirits.

Roy heard it as he came slowly back—it seemed to give him fresh heart. He tried to pretend he was not disappointed; at any rate he would do his best to make Teddy think so. His quivering lips found it very hard to smile, and something in his throat made speech impossible. He paused outside the shed, bending down to tie the lace of his little canvas shoe. A hot tear dropped on his hand, a tear he brushed hastily aside. "I won't cry," he thought; "it isn't manly! Father never cries; but then, perhaps, he's

never disappointed. When I am grown up I shall arrange that these sort of troubles don't happen."

With set lips and only a few suspicious sniffs, which might possibly be put down to a slight cold, Roy returned to his post, holding his head very upright and keeping his childish features rigid as a mask. Only, now and again, an unaccountable moisture upon his eyelashes had to be reckoned with.

Teddy, for some unknown reason, kept his eyes turned away. Roy supposed it was from consideration.

So together they recommenced their arduous task without exchanging a word—each hoping the other did not notice the signs of emotion which were so difficult to control.

For quite a long time Teddy went on humming. What was a sacrifice worth unless it could be undertaken cheerfully?

"At last!" cried Roy, stretching his arms, as Pompey sprang from the table, gleefully revelling in freedom.

A shower of brown fluff and loose curls fell to the ground. The boys appeared almost as pleased to be released as the dog himself. The three bounded out to the garden for a wild race round the lawn. They expanded their cramped lungs by shouting as they ran, Pompey joining in with shrill barkings. He apparently forgot that flower-beds were made for ornament and borders demanded respect, for in the new glory of his hairless state he became like a puppy again.

It had seemed an eternity—those hours in the shed. The boys were reminded of it by aching muscles and strained nerves. Pompey's unwillingness to assist by lying still made the labour momentarily more arduous as the afternoon advanced. Only very stubborn determination could have completed a task the magnitude of which they fully realized as difficulties increased and physical fatigue supervened. Now they flung themselves down on the grass, breathless and relieved, to survey their handiwork.

"I never imagined it could have taken so long!" said Teddy. "I think, don't you, it's a great success?"

"Yes," a little doubtfully from Roy. "I'm not quite sure I did not like last year's fashion best."

"But that was just the same as every other poodle."

"MARIA GREETED THE BROWN APPARITION WITH A SCREAM OF DISMAY."

"Suppose we go and show him to Maria. It must be tea-time, and I am awfully hungry."

They scampered back to the house, accompanied by a strangely grotesque object. The victim of their attentions suggested a poodle as seen in a nightmare, or the

illustration of some weird fairy tale on "topsy-turvydom!" Maria greeted the brown apparition with a scream of dismay, and shook her apron at him as he tried to jump up and lick her hands.

"Lor! Master Teddy—what have you been up to?" she cried, in accents of horror.

Teddy tried to look unconcerned as he answered, with pride:—

"We did it all ourselves, and we never hurt him once."

"Well, of all the hideous sights—but, there! You wait till your ma comes home! I can't think what she will say, for she is such a one to take a pride in the dog, dressing him up with ribbons and the like! I should guess it will go near to break her heart."

"Don't you think—er—he looks nice?"

"Nice! Well, I never—if that's your taste!" and a jeer cut the sentence short. "I don't know whether to laugh or cry, but to see a dog looking such a caution is enough to send a body into hysterics!"

"Come away," whispered Teddy to Roy. "She does not understand. We know mother likes uncommon things; I will try and explain it to Maria after tea."

"OH, ALFRED, JUST LOOK AT POMPEY!"

But no amount of explanation had any effect upon Maria. She was "bourgeoise" to her finger-tips, and could see no beauty in the unique.

The boys quietly pitied her, happy with the delightful consciousness that they had triumphed over their natural desires and sacrificed their holiday for a great result.

Roy leant against a tree and stared at the sunset.

"But fancy if mother wasn't pleased, after all," he said, his lips trembling slightly.

The lugubrious suggestion sent queer little shivers down Teddy's spine.

"Oh! it couldn't be," he replied, stoutly. His young heart defied the first breath of misfortune, allowing the mere idea no place in his calculations. He felt the bitterness would be too great to bear, such a thing was impossible in this bright world of spring! The very atmosphere was full of sweetness, and the promise of summer hovered round them like some unseen magic presence. The gold sun sinking slowly shed a benediction on the garden. "You'll see, it will be all right," he declared, with unlimited faith in the future, and Roy readily believed him.

When Mrs. Stuart returned the boys were having their supper upstairs. Lights had been lit in the hall, and Pompey, who barked loudly on principle whenever the front door bell rang, gave forth his noisy welcome, thus forcing attention instantly to his grotesque

personality. Husband and wife came together into the light. A cry of horror escaped Mrs. Stuart; her eyes dilated as she pointed to her pet.

"Alfred!" she gasped. "Oh, Alfred, just look at Pompey!"

Maria answered their startled questions in hushed accents. There was a funereal air about her, as if a death had taken place in the house.

"It was the young gentlemen's doing," she said, severely; "it kept them busy all day. They gave up going out to lunch, and told me, ma'am, it was to please you! Nothing I could say would persuade Master Teddy it wasn't a very good piece of work, and they are proud as peacocks, for all I've scolded them!"

Maria looked terribly forbidding as she gave the story.

Mr. Stuart was kneeling down examining the poodle.

"The young rascals," he said, as Maria retired, "they deserve a good whipping—and they shall get it, too—spoiling the dog for the whole season!"

As Mrs. Stuart gazed at the brown poodle his hideous appearance became suddenly transformed to her eyes, and she saw in the piteous object only a living monument of her boys' very genuine, though ill-expressed, affection.

"It was to please you!" Even the irate Maria had owned as much. Mrs. Stuart guessed with all a mother's intuition the kindly motive which inspired them, involving the sacrifice of their longed-for outing. They had talked for weeks of what they would do at the Hall when Uncle Robert returned from one of his many foreign tours.

She bent down over the dog and looked at Alfred from under her big picture-hat. One hand lay on Pompey's shaven head, the other rested detainingly upon her husband's arm.

"Dearest," she whispered, "I want you to do me a favour."

"What is it?" he asked, smiling. Her serious expression puzzled him.

"Those small creatures meant so well. Will you leave it in my hands? Will you rely on my judgment just this once?"

The pleading blue eyes were irresistible. Such eyes were made to gain their way.

"Of course, darling, you shall do as you like," he replied, gently, touched by the earnestness of her words. "Women, I know, have strangely keen intuitions, and if you feel strongly on any subject always follow your instinct, it is bound to be right."

She left him with a light laugh. "You are a dear!" she said.

Very softly she stole upstairs, but the boys heard the rustle of her dress and came running out to the passage.

In a moment her arms were round them both, and she was listening to the history of their love labour with smiles that spoke gratitude.

"It was a delightful surprise," she cried, "to find you had been thinking of me."

"We knew you would be pleased," declared Teddy, radiantly. "We don't mind anything now, only Maria could not understand."

"But I understood!" said the sweet, low voice.

And as she spoke all the relinquished pleasures of the day were a thousandfold repaid.

Things of Most Price in the British Museum.

By Rudolph de Cordova.

WHILE gathering the information for this article I met a couple of American acquaintances in one of the Egyptian galleries of the British Museum. They had what has been called the typical museum expression on their faces—a combination of enfeebled interest and intellectual dulness, in curious contrast to what I knew was their vital temperament.

"Rather a depressing sort of an entertainment this," said one; "but you have to do it all the same when you come to Europe."

Here I thought was an opportunity to try whether the article I was contemplating would interest other people. Without seeming to have any set purpose I led the way to the case in which the mummy of Menkaura, that King of the Fourth Egyptian Dynasty who built the third of the pyramids of Gizeh, and who lived B.C. 3633, reposes with a publicity which His Majesty never dreamed of in his most imaginative moments. "If that specimen could be put up to auction," I said, "the best judges believe that it would fetch a sum not less than £75,000. If you look at the knee-joints you will find that they are very much enlarged and thickened, proving that his defunct Majesty suffered very badly from gout or chronic rheumatoid arthritis."

The effect was almost electrical. In an instant my two comrades had lost their listlessness and were all attention. I now felt certain that I was on the right track.

In the next case is an object not less remarkable, though it is no crumbling dust of King, but merely the remains of some unknown, unrecorded son of earth who has become immortal by the divine right of time. Placed on his left side, with knees drawn up to his chin, his hands before his face, this body was found in a grave hollowed out of sandstone, which the irreverent have called a "pie dish." A dead body in a grave does not seem at first sight a valuable possession, yet this is the only one in so complete a form in Europe, and indeed, so far as experts know, in the whole world. It was found on the western bank of the Nile in Upper Egypt, and is all that remains of a man of the Neolithic age.

How many centuries ago that dead body was inspired with the breath of life and lived and moved and had its being on this earth he would be a bold man who would dogmatize. Certain it is he lived thousands of years before the dawn of Egyptian history, long before the rule of Menes, the first historical King.

What price shall be set on such an object? Fifteen thousand pounds would be dirt cheap, for were it possible to put it up to auction, with all the adventitious aids of modern advertisement, representatives would come from every museum in the world, to say nothing of private collectors from America, to whom money is as water to be poured out in the acquisition of really valuable "things."

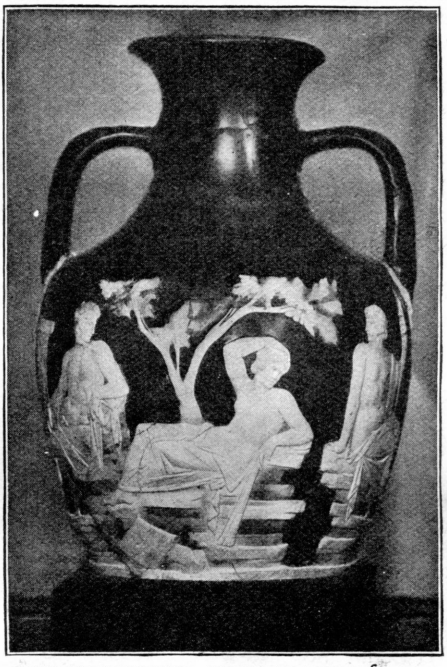
The result of ten minutes with my friends, "spotting" various items in the gallery from their pecuniary point of view, convinced me of the enormous advantage it would be if the Museum authorities could be got to consider the advisability of putting a price on the most notable articles in the National Collection. That course would appeal with undoubted force to every visitor, though antiquarians may gnash their teeth and scientific men write homilies against the barbarism of appraising unique articles like an auctioneer's clerk.

Auctioneer's clerk, however, I propose to be in regard to the treasure store of the Museum, and to suggest the enormous source of wealth which lies within the walls of the stately building in Great Russell Street. One word only by way of preamble—though in this article one can necessarily touch only the fringe of the subject, so to speak—one word of assurance and good faith that the greatest pains have been taken to obtain something like an approximate value which the articles would fetch could they come into the market under favourable conditions. To get them into the market is, however, impossible, for, as most people know, anything which gets into the National Collection remains there, and can never afterwards be sold.

But, the question of good faith apart, the serious consideration of this subject is imperative, for £ s. d. crystallizes sentiment, and long after this article and its writer have been forgotten the figures quoted are, I have been assured, certain to be remembered by experts, and used in appraising the value of other treasures which may come into the market.

Perhaps the most universally-known of the great art treasures are the Elgin Marbles, those wonderful evidences of the skill of the immortal Phidias, whose career was cut short by death while he lay in prison under gross suspicion charged with stealing the gold intended to adorn the great ivory statue of Athena, and who was rendered further unpopular by the fact that he had introduced portraits of himself and Pericles on the shield of the statue of Athena. Evidences of the enormous value of the marbles, as of the fact that "doctors differ," is certainly to be found, in that they have been variously estimated as being worth £1,000,000, £2,000,000, and £3,000,000 — in other words, they are priceless; although in 1816 the Government paid Lord Elgin only £35,000 for them. Yet to-day the single figure of Theseus would fetch at least some three times that sum could it be put up to auction.

Obtained from Greece by what foreign nations, doubtless inspired by jealousy at not possessing them, called "theft," the question was at one time raised by Mr. Frederic Harrison and other writers in the *Nineteenth Century* as to whether the marbles should not be restored to the country to whose genius they are an everlasting monument and an unexampled glory.



THE PORTLAND VASE—ESTIMATED VALUE £10,000 TO £12,000.

Another famous and popular object in the Museum is the Portland Vase, to see which Americans come in hundreds and indeed thousands every year, so well known is its fame across the Atlantic. About 10in. high, made of glass of a wonderful deep blue, ornamented in relief with a series of figures of opaque white glass, it was found in a marble sarcophagus under the Monte del Grano, some two and a half miles from Rome on the way to Frascati.

For a long time it was the chief ornament of the great Barberini Palace at Rome, but towards the end of the eighteenth century it was bought by Sir William Hamilton, who in his turn sold it to the Duchess of Portland in 1785, and by the then Duke of Portland it was deposited in the British Museum in 1810. The Museum did not then occupy its present building, and in 1845, while it was still in Montague House, the vase was broken by an act of vandalism.

A man named William Lloyd, who was employed in the Museum, got drunk one day in the February of that year, and, picking up a Babylonian stone which lay on the ground, he shied it at the vase, which was placed under a glass case. There was a crash, and the case and the vase fell shattered to the ground. The Museum authorities approached the Duke of Portland with a view to prosecuting the man, but, for reasons of his own, the Duke refused to appear, and the only thing the Museum could do was to bring the culprit before a magistrate on a charge of wantonly breaking the glass case! The magistrate fined him a couple of pounds, and the fine was considerately paid by an old lady with more sympathy than sense, so that the man got off scot-free. The pieces were put together again, and perhaps the romance which has thus clustered around the vase may have enhanced its value.

Certain it is that, could the United States get the opportunity, it would think nothing of paying anywhere from £10,000 to £12,000 to possess it to-morrow.

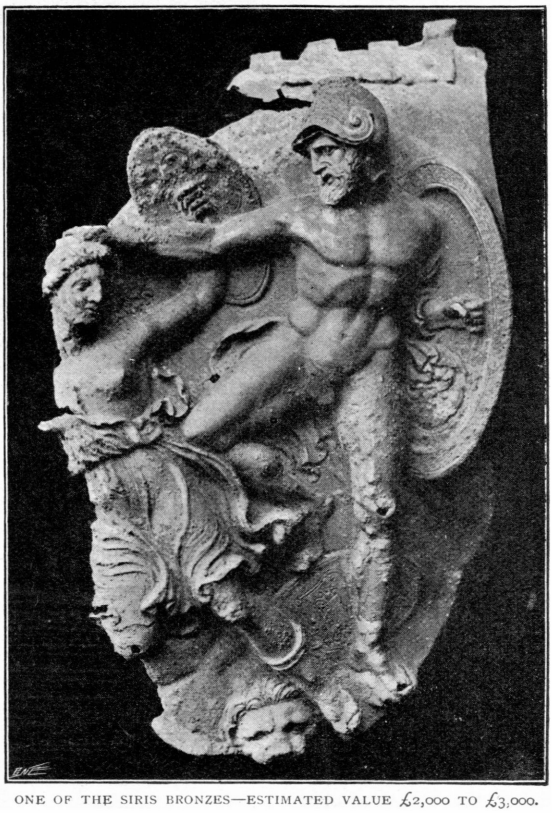
In the same department of Greek and Roman antiquities are some of the objects which illustrate this article, the beautiful winged head of Hypnos (Sleep), the Siris bronzes, and the great cameos of Augustus. The Hypnos, which is one of the finest pieces of bronze in the world, has been said by a critic to "reveal the qualities of Praxiteles" perhaps better than any other ancient work. As will be seen, the Hypnos is merely the head which once belonged to a statue. It was ornamented with wings rising from the temples. Now, however, only the

HYPNOS—ESTIMATED VALUE £5,000.

wing on the right side remains, though the base by which the left wing was soldered on may be distinctly seen. It is worth recording that the head was made separate from the statue, and was soldered on to the trunk, while the wing has been clearly recognised as that of the night hawk, and is therefore peculiarly applicable to a statue of Sleep. This head has been valued at £5,000, about £1,000 more than the bronzes of Siris, which derive their name from the fact that they were found in or near the River Siris, in Southern Italy. These two pieces, which are said to be the finest examples extant of toreutic or highly finished metallic work in relief, are respectively 6½in. and 7in. high, and were intended for the shoulder-piece of a cuirass.

They represent a combat between a Greek warrior and an Amazon, and some people have endeavoured to identify the Greek as Ajax, but no definite decision has been arrived at on this point. Brönsted, in describing them, says that while "the relief is extremely prominent, so that some of the most salient parts, as the hands, the thighs, the knees of the figures, the shields, and some portions of the draperies, appear to be almost detached from the ground; nevertheless, all is gained upon the plate itself." The relief is so strong in places — for example, in the heads—that the plate is only as thick as thin note-paper, and on the reverse side cavities may be seen nearly an inch deep. The beauty and value of these two pieces were sufficiently recognised at the time of their finding to induce several people to band together to purchase them in 1835 for £1,000, a price considered enormous in those days, and to present them to the National Collection. They have since greatly appreciated in value, as all other great bronzes have, and it is probable they would each fetch from £2,000 to £3,000 could they be sold to-morrow. At a rough estimate one might certainly put down the Museum collection of bronzes at a round million sterling, without any fear of being found to overstep the bounds of propriety or exactness.

Another of our illustrations is the famous Marlborough Cameo, which has the reputation of being the third largest in the world, being exceeded in size only by one specimen in the museum at Vienna and one in the Louvre. When some few years ago the Blenheim collection was sold this was, it is understood, one of the chief articles desired by the Museum authorities, who eventually paid £3,500 for it. A bargain it must certainly be held to be, since there is a story told that until a day or two before the sale one of the richest collectors in the world was



ONE OF THE SIRIS BRONZES—ESTIMATED VALUE £2,000 TO £3,000.

THE MARLBOROUGH CAMEO—FOR WHICH £7,000 WAS OFFERED.

anxious to purchase it, and was prepared to pay no less than £7,000 to secure it. What caused the change of mind no one knows, but the collector stood aside and allowed the treasure to be bought for the nation.

This cameo represents an Emperor and Empress. The white of the stone is one of the finest ever seen in such a gem, while its treatment is brilliantly correct in its detail and in showing the different layers of the sardonyx. It is true to the best traditions of the cameo-maker's art, but it was undoubtedly executed by a workman who, finished as he was, had not the genius of him who carved the other and better-known cameo of Augustus, which ignores the coloured layer of the sardonyx entirely, and relies for its effect on the keeping only of the white part of the stone, which is treated with a skill which baffles the imitation even of the workers of to-day. Indeed, all the great cameo work belongs to the Augustine age, as the large cameos were executed either in his day or in those of his immediate successor. Near the cameo is a relic of the great Napoleon which is worth many thousands of pounds—the snuff-box whose general outlines are sufficiently shown in the illustration. Its history is told by the inscription on the lid of the gold box in which it was contained. This box was given by the Emperor Napoleon of France to the Hon. Anne Seymour Damer as a "souvenir," the word he used, in consequence of her having presented him with a bust of Mr. Fox executed in marble by herself. The bust had been promised at the peace of Amiens, was finished in 1812, and sent to France, where it remained, but was not presented till May 1st, 1815, when by command of His Imperial Majesty Anne Seymour Damer had an audience for that purpose at the Palais Elysée, where the Emperor then resided.

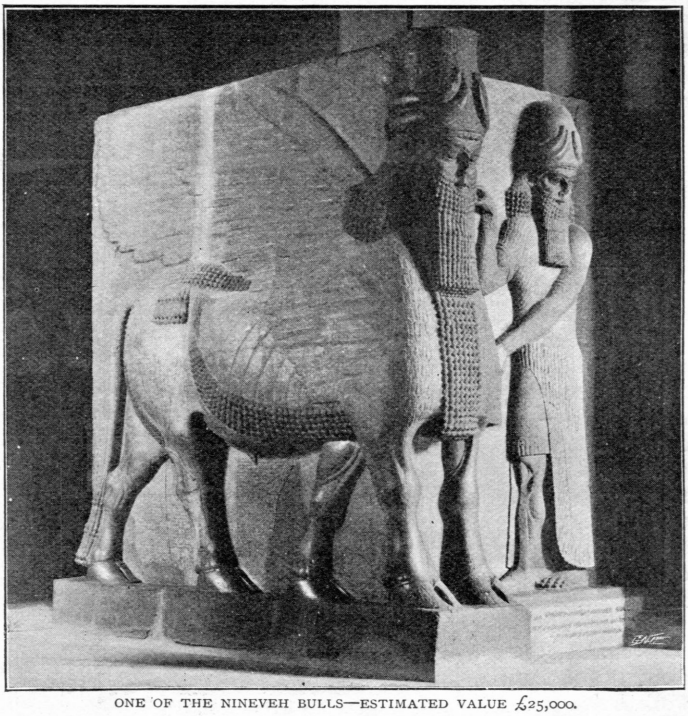
Downstairs, near the centre of one of the chief galleries, is the Rosetta Stone, whose value, measured by its scientific worth, must be acknowledged even by the most practical to vastly exceed any money which could be paid for it. As most people know, it furnished the basis of our present imperfect, but nevertheless great, knowledge of the life, civilization, and history of Ancient Egypt. It came into our possession as the result of one of those accidents which have so often favoured us, for it was loaded on to a French vessel which sailed from one of the Egyptian ports in the last year of the eighteenth century. On the way, so the story goes, the vessel was boarded and captured by one of our frigates, and the Rosetta Stone was sent home by the captain, who did a greater deed than he imagined, for his act opened up an unknown store of knowledge to the world—the Rosetta Stone having on one surface the same inscription in Egyptian hieroglyphs, demotic or cursive Egyptian writing, and Greek characters.

I have to acknowledge a difficulty in appraising its value, for one expert smiled at my idea of £50,000, while another voted for £100,000, and a third for a quarter of a million sterling, to which last figure it is by no means improbable the bidding could be forced.

THE NAPOLEON SNUFF-BOX—WORTH SEVERAL THOUSAND POUNDS.

Some little distance away are the great Nineveh Bulls with human heads. One of these, as is seen in the illustration, is represented with five feet, not because of any mythological idea that these bulls were endowed with an extra leg, but in order to increase the symmetrical appearance when viewed from the front or side.

These bulls, which have under their bodies cuneiform inscriptions recording the name and title of Sardon, King of Syria (B.C. 722 to 705), and briefly describe certain of his building operations and his wars and conquests, were supposed to represent supernatural beings, and were erected at the doors of palaces to "protect the footsteps of the King their builder," to quote the inscription. They would, undoubtedly, be cheap at £50,000; and the Assyrian lions with wings and human heads, which may be seen not far off, would undoubtedly bring as much.



ONE OF THE NINEVEH BULLS—ESTIMATED VALUE £25,000.

The great Sarcophagus of Nectanebus, made of black basalt, would fetch at least £50,000, while that of Ankh-nes-ne-fer-a-bra is even more valuable still—coffins expensive enough to satisfy even the yearnings of a multi-millionaire with Oriental tendencies.

Upstairs, in the rooms next to that in which the mummies are exhibited, there is a wealth of millions in the cylinders of various sorts, and in small articles to which most people give a cursory glance and pass on, merely because they have no knowledge of what they represent.

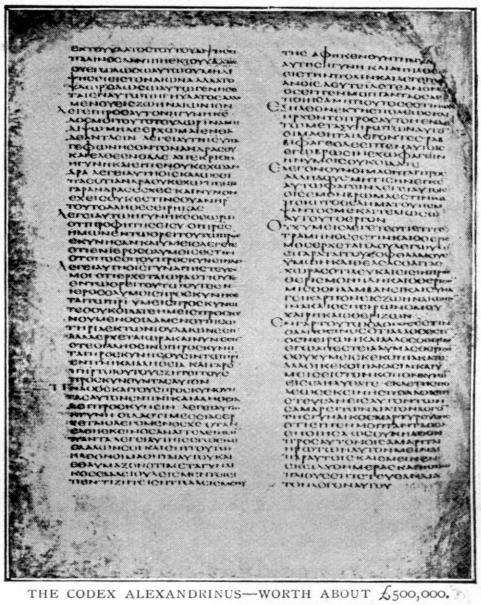
In the Nineveh Gallery downstairs are the Creation Tablets, as they are called, which record the history of the Creation and caused so much excitement when they were discovered by the late George Smith. One comes to them as to a dead wall of value, for they represent a wealth of civilization and knowledge in rational thought which no mere consideration of money can possibly appraise. Whoever would buy them at the auction of the world, which may possibly take place when Macaulay's New Zealander comes on his memorable sketching tour, must bring with him a blank cheque and have a certified balance at his bank running into millions.

Upstairs another set of exceedingly valuable cylinders is a series of five, which cover a hundred years of the most important part of the second Assyrian Empire, and are certainly worth not less than £100,000. All the cuneiform tablets in the Museum are said to number at least 100,000, and, excluding the Creation Tablets and taking the big with the small, could not be averaged at less than £10 each, so that their value is at least a round million. A quarter of this sum would in addition be probably fetched by the Egyptian Papyri of the Books of the Dead, of which there are at least twenty good ones dating back to 1500 B.C. Of the other papyri the Harris Papyrus, which records the reign of Rameses III. and is 130ft. long, is certainly worth £25,000.

In a large case along one side of the wall may be seen a lot of blue Egyptian porcelain. It covers a development in the art of at least a couple of thousand years, and is worth not less than £200,000. It is difficult to avoid the appearance of a catalogue when each article has an almost unique interest, but the seeker for the curious should certainly not omit to notice the model of a granary of the

Sixth Dynasty, which dates back to 3500 B.C., and is the only specimen to be found in any of the museums of Europe; while there is a weight in the shape of a bull with the name of a King of an early dynastic era engraved on it, for which one is compelled to decline to set any value, as it also is unique. A gate-socket of King Entemena, who reigned 4500 years B.C., must startle those who adhere to the strict chronology of the Bible. His record carries us beyond the Bible days, and many people have stood aghast at the hardihood of the authorities in thus putting themselves in conflict with Archbishop Usher, even though the mummied remains of the neolithic man are cause for still greater wonder.

In the Library, with its forty miles and more of bookshelves, no one even to-day has the faintest idea of the exact number of books. They certainly number at least two millions, and year by year they increase at a well-nigh incredible rate, seeing that close on, if not quite, 10,000 pieces of printed matter, using that objectionable term to cover all the books received by the department, are added every month to the collection. Its great glory—certainly the most valuable book in the almost priceless list of the possessions under the control of the Chief Librarian—is the "Codex Alexandrinus," one of the three great codices of the world, the other two being the "Codex Vaticanus," in the library of the Vatican, and the "Codex Siniaticus," at St. Petersburg.



THE CODEX ALEXANDRINUS—WORTH ABOUT £500,000.

The Alexandrinus, whose name was derived from the fact that it was brought from Alexandria by Cyril when he was Patriarch of the See, an office he held from 1602 till 1621, was a present from the then Sultan of Turkey to Charles I. It is a wonderful piece of work, and the manuscript is now bound in four volumes. Three of them contain the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, in an almost complete form, while the fourth volume contains the New Testament, with, however, "several lamentable" defects. It is in quarto form, 12¾ in. high by 10¼ in. broad, and consists of 773 leaves, of which 639 contain the Old Testament. Each page contains two columns of fifty or fifty-one lines; each line has in it twenty or more letters, which are written without any space between the words, and the only punctuation is a point at the end of a sentence, with a vacant space at the end of a paragraph. The value of the Codex would be at least half a million sterling, and there is no knowing but that the bidding might force it to an even larger figure than the conservative one I have named.

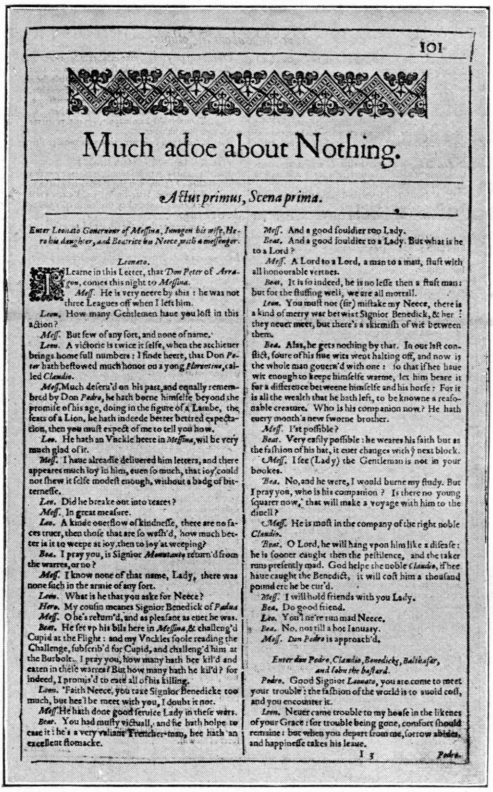
From half a million sterling to £5,000 may seem a ridiculous drop, but when one thinks of that sum as the price of a single book it is sufficiently startling even in these days of high prices. At that sum is valued the "Mainz Psalter," the second book known to have been printed that bears a date.

Caxton's "Game and Playe of Chesse," which was supposed to have been the first book printed in England, is now believed to have been printed in Bruges about 1475, and the "Dictes and Sayengs of the Philosophers," which is not accepted as having been the first book printed in England after Caxton's removal from Bruges in 1477, would be cheap at £1,000 each. At the same price the "Life of Our Lady," by John Lydgate, dating back to 1484, and "Godfrey of Boulogne," to 1481, are set down, while the "Fifteen Odes and Other Prayers," the only one printed with ornamented borders, would fetch from £200 to £500 more. The Mazarin Bible would cost anyone £4,000, while Coverdale's Bible, though valued at only a quarter of that sum, would need a pretty rich man to add it to his collection.

The books printed by Caxton, the father of printing in England, it need hardly be said, represent to the Museum a fortune in themselves, seeing that the "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troy," the first book printed in the English language, is valued at £2,000,

and might fetch £3,000, as might any of the Caxtons mentioned above, including the "Book of the Tales of Canterburye," printed at Westminster about 1478. There are something like sixty different books printed by Caxton in the Library, and as most of them are in duplicate they number in the aggregate between 100 and 120, so that even at £500 apiece, a very cheap average, they represent a total of considerably over £50,000.

Did anyone want an object-lesson of the way in which modern printing has enabled our generation to enjoy the greatest literature of the past one need go no farther than Shakespeare, all of whose works can be bought now for a shilling. The plays in quarto form, each a complete volume in itself, are all in the Museum, and each volume is worth from £200 to £500, while a first folio containing all the plays ranges in value from £800 to £1,500, a second folio from £100 up, and a third folio from £300 up. And what shall be said to a copy of "Æsop's Fables" which is priced at £1,000, and "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pilgrim's Progress" at £100 each? In the matter of books, indeed, one might write on indefinitely, for one has only to recall such modern instances as the "Kelmscott Press," an enduring memorial of the genius of William Morris, as long as books and book-lovers live, a complete set of which is worth £500 to £600, and the sale of Rudyard Kipling's "School Boy Lyrics" at £131 within the last two or three years to suggest the enormous wealth of this department alone.



101

Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Gouernour of Messina, Inogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece with a messinger.

Leonato.

I Learne in this Letter, that Don Peter of Arragon, comes this night to *Messina*.

Mess. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen haue you loft in this action?

Mess. But few of any fort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it selfe, when the atchiuer brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don Peter hath beftowed much honour on a young *Florentine*, called *Claudio*.

Mess. Much deferu'd on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro*, he hath beene himfelfe beyond the promife of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bettred expectation, then you muft expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an Vnckle heere in *Meffina*, will be very much glad of it.

Mef. I haue alreadie deliuered him letters, and there appeares much ioy in him, euen fo much, that ioy could not fhew it felfe modeft enough, without a badge of bitternefle.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mef. In great meafure.

Leo. A kinde overflow of kindneffe, there are no faces truer, then thofe that are fo wafh'd, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior *Montanto* return'd from the warres, or no?

Mef. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none fuch in the armie of any fort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My cousin meanes Signior Benedick of *Padua*.

Mef. O he's return'd, and as pleafant as ever he was.

Beat. He fet vp his bills here in *Meffina*, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, fubfcrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in thefe warres? But how many hath he kill'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but he'l be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mef. He hath done good feruice Lady in thefe warres.

Beat. You had muzty victuall, and he hath holpe to eate it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, he hath an excellent ftomacke.

Mef. And a good fouldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good fouldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mef. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, ftuft with all honourable vertues.

Beat. It is fo indeed, he is no leffe then a ftuft man: but for the ftuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You muft not (fir) miftake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her: they never meet, but there's a skirmifh of wit between them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laft conflict, foure of his fiue wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouern'd with one: fo that if hee leape into wit enough to keepe himfelfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himfelfe and his horfe: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reafonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euery month's new fworne brother.

Mef. 'Is poffible?

Beat. Very eafily poffible: he weares his faith but as the fafhion of his hat, it euer changes with 'y next block.

Mef. I fee (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Bea. No, and he were, I would burne my ftudy. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young fquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

Mef. He is moft in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a diſeaſe: he is fooner caught then the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God helpe the noble *Claudio*, if hee haue caught the Benedick, it will coſt him a thoufand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mef. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Bea. Do good friend.

Leo. You'l ne're run mad Neece.

Bea. No, not till a hot Ianuary.

Mef. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Baltheſar, and Iohn the baſtard.

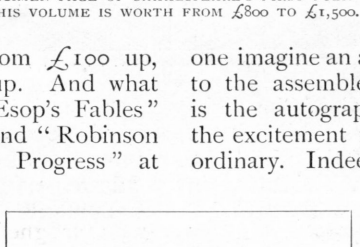
Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fafhion of the world is to auoid cold, and to encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my houſe in the likenes of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remaine: but when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſſe takes his leaue.

I 5 *Pedro.*

SPECIMEN PAGE OF SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST FOLIO—THIS VOLUME IS WORTH FROM £800 TO £1,500.

And what shall I say of the autograph collection of the Museum, with its examples of the writings of practically all the great names in the world's history? The gem of the collection, as will be universally admitted, is the autograph of Shakespeare, the greatest name in the whole of England's history. The Museum boasts only one indisputable specimen of the writing of him who wrote more than most men in his life, and yet, of all that writing, only five or six specimens of his name are extant, one of which is at the Guildhall and three are at Somerset House. A copy of Montaigne's Essays, 1603, with an autograph of Shakespeare is also preserved here, but although its genuineness has been strenuously defended, among others by the late Sir Frederick Madden, it is not now believed to be genuine, as is certainly the signature of Ben Jonson in another copy of the same book. Could one imagine an auctioneer in his pulpit saying to the assembled multitude, "The next lot is the autograph of William Shakespeare," the excitement in the room would be extraordinary. Indeed, were such a sale probable, it would no doubt have to be conducted in the Albert Hall, or some similar place, in order to accommodate not only the bidders from all over the world, but those who would be drawn to see the sale. Expert opinion leads to the belief that the bidding would begin at not less than £1,000, and when one reflects that Stratford-on-Avon is the Mecca of thousands of rich Americans every year, because it contains the—to them—most hallowed dust in the world, it needs



SHAKESPEARE'S AUTOGRAPH.

THE BRISTOL CUP—A TEA-CUP WORTH £100.

no imagination to see the richest men combining to secure so unique a treasure for one of the museums on the "other side," and running the bidding up to £10,000 or £15,000, or more—unless some of the multi-millionaires conceived the idea of purchasing it for themselves, in which case there is no knowing to what limit sentiment would lead them.

Among the more ordinary mortals, the writing of the Hero of the Nile probably occupies the second place, for an autograph of Nelson would fetch from £50 to £200 or so, while £100 would be the market value of Cardinal Wolsey, from £50 to £60 a fair price for Swift, at which figure might be placed two such dissimilar personages as Shelley, the sweet singer, and George Washington, the father of his country, whose juvenile veracity has passed into a proverb by reason of its uniqueness. Of the authors of our own time, autograph letters of Dickens and Thackeray are each worth about £14, while Sir Walter Scott is valued at rather less and Lord Byron at about £10. Among the painters, Gainsborough, Hogarth, and Reynolds each fetch from £40 to £50, while the autographs of the famous diarists Pepys and Evelyn would command from £10 to £20.

Among the Sovereigns of England there are no autographs before the time of Henry V., for the monarch's seal was the equivalent of his signature, which historians assure us could not, in those pre-School Board days, always be written with pen and ink even by those who ruled over the dynasties of the Empire. Of the other Sovereigns, the best-known signatures are those of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and Charles I., which would bring from £10 to £50 each; while, by reason of the sentiment which clusters around her name and her unfortunate end, the writing of Marie Antoinette is valued at £70.

Already the space allotted to an article has been filled, and yet no mention has been made of the collection of prints, the Rembrandts alone of which are worth £100,000; the glass and china, in which one single tea-cup and saucer, known as the Bristol Cup, cost £100, so that the whole set would make a nice little present; the helmets, armour, and articles of vertu, among which a pair of stirrups made for a King of Hungary have been priced at £2,700; the enamels, some specimens of which are worth anywhere up to £10,000; or the manuscripts, among the treasures of which may be named the Bedford "Book of Hours," which a man would be reasonably lucky to buy for £10,000; or the coins, of which there are at least a quarter of a million sterling. The most valuable of these last is probably the Juxon Medal, which was given by Charles I. on the

THE JUXON MEDAL, GIVEN BY CHARLES I. TO BISHOP JUXON ON THE SCAFFOLD—PURCHASED FOR £700.

scaffold to the Bishop who attended him on that occasion, and was bought for £700. Perhaps the most valuable of the rest is the Petition Crown, as it is called, a specimen of

THE PETITION CROWN—VALUE UNKNOWN.

the work of Thomas Simon, who submitted it to Charles II. as being better work than that produced by the officer who was then at the Mint, and at the same time petitioning to be restored to the office he held under Cromwell.

Battery Fifteen.

A STORY OF GIBRALTAR.

By Frank Savile.

BIRVANEFF laughed without any trace of a sneer. He was cock-sure, that was all, but none the less irritating. I pulled him up sharply.

"You are only bluffing," I said. "You may know about our guns at home; all the world does, I suppose, since nowadays half of them come from Germany; I daresay you have plans and specifications of our ships—we have of yours; but there are still a few secrets that Britain keeps to herself—just a few."

He only laughed again and lit a cigarette. He was quite pleasant about it, but still most annoyingly confident.

"Not one!" he declared, "not a single one! We know you inside and out. Harbours, ships, railways, batteries, rifles, and men—we have information of everything, down to the boots and clothing in store. I believe I could tell you within a hundred pairs how many 'bullswools,' as you call them, have been returned as imperfect within the last month to your army clothing department. I'll inquire when I get back and write to you if you like. You can compare and see how near I come."

"Oh, hang your statistics!" said I. "You can get those from any clerk, who may or may not be a foreigner, and in the clothing depôt often is. Numbers of saddles and horses and men and rifles are not hard to come at. London is a sieve of information. But here in Gibraltar things are a trifle different. Could you give me the armament of Battery 15 in the second gallery, upper tier, for instance?"

"WE KNOW YOU INSIDE AND OUT."

He didn't answer me at once. He looked at me with a sort of meditative inquiry.

"I dare say I could—if you gave me time," he said, slowly. "But, then, you couldn't check the information yourself."

"Oh, but I could!" said I.

"You could?"

"Yes—with infinite exactness."

He stared at me thoughtfully.

"I thought the information was kept secret even in your own army. *We* know, of course; we make it our business to know. But I understand that the upper tier armament is entirely in the hands of the superior officers of the artillery and engineers. I will flatter you by saying that they, as a rule, are not to be corrupted."

I nodded and grinned.

"We are not flattered," I answered, "but

we take your compliment in the spirit in which it is offered. As a member of the incorruptible body I thank you."

"But how will you check my information, then?" he asked.

"It's my own battery," said I, simply.

Ferrers and Thring laughed, for I certainly had scored. Birvaneff was not put out.

"That, of course, is conclusive," he agreed. "But all the same, when I return home I'll see if I can't surprise you with my accuracy. I have not the information at my fingers' ends, and can't give it off-hand. We don't in the least mind your knowing how much *we* know. It is because we can gauge your strength so exactly that we don't pick a quarrel. But it must come in time, you see. We are growing steadily. We shall be ready one day. Then——"

"Then?" said Ferrers.

"Well, let us hope it will mean promotion for us all," answered Birvaneff, sweetly.

He settled down to play sixpenny nap with three of the fellows after that, and as one of my sergeants was ill in hospital I strolled over to see after him. When I got back an hour later Birvaneff was gone and the chaps were discussing him.

"I see you propose him as honorary member of the mess?" said the Colonel.

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you pick him up, Strange?"

I explained that he was in the Prince's suite, and that he brought a letter from my brother in England. "You will see for yourself, sir," said I, as I drew it from my pocket-book and handed it to him.

The letter said that the bearer, Hetman Birvaneff, of the 31st Regiment of Oural Cossacks, had been attaché at the Russian Embassy, was everybody's friend, and a thorough sportsman. He spoke English like a native, liked a good dinner, and knew a horse and a cigar. He had given my brother famous introductions last winter in St. Petersburg, and the former therefore hoped that I would return this hospitality vicariously for him while the Cossack captain, who was attached to Prince Basil's staff during his Mediterranean tour, sojourned at Gibraltar. Anything that I could do to give Boris Birvaneff a good time would be thoroughly appreciated by the writer, who trusted I kept fit, was seeing good sport with the Calpe, and remained my affectionate brother, Ninian Strange.

The Colonel handed it back with a nod of approval.

"Why, certainly," he said.

So for the next fortnight we saw a good deal of the Hetman of the 31st Regiment of Oural Cossacks, and the more we saw of him the less reason we had to dislike him. For a Russian, as the Colonel put it, he seemed a thoroughly good sort. He talked, he thought—apparently—and, lastly and especially, rode like an Englishman. He got two days' leave from his Prince, and we took him over to the Tent Club camp at Tangier. The next day he took "first spear" out of Ferrers's mouth, so to speak, with a hoary old grey-back of a boar in a decisive fashion that made us fairly blink. "Good Lord!" was the only remark Ferrers made; but he looked from Birvaneff to the boar and from the boar to Birvaneff as if he thought there was some extraordinary mistake somewhere. Ferrers is rather our topline man at pig-sticking, and got unmercifully chaffed for many days after.

But what we liked particularly about Birvaneff was that with all this sort of thing he carried no side. He treated his own riding and our riding—we had all been members of the Tent Club for over a year, you must remember—as a simple matter of course.

"Ride?" he said, with a sort of wonder, when somebody hinted that his horsemanship was something above the average. "Why, of course I ride! I am a soldier—a cavalry man."

We pondered that if the God of Battles ever sent the 31st Regiment of Oural Cossacks full tilt against one of His Majesty's batteries of R.H.A. there would be some fine swordsmanship—that is to say, if the troopers rode like their Hetman.

We liked him even better after that, and, in some ways, I think he returned the liking. He wandered in and out of the ante-room of the mess all day long. Most evenings found him there, unless the Prince had need of his society, or when he dined with the Governor, which he did once or twice. He was good enough to take a special interest in me, and was always darting professional questions at me. Some of these were a bit awkward to answer.

"I can't see how you can keep a very tight supervision over your guards and sentries through all those miles of galleries," he remarked one evening. "You come in at the gates with a rattle of keys. The guard turns out. Of course the sentries pass the word along that the officer of the day is on his rounds. He must be signalled from post to post long before he gets to them.

Between whiles they must do much as they like."

I grinned.

"Yet we do prevent it," I said.

"How?"

"I thought you knew as much about these things as we do?" said I.

He laughed good-naturedly.

"Yes, you score there," he answered. "I spoke too confidently. Still, I don't see how you can avoid the thing happening as I say."

"Well, we don't go in with a rattle of keys and turn out the guard, that's all," said Ferrers, who should have known better. I saw the Colonel frown.

Birvaneff stared at him with that look of musing inquiry which he often wore. Then he nodded.

"Why, of course," he said. "I should have thought of that. There are secret entrances known to certain of the officers alone?"

We all laughed at his artless way of putting it.

"I think a hand or two of nap will be better than all this professional shop," said the Colonel, quietly. "Have you time for a game before you go, Strange?" For I was officer of the night.

When I left for my rounds an hour later Birvaneff came with me. We walked for a few hundred yards together before we reached the point at which we had to separate — he for the town and I for—well, for a point on Flagstaff Hill, which many field officers (but none below that rank) know well. It is rather lonely there on the plateau where the roads divide, one going down past Ragged Staff towards the Alameda, the other turning along towards Europa Point and the Monkey Cave.

"SOMETHING SOFT, STUFFY, AND SMELLING SICKLY SWEET WAS PRESSED OVER MY MOUTH."

"You are confirming my hypothesis, my dear Strange," said Birvaneff as we shook hands. "Where is the guard that accompanies the officer of the day? You are going to surprise these dear gunners of yours, as I said."

"I don't think I am ever much of a surprise to them," said I.

"I should like to come with you and prove it," he mused.

I laughed. "Good-night," said I. "See you to-morrow?"

He seemed lost in a fit of meditation.

"Good-night," he answered, looking up with a start. "Yes—to-morrow, if you're not tired of my ceaseless company. Halloa!" He was staring out seaward, pointing to something over my shoulder. "What can that be?"

I wheeled round, gaping southward towards Africa. In the misty darkness I saw nothing but the twinkle of the stars and the riding lights of the shipping in the bay. They were dim and growing dimmer. A heavy fog was closing in from the Atlantic.

Two hands whipped sharply past my cheeks, and something soft, stuffy, and smelling sickly sweet was pressed over my mouth and nostrils. I struggled, I fought, I choked; the breath seemed to drown my lungs in a flood of molten lead. I kicked convulsively with my heels behind me, but nothing loosened by a hairsbreadth the grip of the strong arms that were locking my head and shoulders. I might have been clamped by iron bands. Then a sort of weakness, a deadening paralysis, seized my muscles. My arms fell against my sides. My head drooped to my chest. There was a rushing murmur

like the drone of a torrent in my ears. I slept.

I woke reluctantly and drowsily. I tried to mutter words, but my tongue refused its office. There was a terrible pulse of pain at its tip. It was skewered—by a silver tooth-pick, I afterwards found—to my lips outside my teeth. I was dumb, and the dull pressure that was at my wrists and elbows told me that I was bound. A dead weight was pressing my ankles to earth.

My eyes grew accustomed to the darkness and I realized my position. We were in the shadow of the cliff beside the private entrance to the galleries.

Sitting across my legs, Birvaneff was leaning forward to peer into my face. I saw that he was examining me to discover if I had regained consciousness. His lips dropped to my ear and he whispered :—

"Are you awake? Move your right foot if you are."

For a moment I hesitated, but what was the good of deceiving him? I shuffled my right foot.

I could tell by the gleam of his teeth that he grinned.

"You see, *I* know the secret of the entrance," he said. "My question in the mess was to find out if *you* did. But unfortunately I do not know the key-word to this lock. You must open it, my friend."

The blood flushed to my face with rage. I shook my head violently. The wicket lock is opened by a different word every night, known only to the Governor, the town major, and the officer of the day. The scoundrel! I open it! I'd see him most particularly and completely hanged first!

His right hand moved towards my breast. Something gleamed silkily in the dull shadow and I felt a sharp prick of pain.

"This stiletto is exactly over the centre of your heart, my good Strange," he whispered, quietly. "Think, if you please, a little more discreetly. Life is good—very, very good. You stand well in your profession. The Calpe are showing capital sport. It would be dark and squalid and unnecessary to end it all here. Think of the warmth and the light and the jollity of the Tent Club campings for instance. And they tell me, too, that you are going to get married."

A vision of Nellie's face seemed to rise from the darkness to tempt me. Oh, it was a dark and terrible trap in which I was taken. You who hear my tale in the light, and with not an hour of your life at stake, can hardly understand the agony of that moment. To be flung out of life suddenly, treacherously; to die, not like a man, but like a cornered rat; to have no time to think, to drop as in a moment into the abyss of eternity—eternity. God forgive me. I shuffled my foot again.

He nodded as he rose warily off my legs.

"I had a notion you would think better of it," he whispered, and propped me against the rock behind us, my bound hands touching the stone. "Scratch the word in the dust with your finger," he commanded.

I scratched patiently, wearily, but not the word.

"You will only kill me after all," he spelled, as he bent down to read it.

"You fool!" he muttered, savagely. "What good is the word to me without you? You are going to guide me through the galleries, which, I don't mind owning to you, I know absolutely nothing about. But make no mistake, my friend. That stiletto will never leave my hand; so do your best to avoid guard-houses and sentries. I am going to wear your overcoat, and my English is quite good enough to pronounce the word of the night; so if we must pass one or two, as I suppose we must, there is no need for any explanation. No; I am not going to kill you if you are sensible. When we get back I shall send you to sleep again—for four and twenty hours. By the time you wake I shall be half-way to Madrid by way of Algeciras. I swear to give you your life—on the honour of a soldier I swear it—if you behave well. But let me repeat again very distinctly, that that stiletto will always be within twelve inches of your heart."

"It will be utter ruin," I scratched, laboriously.

He snarled like a disappointed wolf when he saw that I still hesitated. His cruel Tartar blood was up, and he took me by the hair and drew back my head till the torture of my tongue was inexpressible.

"Ruin!" he hissed. "Isn't death ruin too? Give me the word on the instant or by all the saints I'll stab you where you lie!"

And then—but only because an idea, a tiny hope—had begun to sprout in my heart, I did it. For I knew by the face of the man that he would not keep his oath. He would glean his information, he would escape by my means, and then he would stab me and leave me dead and dishonoured out there in

the dark on the cliff-side. "Sevastopol," I dinted slowly into the dust—was ever such a coincidence as that being the word of the night?—and I heard him swear again as he read it. He clicked the letters as he framed them together on the dial and swung back the door.

He thrust me in front of him as he closed it. One hand he placed upon my sword-belt, one he held with the stiletto in it against my back beneath my shoulder-blade. So we marched forward, with death ceaselessly pricking at my heart, and dishonour—unless I carried out the wild plan I had matured—my only goal.

Ah, that long walk through those gloomy galleries! The stoppages, the examinations, the notes he made! The questions he asked which I had to answer laboriously by tracing in the limestone dust! The thrill of desperate fear that pulsed through my brain when we passed a sentry or a guard-room! Sometimes yet I rise from nightmare in my sleep, groaning and catching my breath as I tread that awful road in dreams. I feel the prick of the stiletto. The torture of my skewered tongue throbs again. Birvaneff is behind me. Death beckons me on. Despair is about me, black as the silent night.

One thing I had made up my mind to. He should not escape—no; he should not escape. My life might have to go; but I swore that my honour should be left unstained. There was one hope. Somehow I must get him undiscovered to my own battery—to that range of portholes that grinned upon the north-western face of rock, which I knew as the palm of my own hand, and which contained the one chance of escape from this net of cruel cunning which had me enmeshed. So on we drifted silently through the corridors of rock, avoiding as far as possible the fighting galleries, and using only the communication tunnels. Villain that he was, Birvaneff had nerve. Muffled in my overcoat he gave the word of the night to sentry after sentry in faultless English, and without having turned out a single guard we arrived at last in that stretch of gallery where my 6in. beauties grin at Spain.

I stopped slowly. I did not want that stiletto through my heart before I made my one bid for life and honour.

"What is this?" he asked. He put the flat of his palm against my forefinger. "Draw the letters against my hand," he explained.

"M I N E," I dinted slowly against his flesh with my nail, and I could see the gleam of his teeth again as he grinned. His hand found and fondled the breech of the nearest gun. He patted it appreciatively.

"Yours!" he said, with the ghost of a chuckle in his whisper. "Well, my friend, I have answered your question already. How many of this calibre in the gallery?"

I drew a number against his skin again, lying stolidly. I was going to give him no opportunity to count.

"We have twice as many in Kronstadt, besides our 135-ton gun," he whispered, boastfully. I knew then for a certainty that he meant to kill me at the last. Would he have told as much to one to whom he was going to allow life?

He passed his hand here and there across breech and muzzle. He fingered the levers. He satisfied himself that they were what I described them to be. Then he whispered "Lead on," and with the blood pulsing up from my heart in great throbs I led on—to Death.

Outside on the great sheer face of limestone that hangs above the town my gunners had cut a ledge a hand's breadth wide from porthole to porthole. For hand-hold they had scooped a groove 3ft. above it. They had learned to scamper like monkeys across this perilous path from gun to gun. Our practice fire, in consequence, beat the other batteries by fifty seconds or more. The other men saw, swore, and in spite of what their officers said, did not imitate. It was hardly to be wondered at. Before enlistment they had been only ordinary earth-walking mortals.

To dance 800ft. above nothing at all, as one of them expressed it, was more than they could stomach. But in my battery a dozen men were Northumbrians, trained cragsmen, educated to every trick of fowling and climbing along their wild coasts. It was they who had conceived this device for swift travelling from gun to gun, and to avoid returning from the casemate into the gallery after each discharge. I had reaped many compliments on the smartness of my team that were due to them alone.

I could feel Birvaneff start slightly and hesitate as I led forward towards the porthole instead of back into the gallery. His grasp upon my sword-belt tightened. I held it tight, also, in my manacled hands. During the long journey down the dark aisles of rock I had managed to pick at the buckle. It was loose in my grip.

He breathed a doubting question into my ear.

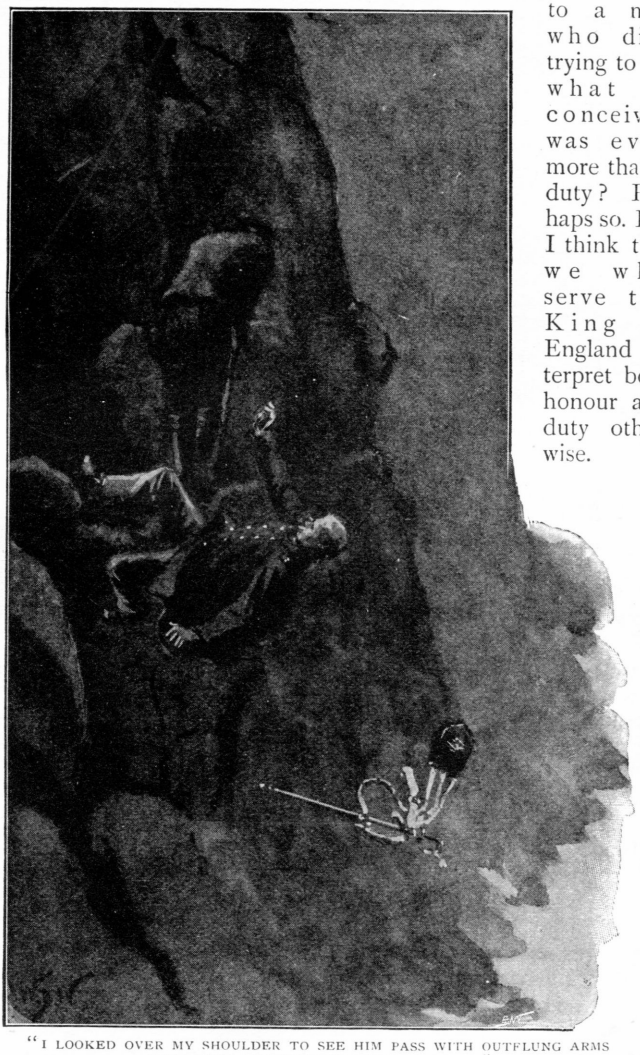
"Secret exit" I drew painfully upon his palm, fearful that he could not help noticing the trembling of my finger. He nodded, and I stepped forward again towards the porthole.

The mist was closing up to it like a very blanket—a curtain of night and fog that seemed almost palpable to the touch, and only I could tell that where mist met rock the drop was sheer into the abyss.

I drew a deep breath and breathed a prayer. A second more and it would be decided one way or another. A rush of sudden fear surged up to my brain; I hesitated. God be thanked I had the manhood to thrust it back. I stepped forward resolutely over the edge, turned my foot sharply, and—found the ledge. By God's providence, too, my chained hands fell upon the grooved hold. I dropped the sword-belt from my grip.

At the very last I think he must have grown suspicious, but too late. As he put his foot over that great step of 800ft. and more he staggered and his hands caught at the empty air. As his sole met nothingness he shrieked. For one terrible second his fingers clutched my tunic, but my hold was good. He jerked me, it is true; I swayed as the cloth tore in his grasp, but my feet were firm. I looked over my shoulder to see him pass with outflung arms into that fathomless well of night.

It was an hour later that I staggered into the Colonel's quarters to tell him, with bleeding lips and tongue, my tale of peril. He is a man of cool nerve. With me alone he sought the rubble slope beneath the northern cliffs, found the shapeless thing that had once been Birvaneff, and went with me to rouse the Governor. What explanation those two offered to Prince Basil when the bearer party laid that shattered body down in the hotel I never knew. One thing was told me not long after. The "Official Gazette" that announced the death of the Hetman of the 31st Oural Cossacks did so in the simple words, "killed in action." Would they claim that as an honour due to a man who died trying to do what he conceived was even more than a duty? Perhaps so. But I think that we who serve the King of England interpret both honour and duty otherwise.



"I LOOKED OVER MY SHOULDER TO SEE HIM PASS WITH OUTFLUNG ARMS INTO THAT FATHOMLESS WELL OF NIGHT."

Confessions of a Caricaturist.

By Harry Furniss. With Illustrations by the Author.

The "Confessions" of Mr. Harry Furniss, which are to appear in two handsome volumes in the course of the present month, comprise the richest assortment of personal experiences, anecdotes, gossip, and good stories about well-known people that has been set before the public for many a long day. We have made arrangements to quote from the advance sheets of these volumes for the entertainment of our readers, and to reproduce a selection from their scores of illustrations. We should like to recount at length the very interesting narrative of Mr. Furniss's early life and experiences, but in these pages we must be content with a few characteristic specimens of his work with pen and pencil, which may be left to tell their own story without comment.

From a Photo. by] MR. HARRY FURNISS. *[Mr. Barnett, Falk Studio, Melbourne.*

A SPECIMEN ANECDOTE.

THE poor Saxon "towrist"—what he may suffer in the Emerald Isle! There is a story on record of three Irishmen rushing away from the race meeting at Punchestown to catch a train back to Dublin. At the moment a train from a long distance pulled up at the station, and the three men scrambled in. In the carriage was seated one other passenger. As soon as they had regained their breath one said:—

"Pat, have you got th' tickets?"

"What tickets? I've got me loife; I thought I'd have lost that gettin' in th' thrain. Have you got 'em, Moike?"

"Oi, begorrah, I haven't."

"Oh, we're all done for thin," said the third. "They'll charge us roight from the other soide of Oireland."

The old gentleman looked over his newspaper and said:—

"You are quite safe, gintlemen; wait till we get to the next station."

They all three looked at each other. "Bedad, he's a directhor—we're done for now entoirely."

But as soon as the train pulled up the little gentleman jumped out and came back with three first-class tickets. Handing them to the astonished strangers, he said, "Whist, I'll tell ye how I did it. I wint along the thrain—'Tickets, plaze; tickets, plaze,' I called, and these belong to three Saxon towrists in another carriage."

TOOLE'S PENCIL.

Sir Henry Irving, like his dear old friend Mr. J. L. Toole, has found relief in occasional harmless fun. Toole, however, was irrepressible.

I was one day walking with him in Leeds (where he was appearing in the evening on the stage and I on the platform). A street

hawker proffered the comedian a metal pencil-case for the sum of a halfpenny. Toole made this valuable purchase. As soon as I left the platform that night I found a note for me, inviting me to the theatre directly after the performance. Toole came back on to the stage and, making me an elaborate and complimentary speech, referring to me as "a brother artist in another sphere," etc., presented me with the pencil! I made an appropriate reply, and we went to supper.

The following paragraph from the pen of Mr. Toole appeared in the Press the next day in London as well as in the provinces :—

"Brother artists, even when working in different grooves, do not lack appreciation of each other's work. After Mr. Harry Furniss's lecture in Leeds the other night he and Mr. Toole foregathered; and the popular and genial actor presented the 'comedian of the pencil' with a very neat and handsome pencil-case, just adapted for the jotting down, wherever duty takes him, of those graphic sketches with which the caricaturist amuses us week by week."

A PRESENTATION.

JAMES PAYN.

I recollect, when I first saw him in Waterloo Place, I had just read an article of his in which he gave a recipe for getting rid of callers, which was to bring the conversation to an abrupt termination, say absolutely nothing, but steadfastly stare at your visitor until he left. I can vouch for its being a simple and effective plan.

When I entered his editorial sanctum the genial essayist received me most cordially, and looked the picture of comfort, surrounded as he was by a heterogeneous collection of pipes. Presently he knocked the ashes out of his finished pipe and mutely stared point-blank at me till I, like the pipe, went out also. But before making my exit I reminded him that I had read the article I refer to, and up to which he was no doubt acting, and that I was pleased and interested that he practised the doctrine he preached. Possibly this remark of mine was unexpected, and therefore somewhat disconcerted him for a moment, for he quickly replied, "Not at all! Not at all! Fact is, I was rather upset before you came in by a miserable man who called to see me, and at the moment I was, *à propos* of him, thinking of a funny story about Theodore Hook I came across last night I never heard of before. Poor Hook was at a smart dinner one evening, but instead of being as usual the life and soul of the party, he proved the wet blanket on the merry meeting, despite the fact that he, in all probability, had imbibed his stiff glass of brandy to get him up to his usual form before entering the house at which he was entertained. This most unusual phase of Hook's character surprised everybody present, so much so that his host ventured to remark that the volatile Theodore did not seem so merry as usual.

"'Merry? I should think not! I should like to see anyone merry who has gone through what I have this afternoon!'

"'What was that?' asked everyone, with one voice.

"'Well, I'll tell you,' said Hook. 'I have just come up from York in the stage coach, and I was rather late in taking my seat; the top was occupied to the full, so I had no alternative but to become an inside passenger. The only other occupant of the interior was a melancholy individual rolled up in a corner. He had donned his great-coat, the collar of which was turned right up over his ears. He stolidly sat there, never uttering a word, until I became fascinated by his weird appearance. By-and-by the sun sank below the western horizon, the inside of the coach became darker and darker, and more ghastly seemed the cadaverous stranger as the blackness increased. The strain was too much for me. I could not keep silent another minute.

"'"My good sir," I said, "what ever is the matter with you?"

"'"I'll tell you," he slowly muttered. "Some months ago I invested in two tickets in a great lottery, but when I told my wife of the speculation I had indulged in she nagged and nagged at me to such a frightful extent that at last I sold the tickets."

"'"Well?"

"'"Well, do you know, sir, to-day those two numbers won the two first prizes, and

"THAT'S JUST WHAT I HAVE DONE."

those two prizes represent a sum of money of colossal magnitude!"

"'"Goodness gracious me!" I shouted. "If that had happened to me it would have driven me to desperation! In fact, I really believe that I should have been frantic enough to have cut my throat!"

"'"Why, that's just what I have done!" replied the stranger, as he turned down his collar. "Look here!"'"

AN APT QUOTATION.

A stoutly-made little fellow of eight, to his mother, who happened to be extremely thin: "Oh, mother, I do believe you must be the very sweetest woman in the world!"

"Thanks, very much, Lawrence. But why so affectionate? What do you want?"

"I don't want anything. I only know you must be the very sweetest woman in the world."

"Really, you are too flattering. Why this sudden outburst of affection?"

"Well, you know, I've been thinking over the old, old saying, 'The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat.'"

ARTISTS' MODELS.

There are a number of girls who go the round of the studios, but have no right whatever to do so. They generally hunt in pairs, and this habit surely distinguishes them from the real model. They are more easily drawn than described. Two of this class once called on Barnard.

BARNARD AND THE MODELS.

"What do you sit for?" he asked.

"Oh, anything, sir."

"Ah, I am a figure man—you are no use to me; but there is a friend of mine over there who is now painting a landscape—I think you might do very well for a haystack; and your friend might try studio No. 5 and sit for a thunder-cloud, the artist there is starting a stormy piece—oh, good morning." Tableau!

"I SIT FOR 'ANDS, SIR."

A wretched individual once called upon me and begged me to give him a sitting. I asked him to sit for what I was at work upon: this was a wicket-keeper in a cricket match bending over the wicket. I assured the man he need not apologize, as he had really turned up at an opportune moment; the drawing was "news," and it had to be finished that day. When I had shown my model the position and made him understand exactly what I wanted, I noticed to my surprise that he was trembling all over. I immediately asked him if he were cold.

"No."

"Nervous?"

"No."

"Then why not keep still?"

"Well, that's just what I can't do, sir! I had to give up my occupation because, sir, I am hafflicted with the palsy, and when I bend I do tremble so. I only sit for 'ands, sir—for 'ands to portrait painters. I close 'em for a military gent; I open 'em for a bishop; but when the hartist is hin a 'urry I know as 'ow to 'ide one 'and in my pocket

and the hother hunder a cocked 'at."

Hiding hands recalls to me a fact I may mention in justice to our modern English caricaturists. We never make capital out of our subjects' deformities. This I pointed out at a dinner in Birmingham a few years ago, at which I was the guest of the evening, and as I was addressing journalists I mention this fact in justice to myself and my brother caricaturists. It so happened that afternoon I had heard Mr. Gladstone making his first speech in the opening of Parliament, 1886, after being returned in Opposition. Turning round to his young supporters, he used for the first time the now famous expression, "an old Parliamentary hand," holding up at the same time a hand on which there were only three fingers. Now, what if I had drawn that hand as it was minus the first finger, showing the black patch? It would have been tempting on the part of a foreign caricaturist, because it had a curious application under the circumstances. (But it would be noticed that in my sketch in *Punch* the first finger, which really did not exist, is prominently shown.) This was the first time the fact was made public that Mr. Gladstone had not the first finger on the left hand; since then, however, all artists, humorous or serious, were careful to show Mr. Gladstone's left hand as pointed out by me.

Now, I had noticed this for years in the House, and I hold as an argument that men are not observant the fact that members who had sat in the House with Mr. Gladstone, on the same benches, for years, assured me that they had never noticed his hand before I made this matter public. So that when I am told that I misrepresent portraits of prominent men I always point to this fact.

Mr. Gladstone was careful to hide the deformity in his photographs, but in his usual energetic manner in the House the black patch in place of the finger was on many occasions in no way concealed.

A DISAGREEABLE NEIGHBOUR.

The first house I occupied after I married faced one occupied by a well-known and worthy, fiery-tempered man of letters, and it so happened that one evening my wife and I were dining at the house of another neighbour. We were gratified to learn that our celebrated *vis-à-vis*, hearing we had come to live in the same square, was anxious to make our acquaintance. On our return home that night we discovered the latch-key had been forgotten, and unfortunately our knocking and ringing failed to arouse the domestics. It was not long, however, before we awoke our neighbours, and a window of the house opposite was violently thrown open, and language all the stronger by being endowed with literary merit came from that man of letters, who in the dark was unable to see the particular neighbours offending him, and he referred to my wife and myself in a way that could not be passed over. A battle of words ensued, in which I proved the victor, and my neighbour beat a hasty retreat. Before retiring I wrote a note to our friend we had just left to say that under the circum-

THE GRAND OLD HAND AND THE YOUNG 'UNS.

"I stand here as a Member of the House, where there are many who have taken their seats for the first time upon these benches, and where there may be some to whom possibly I may avail myself of the privilege of old age to offer a recommendation. I would tell them of my own intention to keep my counsel, and reserve my own freedom, until I see the occasion when there may be a prospect of public benefit in endeavouring to make a movement forward, and I will venture to recommend them, as an old Parliamentary hand, to do the same. (*Laughter.*)"—*From Gladstone's Speech.*

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH."

MY FIGHTING DOUBLE.

stances I refused to know my neighbour, and he had better inform him that I would on the first opportunity punch his head. By the same post I wrote for a particular model—a retired pugilist. As soon as he arrived next morning I placed him at the window of my studio facing the opposite house, now and then sending him down to the front door to stand on the footstep to await some imaginary person, and to keep his eye on the house opposite. I went on with my work in peace. Presently a note came:—

"DEAR FURNISS,—Your neighbour has sent round to ask me what you are like. He has never seen you till this morning, and he is frightened to leave his house. He implores me to apologize for him."

He departed from the neighbourhood shortly afterwards.

of Mr. Sambourne trying the same thing on with the overworked bank clerk.

I sent my *Punch* friend a cheque, here reproduced, for the sum of 5½d., payable to "Lynnlay Sam Bourne, Esqre.," signed by me backwards, crossed "Don't you wish you may get it and go?" Sambourne indorsed it "L. Sam. Bourne," and sent it to his bank. The clerk went one better, and wrote "Cancelled" *backwards* across my reversed signature. It passed through my bank, and the money was paid. This is probably unique in the history of banking.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S ATTEMPT TO WRITE HIS AUTOGRAPH BACKWARDS.

A propos of writing backwards, in days when artists made their drawings on wood everything of course had to be reversed,

MR. J. L. TOOLE'S FIRST ATTEMPT.

so writing backwards became quite easy. To this day I can write backwards nearly as quickly as I write in the ordinary way. One night at supper I was explaining this, and furthermore told my friends that they themselves could write backwards—in fact, they could not avoid doing so. Not, of course, on the table, as I was doing, but by placing the sheet of paper against the table underneath, and writing with the point upwards. Perhaps my readers will try—and see the effect. For encouragement, above are a

A CHEQUE FOR 5½D., SIGNED BACKWARDS.

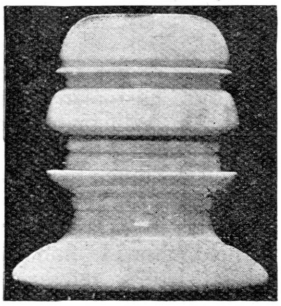
A REMARKABLE CHEQUE.

It is bad enough to purposely puzzle the overworked letter-carriers—they are too often tried by unintentional touches of humour emanating from the most innocent and unsuspected members of the public—but I confess that I was once the innocent cause

couple of the first attempts on that particular evening.

A GLADSTONE MATCH-BOX.

Mr. Gladstone's portrait has been adopted by others besides caricaturists. It is carved as a gargoyle in the stonework of a church, and the head of the Grand Old Man has been turned into a match-box. The latter I here reproduce. It was shown to me one evening when I was the guest at the Guards' mess at St. James's Palace. A clever young Guardsman, who had a taste for turning, worked this out in wood from my caricatures of Mr. Gladstone, and I advised his having it reproduced in pottery. The suggestion was carried out by the late Mr. Woodall, the member for the Potteries, and was largely distributed at the time the G.O.M. was politically meeting his match and thought by some to be a little light-headed.



THE GLADSTONE MATCH-BOX.

FURNESS AND FURNISS.

Perhaps there are not two men with surnames so similar and yet so different in every other way than that great man of business, Sir Christopher Furness, and myself. He has an eye for business, but not one for his surname—I have an "I" in my name, and two for art only. When Mr. Furness was first returned to Parliament, plain Mr., *then* neither a knight nor a millionaire, he asked to see me alone in one of the Lobbies of the House of Commons. He held a note in his hand, *strangely* and nervously—so I knew at once it was not a bank-note.

MY FIRST MEETING WITH THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

"I—ah—am very sorry—you are a stranger to me, I—a—stranger to the House. This note from a stranger was handed to me by a strange official. I read it before I noticed the mistake. It is addressed to you."

"Oh, that is of no consequence, I assure you," I said.

"Oh, but it is—it must be of consequence. It is—of—such a private nature, and so brief. I feel extremely awkward in having to acknowledge I read it—a pure accident, I assure you!"

He handed me the note and was running away, when I called him back. It read:—

"Meet me under the clock at 8.—LUCY."

"I must introduce you to Lucy."

"No, no! not for worlds."

But I did. Here he is.

"LUCY."

INTRODUCTION TO "PUNCH."

It was not until Tom Taylor had passed away that Mr. Punch would deign to give me a chance. I had then been seven years in London hard at work for the leading magazines and illustrated papers, and I may truly say that my work was the only introduction I ever had to Mr. Burnand.

When I first entered the goal of my boyish ambition—that is to say, the editorial sanctum of Mr. Punch—I had never met the gentleman who, for a number of years afterwards, was destined to be my chief, and I fully expected to see the editor turn round and receive me with that look of irrepressible humour and in that habitually jocose style which I had so often heard described. I looked in vain for the geniality in the editor's glance, and there was a remarkably complete absence of the jocose in the sharp, irritable words which he addressed to me.

"Really," said he, "this is too bad! I wrote to you to meet me at the Surrey Theatre last night, and you never turned up. We go to press to-day, and the sketches are not even made."

"I don't quite understand you," I replied, "for I never heard from you in my life, and I don't think that you ever saw me before."

"But surely you are Mr. ——?" (a contributor who had been drawing for *Punch* for some weeks). "Are you not?"

"No," I said. "My name is Furniss, and I understood that you wanted to see me."

This was in 1880, and from that period up to the time of my resignation from the staff of *Punch* I certainly do not think that I have ever seen Burnand's face assume such a threatening and offended expression as it wore that day.

I was then twenty-six. Strange to say, Charles Keene and George du Maurier were exactly the same age when they first made their *début* in *Punch*, but not yet invited to "join the table."

As I was leaving my house one summer evening a few years afterwards, the youngest member of my family, who was being personally conducted up to bed by his nurse, inquired where I was going.

"To dine with Mr. Punch," I replied.

"Oh, haven't you eaten all his hump *yet*, papa? It *does* last a long time!" And the little chap continued his journey to the arms of Morpheus, evidently quite concerned about his father's act of long-drawn-out cannibalism.

LEWIS CARROLL'S SUGGESTION.

DU MAURIER.

It is a curious fact that I really never had a seat allotted to me at the *Punch* table. I always sat in du Maurier's, except on the rare occasions when he came to the dinner, when I moved up one. It was always a treat to have du Maurier at "the table." He was by far and away the cleverest conversationalist of his time I ever met—his delightful repartees were so neat and effective, and his daring chaff and his criticisms so bright and refreshing.

For some extraordinary reason du Maurier was known to the *Punch* men as "Kiki," a friendly sobriquet which greeted him when he first joined, and refers to his nationality. In the same way as an English schoolboy calls out "Froggy" to a Frenchman, his friends on the *Punch* staff called him "Kiki," suggested by the Frenchman's peculiar and un-English art of self-defence.

Du Maurier took very little interest in the discussions at the table; in fact, he resented informal debate on the subject of the cartoon as an interruption to his conversation, although I was informed he once suggested a cartoon which will always rank as one of the most historical hits of Mr. Punch—a cartoon of the First Napoleon warning Napoleon the Third as he marches out to meet the Germans in the war of 1870.

LEWIS CARROLL.

Suggestions for *Punch* came to me from most unexpected quarters, but were rarely of any use.

Lewis Carroll—like everyone else—got excited over the Gladstonian crisis, and Sir William Harcourt's head to Lewis Carroll was much the same as Charles the First's to Mr. Dick in "David Copperfield," for I find in several letters references to Sir William. "*Re* Gladstone's head and its recent growth, couldn't you make a picture of it for the 'Essence of Parliament'? I would call it 'Toby's Dream of A.D. 1900,' and have Gladstone addressing the House, with his enormous head supported by Harcourt on one side and Parnell on the other."

This suggestion is the only one I adopted. Strange to say, neither Gladstone, Parnell, nor Lewis Carroll lived to see 1900.

MY SKETCH IN "PUNCH."

ARTHUR CECIL.

His eccentricity was a combination of absent-mindedness and irritableness. The latter failing, he told me, would at times take complete control of him. For instance, he had to leave a train before his journey was completed, as he felt it impossible to sit in the carriage and look at the alarm-bell without pulling it. I have watched him seated in the smoking-room of the club we both attended, in which the star-light in the centre of the ceiling was shaded by a rather primitive screen of stretched tissue-paper, gazing at it for half an hour at a time, and eventually taking all the coins out of his pocket to throw them one after another at the immediate object of his irritation. He frequently succeeded in penetrating the screen, the coins remaining on the top of it, to the delight of the astonished waiters.

His eccentricity—perhaps I ought to say in this case his absent-mindedness—is illustrated by an incident which happened on the morning of the funeral of a great friend of his. As Cecil (his real name was Blount) was having his bath, he was suddenly inspired with some idea for a song; so, pulling his sponge-bath into the adjoining sitting-room, close to the piano, he placed a chair in it and sat down to try it over. A friend, rushing in to fetch him to the funeral, found him so seated, singing and playing, balancing the dripping sponge on the top of his head.

I SIT AS A MODEL.

I sat for John Brown for the picture Queen Victoria had commissioned of Mr. Brown surrounded by her pet dogs, which she had in her private room. She was so delighted with the picture that she had a replica made of it, and placed it in the passage outside, so that it was the first picture she looked at as she left her room. Barber's animals and children were delightful, but he was weak with his men, and was in trouble over John Brown's calves—it was then that I posed for the "brawny Scot," but only for the portion here mentioned.

"I SIT FOR JOHN BROWN'S CALVES."

CROSSING TO AMERICA—THE CAPTAIN OF THE LINER.

Now, this commander was a captain from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. A stern disciplinarian, erect, handsome, uncommunicative, not a better officer ever stood on the bridge of an Atlantic or any other liner. He had a contempt for the "herring pond," and manipulated one of these floating hotels with as much ease as one would handle a toy boat. "When a navigator's duty's to be done" he was *par excellence* a modern Cæsar, but despite his sternness he had a sense of humour, and his unbending moments struck one with an emphasized surprise.

He could not bear a bore. Those fussy landlubbers who are always tapping the barometers, asking questions of every member of the crew, testing, sounding, and finding fault with the weather chart, had better steer clear of the worthy captain, as, with hands thrust deep in his pockets, he strides from one end of the deck to the other during the course of his constitutional. It is on record that one of these fussy individuals, edging up to a well-known captain as he was going on to the bridge when a mist was gathering and the siren was about to blow as customary when entering on an Atlantic fog, remarked:—

"Captain, captain, can't you see that it is quite clear overhead?"

The captain turned on his heel to ascend to the bridge, and scornfully rejoined:—

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; but can't you see that I am not navigating a balloon?"

On one occasion the captain had been through a terribly stormy afternoon and night and had not quitted his post on the bridge for one minute, the weather being awful. Fogs, icebergs, and the elements all combined to make it a most anxious time for the one man in charge of the valuable vessel and her cargo of 1,700 souls, and during the whole period the unflinching skipper had not tasted a mouthful of food. The captain's boy, feeling for his master, had from time to time endeavoured, with some succulent morsel, to make him break his long fast; but the firm face of the captain was set, his eyes were fixed straight ahead, and his ears were deaf to the lad's appeal. It was breakfast time when the boy once more ventured to ask the captain if he could bring him something to eat. This time he got an answer.

"Yes," growled the captain, "bring me two larks' livers on toast!"

These Atlantic captains of the older school were a hardened and humorous lot of navigators, and many a story of their eccentricity survives them. One in particular of an old captain seeing the terror of the junior officer during that nervous ordeal of treading the bridge for the first time with him. This particular old salt, after a painful silence, turned on the young man and said, "I like you. I'm very much impressed by you. I've heard a lot about you—in fact,

my dear sir, I should like to have your photograph. You skip down and get it."

The nervous and delighted youth rushed off to his cabin and informed his brother officers of the compliment the old man had just paid him. He was in luck's way, and ran gaily up on to the bridge, presented his photograph, blushing modestly, to the old salt.

"'Umph! Got a pin with you?"

"Ye—es, sir."

"Ah, see! I pin you up on the canvas here. I can look at you there and admire you. You can go, sir; your photograph is just as valuable as you appear to be on the bridge. Good morning."

The captain of the ship I was on had his chessmen pegged, and holes in the board into which to place them, so that, despite any oscillations of the ship, they would remain in their places; but the unfortunate part of the business was that although he could provide sea-legs for his chessmen it was more than he could do for his opponent, and it was as good as a play to see Signor "Lib" hiding from the captain when the weather was not all it might be, and he in consequence felt anything but well. One mate after another would be dispatched with the strictest orders from the captain to search for the cheerless chessite; but after a time the captain's patience would be exhausted, his strident voice could be heard calling upon the caricaturist to come forth and show himself, and eventually he might be seen *en route* to his cabin with the box of chessmen under one arm and his opponent under the other.

I was cruel enough on more than one occasion to follow them and witness the sequel.

"CHESS!"

"Your move, now—your move!"

"Ah, captain! I do veel zo ill! Ze ship it do go up and down, up and down, until I do not know vich is ze bishop and vich is ze queen!"

"Nonsense, sir, nonsense! Your move—look sharp, and I'll soon have you mated!"

The poor artist *did* move, and quickly too, but it was to the outside of the cabin!

The captain was triumphant at table, telling us of his victory; but his poor opponent could only point to his untouched plate and to the waves dashing against the

port-holes, and with that shrug of the shoulders so suggestive to witness but so difficult to describe, would thus in dumb show explain the cause of his defeat.

I remember well on one beautiful afternoon, the sky bright and the sea calm, just before the pilot came on board when we were nearing the States, Signor Prosperi (for that was his name) came up to me, his face the very embodiment of triumph :—

"Ah, I have beaten ze captain at last—*but ze sea is smooth!*"

"I HAVE PROMISED THAT IF YOU WILL SING, I WILL."

MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

On the outward voyage we had a host in Mr. Edward Lloyd, but he was under contract not to warble until a certain day which had been fixed in New York, and no doubt his presence had a deterrent effect upon the amateur talent, with the exception of one lady, who came up to Mr. Lloyd and said :—

"You really *must* sing—you really *must!*"

"I am very sorry, madam, but I really can't—I am not my own master in this matter."

"Oh, but you must," she rejoined. "I have promised that if you will sing, *I* will."

AMERICAN GIRLS AND ENGLISH.

In face, I notice, the American girl is quite distinct from her English sister. I notice a difference in the way the upper lip sweeps down from the outer edge of the nostril; but more noticeable still is the fact that the cheek-bones of the American girls are not so prominent, and the smooth curve down the cheek to the chin is less broken by smaller curves. In social life the American girl charms an Englishman by her natural and unaffected manner. Our English girls are very carefully brought up, and are continually warned that this thing or that is "bad form." As a result, when they enter society they are more or less in fear of saying or doing something that will not be considered suitable. As a matter of fact they are not lacking in energy or vivacity, but these qualities are suppressed in public, and only come to the surface in the society of intimates. American girls from childhood upwards are much more independent; they have much more freedom and encouragement in coming forward than ours. The vivacity and liberty expected of an American girl in social intercourse are considered—as I say—bad form for our girls.

"YOUNG AMERICA."

The observant stranger will, if an artist, also be struck by the fact that the face of an American girl, as well as the voice, is often that of a child; in fact, if one were not afraid of being misunderstood, and therefore thought rude, one could better describe the American girl by saying that she has a baby's face on a woman's body than by any word-painting or brush-painting either. The large forehead, round eyes, round cheeks, and round lips of the baby remain; and, as the present fashion is to dress the hair ornamentally after the fashion of a doll, the picture is complete.

The eyes of an American girl are closer together than those of her English cousin, and are smaller; her hands are smaller, too, and so are her feet, but neither are so well-shaped as the English girl's.

Let me follow the American girl from her babyhood upwards. The first is the baby, plump, bright-eyed, and with more expression than the average English child; little older, see her still plump, short-legged, made to

look stout by the double covering of the leg bulging over the boots; older, but still some years from her teens, she is still plump from the tip of her toe to her eyebrow, with an expression and a manner ten years in advance of her years, and you may take it from this age onwards the American girl is always ten years in advance of an English girl; next the schoolgirl, then that ungainly age "sweet seventeen." She seems twenty-seven, and thenceforwards her plumpness disappears generally, but remains in her face, and the cheeks and chin of the baby are still with her.

Suddenly, ten years before the time, and in one season, happens what in the life of an English matron would take ten. The bubble bursts, the baby face collapses, just as if you pricked it with a pin, and she is left sans teeth, sans eyes, sans beauty, sans everything. This is the American girl in a hurry, and these remarks only apply to the exhausted New York, the sensational Chicago, the anxious Washington, and the overstrained child of that portion of America in a hurry.

THE TRIALS OF AN ENTERTAINER.

I was once obliged to deliver a "lecture" on "Art" in a rough tweed suit. It so happened that I was giving a series of lectures in the vicinity of Birmingham, and I was stopping with a friend of mine, the Curator of the Art Gallery and Museum there. He suggested my leaving my Gladstone bag, containing my change of clothes, in his office, while I spent my day rummagingabout old book-shops for first editions and making calls on various friends. My host having had to go to London that day I was left to my own devices, and it was about five o'clock in the evening when I went to the Museum for my belongings. To my horror I saw a notice up: "Museum closed at three o'clock on Wednesdays," and this was Wednesday! I rang and knocked, and knocked and rang, but all in vain. I crossed over to some other municipal buildings to see if there was anyone there who could help me out of my dilemma, but my spirits went down to zero when I was there informed that the custodian of the keys lived miles out of the town. Back I went to the Museum, fiercely plotting an ascent up the water-spout or a burglarious entrance through a back window, when, to my delight, I saw an attendant gesticulating to me from a window three or four stories from the ground. My time was running very short, so I rapidly explained to him the predicament I was in, and implored him to throw my bag out of the window. He told me that he was a prisoner, locked in to look after the building, that there were three or four double-locked doors between him and the private office in which my coveted bag was lying, and wound up with the cheering announcement that my case was hopeless.

I had only a few minutes left in which to catch my train. A glance at my cuffs showed me that one's linen has to be changed pretty frequently in a Midland town, so I made a frantic dive into a shirt-maker's.

"White shirt, turn-down collar! Look sharp!"

"Yes, sir. Size round neck, sir?"

"Oh, thirty, forty—anything you like, only look sharp!" Time was nearly up.

He measured my neck carefully. The size was a little under my estimate, so I got the shirt, bolted for the station, and jumped into the train as it was going off, my only luggage being my recent purchase. I got into this, and soon I was on the platform in my tweed suit. I apologized to the audience for making my appearance minus the orthodox costume, saying it might have been worse, and that it was better to appear without my dress clothes than without the lantern or the screen. I believe they soon forgot there was anything unusual about me, but I think that as I worked up to my subject, and became more and more energetic, they could see that I wasn't altogether happy. That wretched shirt certainly fitted me round the neck, but the sleeves were abnormally long for

THE SURPRISE SHIRT.

me, and the cuffs being wide they shot out over my hands with every gesture. If I uplifted my hands imploringly, up they went, halfway up the screen; if with outstretched arms I drove one of my best points home, those cuffs would come out and droop pensively down over my hands; if I brought my fist down emphatically, a vast expanse of white linen flew out with a lightning-like rapidity that made the people in the first row start back and tremble for their safety; and when, after my final grand peroration, I let my hands drop by my side, those cuffs came down and dangled on the platform.

If my reader happens to be much under the medium height, and rather broad in proportion, I would warn him not to buy his shirts ready-made. I cannot understand the idea of measurement that leads a shirtmaker to cut out a shirt, taking the circumference of the neck as a basis. I know a man about six feet high who has a neck like a walking-stick. If he bought a shirt on the shirtmakers' system it would barely act as a chest-protector; and, on the other hand, this shirt in question, as I said before, certainly fitted me round the neck, but I nearly stepped on the sleeves as I went off the platform at the close of my lecture, and some of the audience must think to this day that I am a conjurer, and that on this occasion I was going to show them some card trick with the aid of my sleeves, which would have been invaluable to the Heathen Chinee. Indeed, this is not the only time I have been suspected of being a sort of necromancer.

THE FLY IN THE LANTERN.

A fly was the offender on one occasion in my experience. I was showing some serious portraits of Mr. Gladstone in my entertainment, "The Humours of Parliament," and was doing my level best to rouse an appreciative North Country audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm for the man they worshipped so. I was telling them that at one moment he looks like this, and at another moment he looks like that, when I was amazed to hear them go into fits of laughter! In describing Mr. Gladstone I dilate upon him first in a rhetorical vein, and then proceed to caricature my own delineations, and it has always been flattering to me to find that the serious portraits have been received with a grave attention only equalled by the laughter with which the caricatures have been greeted. But not so on this occasion. I spoke of his flashing eye (titters!), his noble brow (laughter!), his patriarchal head (roars!), and a mention of his commanding aquiline nose nearly sent them into hysterics! Now, in my lecturing days mishaps may have occurred which were due to some fault of the lantern or operator provided by the society I lectured to; but with the splendid set of lanterns I had made for my entertainment, engineered by the infallible professor who exhibited for me, I never troubled to look round to see if the picture was all right. But for a second it struck me that by some mischance he might be showing the caricatures in place of the serious portraits. Quickly I turned round, and the sight that met my eyes made me at once join in the general roar. There was a gigantic fly promenading on the nasal organ of the Grand Old Man, unheeding the attempts which were being made on its life by the professor, armed with a long pointed weapon. It had walked into the professor's parlour—that is to say, into his lantern—and taken up its temporary residence between the lenses, whence it was magnified a hundredfold on to the screen! When I give an "entertainment" I have, of course, no chairman, but when I "lecture" (which I occasionally do still) I am sometimes "introduced."

A story is told of a distinguished irritable Scotch lecturer who on one occasion had the misfortune to meet with a loquacious chairman, the presiding genius actually speaking for a whole hour in "introducing" the lecturer, winding up by saying: "It is unnecessary for me to say more, but call upon the talented gentleman who has come so far to give us his address to-night." The lecturer came forward: "You want my address. I'll give it to you: 322, Rob Roy Crescent, Edinburgh—and I'm just off there now. Good-night!"

[The following extract requires a little explanation. Du Maurier told Mr. Furniss a story about Mr. G. A. Sala's rejection as an Academy student owing to his sending in a drawing of a foot embellished with six toes. Mr. Furniss repeated this joke, quite good-humouredly, at a supper, which, together with some other allusions to himself which were incorrectly reported, so roused Mr. Sala's ire that he brought the matter into the law courts, and the case excited much interest and amusement.]

SALA'S TOES.

Skits showing six toes were plentiful, jokes in burlesque and on the music-hall stage were introduced as a matter of course, and private chaff in letters was kept up for some time. One private letter I wrote du Maurier: "Sala has no sole for humour—you have made me put my foot in it," and added the Six Toes signature sketch. In this no doubt du Maurier found inspiration for "Trilby."

THE SIX-TOES SIGNATURE.

WHISTLER'S LOLLIPOPS.

I recollect an incident the mention of which will, I fear, send a cold shudder through any worshipper of "Nubian" nocturnes and incomprehensible "arrangements." On one occasion after leaving the banquet of the Guild I beheld Whistler—"Jimmy" of the snowy tuft, the martyred butterfly of the "peacock room"—to whose impressionable soul the very thought of a sugar-stick should be direst agony, actually making his way homewards hugging a great box of lollipops!

MR. J. M. WHISTLER.
Drawn with my left hand.

It is said an Englishman will find any excuse to give a dinner, but my experience has been that this is truer of Americans. I have been the guest of many extraordinary dining clubs, but as the most unique I select the Pointed Beards of New York. To club and dine together because one has hair cut in a particular way is the *raison d'être* of the club; there is nothing heroic, nothing artistic or particularly intellectual. It is not even a club to discuss hirsute adornments; such a club might be made as interesting as any other, provided the members were clever.

THE CLUB OF POINTED BEARDS.

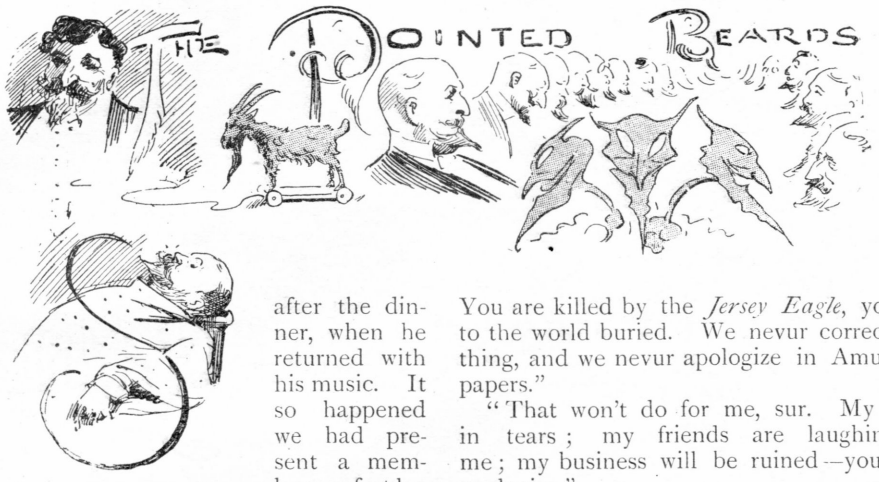
That most delightful of *littérateurs*, Mr. James Payn, once interested himself, and with his pen his readers, in that charming way of his, on the all-important question: "Where do shavers learn their business? Upon whom do they practise?" After most careful investigation he answers the question: "The neophytes try their prentice hands upon their fellow-barbers." That may be the rule, but every rule has an exception, and I happened once to be the unfortunate layman when a budding and inexperienced barber practised his art upon me. I sat in the chair of a hairdresser's not a hundred miles from Regent Street. I had selected a highly respectable, thoroughly English establishment, as I was tired of being held by the nose by foreigners' fingers saturated with the nicotine of bad cigarettes. I entered gaily, and to my delight a fresh-looking British youth tied me up in the chair of torture, lathered my chin, and began operations. I was not aware of the fact that I was being made a chopping-block of until the youth, agitated and extremely nervous, produced a huge piece of lint and commenced dabbing patches of it upon my countenance. Then I looked at myself in the glass. Good heavens! Was I gazing upon myself, or was it some German student, lacerated and bleeding after a sanguinary duel? I stormed and raged, and called for the proprietor, who was gentle and sorry and apologetic, and explained to me that the boy must begin upon somebody, and I unfortunately was the first victim! I allow my beard to grow now.

Otherwise I should not have been eligible for the New York Pointed Beards, for no qualification is necessary except that one wear a beard cut to a point.

The tables were ornamented with lamps, having shades cut to represent pointed beards. A toy goat, the emblem of the club, was the centre decoration. We had the "Head Barber," and, of course, any

amount of soft soap. A leading Republican was in the barber's chair, and during dinner some sensation was caused by one of the guests being discovered wearing a false beard. He was immediately seized and ejected until my obituary, and here I am as large as life!"

The editor looked up and coolly said: "Sur, I am vury sorry; I reckon there is a mistake some place, but it kean't be helped.



after the dinner, when he returned with his music. It so happened we had present a member of the Italian Opera, with his beautiful pointed beard, and he had also a beautiful voice. But New York could not supply an accompanist with a pointed beard! So a false beard was preferred to false notes.

MY PREFACE IN BRIEF.

In these volumes, if I have made some joke at a friend's expense, let that friend take it in the spirit intended, and—I apologize beforehand.

In America apology in journalism is unknown. The exception is the well-known story of the man whose death was published in the obituary column. He rushed into the office of the paper and cried out to the editor:—

"Look here, sur, what do you mean by this? You have published two columns and a half of You are killed by the *Jersey Eagle*, you are to the world buried. We nevur correct anything, and we nevur apologize in Amurrican papers."

"That won't do for me, sur. My wife's in tears; my friends are laughing at me; my business will be ruined—you *must* apologize."

"No, si—ree, an Amurrican editor nevur apologizes."

"Well, sur, I'll take the law on you right away. I'm off to my attorney."

"Wait one minute, sur—just one minute. You are a re-nowned and popular citizen: the *Jersey Eagle* has killed you—for that I am vury, vury sorry, and to show you my respect I will to-morrow find room for you—in the births column."

Now, do not let any editor imagine these pages are my professional obituary—my autobiography. If by mistake he does, then let him place me immediately in the births column. I am in my forties, and there is quite time for me to prepare and publish two more volumes of my "Confessions" from my first to my second birth, and many other things, before I am fifty.

By Richard Marsh.

YOU cannot keep on meeting the same man by accident—not in that way. To suggest such a possibility would be to carry the doctrine of probabilities too far. Miss Donne began herself to think that such might be the case. She had first encountered him at Geneva—at the Pension Dupont. There his bearing had not only been extremely deferential, but absolutely distant. Possibly this was in some measure owing to Miss Donne herself, who, at that stage of her travels, was the most unapproachable of human beings. During the last few days of her stay he had sat next to her at table, in which position it had seemed to her that a certain amount of conversation was not to be avoided. He had informed her, in the course of the remarks which the situation necessitated, that he was an American and a bachelor, and also that his name was Huhn.

So far as Miss Donne was concerned the encounter would merely have been pigeonholed among the other noticeable incidents of that memorable journey had it not been that two days after her arrival at Lausanne she met him in the open street—to be exact, in the Place de la Gare. Not only did he bow, but he stopped to talk with the air of quite an old acquaintance.

But it was at Lucerne that the situation began to assume a really curious phase. Miss Donne left Lausanne on a Thursday. On the day before she told Mr. Huhn she was going, and where she intended to stop. Mr. Huhn made no comment on the information, which was given casually while they waited among a crowd of other persons for the steamer. No one could have inferred from his manner that it was not his intention to end his days at Lausanne. When, therefore, on the morning after her arrival, she found him seated by her side at lunch she was thrown into a flurry of surprise. As he seemed, however, to conclude that she would take his appearance for granted—not attempting to offer the slightest explanation of how it was that he was where he was—she presently found herself talking to him as if his presence there was quite in accordance with the order of Nature. But when, afterwards, she went upstairs to put her hat on, she—well, she found herself disposed to try her best not to ask herself a question.

Those four weeks at Lucerne were the happiest she had known. A sociable set was staying in the house just then. Everyone behaved to her with surprising kindness. Scarcely an excursion was got up without her being attached to it. Another invariable pendant was Mr. Huhn. It was impossible to conceal from herself the fact that when the parties were once started it was Mr. Huhn

who personally conducted her. A better conductor she could not have wished. Without being obtrusive, when he was wanted he was always there. Unostentatiously he studied her little idiosyncrasies, making it his especial business to see that nothing was lacking which made for her own particular enjoyment. As a conversationalist she had never met his equal. But then, as she admitted with that honesty which was her ruling passion, she never had had experience of masculine discourse. Nor, perhaps, was the position rendered less enjoyable by the fact that she was haunted by misgivings as to whether her relations with Mr. Huhn were altogether in accordance with strict propriety. She was a lady travelling alone. He was a stranger; self-introduced. Whether, under any circumstances, a lady in her position ought to allow herself to be on terms of vague familiarity with a gentleman in his, was a point on which she could hardly be said to have doubts. She was convinced that she ought not. Theoretically, that was a principle for which she would have been almost willing to have died. When she reflected on what she had preached to others, metaphorically she shivered in her shoes. She was half alarmed by the necessity she was under to acknowledge that it was a kind of shivering which could not be correctly described as disagreeable.

The domain of the extraordinary was entered on after her departure from Lucerne. At the Pension Emeritus her plans were public property. It was generally known that she proposed to return to England by way of Paris and Dieppe. In Paris she was to spend a few days, and in Dieppe a week or two. Practically the whole pension was at the station to see her off. She was overwhelmed with confectionery and flowers. Mr. Huhn, in particular, gave her a gorgeous bouquet, and a box of what purported to be chocolates. It was only after she had started that she discovered the chocolates were a sham; and that, hidden in the very midst of them, was another package. The very sight of it filled her with singular qualms. Other people were in the carriage. She deemed it prudent to ignore its existence in the presence of what quite possibly were observant eyes. But directly she had a moment of comparative privacy she removed it from its hiding-place with what—positively!—were trembling fingers. It was secured by pink baby-ribbon tied in a true-lover's knot. Within was a leather case. In the case was a flexible gold bracelet, with on one side a circular ornament which was incrusted with diamonds. As she was fingering this she must have touched a hidden spring, because all at once the

"SHE GAZED AT IT IN BEWILDERED AMAZEMENT."

glittering toy sprang open, revealing inside—of all things in the world—a portrait of Mr. Huhn!

She gazed at it in bewildered amazement. All the way to Paris she was rent by conflicting emotions. That a perfect stranger should have dared to take such a liberty! Because, after all, she knew nothing of him—absolutely nothing, except that he was an American; which one piece of knowledge was, perhaps, a sufficient explanation. For all she knew, the Americans might have ideas of their own upon such subjects. This sort of behaviour might be in complete accord with their standard of propriety. The contemplation of such a possibility made her sigh. She actually nearly regretted that her standard was the English one, so strongly did she feel that there was something to be

said for the American point of view. If, that is, it truly was the American point of view; which, of course, had still to be determined.

Had the bracelet been trumpery trash, costing, say, fifteen or twenty francs, the case would have been altered. Of that there could be no doubt. But this triumph of the jeweller's art, with its costly diamond ornaments! She herself had never owned a decent trinket. Her personal knowledge of values was nil. Yet her instincts told her that this cost money. Then there was the name of "Tiffany" on the case. She had a dim consciousness of having heard of Tiffany. It might have cost one hundred—even two hundred—pounds! At the thought she burned. Who was she and what had she done that wandering males—the merest casual acquaintances—should feel themselves at liberty to throw bank-notes into her lap? As if she were a beggar—or worse. There was a moment in which she was inclined to throw the bracelet out of the carriage window.

The mischief was that she did not know where to return it. She had Mr. Huhn's own assurance that he also was leaving Lucerne on that same day. Where he was going she had not the faintest notion. At least, she assured herself that she had not the faintest notion. To return it, by post, to Ezra G. Huhn, America, would be absurd. She might send it back to the person whose name was on the case—to Tiffany. She would.

Then there was the portrait—hidden in the bracelet—which he had had the capital audacity to palm off on to her under cover of a box of chocolates. It was excellent—that was certain.

The shrewd face, with the kindly eyes in which there always seemed to be a twinkle, looked up at her out of the little gold frame like an old familiar friend. How pleasant he had been to her; how good. How she had always felt at ease with him; never once afraid. Although he had never by so much as a single question sought to gain her confidence, what a curious feeling she had had that he knew all about her, that he understood her. How she had been impressed by his way of doing things; his quick resource; his capacity of getting—without any fuss—the best that was obtainable. How she had come to rely upon him—in an altogether indescribable sort of way—when he was at hand; she saw it now. How, in spite of herself, she had grown to feel at peace with all the world when he was near. How curious it seemed. As she thought of its exceeding curiousness, fancying that she perceived in the portrayed glance the twinkle which she had begun to know so well, her eyes filled with tears, so that she had to use her handkerchief to prevent them trickling down her cheeks. During the remainder of her journey to Paris that bracelet was about her wrist, covered by her jacket-sleeve. More than once she caught herself in the act of crying.

She found it impossible to remain in Paris. The weather was hot. In the brilliant sunshine the streets were one continuous glare. They seemed difficult to breathe in. They made her head ache. She longed for the sea. Within three days of her arrival she was hurrying towards Dieppe. In Dieppe she alighted at the Hotel de Paris. The first person she saw as she crossed the threshold was Annie Moriarty—at least, she used to be Annie Moriarty until she became Mrs. Palmer. The two rushed into each other's arms—Mrs. Palmer going upstairs with Miss Donne to assist in the unpacking. When they descended Miss Donne was introduced to Mr. Palmer, who had been Annie's one topic in the epistolary communications with which Miss Donne was regularly favoured. Mr. Palmer, who was a husband of twelve months' standing, proved to be a sort of under-study for a giant, towering above Miss Donne's head in a manner which inspired her with awe. While she was wondering whether, when he desired to kiss his wife and retain his perpendicular position, he always lifted her upon a chair—for Annie was a mere pigmy in petticoats—who should come down the staircase into the hall but Mr. Huhn!

At that sight not only did Miss Donne's cheeks flame, but she was overwhelmed with confusion to such an extent that it was impossible to conceal the fact from the sharp-eyed person who was in front of her. Although Mr. Huhn merely raised his hat as he passed into the street, her distress continued after he was gone. She accompanied the Palmers—in an only partial state of consciousness—into the Etablissement grounds. While her husband continued with them Annie was discretion itself; but when Mr. Palmer, going into the building—it is within the range of possibility on a hint from her—left the two women seated on the terrace, she assailed Miss Donne in a fashion which in a moment laid all her defences low.

The whole story was told before its

"MR. HUHN RAISED HIS HAT."

narrator was conscious of an intention to do anything of the kind. It plunged the hearer into raptures. Although, with a delicacy which well became her, she concealed the larger half of them, she revealed enough to throw Miss Donne into a state of agitation which was half pathetic and altogether delightful. As she sat there, listening to Annie's innuendoes, conscious of her delighted scrutiny, the heroine of all these strange adventures discovered herself hazily wondering whether this was the same world in which she had been living all these years, and whether she was awake in it or dreaming. After all the miracles which had lately changed the whole fashion of her life, was the greatest still upon the way?

Eva Donne was thirty-eight and three-quarters, as the children say. For over twenty years she had been a governess—without kith or kin. All the time she was haunted by a fear that the fat season was with her now, and that the lean one was coming soon. She was not a scholar; she was just the sweetest woman in the world. But while of the second fact she had no notion, of the first she was hideously sure. She had strained every nerve to improve her mental equipment; to keep herself abreast of the educational requirements of the day; to pass examinations; to win those certificates which teachers ought to have. Always and ever in vain. The dullest of her scholars was not more dull than she. How, under these circumstances, she found employment was beyond her comprehension. Why, for instance, Miss Law should have kept her upon her teaching staff for nearly thirteen consecutive years was to her, indeed, a mystery. That Miss Law should consider it well worth her while to retain in her establishment a well-mannered, dainty lady; possessed of infinite patience, kindliness, and tact; the soul of honour; considering her employer's interests before her own; willing to work late and early; who was liked by every pupil with whom she came into contact, and so was able to smooth the head mistress's path in a hundred different ways; that the shrewd proprietress of St. Cecilia's College should esteem these qualifications as a sufficient set-off for certain scholastic deficiencies never entered into Miss Donne's philosophy. Therefore, though she said not a word of it to anyone, she was tortured by a continual fear that each term would be her last. Dismissed for inefficiency at her age, what should she do? For

she was growing old; she knew she was. She was grey—almost!—behind the ears; her hair was thinner than it used to be; there were tell-tale wrinkles about her eyes; she was conscious of a certain stiffness in her joints. A governess so soon grows old, especially if she is not clever. Many a time she lay awake all through the night thinking, with horror, of the future which was in store for her. What should she do? She had saved so little. Out of such a salary how could she save?—with her soft, generous heart which could not resist a temptation to give. She sometimes wondered, when the morning dawned, how it was that she had not turned quite grey, after the racking anxieties of the sleepless night.

And then the miracle came—the god out of the machine. A cousin of her mother, of whom she had only heard, died in America, in Pittsburg—a bachelor, as alone in the world as she was—and left everything he had to his far-off kinswoman. Eight hundred sterling pounds a year it came to, actually, when everything was realized, and everything had been left in an easily realizable form. What a difference it made when she understood that the incredible had come to pass, and what it meant. She was rich, independent, secure from want and from the fear of it, thank God. And she thanked Him—how she thanked Him!—pouring out her heart before Him like some simple child. And she ceased to grow old; nay, she all at once grew young again. She was nearly persuaded that the greyness had vanished from behind her ears; her hair certainly did seem thicker. The wrinkles were so faint as to be not worth mentioning, while, as for the stiffness of her joints, she was suddenly conscious of an absurd and even improper inclination to run up the stairs and down them.

Then there came the wonderful journey. She, a solitary spinster, who had never been out of England in her life, made up her mind, after not more than six months' consideration, to go all by herself to Switzerland. And she went. After the strange happenings which, in such a journey, were naturally to be expected, to crown everything, here, on the terrace at Dieppe, sat Annie Moriarty that was—and a troublesome child she used to be—telling her—her!—the young woman's former and ought-to-be-revered preceptress—that a certain person—to wit, an American gentleman—was in love with her—with her! Miss Eva Donne. Not the least extraordinary part of it was that, instead of correcting the presumptuous Annie, Miss Donne beamed and blushed, and blushed and beamed, and was conscious of the most singular sensations.

A remark, however, which Mrs. Palmer apparently inadvertently made, brought her back to earth with a sudden jolt.

"I suppose that whoever does become Mrs. Huhn will become an American."

It was just a second or so before she comprehended. When she did it was with a quick sinking of the heart. Something, all at once, seemed to have gone out of the world. Perhaps because a cloud had crept over the sun.

Was it possible? A thing not to be avoided? An inevitable consequence? Of course, Mr. Huhn was an American; she did know so much. And although—as she had gathered—this was by no means his first visit to Europe, it might reasonably be imagined that he spent most of his time in his native country. It was equally fair to assume that his wife would be expected to stop there with him. Would she, therefore, perforce lose her nationality, her birthright, her title to call herself an Englishwoman? To say the least of it, that would be an extraordinary position for—for an Englishwoman to find herself in. Mischievous Annie could not have succeeded better had it been her deliberate intention to make Miss Donne's confusion worse confounded.

She dined with the Palmers at a little table by themselves. Mr. Huhn was at the long table round the corner, hidden from her sight by the peculiar construction of the room. Mrs. Palmer announced that he had gone there before she entered. Miss Donne took care that she went before he reappeared. She spent the evening in her bedroom, in spite of Mrs. Palmer's vigorous protestations, writing letters, so she said. It is true that she did write some letters. She began half-a-dozen to Mr. Huhn. Among a thousand and one other things that bracelet was on her mind. Her wish was to return it, accompanied by a note which would exactly meet the occasion. But the construction of the note she wanted proved to be beyond her powers. It was far from her desire to wound his feelings; she was only too conscious how easy it is for the written word to do that. At the same time it was necessary that she should make her meaning plain, on which account it was a misfortune that she herself was not altogether clear as to what she did precisely mean. She did not want the bracelet; certainly not. Yet, while she did not

wish to throw it at him, or lead him to suppose that she despised his gift, or was unconscious of his kindness in having made it, or liked him less because of his kindness, it was not her intention to allow him to suspect that she liked him at all, or appreciated his kindness to anything like the extent she actually did do, or, indeed, leave him an excuse of any sort or kind on to which he might fasten to ask her to reconsider her refusal. How to combine these opposite desires and intentions within the four corners of one short note was a puzzle.

"SHE BEGAN HALF-A-DOZEN TO MR. HUHN."

It was a nice bracelet—a beauty. No one could call it unbecoming on her wrist. She had had no idea that a single ornament could have made such a difference. She was convinced that it made her hand seem much smaller than it really was. She wondered if he had sent for it specially to New York, or if he had been carrying it about with him in his pocket. But that was not the point. The point was that, since she could not frame a note which, in all respects, met her views, she would herself see Mr. Huhn to-morrow and return him his gift with her own hands. Then the incident would be closed. Having arrived at which decision she slept like a top all night, with the bracelet under her pillow.

In the morning she dressed herself with unusual care—with so much care, indeed, that Mrs. Palmer greeted her with a torrent of ejaculations.

"You look lovelier than ever, my dear. Just like What's-his-name's picture, only ever so much sweeter. Doesn't she look a darling, Dick?"

"Dick" was Mr. Palmer. As this was said not only in the presence of that gentleman, but in the hearing of several others, Miss Donne was so distressed that she found herself physically incapable of telling the speaker that, as she was perfectly aware, she intensely disliked personal remarks, which were always in the very worst possible taste.

Nothing was seen of Mr. Huhn. She went with the Palmers to the market; to the man who carved grotesque heads out of what he called vegetable ivory; to watch the people bathe, while listening to the band upon the terrace; then to lunch. All the time she had that bracelet on her person. After lunch she accompanied her friends on a queer sort of vehicle, which was not exactly a break or quite anything else, on what its proud proprietor called a "fashionable excursion" to the forest of Arques. It was nearly five when they returned. The Palmers went upstairs. She sat down on one of the chairs which were on the pavement in front of the hotel. She had been there for some minutes in a sort of waking dream when someone occupied the chair beside her.

It was Mr. Huhn. His appearance was so unexpected that it found her speechless. The foolish tremors to which she seemed to have been so liable of late seemed to paralyze her. She gazed at the shabby theatre on the other side of the square, trying to think of what she ought to say—and failed. No greetings were exchanged.

Presently he said, in his ordinary tone of voice:—

"Come with me into the Casino."

That was his way; a fair example of his habit of taking things for granted. She felt that if, after a prolonged absence, she met him

on the other side of the world, he would just ask if she liked sugar in her tea, and discuss the sugar question generally, and take it for granted that that was all the situation demanded. That was not her standpoint. She considered that when explanations were required they ought to be given, and was distinctly of opinion that an explanation was required here. She intended that the remark she made should be regarded as a suggestion to that effect.

"I didn't expect to see you at Dieppe."

He looked at her—just looked—and she was a conscience-stricken wretch. Had he accused her, at the top of his voice, of deliberate falsehood, he could not have shamed her more.

"I meant to come to Dieppe. I thought you knew it."

She had known it; all pretence to the contrary was brushed away like so much cobweb. And she knew that he knew she knew it. It was dreadful. What could she say to this extraordinary man? She blundered from bad to worse. Fumbling with the buttons of her little jacket she took out from some inner receptacle a small, flat leather case.

"I think this got into that box of chocolates by mistake."

He glanced at it out of the corner of his eye, then continued to draw figures on the pavement with the ferrule of his stick.

"No mistake. I put it there. I thought you'd understand."

Thought she would understand! What did he think she would understand? Did the man suppose that everyone took things for granted?

"I think it was a mistake."

"How? When I sent to New York for it specially for you?" So that question was solved. She was conscious of a small flutter of satisfaction. "Don't you think it's pretty?"

"It's beautiful." She gathered her courage. "But you must take it back."

"Take it back! Take it back! I didn't think you were the kind of woman that would want to make a man unhappy."

Nothing was farther from her desire.

"I am not in the habit of accepting presents from strangers."

"That's just it. It's because I knew you weren't that I gave it to you."

"But you're a stranger to me."

"I didn't look at it in just that way."

"I know nothing of you."

"I'm sorry. I thought you knew what kind of man I am, as I know what kind of woman you are—and am glad to know it. If it's my record you'd like to be acquainted with, I'm ready to set forth the life and adventures of Ezra G. Huhn at full length whenever you've an hour or two or a day or two to spare. Or I can refer you for them to my lawyer, or to my banker, or to my doctor, according to what part of me it is on which you'd like to have accurate information."

She could not hint that she would like to listen to a chapter or two of his adventures there and then, though some such idea was at the back of her mind. While she was groping for words he stood up, repeating his original suggestion.

"Come with me into the Casino."

She rose also. Not because she wished to; but because—such was the confusion of her mental processes—she found it easier to agree than to differ. They moved across the

"IT'S BEAUTIFUL—BUT YOU MUST TAKE IT BACK."

square. The flat leather case was in her hand.

"Have you found the locket?"

"Yes."

She blushed; but she was a continual blush.

"Good portrait of me, isn't it?"

"Excellent."

"I had it done for my mother. When she was dying I wanted it to be buried with her. But she wouldn't have it. She said I was to give it to—someone else one day. Then I didn't think there ever would be a someone else. But when I met you I sent it to New York and had it mounted in that bracelet—for you."

It was absurd what a little self-control she had. Instead of retorting with something smart, or pretty, or sentimental, she was tongue-tied. Her eyes filled with tears. But he did not seem to notice it. He went on.

"You'll have to give me one of yours."

"I—I haven't one."

"Then we'll have to set about getting one. I'll have to look round for someone who'll be likely to do you justice, though it isn't to be expected that we shall find anyone who'll be able to do quite that."

It was the nearest approach to a compliment he had paid her; probably the first pretty thing which had been said to her by any man. It set her trembling so that, for a moment, she swayed as if she would fall. They were passing through the gate into the Casino grounds. He looked at the case which she still had in her hand.

"Put that in your pocket."

"I haven't one."

She was the personification of all meekness.

"Then where did you have it?"

"Inside my jacket."

"Put it back there. I can't carry it. That's part of the burden you'll have to carry, henceforward, all alone."

She did not stop to think what he meant. She simply obeyed. When the jacket was buttoned the case showed through the cloth. Even in the midst of her tremors she was aware that his eyes kept travelling towards the tell-tale patch. For some odd reason she was glad they did.

They passed from the radiance of the autumn afternoon into the chamber of the "little horses." The change was almost dramatic in its completeness. From this place the sunshine had been for some time excluded. The blinds were drawn. It was garishly lighted. Although the room was large and lofty, owing to the absence of ventilation, the abundance of gas, the crowd of people, the atmosphere was horrible. There was a continual buzz; an unresting clatter. The noise of people in motion; the hum of their voices; the strident tones of the *tourneur*, as he made his various monotonous announcements: all these assisted in the formation of what, to an unaccustomed ear, was a strange cacophony. She shrank towards Mr. Huhn as if afraid.

"What are they doing?" she asked.

Instead of answering he led her forward to the dais on which the nine little horses were the observed of all observers, where the *tourneur* stood with his assistant, with, in front and on either side of him, the tables about which the players were grouped. At the moment the leaden steeds were whirling round. She watched them, fascinated. People were speaking on their right.

"*C'est le huit qui gagne.*"

"*Non; le huit est mort. C'est le six.*"

Someone said behind her, in English:—

"Jack's all right; one wins. Confound the brute, he's gone right on!"

The horses ceased to move.

"*Le numéro cinq!*" shouted the *tourneur*, laying a strong nasal stress upon the numeral.

There were murmurs of disgust from the bettors on the columns. Miss Donne perceived that money was displayed upon baize-covered tables. The croupiers thrust out wooden rakes to draw it towards them. At the table on her right there seemed to be only a single winner. Several five-franc pieces were passed to a woman who was twiddling a number of them between her fingers.

"Are they gambling?" asked Miss Donne.

"Well, I shouldn't call it gambling. This is a little toy by means of which the proprietor makes a good and regular income out of public contributions. These are some of the contributors."

Miss Donne did not understand him—did not even try to. She was all eyes for what was taking place about her. Money was being staked afresh. The horses were whirling round again. This time No. 7 was the winning horse. There were acclamations. Several persons had staked on seven. It appeared that that particular number was "overdue." Someone rose from a chair beside her. Mr. Huhn made a sudden suggestion.

"Sit down." She sat down. "Let's contribute a franc or two to the support of this deserving person's wife and family. Where's

your purse?" She showed that her purse—a silver chain affair—was attached to her belt. "Find a franc." Whether or not she had a coin of that denomination did not appear. She produced a five-franc piece. "That's a large piece of money. What shall we put it on?"

Someone who was seated on the next chair said :—

"The run's on five."

"Then let's be on the run. That's it, in the centre there. That's the particular number which enables the owner of this little toy to keep a roof above his head."

As she held the coin in front of her with apparently uncertain fingers, as if still doubtful what it was she had to do, her neighbour, taking it from her with a smile, laid it upon five.

"*Le jeu est fait!*" cried the *tourneur*. "*Rien ne va plus!*"

He started the horses whirling round.

Then, with a shock, she seemed to wake from a dream. She sprang from her chair, staring at her five-franc piece with wide-open eyes. People smiled. The croupiers gazed at her indulgently. There was that about her which made it obvious that to such a scene she was a stranger. They supposed that, like some eager child, she could not conceal her anxiety for the safety of her stake. Although surprised at her display of a degree of interest which was altogether beyond what the occasion seemed to warrant, Mr. Huhn thought with them.

"Don't be alarmed," he murmured in her ear. "You may take it for granted that it's gone, and may console yourself with the reflection that it goes to minister to the wants of a mother and her children. That's the philosophical point of view. And it may be the right one."

Her hand twitched, as if she found the temptation to snatch back her stake before it was gone for ever almost more than she could bear. Mr. Huhn caught her arm.

"Hush! That sort of thing is not allowed."

The horses stopped. The *tourneur* proclaimed the winner.

"*Le numéro cinq!*"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the neighbour who had placed the stake for her. "You have won. I told you the run was on five."

"Shorn the shearers," commented Mr. Huhn. "You see, that's the way to make a fortune, only I shouldn't advise you to go farther than the initiatory lesson."

The croupier pushed over her own coin and seven others. Her neighbour held them up to her.

"Your winnings."

She drew back.

"It's not mine."

Her neighbour laughed outright. People were visibly smiling. Mr. Huhn took the pile of coins from the stranger's hand.

"They are yours; take them." Him she obeyed with the docility of a child. "Come; let us go."

He led the way to the door which opened on to the terrace. She followed, meekly. It seemed that the eight coins were more than she could conveniently carry in one hand; for, as she went, she dropped one on to the floor. An attendant, picking it up, returned it to her with a grin. Indeed, the whole room was on the titter, the incident was so very amusing. They asked themselves if she was mad,

"YOUR WINNINGS."

or just a simpleton. And, in a fashion, considering that her first youth was passed, she really was so pretty! Mr. Huhn was more moved than, in that place, he would have cared to admit. Something in her attitude, in the way she looked at him when he bade her take the money, had filled him with a sense of shame.

Between their going in and coming out the sky had changed. The shadows were lowering. The autumnal day was drawing to a close. September had brought more than a suggestion of winter's breath. A grey chill followed the departing sun. They went up, then down, the terrace, without exchanging a word; then, moving aside, he offered her one of the wicker-seated chairs which stood against the wall. She sat on it. He sat opposite, leaning on the handle of his stick. The thin mist which was stealing across the leaden sea did not invite lounging out of doors. They had the terrace to themselves. She let her five-franc pieces drop with a clinking sound on to her lap. He, conscious of something on her face which he was unwilling to confront, looked steadily seaward. Presently she gave utterance to her pent-up feelings.

"I am a gambler."

Had she accused herself of the unforgivable sin she could not have seemed more serious. Somewhere within him was a laughing sprite. In view of her genuine distress he did his best to keep it in subjection.

"You exaggerate. Staking a five-franc piece—for the good of the house—on the *petits chevaux* does not make you that, any more than taking a glass of wine makes you a drunkard."

"Why did you make me, why did you let me, do it?"

"I didn't know you felt that way."

"And yet you said you knew me!"

He winced. He had told a falsehood. He did know her—there was the sting. In mischievous mood he had induced her to do the thing which he suspected that she held to be wrong. He had not supposed that she would take it so seriously, especially if she won, being aware that there are persons who condemn gambling when they or those belonging to them lose, but who lean more towards the side of charity when they win. He did not know what to say to her, so he said nothing.

"My father once lost over four hundred pounds on a horse-race. I don't quite know how it was, I was only a child. He was in business at the time. I believe it ruined him, and it nearly broke my mother's heart. I promised her that I would never gamble—and now I have."

He felt that this was one of those women whose moral eye is single—with whom it is better to be frank.

"I confess I felt that you might have scruples on the point; but I thought you would look upon a single stake of a single five-franc piece as a jest. Many American women—and many Englishwomen—who would be horrified if you called them gamblers, go into the rooms at Monte Carlo and lose or win a louis or two just for the sake of the joke."

"For the sake of the joke! Gamble for the sake of the joke! Are you a Jesuit?" The question so took him by surprise that he turned and stared at her. "I have always understood that that is how Jesuits reason—that they try to make out that black is white. I hope—I hope you don't do that?"

He smiled grimly, his thoughts recurring to some of the "deals" in which his success had made him the well-to-do man he was.

"Sometimes the two colours merge so imperceptibly into one another that it's hard to tell just where the conjunction begins. You want keen sight to do it. But here you're right and I'm wrong; there's no two words about it. It was I who made you stake that five-franc piece; and I'd no right to make you stake buttons if it was against your principles. Your standard's like my mother's. I hope that mine will grow nearer to it. I ask you to forgive me for leading you astray."

"I ought not to have been so weak."

"You had to—when I was there to make you."

She was still; though it is doubtful if she grasped the full meaning his words conveyed. If he had been watching her he would have seen that by degrees something like the suggestion of a smile seemed to wrinkle the corners of her lips. When she spoke again it was in half a whisper.

"I'm sorry I should seem to you to be so silly."

"You don't. You mustn't say it. You seem to me to be the wisest woman I ever met."

"That must be because you've known so few—or else you're laughing. No one who has ever known me has thought me wise. If I were wise I should know what to do with this."

She motioned towards the money on her lap.

"Throw it into the sea."

"But it isn't mine."

"It's yours as much as anyone else's. If you come to first causes you'll find it hard to name the rightful owner—in God's sight—for any one thing. There's been too much swapping of horses. You'll find plenty who are in need."

"It would carry a curse with it. Money won in gambling!"

He looked at his watch.

"It's time that you and I thought about dinner. We'll adjourn the discussion as to what is to be done with the fruit of our iniquity. I say 'our,' because that I'm the principal criminal is as plain as paint. Sleep on it; perhaps you'll see clearer in the morning. Put it in your pocket."

"Haven't I told you already that I haven't a pocket? And if I had I shouldn't put this money in it. I should feel that that was half-way towards keeping it."

"Then let me be the bearer of the burden."

"No; I don't wish the taint to be conveyed to you." He laughed outright. "There—now you are laughing!"

"I was laughing because—" he was on the verge of saying "because I love you"; but something induced him to substitute—"because I love to hear you talking."

She glanced at him with smiling eyes. His gaze was turned towards what was now the shrouded sea. Neither spoke during the three minutes of brisk walking which was required to reach the Hotel de Paris, she carrying the money, four five-franc pieces, gripped tightly in either hand.

In his phrase, she slept on it, though the fashion of the sleeping was a little strange. The next morning she sallied forth to put into execution the resolve at which she had arrived. It was early, though not so early as she would have wished, because, concluding that all Dieppe did not rise with the lark, she judged it as well to take her coffee and roll before she took the air. It promised to be a glorious day. The atmosphere was filled with a golden haze, through which the sun was gleaming. As she went through the gate of the Port d'Ouest she came upon a man who was selling little metal effigies of the flags of various nations. From him she made a purchase—the Stars and Stripes. This she pinned inside her blouse, on the left, smiling to herself as she did so. Then she marched straight off into the Casino.

The *salle de jeu* had but a single occupant, a *tourneur* who was engaged in dusting the little horses. To enable him to perform the necessary offices he removed the steeds from their places one after the other. As it chanced he was the identical individual who had been responsible for the *course* which had crowned Miss Donne with victory. With that keen vision which is characteristic of his class the man recognised her on the instant. Bowing and smiling he held out to her the horse which he was holding.

"*Vlà, madame, le numéro cinq! C'est lui qui a porté le bonheur à madame.*"

It was, indeed, the horse which represented the number on which she had staked her five-franc piece. By an odd accident she had arrived just as its toilet was being performed. She observed what an excellent model it was with somewhat doubtful eyes, as if fearful of its being warranted neither steady nor free from vice.

"I have brought back the seven five-franc pieces which I—took away with me."

She held out the coins. As if at a loss he looked from them to her.

"But, madame, I do not understand."

"I can have nothing to do with money which is the fruit of gambling."

"But madame played."

"It was a misunderstanding. A mistake. It was not my intention. It is on that account I have come to return this money."

"Return?—to whom?—the administration? The administration will not accept it. It is impossible. What it has lost it has lost; there is an end."

"But I insist on returning it; and if I insist it must be accepted; especially when I tell you it is all a mistake."

The *tourneur* shrugged his shoulders.

"If madame does not want the money, and will give it to me, I will see what I can do with it." She handed him the coins; he transferred them to the board at his back. Then he held out to her the horse which he had been dusting. "See, madame, is it not a perfect model? And feel how heavy—over three kilos, more than six English pounds. When you consider that there are nine horses, all exactly the same weight, you will perceive that it is not easy work to be a *tourneur*. That toy horse is worth much more to the administration than if it were a real horse; it is from the Number Five that all this comes."

He waved his hand as if to denote the entire building.

"I thought that public gambling was prohibited in France and in all Christian countries, and that it was only permitted in such haunts of wickedness as Monte Carlo."

"Gambling? Ah, the little horses is not gambling! It is an amusement."

A voice addressed her from the other side of the table. It was Mr. Huhn.

"Didn't I tell you it wasn't gambling? It's as this gentleman says—an amusement; especially for the administration."

"Ah, yes—in particular for the administration."

The *tourneur* laughed. Miss Donne and Mr. Huhn went out together by the same door through which they had gone the night before. They sat on the low wall. He had some towels on his arm; he had been bathing. Already the sea was glowing with the radiance of the sun.

"So you've relieved yourself of your ill-gotten gains?"

"I have returned them to the administration."

"To the —— did that gentleman say he would hand those five-franc pieces to the administration?"

"He said that he would see what he could do with them."

"Just so. There's no doubt that that is what he will do. So you did sleep upon that burning question?"

"I did."

"Then you got the better of me; because I didn't sleep at all."

"I am sorry."

"You ought to be, since the fault was yours."

"Mine! My fault that you didn't sleep!"

"Do you see what I've got here?"

He made an upward movement with his hand. For the first time she noticed that in his buttonhole he had a tiny copy of the Union Jack.

"Did you buy that of the man outside the town gate?"

He nodded.

"Why, it was of that very same man that I bought this."

From the inside of her blouse she produced that minute representation of the colours he knew so well. They looked at each other, and . . . .

When some time after they were lunching, he forming a fourth at the small table which belonged of right to Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, he said to Annie Moriarty, that was:—

"Since you're an old friend of Miss Donne you may be interested in knowing that there's likely soon to be an International Alliance."

He motioned to the lady at his side and then to himself, as if to call attention to the fact that in his buttonhole was the Union Jack, while on Miss Donne's blouse was pinned the American flag. But keen-witted Mrs. Palmer had realized what exactly was the condition of affairs some time before.

Wonders of the Polariscope.

By Fred W. Saxby.

OF all the marvellous phenomena with which Nature abounds, probably none is so fascinating as that wonderful manifestation of energy we call light. The very mystery with which the subject is surrounded serves but to excite our curiosity—the ever-changing beauty of its endless phases charms the eye and delights the mind of all intelligent people. It is proposed to lay before the readers of The Strand Magazine something new and strange, something that light can do that has never before appeared in the public Press. We shall call to our aid the blinding glare of the lime-light, the most searching lens of the microscope, and the mystic prisms of the polarizer; we shall employ the wondrous eye of the sensitive plate in the dark chamber of the camera. It is only by the combined use of all these appliances that we can put upon paper the results of our experiments. There are embodied in the preparation of this brief article the patient work of many great minds and the results of many wonderful researches. Our apparatus has called forth in its construction the highest flights of mathematical skill, the profoundest knowledge of the chemist, the finest handiwork of the mechanician.

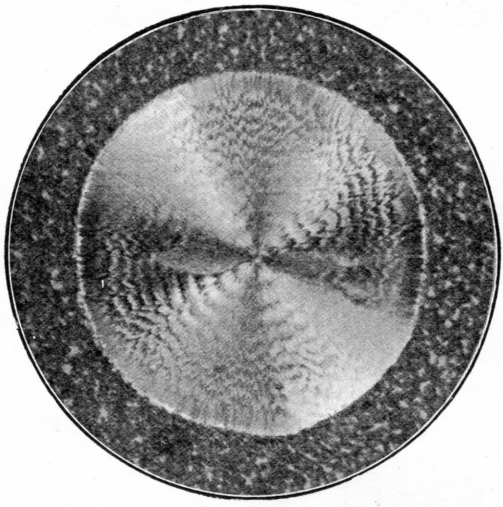


FIG. 1.—CINCHONIDINE CRYSTALLIZES IN DISCS.

Our work is to be among the crystals, not the big ones with which we are familiar in our everyday life, but the microscopic ones, such as we cannot see with our unaided eyes, for they cannot be produced of any appreciable size. We are to see them as the camera sees them, magnified by the most powerful lens that man can make, arrayed in a beauty new and strange by the subtle prisms of the polariscope. The crystals we have to deal with are all extremely thin and perfectly transparent, and it is only by the aid of polarized light that we can hope to get a glimpse of their marvellous structure.

The inquiring reader will naturally ask, "What is polarized light?" Alas! a philosophical answer to that simple question would fill a book larger than the magazine in your hand; but we will endeavour, in a few simple words, to convey to the reader some idea of wherein "polarized" differs from "common" light.

Let us take a beam of common white light—a delicate shaft born on the glowing lime of our oxyhydrogen blowpipe. It launches forth into space a lovely thing, pure and bright. Let us compare it to a bundle of wires, tightly stretched, each free to vibrate in all directions like the wires in a piano. There is music too in the beam, but we hear it only with our eyes. Let us pass it through the polariscope. That instrument consists essentially of two prisms cunningly prepared by trained fingers from a rare transparent mineral. The light beam issues from the first prism, but, lo! its nature is entirely changed: it now resembles a bundle of thin flat tapes of light, packed so close together that we cannot see them, like the leaves in a newly-cut book. The prism has, in fact, flattened our wires into steel tapes, which can only vibrate in one direction or, more correctly, "in one plane." This beam of tapes, which does not visibly differ from its former self, is passed through the microscope and then through a second prism, identical with the first, and finally enters the camera as "polarized" light.

Let us now place on the stage of our microscope, and in the path of this won-

derful beam, a thin glass slide, upon which those minute crystals we are so anxious to see have been deposited. We focus the lens of our microscope upon the glass slide, cross the prisms of our polarizer, and that strange crystal disc, glowing with iridescent light, leaps into being (Fig. 1). The disc is extremely small, the actual area represented in the photograph being less than that of the full-stop at the end of this sentence. How strange the figure, how unlike any crystal we have ever seen before! And the dark shadow of a cross upon it, what is that? If we remove one prism from the polariscope the cross and crystal will vanish into thin air. We had evaporated on our glass slide a solution of "cinchonidine"—a substance closely

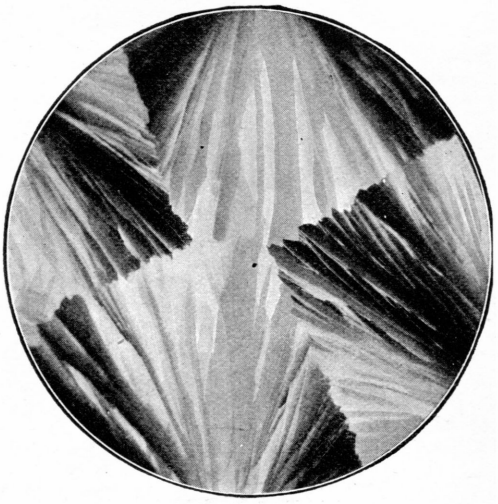


FIG. 3.—SALICIN FORMS VINE LEAVES.

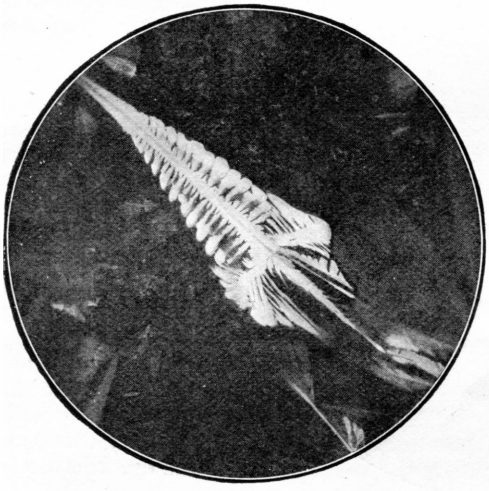


FIG. 2.—HIPPURIC ACID RESEMBLES FERN FRONDS.

resembling quinine, and, like it, obtained from Peruvian bark. Let us examine this curious wheel more closely; surely this is not a crystal? Not one, but tens of thousands—a figure built of tiny crystal needles, all with their points towards the centre, but so close together that they have become one mass. Such is the thin flat disc before you—a speck of matter the unaided eye can never behold! How rich the detail in so small a space!

This lovely frond-like crystal (Fig. 2) is obtained from a substance called hippuric acid. What hidden force has shaped that tiny speck? Think; it is not the one three-hundredth part of an inch in length, and yet what symmetry of form, what delicate grace in the tapering figure—drawn with unerring truth by a pencil of light. Oh, thing of beauty! The more we magnify it the lovelier it would appear. Let man compare his choicest handiwork and sigh—but stay, has he not made the wondrous eye in our microscope? Did he not shape the magic prisms and prepare the cunning plate to see?

These curious crystals (Fig. 3) are obtained from salicin, which is extracted from the bark of willows. They remind us a little of the frosted pattern we sometimes see on tin-ware; the soft gradations of light and shade, so like a crumpled leaf, so unlike what they really are.

Brucine is a substance obtained from false

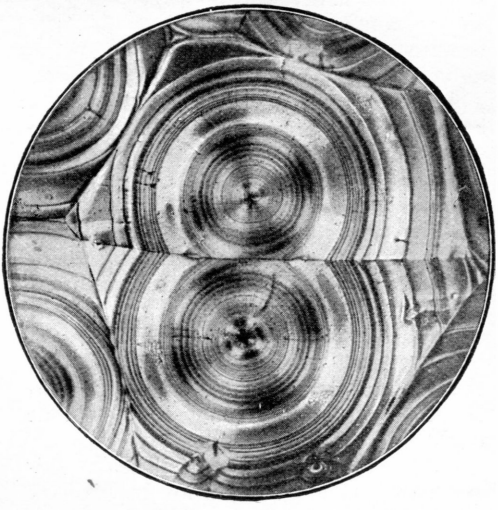


FIG. 4.—BRUCINE CRYSTALLIZES IN RINGS.

FIG. 5.—OXALATE OF CHROMIUM FORMS STARS.

angostura bark, and when crystallized under favourable conditions produces these extraordinary ring-like figures (Fig. 4).

In the centre of each series of rings there is a minute particle of dust, which forms the nucleus around which these ring-crystals gather. Most remarkable of all, the number and character of the rings are the same in both systems — twins they are. This curious likeness will be better seen by comparing the lines as they meet at the point where the discs unite. Those rings which are too far from the centre of the discs to be completed in the figure 8 will be seen to have joined with similar lines from other discs. It is quite evident, then, that similar conditions have produced similar results. There will also be observed a number of tiny specks evenly disposed over the entire mass. Do not forget that the whole of this elaborate drawing is contained within an area about equal to that of a pin's head.

Oxalate of chromium crystallizes in stellate clusters (Fig. 5). How lovely they look gleaming in the darkness with iridescent light, like stars in the midnight sky. No ponderous orbs in the far-away are they, but tiny stars with mystery in their shining, sunk in the dark depths of the great unknown, like the spheres of evening. Ask of their birth, and they will tell you of the waters; they sprang into being in the twinkling of an eye as the gentle heat from the chemist's lamp drove the last vapours away.

A triangular piece of paper with a cross cunningly folded in its substance, you might guess of Fig. 6. No, dear reader, a thin compound crystal of saliginin. The peculiarities of its structure give rise to those soft folds which are all deception. The crystal is perfectly flat, and the strange dark cross is an optical effect that will revolve with our prism like the arms of a spectre windmill. A piece of paper, be it ever so fine, would look like a doormat under the penetrating lens of a microscope; but no power we can bring to bear upon that crystal sheet will show us the inner secrets of its structure.

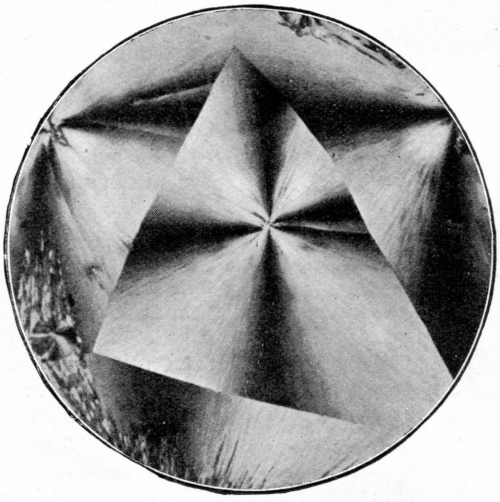


FIG. 6.—SALIGININ MAKES ANGULAR FIGURES.

Whence came these graceful signs and scrolls (Fig. 7) that lead the eye from curve

FIG. 7.—CARBAZOTATE OF CINCHONIDINE FORMS SCROLLS.

to curve, with feathered tufts and leaflets fringed with light? Have the fairies been at play, plucking down from off their wings wherewith to write a message from the gods? Nothing of the kind; they are simply microscopic crystals of carbazotate of cinchonidine—horrid fact. Remove one cunning prism from its place and the fairy hieroglyphics are no more.

This pretty tree (Fig. 8), with winding trunk and branch and leafy bower, is nothing but a frost, a chemical frost. The tree measures one-twentieth of an inch in length, and the chemist tells us in cold blood it is a spray of crystals of nitro-prusside of sodium, for which the symbol is $Na_2Fe_2Cy_5NO + 4HO$. Help! help! where are the fairies?

And now our peep through the polariscope is over; it has shown us something on a new page in the wondrous Book of Nature. But as we close our STRAND a thought recurs to the mind—there is something we have not seen. There must be something that fashioned those crystals into wheels and rings and sprays. What caused them so to be—each of its kind?

The same laws which cause the moon to turn her ever-watchful face to earth have drawn those mystic lines of force round the twins of Brucine, to weave their systems ever into one. The same laws which cause the sun and stars to move in silent grandeur through the sky have been at work grouping the tiny crystals that have formed the subject of this article. Matter, whether it be systems of worlds in space or of crystals under our microscope, is governed by the same laws of Nature. Gravitation, capillary attraction, rotation, and a host of other forces are ever at work on every atom in the universe. By the aid of those giant forces these tiny specks have been formed and arranged with the same perfection, truth, and beauty as the galaxies of night.

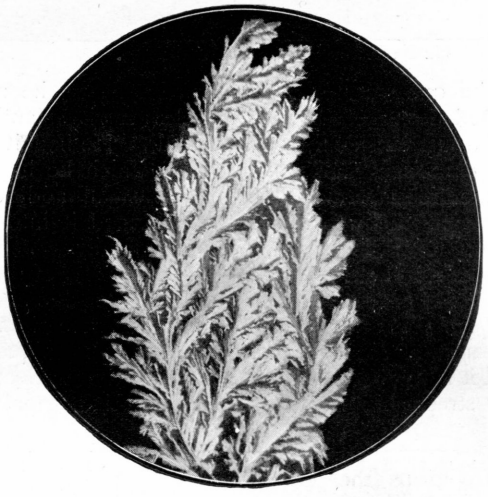
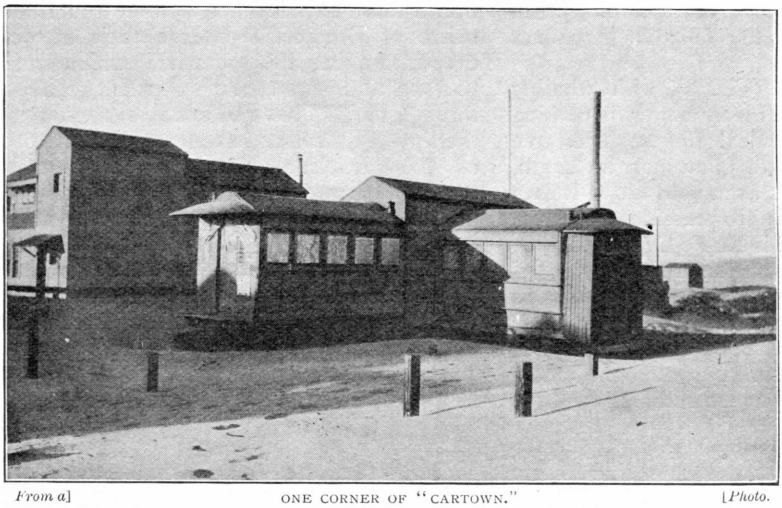


FIG. 8.—NITRO-PRUSSIDE OF SODIUM FORMS TREES.

Some Wonders from the West.

XXXIII.—"CARTOWN."

By Leslie E. Gilliams.



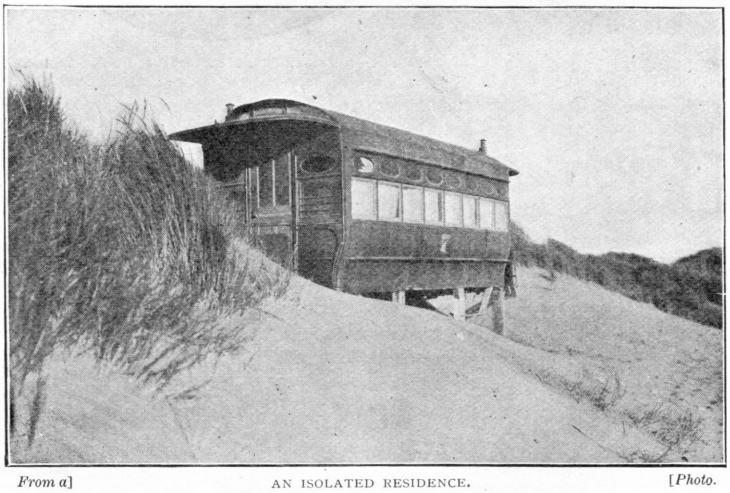
From a] ONE CORNER OF "CARTOWN." *[Photo.*

ONE of the queerest towns in the United States of America is situated just outside the city of San Francisco, California. It is the most remarkable settlement in the world, not from the view-point of its residents, but because of the strange-looking houses which line its streets.

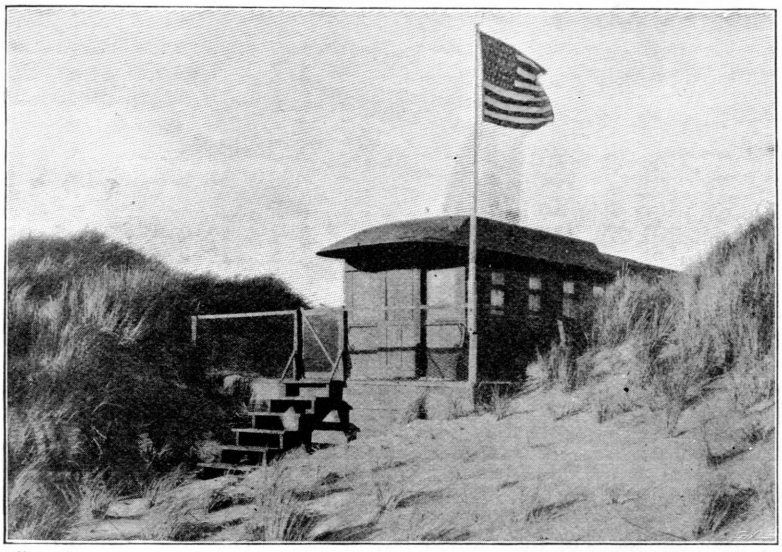
"Cartown" is the name of this village built on the shifting sands of the beach of San Francisco Bay, and it is just what its title indicates—a town of street-cars, not cars on tracks, drawn by horses or sent skimming along by electric motors, however, but cars standing in orderly rows, with windows protected by awnings, doorways reached after traversing broad piazzas, and with a general air of well-being pervading the entire structure, they are the houses of the inhabitants of Cartown.

The birth of this singular village by the sea may be traced to an Italian immigrant who found himself alone and without a home several years ago on the ocean beach on the shore end of the Golden Gate Park. He purchased a lot of land on this beautiful sea-facing coast, but had no money left with which to build a dwelling. Observing a lot of old cars in the outsheds belonging to one of the traction companies of San Francisco, he negotiated for one of the useless carriages and finally purchased it for 10dols. He had it transported to the sandy lot in which he had invested, and by building a small addition to the obsolete car transformed it into a comfortable dwelling for his family.

The owners of the Sutro property, always on the look-out for the novel and the unusual, were immediately captivated by the Italian's unique home, and in a few months the neglected street-cars regained their old-time popularity.



From a] AN ISOLATED RESIDENCE. *[Photo.*



From a] THE HOME OF A WEALTHY RESIDENT. *[Photo.*

The arrangement of the interior of these dwellings is highly ingenious, the necessities of the case requiring the utmost economy of space, the average sleeping-car suggesting a model. As many as eight persons can have ample room in the sleeping apartments, which consist of one car divided off into snug little rooms, each having at least one window and a ventilator.

While there are many families permanent residents of Cartown, the larger number occupy the "vehicles" as house-boats are used during summer months—novel places in which to spend a vacation, and they afford original methods of entertainment for host and guest.

Confined and restricted as these dwellings are, there is compensation in the fresh ocean breeze and the charm of the glorious views which burst upon the dwellers of this queer village at every turn.

History and fiction have been turned to for names for these car "villas" suitable to the facetious idiosyncrasies of their various owners. "Villa Miramar," "Château Navarre," "Castle Chillon," and "Fortress Quebec" are among the most pretentious dwellings. These car-palaces have porches extending around the entire house, galleries

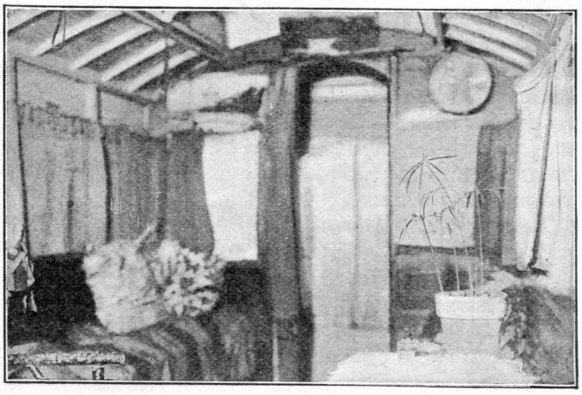
There are now over fifty families living in car homes, many of them being fitted out with considerable elegance and numerous conveniences. The most modern have telephone connections with some of their neighbours, and a few even have long-distance 'phones in the house.

Nestling under a green bank, right on the edge of the grand Pacific, Cartown is indeed a picturesque spot. Perpetual summer reigns in this California village, and the cool ocean breezes make it a most delightful resort during the entire twelve months of the year.

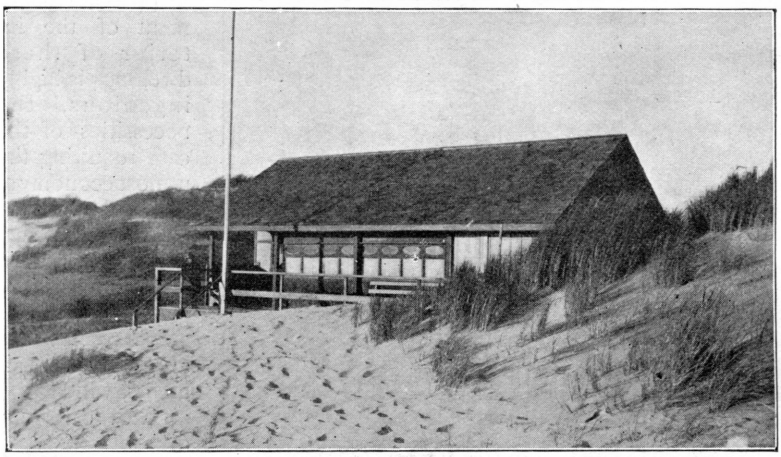
The houses are mostly flats, a Cartown "skyscraper" being only two stories high. The homes are arranged upon a general plan affording their occupants the widest views, all fronting the sea. Streets intersect at right angles, and plank walks are laid to give the pedestrians access to their abodes without wading through the deep sands which slip and slide under your feet, making walking very difficult.

Few of these cars are adorned with a coat of paint. The exteriors are generally intact, and the conspicuous signs denoting the route over which the car once perambulated are not obliterated.

The platforms of the cars are often transformed into balconies and bay windows, and afford points of observation protected from the glare of the sun or the strong winds which sometimes blow across the land.



From a] INTERIOR OF A LADY'S BOUDOIR. *[Photo.*



A MODERN HOUSE IN CARTOWN, SO IMPROVED THAT THE ORIGINAL CAR IS ALMOST LOST SIGHT OF.
From a Photo.

extending around the front and sides of the dwellings, and many of them are covered with vines.

The cars that are for rent are simply furnished and are, for the most part, occupied by families composed largely of small children, who are brought here to gain the benefit of the health-restoring environment.

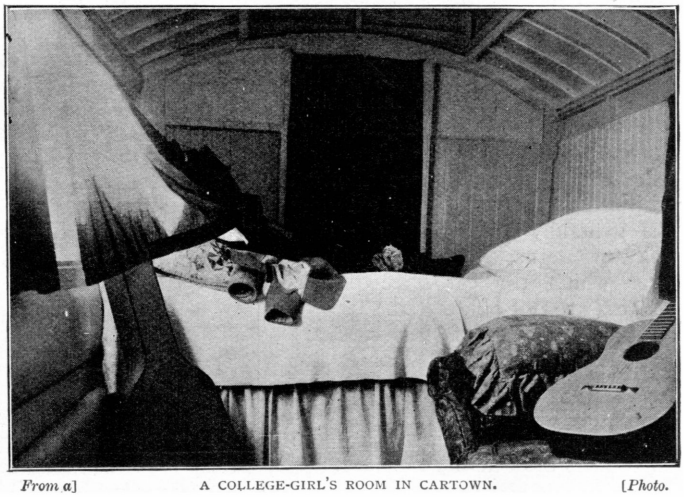
This village contains in all probably one hundred cars. They are clustered in groups of from five to twenty, while an occasional single car stands upon an eminence by itself, with perhaps a shed added at the back, a tent projecting in gallery fashion from one side, and a broad canvased porch across the front. These are the more pretentious abodes, and are tenanted by their owners. Many simpler folks own three cars, which, clustered together, are furnished respectively as dining-room and kitchen; bedrooms, dressing-room, and bath-room, the bath tub being sunk below the level of the floor, which lifts up trap-doorwise when the bath is in use, but when replaced and covered by a rug shows no sign of being other than the solid floor of a bedroom or dressing-room, as the case may be.

The third car is used as parlour, library, or living-room. A car in which the long seats, running the length of the sides, were retained has been purchased by seven young literary women of San Francisco. They call their place "A Haunt of Bohemia," and thither they betake themselves from Saturday evening to Monday noons. Invitations to the dinner parties which are given there are largely sought.

These young women have cushioned the long seats and heaped pillows upon them; a table has been arranged which can be moved out when not in use. They have divided the back vestibule into convenient pantries, and added a stove—water is piped to all the cars—and when they choose to cook, every modern appliance is at hand. Bookshelves have been built along one end, on each side of the door; and an upper story of wooden boards has been built above the car—this does service as a dormitory for the young chatelaines. Large windows open to the sea, and afford an excellent view of the out-going and in-coming fishing smacks.

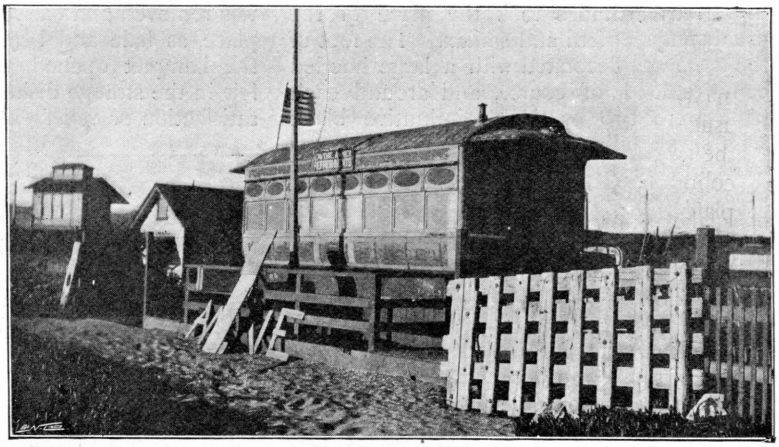
To many of the cars a second story has been added, some flat and picturesque, looking with their overhanging eaves like a bit from a Dutch painting; others with a roof as sharp as that of a Swiss châlet, each one characteristic of the whim or fancy of its owner.

Large and small are provided with water,



From a] A COLLEGE-GIRL'S ROOM IN CARTOWN. *[Photo.*

piped from Sutro Heights. The iceman, the grocer, butcher, and baker call daily for orders, and though the dwellers in Cartown live on the fringe of the Western hemisphere, half an hour in an electric car, which may be taken a block away, will take them to the business centre of San Francisco.



From a] CARTOWN'S NEW RESTAURANT. *[Photo.*

A new car which has recently been added to the town may do away with the jaunts to a regular Japanese tea-house which some progressive visitor from the Orient opened some time ago, and where it has ever since been the proper thing to spend a forenoon or an early evening.

This innovation is a restaurant-car, and the proprietor promises everything of the daintiest and the best.

Although Cartown is principally a place in which to idle away a few happy months, there are many kinds of trades pursued in this odd settlement, restaurant and bars being the most numerous and profitable.

XXXIV.—A RATTLESNAKE BANQUET.

ROCHESTER, New York, U.S.A., was the scene, a few days ago, of the most remarkable banquet on record, gruesome in name, but delightful when put into effect.

Peter Gruber, known all over the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific as "Rattlesnake Pete," was the host of this unique social function, and he gave the "rattlesnake banquet" in honour of Harry Davies, of Denver, Colorado, the only man outside of Pete himself who so fearlessly handles rattlesnakes and other poisonous reptiles.

Davies entertained Gruber some months ago when the latter was visiting Colorado, and Rattlesnake Pete decided to repay past favours in a most novel manner. He first intended to pay a little compliment to his friend with a specially prepared dinner of rattlesnake, served in various toothsome ways, but becoming more and more enthusiastic over the idea, he enlarged the scope of the menu, adding watersnake stew, boiled python with egg sauce, and as the *pièce de résistance* served a large platter of roast boa-constrictor.

The following is the complete menu of the banquet:—

Watersnake Stew.
Olives. Radishes. Cucumbers.
Fried Rattlesnake with Butter Sauce.
Boiled Python. Egg Sauce.
Cold Turkey. Cold Tongue.
Roast Boa Constrictor.
Rolls. Sandwiches.
New Potatoes. Green Peas. Young Beets.
Young Onions. Chicken Salad.
Ice Cream. Fancy Cakes.
Champagne. Coffee. Cigars.
Snake Tails.

Eighteen guests sat down to the banquet. Peter Gruber proved a very genial host. He was anxious that his friends should know and appreciate snake in all its forms, but still he provided many other delicacies. The feast was served in Peter's own particular den, an odd little room off his place of business, for Pete, in the hours he can spare from playing with his pets, runs a saloon and restaurant, a quiet, pleasant place. Only a favoured few are allowed to pass the door of the sanctum sanctorum where the snakes, sometimes more than a dozen, sometimes several score, live, watched over by their proud owner.

The table decorations were striking and appropriate. A big rattler, caged in glass, served as a centrepiece, and stuffed reptiles

in various attitudes took the place of the usual sprays of fern and smilax. The foot of the table was decorated with a large hooded cobra, stuffed, of course, and around each plate were two or three diminutive black snakes, all alive. The walls of the room kept their everyday hangings of snake skins, rattlers' rattles, canes made from wrigglers' skins, and many other curios.

There was plenty of good ordinary fare for the benefit of those who were not brave enough to tackle snake, for Pete wished no one to go away hungry. Very little of this ordinary food was eaten. A generous plate of watersnake stew was put before every guest as a starter. The ordinary guests proved rather nervous at first and made half-hearted motions with their spoons, but the two experts soon inspired them with more enthusiasm.

"RATTLESNAKE PETE"—HE IS WEARING HIS FAMOUS COAT OF RATTLESNAKE SKINS.
From a Photo.

The host calmly dipped into his stew, and was quickly seconded in the action by Professor Davies, who fairly beamed with delight after taking the first spoonful.

"Pete, your watersnake stew is delicious," he exclaimed, enthusiastically; "it goes far ahead of the finest clam chowder" and he passed his plate for a second helping.

Encouraged by the Professor's trustfulness in the unusual dish, the other guests commenced to taste the stew, and one by one acknowledged it was good. A few finished their plateful, others took only a few spoonfuls, and the Professor and host were the only ones who called for a second helping. It was early, however; this was only the first course, and the guests had not yet become accustomed to the idea of partaking of the meat of the thing which when alive was obnoxious to them.

When the watersnake stew was removed and each guest was still in his place, as hale and hearty as he was before the banquet opened, more confidence was felt in the strange dishes, and with a sigh of satisfaction or relief each began to comment upon the dish they had just tasted.

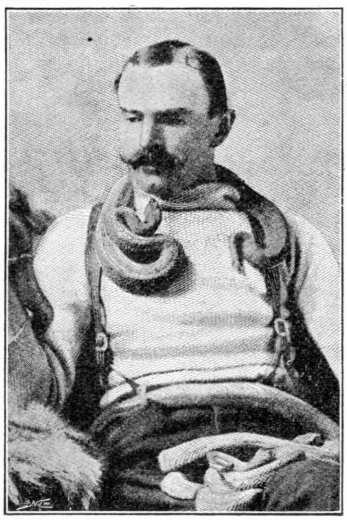
"Seemed like some sort of fish chowder," remarked one. "It was better than frogs' legs," commented another. "I don't believe it was anything but eels," ventured one sceptic who had pushed his plate aside and given a frightened glance around after the first mouthful.

All called upon Pete for the recipe, but he only shook his head and looked wise, preferring to keep his secret a little longer.

As the dinner progressed and snake in every style was dished up the guests entered into the fine spirit of the occasion and ate heartily of each course. With hardly an exception they pronounced the rattlesnake excellent. The verdict on the dinner was that this typical American product is the king of table snakes. The diners were divided in opinion as to whether rattlesnake meat is more like chicken or veal. Probably it is somewhere between the two. Professor Davies enjoyed himself hugely. He filled himself so full of snake that some of those present began to fear for his safety. With each new dish he went into raptures.

"Fine! exquisite! delicious!" were some of his comments.

When the boiled python with egg sauce came on some of the guests had almost had enough, but Professor Davies easily polished off all the python in sight. The roast boa-constrictor met with a similar enthusiastic reception. Pete kept up with his guests as



From a] HARRY DAVIES, IN WHOSE HONOUR THE BANQUET WAS GIVEN. [*Photo.*

well as he could, while seeing that everybody's plate was well filled. When cigars had gone around the Denver Professor did tricks with the big rattler in the centre of the table. He hung the writhing thing around his neck, twisting it in knots and laying its head playfully in the palm of his hand. Then he opened his shirt and the head darted in and rested there. In a couple of minutes he carefully drew it out. Mr. Davies explained his carelessness as to consequences by saying that he had no fear of being bitten when he was able to take his time handling a rattler. All one had to do was to use care, in order not to stir the snake's temper. If this is aroused the snake will strike.

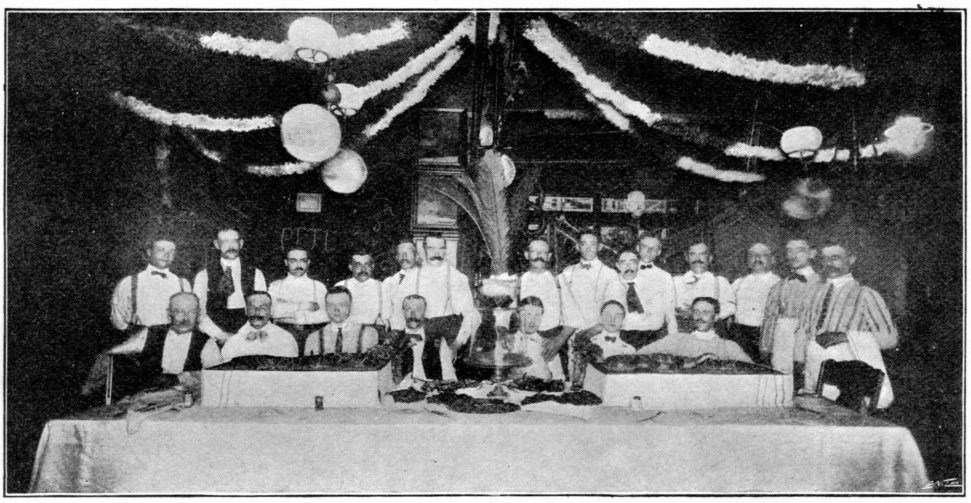
"But the rattler needs five or six inches in which to strike," said Professor Davies. "If I hold him close to me there is no danger, for he hasn't room enough to get in his work."

There was a doubting Thomas present, and the Professor asked Mr. Gruber to show that the snake had deadly qualities. Thereupon the Rochester man gently shoved a penknife between the snake's jaws, and two fangs darted out. Slight pressure forced several drops of a light greenish substance upon the tip of the knife-blade.

"There is enough venom to kill a houseful of men," remarked Mr. Gruber.

Mr. Davies told some experiences he had had out in the Rockies hunting rattlers. He said he had been successful in his search because he never irritated or disturbed his game more than was necessary. He told of one trip when he captured nearly sixty without being in danger of a bite. He ran across them all in a bunch. They were sunning themselves, and were lying crosswise and languidly slapping one another with their tails. He gathered them in one at a time, just as a man would put potatoes into a bushel basket, being careful not to pinch or squeeze any of them in the operation.

Rattlesnake Pete then entertained his guests with some of his interesting experiences with the reptiles, how he had frequently waged fierce wars with them, always coming off victorious, and how he always succeeded in becoming friends with the snake he conquered. He gave good advice about the handling of snakes, to which Professor Davies paid great attention, while the majority of the other guests shuddered. As the champagne went the rounds and the guests felt the glow of a satisfied hunger they lost all their inherited and long-held animosity toward creeping things, and commenced to have a friendly feeling for the reptiles that had proved such delicious edibles. Snake stories were swapped, and the merriment continued into the wee small hours of the morning. As each guest warmly shook his host's hand at parting he said something in praise of the most remarkable banquet that has ever been held in America, if not in the world, and complimented its originator upon the success of his novel scheme.



From a] THE RATTLESNAKE BANQUET. *[Photo.*

XXXV.—A CEMETERY FOR HORSES.

By Harold J. Shepstone.

Both London and Paris can boast of their dog cemeteries, but Palo Alto, a little town in the State of California, U.S.A., can go one better in the possession of a burial-ground for horses. Indeed, it is without doubt the most curious cemetery in the world.

Palo Alto is a pretty little town a few miles south of San Francisco, and its unique cemetery is to be found in the famous Palo Alto Stock Farm. Entering the farm by the main road you cannot possibly miss the burying-ground, for one's attention is immediately attracted to it by the tall tombstone galore and pushed California to the front as a stock-raising State. To the employés about the farm this graveyard is sacred, and when one of the attendants comes to tell you about the wonderful unrecorded deeds of the horses he scarcely speaks above a whisper.

Altogether twelve graves have been laid out in this odd cemetery, but before describing them in detail it is interesting to recall the history of the graveyard. The cemetery was founded thirteen years ago, when several horses of the farm met their deaths by fire. Amongst them was the champion yearling

From a Photo. by] THE MONUMENT IN THE CEMETERY. *[C. J. Franklin.*

in the centre of a group of wide-spreading oak trees. Here lie interred the remains of several of the record-breaking horses of the farm.

On reaching the spot you are at once impressed by the little row of mounds that rise on either side of the monument. In an instant you realize that you are walking on sacred ground, and as you read the epitaphs on the little headstones you feel like doffing your cap out of respect to the dead animals that during their lifetime smashed records

filly, Norlaine. Norlaine was a beautiful creature, and much prized by the proprietors of the establishment. She once trotted a mile in 2min. 31½sec., and although this is by no means a record there was no horse of her age at the time capable of performing a similar feat. Being a champion and naturally a very valuable creature, the most beautiful spot on the farm was selected for her burial-place. Her remains were interred under the spreading oak trees. A few months later another famous trotting horse died and

was buried close to the grave of Norlaine, so the latter's resting-plot created for all time a memorial burying-ground for the famous horses that die at the Palo Alto Farm.

One by one new graves appeared, and as they grew in number the little mounds attracted the attention of Mrs. Stanford, a wealthy resident of Palo Alto. On inquiry she learned that it was the burial-place of horses that had made Palo Alto great. At that time there was nothing on the graves to indicate to the stranger the name of the horses buried beneath the little mounds. To know in what grave a certain horse was interred it was necessary to ask one of the employés. Immediately Mrs. Stanford gave instructions that tablets should be placed on all the graves showing the names of the horses, dates of birth, death, and records. She also had a monument erected in memory of the famous trotting horse, Electioneer 125, the son of Rysdyks Hambletonian 10 and Green Mountain Maid. The plot was then lengthened and surrounded by a neat iron rail fence, and some flowers and shrubs planted.

From a Photo. by] A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CEMETERY. *[C. J. Franklin.*

Through the kindness of Mrs. Stanford, who attends to the graves, the writer is enabled to give some interesting facts about the horses whose remains have been interred in this quaint cemetery. First of all, there is the monument to Electioneer 125. The inscription on it reads:—

To the Memory of Electioneer 125.
Foaled May, 1868.
Died December 3, 1890.
By Rysdyks Hambletonian.
Dam, Green Mountain Maid.
History of the World Contains
The Names of None so Great.
Number of Performers and
Champions Sired by Him
In the Golden State.

Although this horse has been dead since 1890 he still has to his credit the largest number of 2min. 30sec. trotters ever accredited to any sire. At one time his sons and daughters held all the world's records. Here are a few of his most famous offspring: Adbell (yearling), who trotted a mile in 2min. 33sec.; Arion (two-year-old), 2min. 10¾sec.; Fantasy (three-year-old), 2min. 8¾sec.; and The Abbot, who once covered a mile in 2min. 3¼sec., the world's trotting record. Many others could be named whose feats have astonished the racing world. The name of Electioneer will live long in the history of the trotting turf as the greatest progenitor of the century just passed.

One of the most curious things about the cemetery is that some of the graves are reserved for the remains of certain fast horses. For instance, no horse has been interred in the first grave, for it is being reserved for the grand old mare, Beautiful Bells, the greatest of American brood mares, who is now twenty-nine years old, but a hale and hearty old lady. Every time she is taken out of the stable she passes within a stone's throw of her intended resting-place. For her last colt the farm were offered £5,500.

Grave No. 2 contains the remains of Sontag Mohawk, one of the celebrated brood mares of America. The tablet on her grave reads: "Sontag Mohawk. Foaled 1875. Died 1898. Dam of Sallie Britton, 2.17¾, world's champion four-year-old in 1884. She was also dam of Eros, 2.29½" (meaning, of course, that this horse trotted a mile in

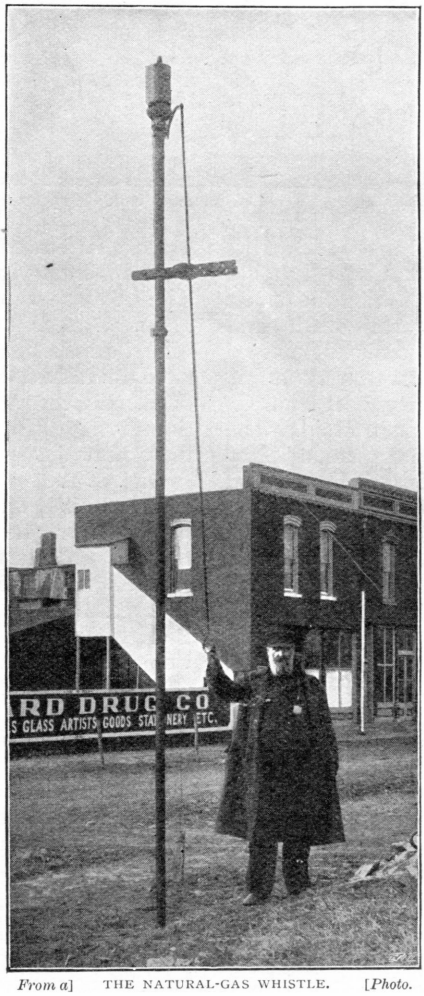
2min. 29½sec.); "Sport, 2.22¾; Sonoma, 2.28; Colma, 2.25½; Conductor, 2.14¾; Norhawk, 2.15½; and Serenata, 2.25."

The next grave, No. 3, is a very interesting one, for it contains the flesh only of the famous horse Palo Alto. His skeleton was mounted and set up in the University Museum. Of all the horses owned by the late Senator Stanford, Palo Alto was his favourite. Many fast trotters were sold from the farm for large sums of money, but no price was large enough to tempt the owner to part with this magnificent creature. Palo Alto was the champion stallion of his day. He was foaled in 1882 and died in 1892. He died the king of stallions, and his record, a mile in 2min. 8¾sec., is still the world's record for the high-wheel sulky.

Lying alongside Palo Alto, in grave No. 5, is his mother, Dame Winnie, so in death they are not parted. The tablet on her grave reads: "Dame Winnie. Foaled 1871. Died 1892. Dam of Palo Alto, 2.08¾, the world's record." She not only produced the champion stallion, but also Lone Pine, 2.18; Altivo, 2.18½; Gertrude Russell, 2.23½, by Electioneer; and Big Jim, 2.23½, by Gen. Benton. She was by far the greatest thoroughbred mare producing trotting speed, and died the queen in that respect.

Grave No. 6 is also reserved for the great Elaine, while in No. 7 is buried one of the early brood mares of Palo Alto, the famous Mayflower, who held a mile record of 2min. 30½sec. The inscription on her tombstone is: "Mayflower, 2.30½. Foaled 1864. Died 1895. Dam of Wildflower, 2.21, and Manzanita, 2.16, world's champions." Mayflower in the thirty years of her life proved a remarkable brood mare. She produced eleven daughters, eight of them showing marked speed. In 1881 her two-year-old daughter electrified the world by trotting a mile in 2min. 21sec., which was the world's record for seven years. In 1886 her daughter, Manzanita, trotted a mile as a four-year-old in 2min. 16sec., the record for that age. Undoubtedly this beautiful animal did her share in making Palo Alto famous as the nursery for producing fast trotters.

The remains of Josie, famous for producing the champion racehorse of his day, are buried in grave No. 9. In grave No. 10 lies the charred remains of Norlaine, who was burned to death at the farm at the age of two years. When only one year old she trotted a mile in 2min. 31½sec. She was the champion yearling of her time, and promised to develop into a phenomenal colt trotter, when her career was cut short by a disastrous fire. It was through her sudden and lamentable death that the horse cemetery sprang into being.



From a] THE NATURAL-GAS WHISTLE. *[Photo.*

XXXVI.—A WHISTLE BLOWN BY MOTHER EARTH.

THE extraordinary contrivance which we reproduce in the adjoining photograph is probably the most powerful whistle in the world. It is blown by means of a natural gas pressure obtained from Mother Earth herself. The gas "spring" which supplies this unique alarm free of cost is situate at Lawrence, in Kansas, and is used as a fire alarm for the fire brigade. That it fulfils its object right worthily may be guessed by the fact that it may be heard as far as ten miles away, while the sound near at hand is well-nigh deafening. The old gentleman with one hand on the lever of this novel device is a veteran of the local fire brigade, the badge of which can be seen on his coat. We are indebted for this photo. to Mr. Charles W. Kimball, of Lawrence, Kansas.

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. Jacobs.

CHAPTER XII.

FOR some time Mr. Wilks stood gazing at this unexpected apparition and trying to collect his scattered senses. Its face was pale and flabby, while its glassy eyes, set in rims of red eyelid, were beginning to express unmistakable signs of suspicion and wrath. The shock was so sudden that the steward could not even think coherently. Was the captain upstairs? And if so, what was his condition? Where was Nathan Smith? And where was the five pounds?

A voice, a husky and discordant voice, broke in upon his meditations; Jack Nugent was also curious.

"What does all this mean?" he demanded, angrily. "How did I get here?"

"You—you came downstairs," stammered Mr. Wilks, still racking his brains in the vain effort to discover how matters stood.

Mr. Nugent was about to speak, but, thinking better of it, turned and blundered into the kitchen. Sounds of splashing and puffing ensued, and the steward going to the door saw him with his head under the tap. He followed him in and at the right time handed him a towel. Despite the disordered appearance of his hair the improvement in Mr. Nugent's condition was so manifest that the steward, hoping for similar results, turned the tap on again and followed his example.

"Your head wants cooling, I should think," said the young man, returning him the towel. "What's it all about?"

Mr. Wilks hesitated; a bright thought occurred to him, and murmuring something about a dry towel he sped up the narrow stairs to his bedroom. The captain was not there. He pushed open the small lattice window and peered out into the alley; no sign of either the captain or the ingenious Mr. Nathan Smith. With a heavy heart he descended the stairs again.

"Now," said Mr. Nugent, who was sitting down with his hands in his pockets, "perhaps you'll be good enough to explain what all this means."

"You were 'ere last night," said Mr. Wilks, "you and the cap'n."

"I know that," said Nugent. "How is it I didn't go home? I didn't understand that it was an all-night invitation. Where is my father?"

The steward shook his head helplessly. "He was 'ere when I went out last night," he said, slowly. "When I came back the room was empty and I was told as 'e was upstairs in my bed."

"Told he was in your bed?" repeated the other. "Who told you?"

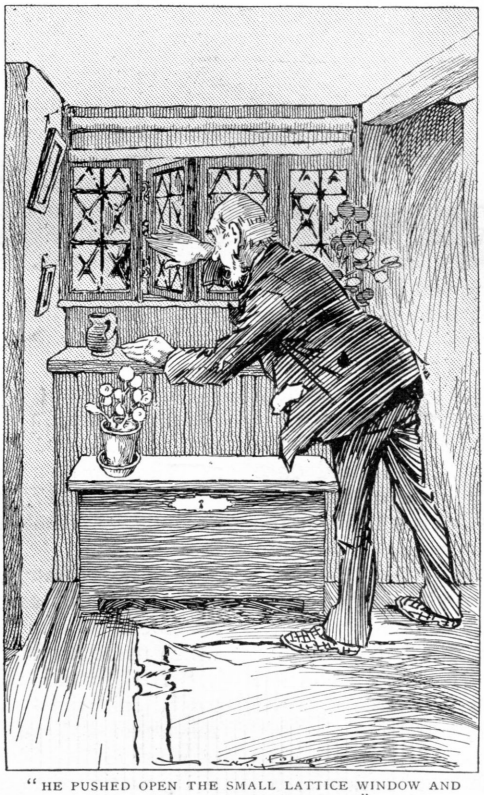
Mr. Wilks caught his breath. "I mean I told myself 'e was in my bed," he stammered, "because when I came in I see these bed-clothes on the floor, an' I thought as the cap'n 'ad put them there for me and taken my bed 'imself."

Mr. Nugent regarded the litter of bed-clothes as though hoping that they would throw a little light on the affair, and then shot a puzzled glance at Mr. Wilks.

"Why should you think my father wanted your bed?" he inquired.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I thought p'r'aps 'e'd maybe taken a little more than 'e ought to have taken. But it's all a myst'ry to me. I'm more astonished than wot you are."

"Well, I can't make head or tail of it,"



"HE PUSHED OPEN THE SMALL LATTICE WINDOW AND PEERED OUT INTO THE ALLEY."

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said Nugent, rising and pacing the room. "I came here to meet my father. So far as I remember I had one drink of whisky—your whisky—and then I woke up in your bedroom with a splitting headache and a tongue like a piece of leather. Can you account for it?"

Mr. Wilks shook his head again. "I wasn't here," he said, plucking up courage. "Why not go an' see your father? Seems to me 'e is the one that would know most about it."

Mr. Nugent stood for a minute considering, and then raising the latch of the door opened it slowly and inhaled the cold morning air. A subtle and delicate aroma of coffee and herrings which had escaped from neighbouring breakfast-tables invaded the room and reminded him of an appetite. He turned to go, but had barely quitted the step before he saw Mrs. Kingdom and his sister enter the alley.

Mr. Wilks saw them too, and, turning if anything a shade paler, supported himself by the door-post. Kate Nugent quickened her pace as she saw them, and, after a surprised greeting to her brother, breathlessly informed him that the captain was missing.

"Hasn't been home all night," panted Mrs. Kingdom, joining them. "I don't know what to think."

They formed an excited little group round the steward's door, and Mr. Wilks, with an instinctive feeling that the matter was one to be discussed in private, led the way indoors. He began to apologize for the disordered condition of the room, but Jack Nugent, interrupting him brusquely, began to relate his own adventures of the past few hours.

Mrs. Kingdom listened to the narrative with unexpected calmness. She knew the cause of her nephew's discomfiture. It was the glass of whisky acting on a system unaccustomed to alcohol, and she gave a vivid and moving account of the effects of a stiff glass of hot rum which she had once taken for a cold. It was quite clear to her that the captain had put his son to bed; the thing to discover now was where he had put himself.

"Sam knows something about it," said her nephew, darkly; "there's something wrong."

"I know no more than a babe unborn," declared Mr. Wilks. "The last I see of the cap'n 'e was a-sitting at this table opposite you."

"Sam wouldn't hurt a fly," said Miss Nugent, with a kind glance at her favourite.

"Well, where is the governor, then?" inquired her brother. "Why didn't he go home last night? He has never stayed out before."

"Yes, he has," said Mrs. Kingdom, folding her hands in her lap. "When you were children. He came home at half-past eleven next morning, and when I asked him where he'd been he nearly bit my head off. I'd been walking the floor all night, and I shall never forget his remarks when he opened the door to the police, who'd come to say they couldn't find him. Never."

A ghostly grin flitted across the features of Mr. Wilks, but he passed the back of his hand across his mouth and became serious again as he thought of his position. He was almost dancing with anxiety to get away to Mr. Nathan Smith and ask for an explanation of the proceedings of the night before.

"I'll go and have a look round for the cap'n," he said, eagerly; "he can't be far."

"I'll come with you," said Nugent. "I should like to see him too. There are one or two little things that want explaining. You take aunt home, Kate, and I'll follow on as soon as there is any news."

As he spoke the door opened a little way and a head appeared, only to be instantly withdrawn at the sight of so many people. Mr. Wilks stepped forward hastily, and throwing the door wide open revealed the interesting features of Mr. Nathan Smith.

"How do you do, Mr. Wilks?" said that gentleman, softly. "I just walked round to see whether you was in. I've got a message for you. I didn't know you'd got company."

He stepped into the room and, tapping the steward on the chest with a confidential finger, backed him into a corner, and having got him there gave an expressive wink with one eye and gazed into space with the other.

"I thought you'd be alone," he said, looking round, "but p'r'aps it's just as well as it is. They've got to know, so they may as well know now as later on."

"Know what?" inquired Jack Nugent, abruptly. "What are you making that face for, Sam?"

Mr. Wilks mumbled something about a decayed tooth, and to give colour to the statement continued a series of contortions which made his face ache.

"You should take something for that tooth," said the boarding-master, with great solicitude. "Wot do you say to a glass o' whisky?"

He motioned to the fatal bottle, which still stood on the table; the steward caught his

"TAPPING THE STEWARD ON THE CHEST WITH A CONFIDENTIAL FINGER, HE BACKED HIM INTO A CORNER."

breath, and then, rising to the occasion, said that he had already had a couple of glasses, and they had done no good.

"What's your message?" inquired Jack Nugent, impatiently.

"I'm just going to tell you," said Mr. Smith. "I was out early this morning, strolling down by the harbour to get a little appetite for breakfast, when who should I see coming along, looking as though 'e 'ad just come from a funeral, but Cap'n Nugent! I was going to pass 'im, but he stopped me and asked me to take a message from 'im to 'is old and faithful steward, Mr. Wilks."

"Why, has he gone away?" exclaimed Mrs. Kingdom.

"His old and faithful steward," repeated Mr. Smith, motioning her to silence. "'Tell 'im,' he says, 'that I am heartily ashamed of myself for wot took place last night—and him, too. Tell 'im that, after my father's 'art proved too much for me, I walked the streets all night, and now I can't face my injured son and family yet awhile, and I'm off to London till it has blown over.'"

"But what's it all about?" demanded Nugent. "Why don't you get to the point?"

"So far as I could make out," replied Mr. Smith, with the studious care of one who desires to give exact information, "Cap'n Nugent and Mr. Wilks 'ad a little plan for giving you a sea blow."

"*Me?*" interrupted the unfortunate steward. "Now, look 'ere, Nathan Smith——"

"Them was the cap'n's words," said the boarding-master, giving him a glance of great significance; "are you going to take away or add to wot the cap'n says?"

Mr. Wilks collapsed, and avoiding the indignant eyes of the Nugent family tried to think out his position.

"It seems from wot the cap'n told me," continued Mr. Smith, "that there was some objection to your marrying old—Mr. Kybird's gal, so 'e and Mr. Wilks, after putting their 'eads together, decided to get you 'ere and after giving you a little whisky that Mr. Wilks knows the trick of——"

"*Me?*" interrupted the unfortunate steward, again.

"Them was the cap'n's words," said Mr. Smith, coldly. "After you'd 'ad it they was going to stow you away in the *Seabird*, which sailed this morning. However, when the cap'n see you overcome, his 'art melted, and instead o' putting you aboard the whaler he took your feet and Mr. Wilks your 'ead, and after a great deal o' trouble got you upstairs and put you to bed."

"You miserable scoundrel," said the astonished Mr. Nugent, addressing the shrinking steward; "you infernal old reprobate—you—you—I didn't think you'd got it in you."

"So far as I could make out," said Mr. Smith, kindly, "Mr. Wilks was only obeying orders. It was the cap'n's plan, and Mr. Wilks was aboard ship with 'im for a very long time. O' course, he oughtn't to ha' done it, but the cap'n's a masterful man, an' I can quite understand Mr. Wilks givin' way; I dessay I should myself if I'd been in 'is place—he's all 'art, is Mr. Wilks—no 'ead."

"It's a good job for you you're an old man, Sam," said Mr. Nugent.

"I can hardly believe it of you, Sam," said Miss Nugent. "I can hardly think you could have been so deceitful. Why, we've trusted you all our lives."

The unfortunate steward quailed beneath the severity of her glance. Even if he gave a full account of the affair it would not make his position better. It was he who had made all the arrangements with Mr. Smith, and after an indignant glance at that gentleman he lowered his gaze and remained silent.

"It is rather odd that my father should take you into his confidence," said Miss Nugent, turning to the boarding-master.

"Just wot I thought, miss," said the complaisant Mr. Smith; "but I s'pose there was nobody else, and he wanted 'is message to go for fear you should get worrying the police about 'im or something. He wants it kep' quiet, and 'is last words to me as 'e left me was, 'If this affair gets known I shall never come back. Tell 'em to keep it quiet.'"

"I don't think anybody will want to go bragging about it," said Jack Nugent, rising, "unless it is Sam Wilks. Come along, Kate."

Miss Nugent followed him obediently, only pausing at the door to give a last glance of mingled surprise and reproach at Mr. Wilks. Then they were outside and the door closed behind them.

"Well, that's all right," said Mr. Smith, easily.

"All right!" vociferated the steward. "Wot did you put it all on to me for? Why didn't you tell 'em your part in it?"

"Wouldn't ha' done any good," said Mr. Smith; "wouldn't ha' done *you* any good. Besides, I did just wot the cap'n told me."

"When's he coming back?" inquired the steward.

Mr. Smith shook his head. "Couldn't say," he returned. "He couldn't say 'imself. Between you an' me, I expect 'e's gone up to have a reg'lar fair spree."

"Why did you tell me last night he was upstairs?" inquired the other.

"Cap'n's orders," repeated Mr. Smith, with relish. "Ask 'im, not me. As a matter o' fact, he spent the night at my place and went off this morning."

"An' wot about the five pounds?" inquired Mr. Wilks, spitefully. "You ain't earned it."

"I know I ain't," said Mr. Smith, mournfully. "That's wot's worrying me. It's like a gnawing pain in my side. D'you think it's conscience biting of me? I never felt it before. Or d'ye think it's sorrow to think that I've done the whole job too cheap? You think it out and let me know later on. So long."

He waved his hand cheerily to the steward and departed. Mr. Wilks threw himself into a chair and, ignoring the cold and the general air of desolation of his best room, gave way to a fit of melancholy which would have made Mr. Edward Silk green with envy.

CHAPTER XIII.

DAYS passed, but no word came from the missing captain, and only the determined opposition of Kate Nugent kept her aunt from advertising in the "Agony" columns of the London Press. Miss Nugent was quite as desirous of secrecy in the affair as her father, and it was a source of great annoyance to her when, in some mysterious manner, it leaked out. In a very short time the news was common property, and Mr. Wilks, appearing to his neighbours in an entirely new character, was besieged for information.

"HE FINISHED UP THE EVENING AT THE CHEQUERS."

His own friends were the most tiresome, their open admiration of his lawlessness and their readiness to trace other mysterious disappearances to his agency being particularly galling to a man whose respectability formed his most cherished possession. Other people regarded the affair as a joke, and he sat gazing round-eyed one evening at the Two Schooners at the insensible figures of three men who had each had a modest half-pint at his expense. It was a pretty conceit and well played, but the steward, owing to the frenzied efforts of one of the sleepers whom he had awakened with a quart pot, did not stay to admire it. He finished up the evening at the Chequers, and after getting wet through on the way home fell asleep in his wet clothes before the dying fire.

He awoke with a bad cold and pains in the limbs. A headache was not unexpected, but the other symptoms were. With trembling hands he managed to light a fire and prepare a breakfast, which he left untouched. This last symptom was the most alarming of all, and going to the door he bribed a small boy with a penny to go for Dr. Murchison, and sat cowering over the fire until he came.

"Well, you've got a bad cold," said the doctor, after examining him. "You'd better get to bed for the present. You'll be safe there."

"Is it dangerous?" faltered the steward.

"And keep yourself warm," said the doctor, who was not in the habit of taking his patients into his confidence. "I'll send round some medicine."

"I should like Miss Nugent to know I'm bad," said Mr. Wilks, in a weak voice.

"She knows that," replied Murchison. "She was telling me about you the other day."

He put his hand up to his neat black moustache to hide a smile, and met the steward's indignant gaze without flinching.

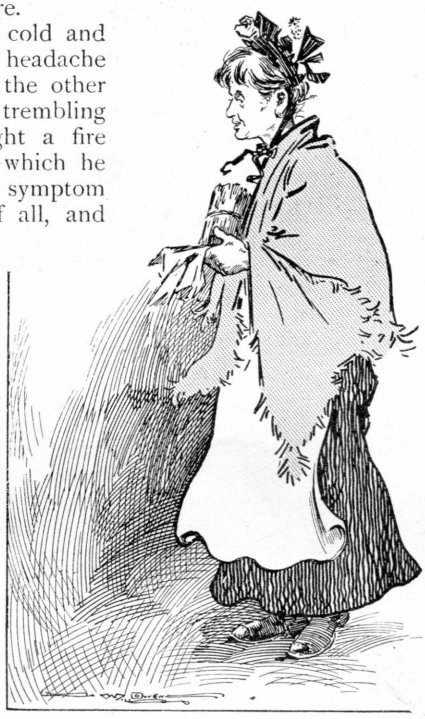
"I mean ill," said the latter, sharply.

"Oh, yes," said the other. "Well, you get to bed now. Good morning."

He took up his hat and stick and departed. Mr. Wilks sat for a little while over the fire, and then, rising, hobbled slowly upstairs to bed and forgot his troubles in sleep.

He slept until the afternoon, and then, raising himself in bed, listened to the sounds of stealthy sweeping in the room below. Chairs were being moved about, and the tinkle of ornaments on the mantelpiece announced that dusting operations were in progress. He lay down again with a satisfied smile; it was like a tale in a story-book: the faithful old servant and his master's daughter. He closed his eyes as he heard her coming upstairs.

"Ah, pore dear," said a voice.



"THE MEAGRE FIGURE OF MRS. SILK."

Mr. Wilks opened his eyes sharply and beheld the meagre figure of Mrs. Silk. In one hand she held a medicine-bottle and a glass and in the other paper and firewood.

"I only 'eard of it half an hour ago," she said, reproachfully. "I saw the doctor's boy, and I left my work and came over at once. Why didn't you let me know?"

Mr. Wilks muttered that he didn't know, and lay crossly regarding his attentive neighbour as she knelt down and daintily lit the fire. This task finished, she proceeded to make the room tidy, and then set about making beef-tea in a little saucepan.

"You lay still and get well," she remarked, with tender playfulness. "That's all you've got to do. Me and Teddy'll look after you."

"I couldn't think of troubling you," said the steward, earnestly.

"It's no trouble," was the reply. "You don't think I'd leave you here alone helpless, do you?"

"I was going to send for old Mrs. Jackson if I didn't get well to-day," said Mr. Wilks.

Mrs. Silk shook her head at him, and, after punching up his pillow, took an easy chair by the fire and sat there musing. Mr. Edward Silk came in to tea, and, after remarking that Mr. Wilks was very flushed and had got a nasty look about the eyes and a cough which

he didn't like, fell to discoursing on death-beds.

"Good nursing is the principal thing," said his mother. "I nursed my pore dear 'usband all through his last illness. He couldn't bear me to be out of the room. I nursed my mother right up to the last, and your pore Aunt Jane went off in my arms."

Mr. Wilks raised himself on his elbow and his eyes shone feverishly in the lamplight. "I think I'll get a 'ospital nurse to-morrow," he said, decidedly.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Silk. "It's no trouble to me at all. I like nursing; always did."

Mr. Wilks lay back again and, closing his eyes, determined to ask the doctor to provide a duly qualified nurse on the morrow. To his disappointment, however, the doctor failed to come, and although he felt much better Mrs. Silk sternly negatived a desire on his part to get up.

"Not till the doctor's been," she said, firmly. "I couldn't think of it."

"I don't believe there's anything the matter with me now," he declared.

"'Ow odd—'ow very odd that you should say that!" said Mrs. Silk, clasping her hands.

"Odd!" repeated the steward, somewhat crustily. "How do you mean—odd?"

"They was the very last words my uncle Benjamin ever uttered in this life," said Mrs. Silk, with dramatic impressiveness.

The steward was silent, then, with the ominous precedent of Uncle Benjamin before him, he began to talk until scores of words stood between himself and a similar ending.

"Teddy asked to be remembered to you as 'e went off this morning," said Mrs. Silk, pausing in her labours at the grate.

"I'm much obliged," muttered the invalid.

"He didn't 'ave time to come in," pursued the widow. "You can 'ardly believe what a lot 'e thinks of you, Mr. Wilks. The last words he said to me was, 'Let me know at once if there's any change.'"

Mr. Wilks distinctly felt a cold, clammy sensation down his spine and little quivering thrills ran up and down his legs. He glared indignantly at the back of the industrious Mrs. Silk.

"Teddy's very fond of you," continued the unconscious woman. "I s'pose it's not 'aving a father, but he seems to me to think more of you than anybody else in the wide, wide world. I get quite jealous sometimes. Only the other day I said to 'im, joking like, 'Well, you'd better go and live with 'im if you're so fond of 'im,' I said."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Wilks, uneasily.

"You'll never guess what 'e said then," said Mrs. Silk, dropping her dustpan and brush and gazing at the hearth.

"Said 'e couldn't leave you, I s'pose," guessed the steward, gruffly.

"Well, now," exclaimed Mrs. Silk, clapping her hands, "if you 'aven't nearly guessed it. Well, there! I never did! I wouldn't 'ave told you for anything if you 'adn't said that. The *exact* words what 'e did say was, 'Not without you, mother.'"

Mr. Wilks closed his eyes with a snap and his heart turned to water. He held his breath and ransacked his brain in vain for a reply which should ignore the inner meaning of the fatal words. Something careless and jocular he wanted, combined with a voice which should be perfectly under control. Failing these things, he kept his eyes closed, and, very wide-awake indeed, feigned sleep. He slept straight away from eleven o'clock in the morning until Edward Silk came in at seven o'clock in the evening.

"I feel like a new man," he said, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

"I don't see no change in your appearance," said the comforting youth.

"'E's much better," declared his mother. "That's what comes o' good nursing; some nurses would 'ave woke 'im up to take food, but I just let 'im sleep on. People don't feel hunger while they're asleep."

She busied herself over the preparation of a basin of arrowroot, and the steward, despite his distaste for this dish, devoured it in a twinkling. Beef-tea and a glass of milk in addition failed to take more than the edge off his appetite.

"We shall pull 'im through," said Mrs. Silk, smiling, as she put down the empty glass. "In a fortnight he'll be on 'is feet."

It is a matter of history that Mr. Wilks was on his feet at five o'clock the next morning, and not only on his feet but dressed and ready for a journey after such a breakfast as he had not made for many a day. The discourtesy involved in the disregard of the doctor's instructions did not trouble him, and he smirked with some satisfaction as he noiselessly closed his door behind him and looked at the drawn blinds opposite. The stars were paling as he quitted the alley and made his way to the railway station. A note on his tumbled pillow, after thanking Mrs. Silk for her care of him, informed her that he was quite well and had gone to London in search of the missing captain.

Hardy, who had heard from Edward Silk

of the steward's indisposition and had been intending to pay him a visit, learnt of his departure later on in the morning, and, being ignorant of the particulars, discoursed somewhat eloquently to his partner on the old man's devotion.

"H'm, may be," said Swann, taking off his glasses and looking at him. "But you don't think Captain Nugent is in London, do you?"

"Why not?" inquired Hardy, somewhat startled.

"If what Wilks told you is true, Nathan Smith knows," said the other. "I'll ask him."

"You don't expect to get the truth out of him, do you?" inquired Hardy, superciliously.

"I do," said his partner, serenely; "and when I've got it I shall go and tell them at Equator Lodge. It will be doing those two poor ladies a service to let them know what has really happened to the captain."

"I'll walk round to Nathan Smith's with you," said Hardy. "I should like to hear what the fellow has to say."

"No, I'll go alone," said his partner; "Smith's a very shy man—painfully shy. I've run across him once or twice before. He's almost as bashful and retiring as you are."

Hardy grunted. "If the captain isn't in London, where is he?" he inquired.

The other shook his head. "I've got an idea," he replied, "but I want to make sure. Kybird and Smith are old friends, as Nugent might have known, only he was always too high and mighty to take any interest in his inferiors. There's something for you to go on."

He bent over his desk again and worked steadily until one o'clock—his hour for lunching. Then he put on his hat and coat, and after a comfortable meal sallied out in search of Mr. Smith.

The boarding-house, an old and dilapidated building, was in a by-street convenient to the harbour. The front door stood open, and a couple of seamen lounging on the broken steps made way for him civilly as he entered and rapped on the bare boards with his stick. Mr. Smith, clattering down the stairs in response, had some difficulty in concealing his surprise at the visit, but entered genially into a conversation about the weather, a subject in which he was much interested. When the shipbroker began to discuss the object of his visit he led him to a small sitting-room at the back of the house and repeated the information he had given to Mr. Wilks.

"That's all there is to tell," he concluded, artlessly; "the cap'n was that ashamed of hisself, he's laying low for a bit. We all make mistakes sometimes; I do myself."

"I am much obliged to you," said Mr. Swann, gratefully.

"You're quite welcome, sir," said the boarding-master.

"And now," said the visitor, musingly—"now for the police."

"Police!" repeated Mr. Smith, almost hastily. "What for?"

"Why, to find the captain," said Mr. Swann, in a surprised voice.

Mr. Smith shook his head. "You'll offend the cap'n bitter if you go to the police about 'im, sir," he declared. "His last words to me was, 'Smith, 'ave this kept quiet.'"

"It'll be a little job for the police," urged the shipbroker. "They don't have much to do down here; they'll be as pleased as possible."

"IN SEARCH OF MR. SMITH."

"They'll worry your life out of you, sir," said the other. "You don't know what they are."

"I like a little excitement," returned Mr. Swann. "I don't suppose they'll trouble me much, but they'll turn your place topsy-turvy,

I expect. Still, that can't be helped. You know what fools the police are; they'll think you've murdered the captain and hidden his body under the boards. They'll have all the floors up. Ha, ha, ha!"

"'Aving floors up don't seem to me to be so amusing as wot it does to you," remarked Mr. Smith, coldly.

"They may find all sorts of treasure for you," continued his visitor. "It's a very old house, Smith, and there may be bags of guineas hidden away under the flooring. You may be able to retire."

"You're a gentleman 'as is fond of his joke, Mr. Swann," returned the boarding-master, lugubriously. "I wish I'd got that 'appy way of looking at things you 'ave."

"I'm not joking, Smith," said the other, quietly.

Mr. Smith pondered and, stealing a side-glance at him, stood scraping his foot along the floor.

"There ain't nothing much to tell," he grumbled, "and, mind, the worst favour you could do to the cap'n would be to put it about how he was done. He's gone for a little trip instead of 'is son, that's all."

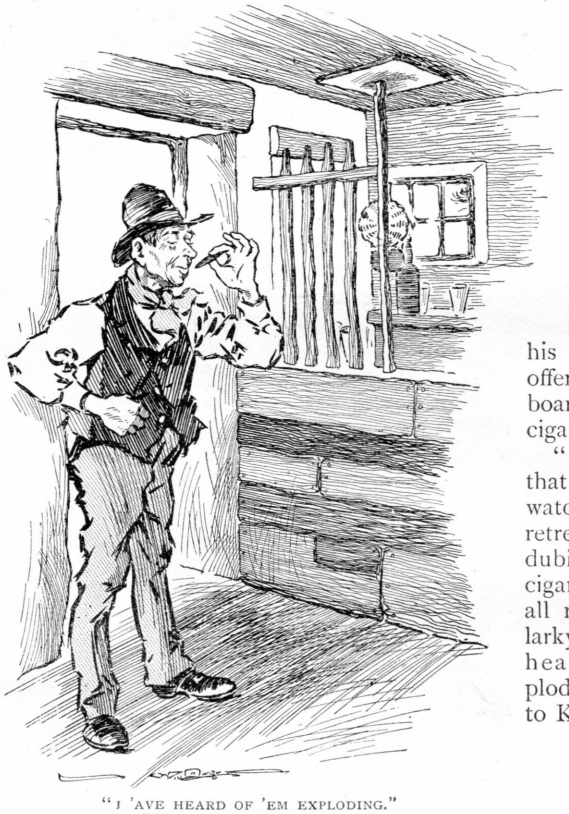
"Little trip!" repeated the other; "you call a whaling cruise a little trip?"

"No, no, sir," said Mr. Smith, in a shocked voice, "I ain't so bad as that; I've got some 'art, I hope. He's just gone for a little trip with 'is old pal Hardy on the *Conqueror*. Kybird's idea it was."

To Mr. Smith's great surprise his visitor sat down suddenly and began to laugh. Tears of honest mirth suffused his eyes and dimmed his glasses. Mr. Smith, regarding him with an air of kindly interest, began to laugh to keep him company.

"Don't you know it's punishable?" demanded the shipbroker, recovering.

Mr. Smith shook his head and became serious. "The cap'n fell into 'is own trap," he said, slowly. "There's no lor for 'im! He'd only get laughed at. The idea of trying to get me to put little Amelia Kybird's young man away. Why, I was 'er god-father."



"I 'AVE HEARD OF 'EM EXPLODING."

Mr. Swann stared at him, and then with a friendly "good morning" departed. Halfway along the passage he stopped, and retracing his steps produced his cigar-case and offered the astonished boarding-master a cigar.

"I s'pose," said that gentleman as he watched the other's retreating figure and dubiously smelt the cigar; "I s'pose it's all right; but he's a larky sort, and I 'ave heard of 'em exploding. I'll give it to Kybird, in case."

(*To be continued.*)

A STORY

FOR CHILDREN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE LA BARRE.

LONG ago there lived in Brittany a King whose kingdom was very small, and whose sole wealth consisted of a pear-tree which grew in his orchard. Each year this tree bore three splendid pears.

It was partly the King's own fault that he never could manage to pick these pears at the right moment. In July the fruit grew riper and riper until it became solid silver. In August it grew still larger, and changed to gold. Just at this changing time the pears should have been plucked, but they always mysteriously vanished the night before the day whereon their owner had intended plucking them. Naturally, the King preferred golden pears to silver ones, but this preference cost him dear, for through it he lost the pears altogether.

The King's children had a personal interest in the wonderful tree. His six daughters, each of whom looked for a dowry from the precious fruit, were each year bitterly disappointed, as also were their two brothers, Yann and Claudik.

Yann was greedy and selfish, but Claudik was good and brave. One day Yann proposed to his brother that they two should pluck the pears and divide the spoil. This Claudik refused to do. "The pears are not ours," said he; "they belong to our father."

Then Yann went to the King and begged of him to divide the fruit. "If I may have one pear for myself," said the greedy fellow, "I promise to keep watch over the tree, in order to protect its fruit from thieves."

The King, after some demur, yielded to the wish of his self-willed son. It was arranged that Yann should have the pear which grew on the north side of the tree; Claudik was to have the pear which faced the south, while that growing in the centre was to be divided amongst the six sisters.

July was drawing to an end, and the silver fruit was already faintly tinged with gold. Yann, in fulfilment of his promise, mounted guard in the orchard. Nothing happened for two nights. On the third night he foolishly drank an extra flagon of wine. Of course he fell asleep at his post, and the next morning only two pears remained on the tree. The pear in the centre had gone, and the poor Princesses had again lost their dowries.

"Never mind," said selfish Yann, "mine is there still, so what matter? I will keep a better look-out to-night." And for two nights he was watchful and alert, pacing up and down, sword in hand; but on the third night the weather was so hot that he could not resist the temptation to indulge in a double quantity of cider. He awoke in the morning to find that his own pear had vanished. How he stamped and raved at everybody, until the generous Claudik offered to give him half of the remaining pear, which belonged to him.

It was now Claudik's turn to mount guard. He armed himself with a huge and marvellously keen scimitar and, when evening came, took his post beside the pear-tree. He had with him his flute, an instrument which he played with skill, and, as the night grew darker, he played to keep up his spirits.

As the clock struck twelve an owl flew with a screech from the tree. Claudik looked up, and beheld among the branches a big, brawny arm, and an enormous hand clutching at the solitary pear.

"Who goes there?" shouted the youth, raising his scimitar, and dealing a tremendous blow at the robber.

A deafening yell was followed by a violent gust of wind, which shook the tree to its roots—then all was still. On the ground lay a huge hand covered with blood, but still holding the precious pear. The thief was evidently some greedy giant.

Claudik put the pear into his wallet. He thought at first of flinging the hand into the sea, but changed his mind, and determined, if possible, to find its owner.

The moon had risen, and across the fields and over the hills a trail of blood could be distinctly seen. This trail Claudik, carrying with him the giant's hand, carefully followed until he reached the Forest of Kranou, where the traces grew indistinct and finally disappeared.

"Oh," said the young man to himself, as he returned to his home, "I have heard that a horrible ogre dwells in that forest. Well! If I were to take him his hand and offer to restore it to its proper place I should think he would at least have the grace to spare my life. Perhaps, too, I may regain the stolen pears."

Accordingly, the next day Claudik went to a wizard who knew how to restore lopped-off limbs by means of a wonderful herb-ointment called "Louzou." From him Claudik took a lesson or two, and then, armed with a box of the ointment—an invaluable remedy which had never been known to fail—he made his way to the nearest town.

In the market-place a herald was announcing that the great giant-King of the forest would give the hand of his daughter, the lovely Fleur-du-Kranou, to the man who should heal him of a grievous wound received in battle.

"Not in battle," said Claudik, under his breath; "*in stealing pears.*"

The brave fellow went home again, put the hand into a big bag, which he strapped, knapsack-fashion, over his shoulder, then, taking with him his flute, set out in quest of the ogre. He passed through the outskirts of the forest, and before long came to a deep moat, on the other side of which was a dark and dense wood. He saw also some massive iron gates through which he would need to pass. Beside them stood a little hut, and at its door sat a little old woman, spinning flax.

"Countess of the Portal!" called out Claudik, "will your grace be so good as to unbar the gates? I carry an important message to the King."

The old lady, flattered at being styled a countess, smiled as she said, "Is that really so, my bonny youth?"

"Yes," replied Claudik. "Here in my knapsack I have something of great value which belongs to him."

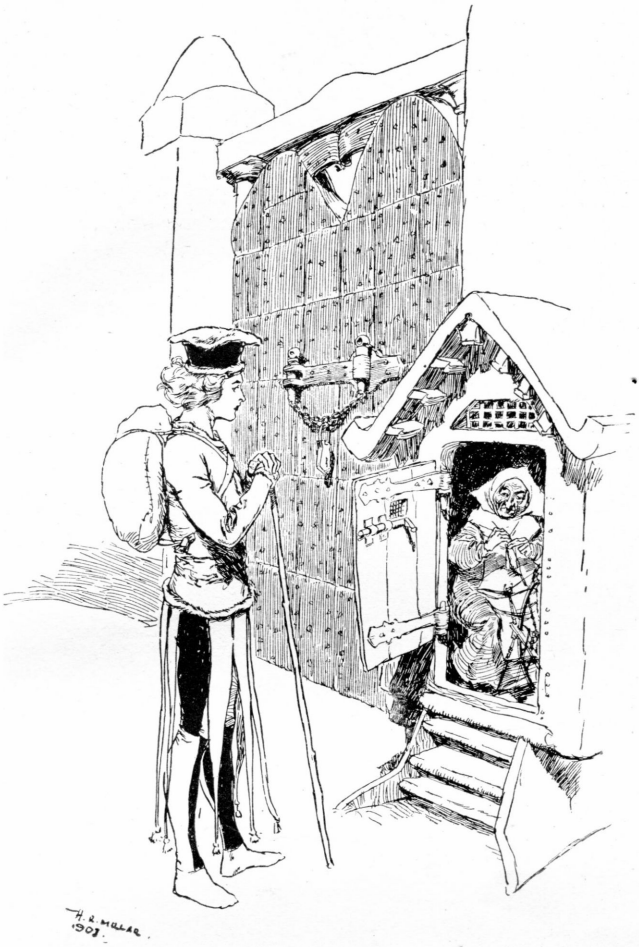
"Listen to me," said the porteress, "and be warned in time. All who enter here are doomed to die. I would gladly save you from a cruel death."

"You cannot frighten me back, madam; I *must* reach the castle. I bring to His Majesty a certain cure, and hope to be rewarded with the Princess's hand."

"Are you aware that many skilled surgeons and physicians have already come on the same errand? And of them all, *not one* has returned in safety to his home."

"Not one?" inquired Claudik, doubtfully.

"Not one," replied the woman. "During the King's illness his appetite has grown so voracious that he ruthlessly devours each of his would-be sons-in-law. He gives them no time in which to cure him, but quickly rends



"'LISTEN TO ME,' SAID THE PORTERESS, 'AND BE WARNED IN TIME. ALL WHO ENTER HERE ARE DOOMED TO DIE.'"

them in pieces and grills them on an immense gridiron. So insatiable is he, indeed, that by-and-by he will probably eat the Princess herself."

"That we shall see," said the undaunted Claudik. "Now, open the gates for me."

"Very well, my lad; you must have your way," was the reply. The doors swung open and Claudik passed through with his big bag upon his back. The old woman wished to know what was in the sack, and he told her that it contained several marvellous medicines, besides his flute, and a beautiful brocaded silk dress which he would give her when he returned from Court.

The aged porteress leaned towards him and whispered in his ear.

"Listen!" said she. "When you reach that defile in front of you you will see a pretty vista of trees, and on one side a narrow, rugged footpath. This path you must take: it will bring you to the back of the manor grounds. Once there, play upon your flute the *jabadao* as they dance it at Guingamp. The Princess, who dotes upon dancing, will come down when she hears your music. Then you must ask her to dance the gavotte with you; after that, you will doubtless know how to act for the best!"

Claudik thanked the old woman and went on his way. When he reached the defile he saw the vista of trees, and was about to turn into the narrow footpath beside it, when he became aware of certain strange shapes and shadows hanging from the boughs and swinging in the wind. Corpses, hanging heads downwards from the trees! Some were mere skeletons, with hideously rattling bones. Claudik shuddered. What if he should be the next to dangle there?

For a moment only he faltered, then he pulled himself together and went bravely forward. Presently the grey towers of the giant's castle came into sight. Claudik approached the wall of the tower and, standing below the casement, began to play the *jabadao* as danced at Guingamp. Very soon the casement was unbarred, and the young man, looking up, saw a Princess, fair as dawn, who made signs to him that she was coming down. She came, and, giving him her hand, led him across the turf. They danced the gavotte together in the starlight. Of this occupation, charming though it was, Claudik wearied sooner than the Princess did, for he was tired with his journey and with the weight of his burden. He was compelled to stop. When he had recovered his breath he asked the Princess to conduct him to the King. "Let us finish our dance first," said the lady. "When once my father has seen you there will be no more dancing for us!"

"But," said Claudik, "you do not know what I have in this sack. It is something which will instantly cure the King's hurt; and

then—with your consent, my Princess—I will claim you as my bride."

"Alas! so many have spoken thus," stammered the blushing girl; "they all came to do what you intend to do, and yet——"

"And yet you are here waiting for *me*," went on Claudik, proudly. "Have no fear, only take me to your father."

The Princess then told him to take off his shoes and to follow her swiftly and silently. He obeyed, and as they passed through the splendid halls, each guarded at its entrance by fierce beasts and brilliantly illuminated with torches of crystal and gold, Claudik observed, hanging in rows around the panelling, scores of glittering pears, which he easily recognised as his father's missing property.

At length they entered a hall larger but more dimly lighted than the rest. Here the giant lay sick. The Princess signed to Claudik that he should uncover his head. At their entrance two dragons guarding the door shot forth fire from their jaws, but the magical contents of Claudik's sack rendered the flames harmless. At this Fleur-du-Kranou rejoiced; it really seemed as if she had found a deliverer at last! Suddenly the giant awoke, and said in a tremendous voice: "Oh, dear, I am *so* hungry! Get me food!" Then he espied Claudik, and roared out, "Ho, there! serve up that young fellow at once. Cook him on the gridiron, and give me some potatoes with him!"

"HE BECAME AWARE OF CERTAIN STRANGE SHAPES AND SHADOWS HANGING FROM THE BOUGHS."

Two stout cooks sprang forward, swinging their huge knives, but the blades no sooner touched Claudik's sack than they were shivered into atoms. Then Claudik put his flute to his mouth and played a merry jig, which set everybody a-dancing.

Fleur-du-Kranou took Claudik as a partner; the cooks whirled and twirled with the gridirons and saucepans; the dragons footed it with the lions, while the dogs and wolves skipped about anyhow. Even the old, hungry, raging giant jumped up and hopped around with the rest.

He still shrieked, "Put him on the gridiron!" but no one paid any attention to him,

and the dance waxed more and more furious. Perhaps it might be going on now had not the weight of Claudik's knapsack obliged him to stop. Then the King sank back upon his couch, and, when Claudik knelt beside him, instantly stretched out his hand to strangle the young stranger. But cunning Claudik had pushed forward the sack, and when the giant touched this his arm

"THE OLD, HUNGRY, RAGING GIANT JUMPED UP AND HOPPED AROUND WITH THE REST."

fell as though paralyzed, and he murmured in an agonized tone, "Oh, if I had but my other hand!"

"Your other hand," said Claudik, undoing his sack and displaying its contents; "*here it is!* Now, if you will allow me, I will restore it to its rightful place."

Claudik's surgical operation proved a brilliant success. The giant-King, highly delighted, not only considerately refrained from eating his doctor, but also rewarded him with the fee which he desired—that is to say, the Princess. The wedding was a very grand affair.

After the death of Claudik's father the pear-tree was transplanted to Kranou, and there for many years it continued to yield its wonderful golden fruit.

*Curiosities.**

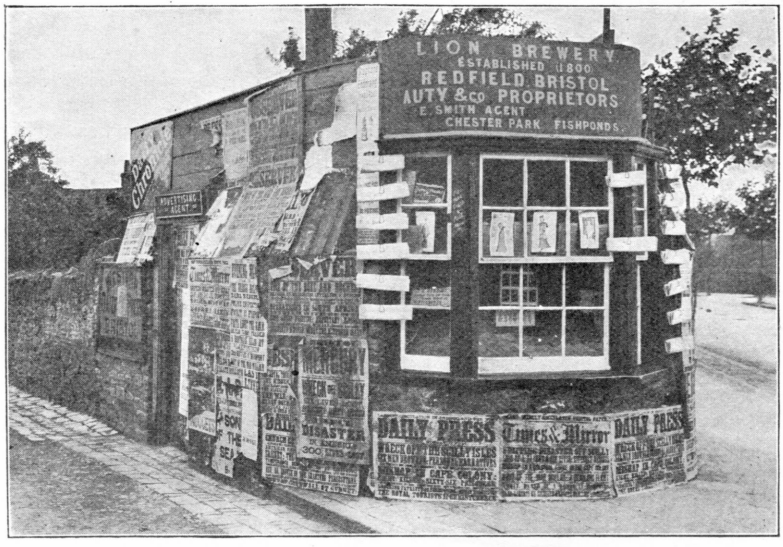
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

ANOTHER OPTICAL ILLUSION.

"A month or two ago you published in THE STRAND MAGAZINE a photo. in which the sunshade or umbrella looked inside out. I send you two photos. in one of which the sunshade looks inside out, the sun, as you will see, shining directly through it; the other looks natural, the sun striking somewhat over the top of the sunshade. Both were taken at the same time of day in the afternoon." We reproduce the photograph showing the sunshade apparently inside out.—Mr. E. T. A. Boyton, 46, Sebert Road, Forest Gate, E.

KILLED BY A TIGER.

"The tombstone a photograph of which I send you stands in Malmesbury Abbey Churchyard. It is one of the oldest records—perhaps the only one—of a woman being killed by a tiger in this country. In an old account, which I hold, of this dreadful affair it says: 'Hannah Twynnoy was a servant at the White Lion Inn (an inn still existing), Malmesbury. There was an exhibition of wild beasts at the inn, and among the rest a very fierce tiger, which she imprudently took a pleasure in teasing, notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of its keeper. One day, whilst amusing herself with this dangerous diversion, the enraged animal, by an extraordinary effort, drew out the staple, sprang towards the unhappy girl, caught hold of her gown, and tore her to pieces.' The full inscription, which is quite plain on the photo., is as follows: 'In memory of Hannah Twynnoy, who died October 23rd, 1703. Aged 33 years. In bloom of life she's snatched from hence, she had no room to make defence; for tyger fierce took life away, and here she lies in a bed of clay, until the Resurrection Day.'"—Mr. Arthur V. Hinwood, Ferndale, Malmesbury, Wilts.



A "LOCK-UP" NEWSPAPER SHOP.

"There is a peculiar shop at Fishponds, Bristol. The newsagent places the daily papers outside his shop, fastening them loosely in wire racks. Outside the windows are two slots with the following wording appended: 'Please take paper and put money in.' The newsagent leaves his shop for his daily newsround, and his automatic shop does the work for him in his absence."—Mr. H. C. Leat, 2, Richmond Street, Totterdown, Bristol.

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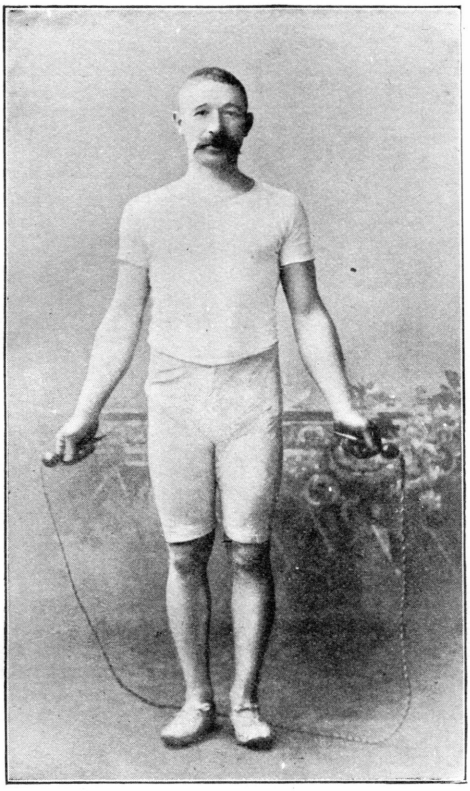
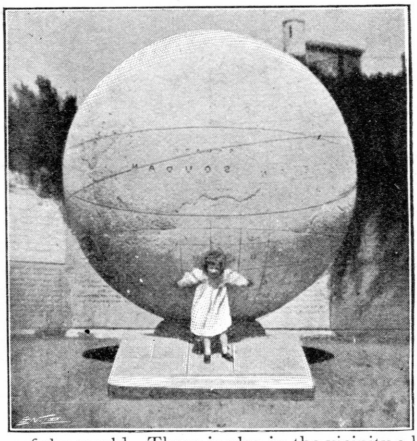


THE CHAMPION SKIPPER.

In a recent issue of this Magazine we published an account, illustrated with photographs, of the champion skipper of America. Mr. A. J. Sheen, hon. sec. of the Aberdare Athletic Club, a well-known athlete and cyclist, sends us an account of his latest feat in the same direction, which would appear to beat the record previously alluded to. An account of the performance is given in *Sporting Life* for May 1st, 1901. It says: "Mr. Sheen did a very clever turn. He skipped 1,000 times in 5min. 11sec. This forms a record of its kind. The times for each 100 revolutions of the rope were: 100, 31sec.; 200, 1min. 2sec.; 300, 1min. 35sec.; 400, 2min. 6sec.; 500, 2min. 38sec.; 600, 3min. 6sec.; 700, 3min. 39sec.; 800, 4min. 13sec.; 900, 4min. 44sec.; 1,000, 5min. 11sec. T. H. Mosford kept the tally, and Mr. Ed. Plummer was the time-keeper." It is noteworthy to add that during the whole time of skipping Mr. Sheen never missed once. Surely a remarkable feat.—Photo. by J. W. Fyfe, Aberdare.

"A YOUTHFUL ATLAS."

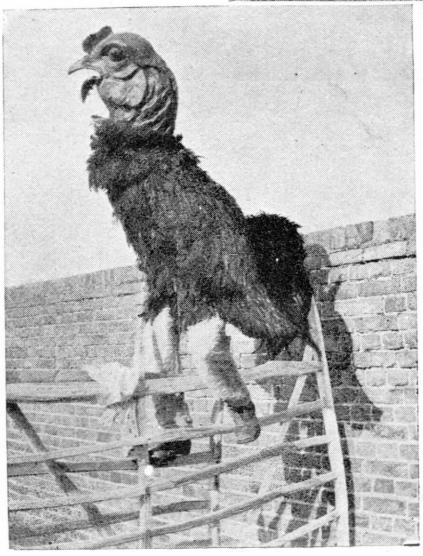
"Here is a snap of my young brother 'supporting the world.' This large stone globe is situated at Swanage, Dorset. This mass of stone is 10ft. in diameter, and on it have been carefully depicted the various continents, countries, seas, rivers,



etc., of the world. There is also in the vicinity a large stone map of the district, with figures showing the distances from Swanage to various parts of the coast, etc."—Mr. W. H. Scott, Westleigh, Chase Green Avenue, Enfield.

WAITING FOR THEIR QUEEN.

"I send you an interesting photo. of bees just about to swarm. They are crowded in a heap just outside the hive and waiting for the queen to lead them."—Miss Ida Glen, Ashfield House, Wartley, Leeds.



"YE KOMYKE CHYKEN."

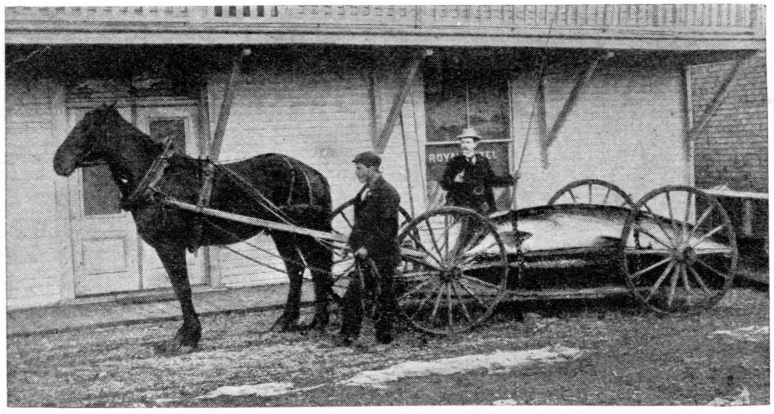
"I send you a comical photo. showing Mr. Fred. Griffiths (the surviving member of the well-known 'Bros. Griffiths') amusing the spectators at a 'Komic Kriket Karnival' held at Hampton last year, by his representation of a chicken, a really excellent imitation with the exception of the legs—which are clothed in 'duck' trousers."—Mr. J. R. Mathie, 10, Lawrence Mansions, Chelsea, S.W.

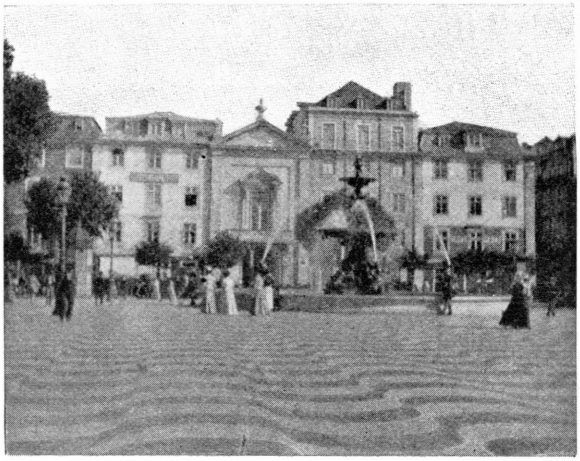
"MYSELF TAKEN BY MYSELF."

"Inclosed I hand you a photograph which I think may lay some claim to being a curiosity. It is a photograph of myself taken by myself in mid-air. It was taken at the wharf of the San Francisco Yacht Club. My friend dived head first from the top of the post, whilst I dived feet first from the wharf, releasing the shutter by a long thread (which can be faintly seen) as I was half-way between the floor and the water. The exposure was 1-500th of a second and a focal plane-shutter was used."—Mr. H. G. Ponting, Sansalito, Cal.

A CURIOUS ILLUSION.

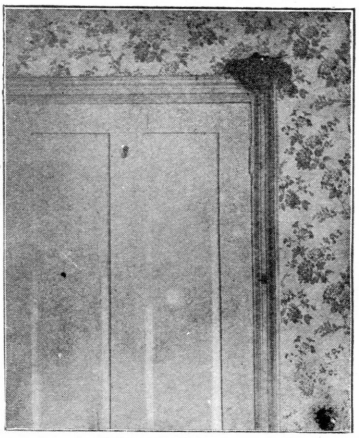
This photograph, which was taken in one of the principal squares in the city of Lisbon, shows a curious effect obtained by artistic paving. The surface, which appears to the eye to be in waves, is in reality quite flat. The illusion is produced by alternate wavy lines of white and grey cobbles following a definite pattern.—The Rev. O. Smith, 23, Rue de Joncker, Avenue Louise, Brussels.





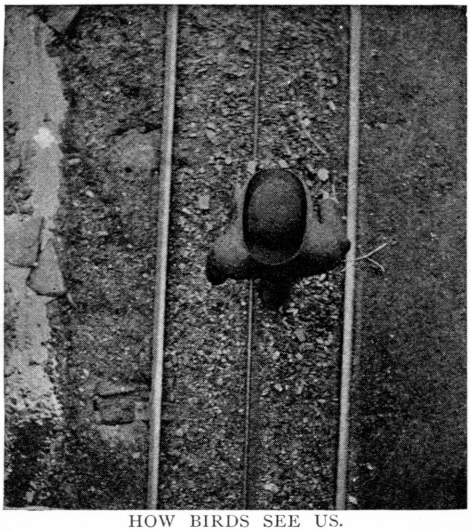
LUCK IN THE HOUSE.

"Would you care for the photograph I send you for your 'Curiosities'? It was taken on the 1st of July last, and is of a swallow nest built over the door of a bedroom in a house at Horsham, Sussex."—Mr. E. Vaughan, 52, Lower Sloane Street, S.W.



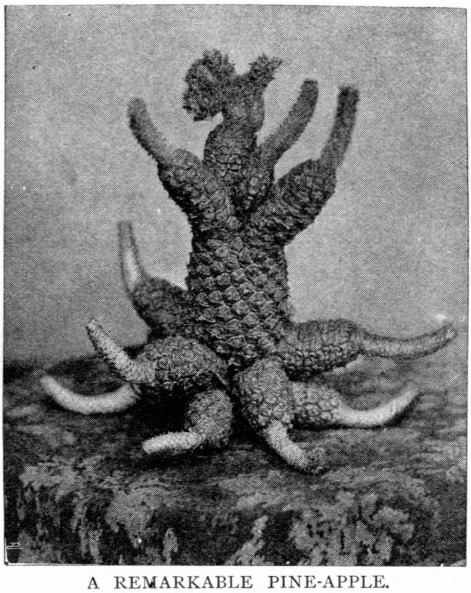
A FISHY PHOTOGRAPH.

"The accompanying photograph shows what is known among the sportsmen of the Maritime Provinces of Canada as the Parker Lake trout. This fish was taken by Mr. Wm. Sproule, proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Campbelltown, New Brunswick, Canada, in May, 1900. It is a speckled or brook trout, which are found in great numbers in the streams and lakes of Restigouche County, N.B. This trout was taken on an 8oz. Chubb fly-rod from Parker's Lake, and weighed 4lb. 2oz. Mr. Sproule claims the title as the champion prevaricator of New Brunswick, and to substantiate his fishing tales sends this picture to his friends as an evidence of his ability. This deception was made by Mr. R. H. Rice, the official photographer for the Inter-Colonial Railway System of Canada. He first took a photo. of the empty waggon with Champion Sproule standing behind, then a photo. of the trout with a small watch chain laid over the fish. He put the two photographs together, thus producing a very clever deception. The trout fishermen believe that the fish is a sturgeon, with the spots painted on to resemble a trout."—Mr. G. Bennett, 116, King-Street, W., Toronto.



HOW BIRDS SEE US.

"Perhaps this photo., which I took last summer, may be of use in the 'Curiosities' section of THE STRAND. It shows a man as he would appear to a bird flying immediately over his head. In this case, however, the camera takes the place of the bird. The man is standing in the middle of a colliery railroad, not many miles from Bradford, Yorks. The steel rope seen midway between the rails is used to pull the waggons or coal-trucks. The photo. was taken from the wall of a bridge over the railroad."—Mr. Thos. Bairstow, West View, Birkenshaw, near Bradford, Yorks.

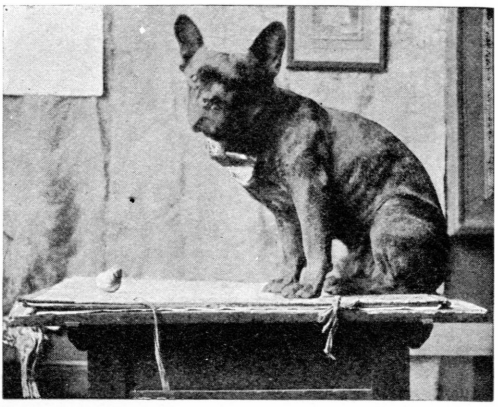


A REMARKABLE PINE-APPLE.

"I think, perhaps, you will be interested in the inclosed photograph of one of the most remarkable freaks of Nature it has been my lot to witness. The strange-looking article is a pine-apple grown at Haiphong, South-West China. It has not been faked in any way, as you can see by the photograph, but is shown as it was when cut."—Mr. W. Goldenberg, Hong Kong Hotel, Hong Kong.

CHEWING A BILLIARD-BALL.

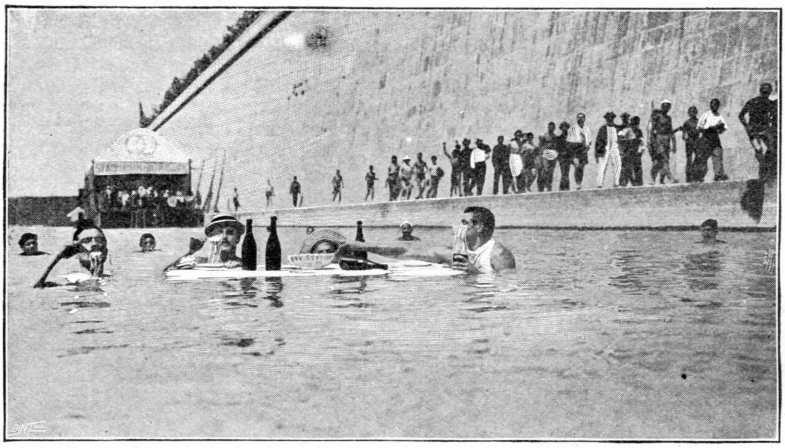
"You may care to use the photo. I send you for your 'Curiosities.' It is of a dog of mine, and the small object on the table before him is not, as it looks, a potato, but all that is left of an ivory billiard-ball which he has had for about three months, and has reduced to the extraordinary shape which you can see in the photo. No one to whom I have shown it



can guess what it is, and it shows to such an extent the remarkable power of the dog's jaws that it is generally considered a curiosity. It is the first thing I have been able to find that he could not splinter in ten minutes."—Miss A. H. Hudson, Newington House, Wallingford.

A WONDERFUL FEAT.

"The two men are not, as would be at first supposed, standing on the little girl's head. The height of the three figures is 16ft., and there is a piece of wood, nearly 16ft. long, driven into the ground behind them. The two young men are standing on two large spikes nailed into the piece of timber, around which their belts are fastened to prevent them falling. When the two men were in position the little girl merely stood underneath them while the picture was made. Not for an instant was there any weight on the little girl's head."—Mr. R. D. Von Neida, Ephrata, Penn.

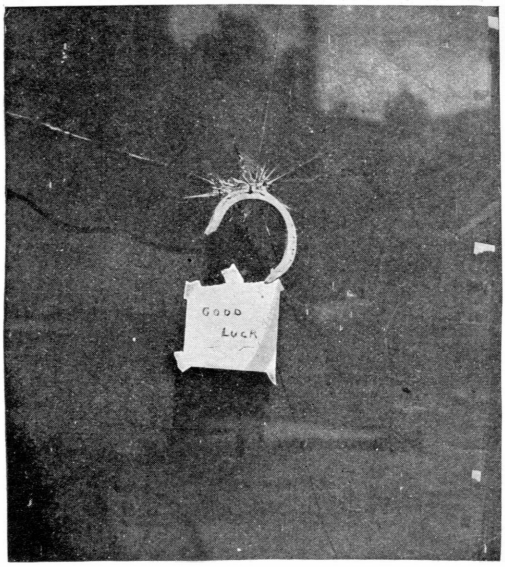


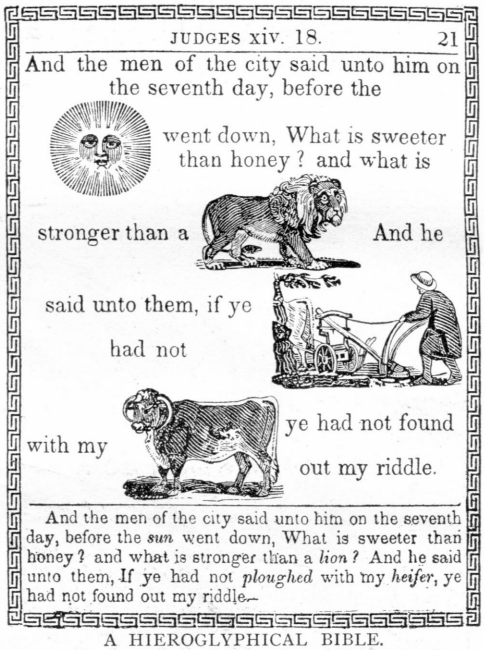
AN AQUATIC DINNER.

Mr. Gennaro Fattorini, of Galleria Margherita, viâ Depretis, Rome, sends a most extraordinary photograph of a dinner taken in the water which took place on the River Tiber during the swimming contests which are held yearly in the ancient city. It appears that, notwithstanding the extraordinary difficulties under which the meal was "discussed," the swimmers enjoyed their food immensely, while the spectators were kept in roars of laughter at this novel spectacle.—Mr. Sbisà, of Rome, took the photograph.

A LUCKY HORSE-SHOE.

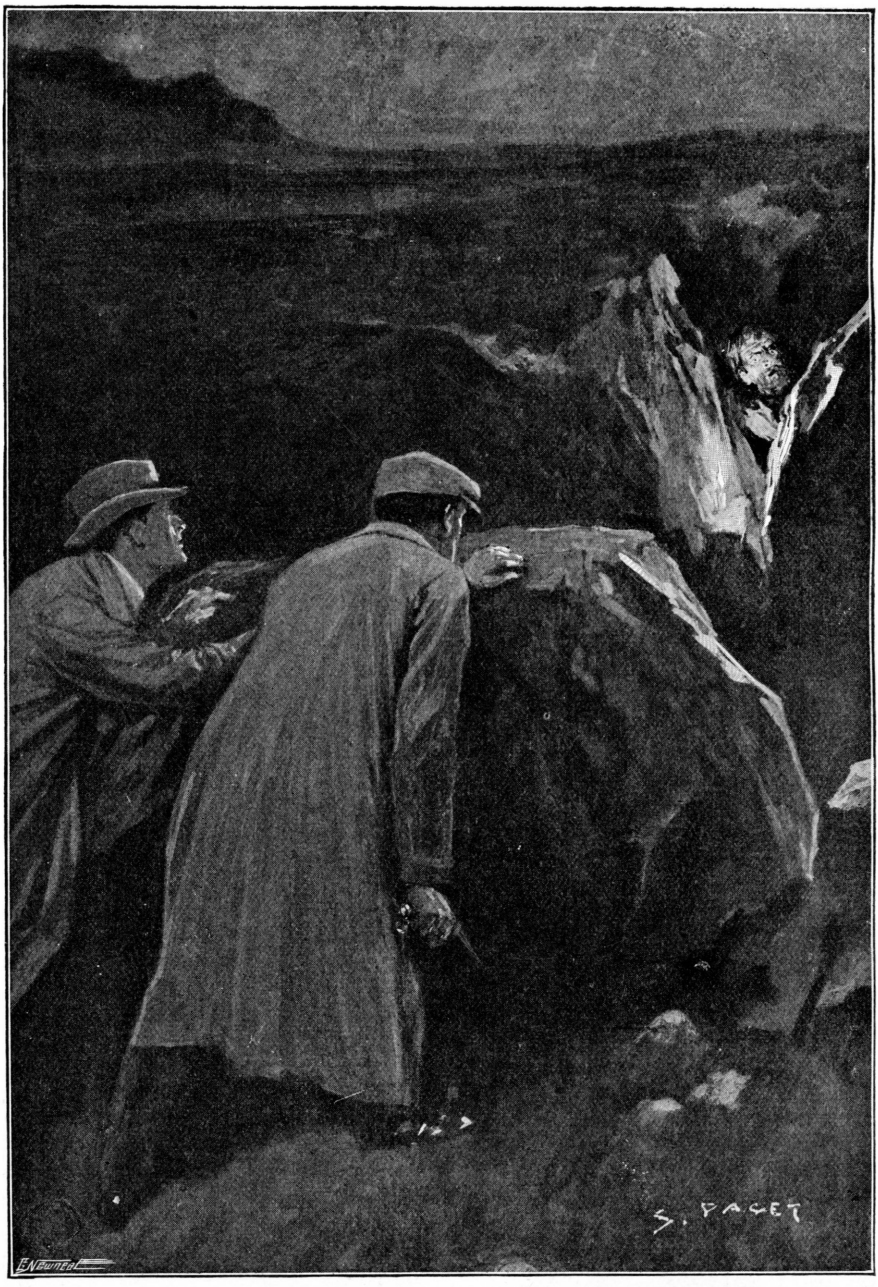
Mr. R. Spafford, of Bloomington, Ill., sends the following extract from the Bloomington *Pantograph* for July 29th, 1901, also a photograph to illustrate same. The paragraph says: "A remarkable feat was performed by a horse in the 100 block on East Front Street. A team of horses belonging to a Mr. Buck, of Normal, was hitched in front of the building at No. 116. The flies worried the horses considerably, and one of them began to kick and kept it up until the shoe on one of its hind feet was sent with a crash into the large plate-glass window, breaking a small hole in it, and cracking it to the extent of 2ft. on either side of the small opening. One of the most curious things about the whole thing was that the horse-shoe stopped just where it struck, and is still clinging by one of the nails in it to the small break. Scores of people heard the crash, and the suspended horse-shoe has attracted the attention of a great many people." The "good luck" label was pasted on the glass by the owner of the shop, who did a roaring trade owing to this "lucky accident."





A HIEROGLYPHICAL BIBLE.

"I send you the copy of a very old book that I possess. It is called 'A New Hierogliphical or Picture Bible.' This edition was published in 1834 by Mahlon Day, of New York, but it was originally issued in London, where it had already entered upon its tenth edition before being introduced into America. It contains 104 pages, illustrated by 400 wood engravings. Short passages from nearly every book of the Bible are illustrated, and, quoting the introduction to the work, 'such parts being preferred, for illustration and embellishment, as were either thought to contain the most momentous truths or the most interesting relations.'"—Mr. A. M. Kinnear, 1323, Liberty Street, Franklin, Penn.—We reproduce a specimen page taken from this interesting book, and anyone can easily make out its meaning without first referring to the explanation which is appended at the foot of every page.



"OVER THE ROCKS WAS THRUST OUT AN EVIL YELLOW FACE."

(*See page* 611.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxii. DECEMBER, 1901. No. 132.

The Hound of the Baskervilles.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER IX.

[SECOND REPORT OF DR. WATSON.]

THE LIGHT UPON THE MOOR.

Baskerville Hall, Oct. 15th.

MY DEAR HOLMES,—If I was compelled to leave you without much news during the early days of my mission you must acknowledge that I am making up for lost time, and that events are now crowding thick and fast upon us. In my last report I ended upon my top note with Barrymore at the window, and now I have quite a budget already which will, unless I am much mistaken, considerably surprise you. Things have taken a turn which I could not have anticipated. In some ways they have within the last forty-eight hours become much clearer and in some ways they have become more complicated. But I will tell you all and you shall judge for yourself.

Before breakfast on the morning following my adventure I went down the corridor and examined the room in which Barrymore had been on the night before. The western window through which he had stared so intently has, I noticed, one peculiarity above all other windows in the house—it commands the nearest outlook on to the moor. There is an opening between two trees which enables one from this point of view to look right down upon it, while from all the other windows it is only a distant glimpse which can be obtained. It follows, therefore, that Barrymore, since only this window would serve his purpose, must have been looking out for something or somebody upon the moor. The night was very dark, so that I can hardly imagine how he could have hoped to see anyone. It had struck me that it was possible that some love intrigue was on foot. That would have accounted for his stealthy movements and also for the uneasiness of his wife. The man is a striking-looking fellow, very well equipped to steal the heart of a country girl, so that this theory seemed to have something to support it. That opening of the door which I had heard after I had returned to my room might mean that he had gone out to keep some clandestine appointment. So I reasoned with myself in the morning, and I tell you the direction of my suspicions, however much the result may have shown that they were unfounded.

But whatever the true explanation of Barrymore's movements might be, I felt that the responsibility of keeping them to myself until I could explain them was more than I could bear. I had an interview with the baronet in his study after breakfast, and I told him all that I had seen. He was less surprised than I had expected.

"I knew that Barrymore walked about nights, and I had a mind to speak to him about it," said he. "Two or three times I have heard his steps in the passage, coming and going, just about the hour you name."

"Perhaps then he pays a visit every night to that particular window," I suggested.

"Perhaps he does. If so, we should be able to shadow him, and see what it is that he is after. I wonder what your friend Holmes would do if he were here?"

"I believe that he would do exactly what you now suggest," said I. "He would follow Barrymore and see what he did."

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"Then we shall do it together."

"But surely he would hear us."

"The man is rather deaf, and in any case we must take our chance of that. We'll sit up in my room to-night, and wait until he passes." Sir Henry rubbed his hands with pleasure, and it was evident that he hailed the adventure as a relief to his somewhat quiet life upon the moor.

The baronet has been in communication with the architect who prepared the plans for Sir Charles, and with a contractor from London, so that we may expect great changes to begin here soon. There have been decorators and furnishers up from Plymouth, and it is evident that our friend has large ideas, and means to spare no pains or expense to restore the grandeur of his family. When the house is renovated and refurnished, all that he will need will be a wife to make it complete. Between ourselves there are pretty clear signs that this will not be wanting if the lady is willing, for I have seldom seen a man more infatuated with a woman than he is with our beautiful neighbour, Miss Stapleton. And yet the course of true love does not run quite as smoothly as one would under the circumstances expect. To-day, for example, its surface was broken by a very unexpected ripple, which has caused our friend considerable perplexity and annoyance.

After the conversation which I have quoted about Barrymore Sir Henry put on his hat and prepared to go out. As a matter of course I did the same.

"What, are *you* coming, Watson?" he asked, looking at me in a curious way.

"That depends on whether you are going on the moor," said I.

"Yes, I am."

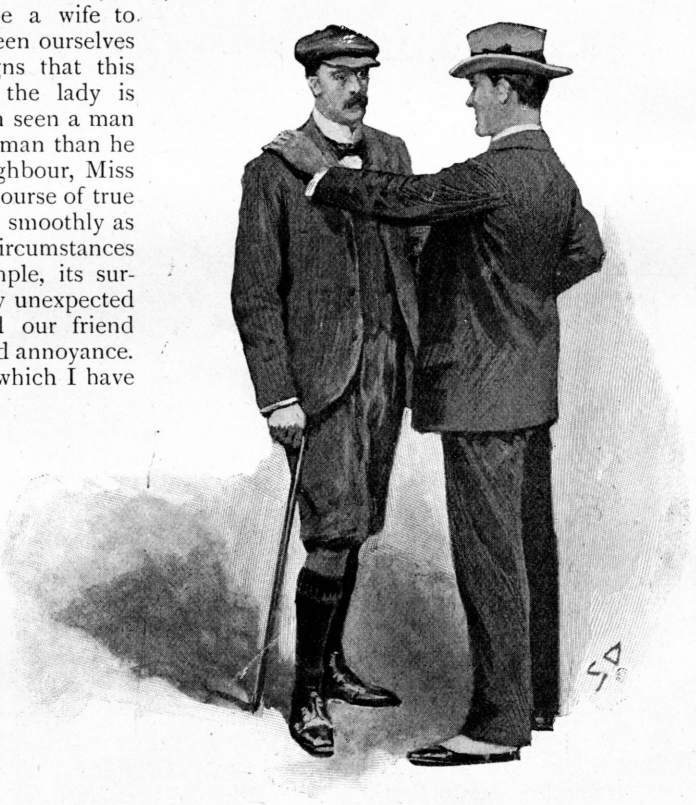
"Well, you know what my instructions are. I am sorry to intrude, but you heard how earnestly Holmes insisted that I should not leave you, and especially that you should not go alone upon the moor."

Sir Henry put his hand upon my shoulder, with a pleasant smile.

"My dear fellow," said he, "Holmes, with all his wisdom, did not foresee some things which have happened since I have been on the moor. You understand me? I am sure that you are the last man in the world who would wish to be a spoil-sport. I must go out alone."

It put me in a most awkward position. I was at a loss what to say or what to do, and before I had made up my mind he picked up his cane and was gone.

But when I came to think the matter over my conscience reproached me bitterly for having on any pretext allowed him to go out of my sight. I imagined what my feelings would be if I had to return to you and to confess that some misfortune had occurred through my disregard for your instructions. I assure you my cheeks flushed at the very thought. It might not even now be too late



"SIR HENRY PUT HIS HAND UPON MY SHOULDER."

to overtake him, so I set off at once in the direction of Merripit House.

I hurried along the road at the top of my speed without seeing anything of Sir Henry, until I came to the point where the moor path branches off. There, fearing that perhaps I had come in the wrong direction

after all, I mounted a hill from which I could command a view—the same hill which is cut into the dark quarry. Thence I saw him at once. He was on the moor path, about a quarter of a mile off, and a lady was by his side who could only be Miss Stapleton. It was clear that there was already an understanding between them and that they had met by appointment. They were walking slowly along in deep conversation, and I saw her making quick little movements of her hands as if she were very earnest in what she was saying, while he listened intently, and once or twice shook his head in strong dissent. I stood among the rocks watching them, very much puzzled as to what I should do next. To follow them and break into their intimate conversation seemed to be an outrage, and yet my clear duty was never for an instant to let him out of my sight. To act the spy upon a friend was a hateful task. Still, I could see no better course than to observe him from the hill, and to clear my conscience by confessing to him afterwards what I had done. It is true that if any sudden danger had threatened him I was too far away to be of use, and yet I am sure that you will agree with me that the position was very difficult, and that there was nothing more which I could do.

Our friend, Sir Henry, and the lady had halted on the path and were standing deeply absorbed in their conversation, when I was suddenly aware that I was not the only witness of their interview. A wisp of green floating in the air caught my eye, and another glance showed me that it was carried on a stick by a man who was moving among the broken ground. It was Stapleton with his butterfly-net. He was very much closer to the pair than I was, and he appeared to be moving in their direction. At this instant Sir Henry suddenly drew Miss Stapleton to his side. His arm was round her, but it seemed to me that she was straining away from him with her face averted. He stooped his head to hers, and she raised one hand as if in protest. Next moment I saw them spring apart and turn hurriedly round. Stapleton was the cause of the interruption. He was running wildly towards them, his absurd net dangling behind him. He gesticulated and almost danced with excitement in front of the lovers. What the scene meant I could not imagine, but it seemed to me that Stapleton was abusing Sir Henry, who offered explanations, which became more angry as the other refused to accept them. The lady stood by in haughty silence. Finally Stapleton turned upon his heel and beckoned in a peremptory way to his sister, who, after an irresolute glance at Sir Henry, walked off by the side of her brother. The naturalist's angry gestures showed that the lady was included in his displeasure. The baronet stood for a minute looking after them, and then he walked slowly back the way that he had come, his head hanging, the very picture of dejection.

What all this meant I could not imagine, but I was deeply ashamed to have witnessed so intimate a scene without my friend's knowledge. I ran down the hill therefore and met the baronet at the bottom. His face was flushed with anger and his brows were wrinkled, like one who is at his wits' ends what to do.

"Halloa, Watson! Where have you dropped from?" said he. "You don't mean to say that you came after me in spite of all?"

I explained everything to him: how I had found it impossible to remain behind, how I had followed him, and how I had witnessed all that had occurred. For an instant his eyes blazed at me, but my frankness disarmed his anger, and he broke at last into a rather rueful laugh.

"You would have thought the middle of that prairie a fairly safe place for a man to be private," said he, "but, by thunder, the whole country-side seems to have been out to see me do my wooing—and a mighty poor wooing at that! Where had you engaged a seat?"

"I was on that hill."

"Quite in the back row, eh? But her brother was well up to the front. Did you see him come out on us?"

"Yes, I did."

"Did he ever strike you as being crazy—this brother of hers?"

"I can't say that he ever did."

"I daresay not. I always thought him sane enough until to-day, but you can take it from me that either he or I ought to be in a strait-jacket. What's the matter with me, anyhow? You've lived near me for some weeks, Watson. Tell me straight, now! Is there anything that would prevent me from making a good husband to a woman that I loved?"

"I should say not."

"He can't object to my worldly position, so it must be myself that he has this down on. What has he against me? I never hurt man or woman in my life that I know of. And yet he would not so much as let me touch the tips of her fingers."

"SIR HENRY SUDDENLY DREW MISS STAPLETON TO HIS SIDE."

"Did he say so?"

"That, and a deal more. I tell you, Watson, I've only known her these few weeks, but from the first I just felt that she was made for me, and she, too—she was happy when she was with me, and that I'll swear. There's a light in a woman's eyes that speaks louder than words. But he has never let us get together, and it was only to-day for the first time that I saw a chance of having a few words with her alone. She was glad to meet me, but when she did it was not love that she would talk about, and she wouldn't have let me talk about it either if she could have stopped it. She kept coming back to it that this was a place of danger, and that she would never be happy until I had left it. I told her that since I had seen her I was in no hurry to leave it, and that if she really wanted me to go the only way to work it was for her to arrange to go with me. With that I offered in as many words to marry her, but before she could answer down came this brother of hers, running at us with a face on him like a madman. He was just white with rage, and those light eyes of his were blazing with fury. What was I doing with the lady? How dared I offer her attentions which were distasteful to her? Did I think that because I was a baronet I could do what I liked? If he had not been her brother I should have known better how to answer him. As it was I told him that my feelings towards his sister were such as I was not ashamed of, and that I hoped that she might honour me by becoming my wife. That seemed to make the matter no better, so then I lost my temper too, and I answered him rather more hotly than I should perhaps, considering that she was standing by. So it ended by his going off with her, as you saw, and here am I as badly puzzled a man as any in this county. Just tell me what it all means, Watson, and I'll owe you more than ever I can hope to pay."

I tried one or two explanations, but, indeed, I was completely puzzled myself. Our friend's title, his fortune, his age, his character, and his appearance are all in his favour, and I know nothing against him, unless it be this dark fate which runs in his family. That his advances should be rejected so brusquely without any reference to the lady's own wishes, and that the lady should accept the situation without protest, is very amazing. However, our conjectures were set at rest by a visit from Stapleton himself that very afternoon. He had come to offer apologies for his rudeness of the morning, and after a long private interview with Sir Henry in his study the upshot of their conversation was that the breach is quite healed, and that we are to dine at Merripit House next Friday as a sign of it.

"I don't say now that he isn't a crazy man," said Sir Henry; "I can't forget the look in his eyes when he ran at me this morning, but I must allow that no man could make a more handsome apology than he has done."

"Did he give any explanation of his conduct?"

"His sister is everything in his life, he says. That is natural enough, and I am glad that he should understand her value. They have always been together, and according to his account he has been a very lonely man with only her as a companion, so that the thought of losing her was really terrible to him. He had not understood, he said, that I was becoming attached to her, but when he saw with his own eyes that it was really so, and that she might be taken away from him, it gave him such a shock that for a time he was not responsible for what he said or did. He was very sorry for all that had passed, and he recognised how foolish and how selfish it was that he should imagine that he could hold a beautiful woman like his sister to himself for her whole life. If she had to leave him he had rather it was to a neighbour like myself than to anyone else. But in any case it was a blow to him, and it would take him some time before he could prepare himself to meet it. He would withdraw all opposition upon his part if I would promise for three months to let the matter rest and to be content with cultivating the lady's friendship during that time without claiming her love. This I promised, and so the matter rests."

So there is one of our small mysteries cleared up. It is something to have touched bottom anywhere in this bog in which we are floundering. We know now why Stapleton looked with disfavour upon his sister's suitor—even when that suitor was so eligible a one as Sir Henry. And now I pass on to another thread which I have extricated out of the tangled skein, the mystery of the sobs in the night, of the tear-stained face of Mrs. Barrymore, of the secret journey of the butler to the western lattice window. Congratulate me, my dear Holmes, and tell me that I have not disappointed you as an agent—that you do not regret the confidence which you showed in me when you sent me down. All these things have by one night's work been thoroughly cleared.

I have said "by one night's work," but, in truth, it was by two nights' work, for on the first we drew entirely blank. I sat up with Sir Henry in his room until nearly three o'clock in the morning, but no sound of any sort did we hear except the chiming clock upon the stairs. It was a most melancholy vigil, and ended by each of us falling asleep in our chairs. Fortunately we were not discouraged, and we determined to try again. The next night we lowered the lamp and sat smoking cigarettes, without making the least sound. It was incredible how slowly the hours crawled by, and yet we were helped through it by the same sort of patient interest which the hunter must feel as he watches the trap into which he hopes the game may wander. One struck, and two, and we had almost for the second time given it up in despair, when in an instant we both sat bolt upright in our chairs, with all our weary senses keenly on the alert once more. We had heard the creak of a step in the passage.

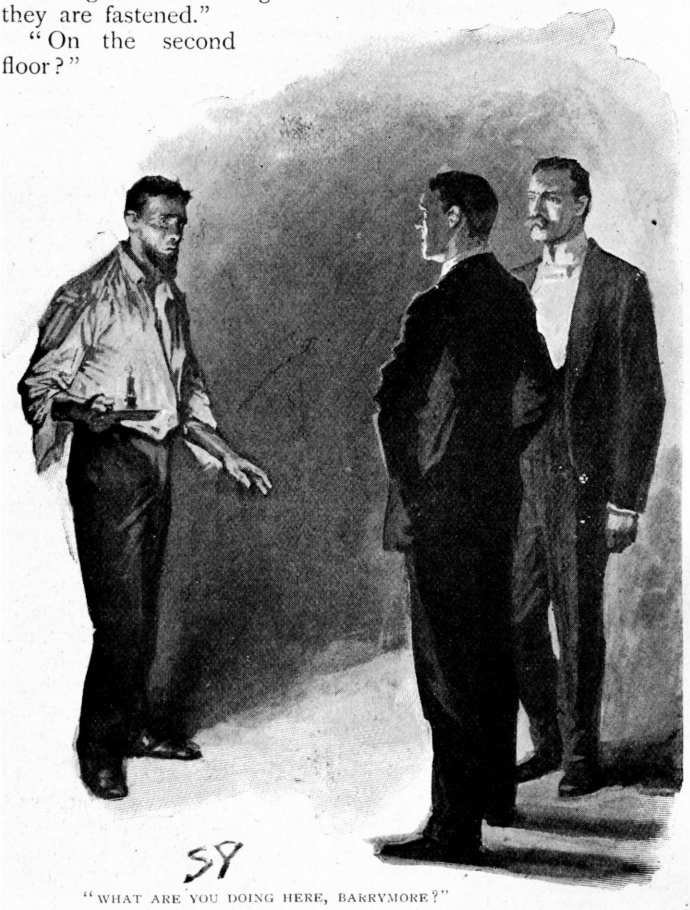
Very stealthily we heard it pass along until it died away in the distance. Then the baronet gently opened his door and we set out in pursuit. Already our man had gone round the gallery, and the corridor was all in darkness. Softly we stole along until we had come into the other wing. We were just in time to catch a glimpse of the tall, black-bearded figure, his shoulders rounded, as he tip-toed down the passage. Then he passed through the same door as before, and the light of the candle framed it in the darkness and shot one single yellow beam across the gloom of the corridor. We shuffled cautiously towards it, trying every plank before we dared to put our whole weight upon it. We had taken the precaution of leaving our boots behind us, but, even so, the old boards snapped and creaked beneath our tread. Sometimes it seemed impossible that he should fail to hear our approach. However, the man is fortunately rather deaf, and he was entirely preoccupied in that which he was doing. When at last we reached the door and peeped through we found him crouching at the window, candle in hand, his white, intent face pressed against the pane, exactly as I had seen him two nights before.

We had arranged no plan of campaign, but the baronet is a man to whom the most direct way is always the most natural. He walked into the room, and as he did so Barrymore sprang up from the window with a sharp hiss of his breath, and stood, livid and trembling, before us. His dark eyes, glaring out of the white mask of his face, were full of horror and astonishment as he gazed from Sir Henry to me.

"What are you doing here, Barrymore?"

"Nothing, sir." His agitation was so great that he could hardly speak, and the shadows sprang up and down from the shaking of his candle. "It was the window, sir. I go round at night to see that they are fastened."

"On the second floor?"



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, BARRYMORE?"

"Yes, sir, all the windows."

"Look here, Barrymore," said Sir Henry, sternly; "we have made up our minds to have the truth out of you, so it will save you trouble to tell it sooner rather than later. Come, now! No lies! What were you doing at that window?"

The fellow looked at us in a helpless way, and he wrung his hands together like one who is in the last extremity of doubt and misery.

"I was doing no harm, sir. I was holding a candle to the window."

"And why were you holding a candle to the window?"

"Don't ask me, Sir Henry—don't ask me! I give you my word, sir, that it is not my secret, and that I cannot tell it. If it concerned no one but myself I would not try to keep it from you."

A sudden idea occurred to me, and I took the candle from the window-sill, where the butler had placed it.

"He must have been holding it as a signal," said I. "Let us see if there is any answer." I held it as he had done, and stared out into the darkness of the night. Vaguely I could discern the black bank of the trees and the lighter expanse of the moor, for the moon was behind the clouds. And then I gave a cry of exultation, for a tiny pin-point of yellow light had suddenly transfixed the dark veil, and glowed steadily in the centre of the black square framed by the window.

"There it is!" I cried.

"No, no, sir, it is nothing — nothing at all!" the butler broke in; "I assure you, sir——"

"Move your light across the window, Watson!" cried the baronet. "See, the other moves also! Now, you rascal, do you deny that it is a signal? Come, speak up! Who is your confederate out yonder, and what is this conspiracy that is going on?"

The man's face became openly defiant.

"It is my business, and not yours. I will not tell."

"Then you leave my employment right away."

"Very good, sir. If I must I must."

"And you go in disgrace. By thunder, you may well be ashamed of yourself. Your family has lived with mine for over a hundred years under this roof, and here I find you deep in some dark plot against me."

"No, no, sir; no, not against you!" It was a woman's voice, and Mrs. Barrymore, paler and more horror-struck than her husband, was standing at the door. Her bulky figure in a shawl and skirt might have been comic were it not for the intensity of feeling upon her face.

"We have to go, Eliza. This is the end of it. You can pack our things," said the butler.

"Oh, John, John, have I brought you to this? It is my doing, Sir Henry—all mine. He has done nothing except for my sake, and because I asked him."

"Speak out, then! What does it mean?"

"My unhappy brother is starving on the moor. We cannot let him perish at our very gates. The light is a signal to him that food is ready for him, and his light out yonder is to show the spot to which to bring it."

"Then your brother is——"

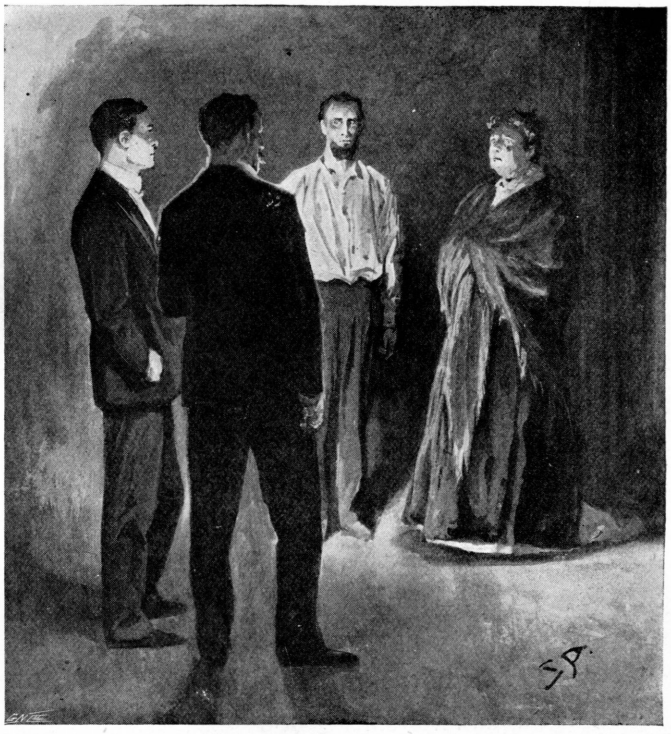
"The escaped convict, sir—Selden, the criminal."

"That's the truth, sir," said Barrymore. "I said that it was not my secret and that I could not tell it to you. But now you have heard it, and you will see that if there was a plot it was not against you."

This, then, was the explanation of the stealthy expeditions at night and the light at the window. Sir Henry and I both stared at the woman in amazement. Was it possible that this stolidly respectable person was of the same blood as one of the most notorious criminals in the country?

"Yes, sir, my name was Selden, and he is my younger brother. We humoured him too much when he was a lad, and gave him his own way in everything until he came to think that the world was made for his pleasure, and that he could do what he liked in it. Then, as he grew older, he met wicked companions, and the devil entered into him until he broke my mother's heart and dragged our name in the dirt. From crime to crime he sank lower and lower, until it is only the mercy of God which has snatched him from the scaffold; but to me, sir, he was always the little curly-headed boy that I had nursed and played with, as an elder sister would. That was why he broke prison, sir. He knew that I was here and that we could not refuse to help him. When he dragged himself here one night, weary and starving, with the warders hard at his heels, what could we do? We took him in and fed him and cared for him. Then you returned, sir, and my brother thought he would be safer on the moor than anywhere else until the hue and cry was over, so he lay in hiding there. But every second night we made sure if he was still there by putting a light in the window, and if there was an answer my husband took out some bread and meat to him. Every day we hoped that he was gone, but as long as he was there we could not desert him. That is the whole truth, as I am an honest Christian woman, and you will see that if there is blame in the matter it does not lie with my husband, but with me, for whose sake he has done all that he has."

The woman's words came with an intense earnestness which carried conviction with them.



"THE ESCAPED CONVICT, SIR."

"Is this true, Barrymore?"

"Yes, Sir Henry. Every word of it."

"Well, I cannot blame you for standing by your own wife. Forget what I have said. Go to your room, you two, and we shall talk further about this matter in the morning."

When they were gone we looked out of the window again. Sir Henry had flung it open, and the cold night wind beat in upon our faces. Far away in the black distance there still glowed that one tiny point of yellow light.

"I wonder he dares," said Sir Henry.

"It may be so placed as to be only visible from here."

"Very likely. How far do you think it is?"

"Out by the Cleft Tor, I think."

"Not more than a mile or two off."

"Hardly that."

"Well, it cannot be far if Barrymore had to carry out the food to it. And he is waiting, this villain, beside that candle. By thunder, Watson, I am going out to take that man!"

The same thought had crossed my own mind. It was not as if the Barrymores had taken us into their confidence. Their secret had been forced from them. The man was a danger to the community, an unmitigated scoundrel for whom there was neither pity nor excuse. We were only doing our duty in taking this chance of putting him back where he could do no harm. With his brutal and violent nature, others would have to pay the price if we held our hands. Any night, for example, our neighbours the Stapletons might be attacked by him, and it may have been the thought of this which made Sir Henry so keen upon the adventure.

"I will come," said I.

"Then get your revolver and put on your boots. The sooner we start the better, as the fellow may put out his light and be off."

In five minutes we were outside the door, starting upon our expedition. We hurried through the dark shrubbery, amid the dull moaning of the autumn wind and the rustle of the falling leaves. The night air was heavy with the smell of damp and decay. Now and again the moon peeped out for an instant, but clouds were driving over the face of the sky, and just as we came out on the moor a thin rain began to fall. The light still burned steadily in front.

"Are you armed?" I asked.

"I have a hunting-crop."

"We must close in on him rapidly, for he is said to be a desperate fellow. We shall take him by surprise and have him at our mercy before he can resist."

"I say, Watson," said the baronet, "what would Holmes say to this? How about that hour of darkness in which the power of evil is exalted?"

As if in answer to his words there rose suddenly out of the vast gloom of the moor that strange cry which I had already heard upon the borders of the great Grimpen Mire. It came with the wind through the silence of the night, a long, deep mutter, then a rising howl, and then the sad moan in which it died away. Again and again it sounded, the whole air throbbing with it, strident, wild, and menacing. The baronet caught my sleeve and his face glimmered white through the darkness.

"Good heavens, what's that, Watson?"

"I don't know. It's a sound they have on the moor. I heard it once before."

It died away, and an absolute silence closed in upon us. We stood straining our ears, but nothing came.

"Watson," said the baronet, "it was the cry of a hound."

My blood ran cold in my veins, for there was a break in his voice which told of the sudden horror which had seized him.

"What do they call this sound?" he asked.

"Who?"

"The folk on the country-side."

"Oh, they are ignorant people. Why should you mind what they call it?"

"Tell me, Watson. What do they say of it?"

I hesitated, but could not escape the question.

"They say it is the cry of the Hound of the Baskervilles."

He groaned, and was silent for a few moments.

"A hound it was," he said, at last, "but it seemed to come from miles away, over yonder, I think."

"It was hard to say whence it came."

"It rose and fell with the wind. Isn't that the direction of the great Grimpen Mire?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well, it was up there. Come now, Watson, didn't you think yourself that it was the cry of a hound? I am not a child. You need not fear to speak the truth."

"Stapleton was with me when I heard it last. He said that it might be the calling of a strange bird."

"No, no, it was a hound. My God, can there be some truth in all these stories? Is

it possible that I am really in danger from so dark a cause? You don't believe it, do you, Watson?"

"No, no."

"And yet it was one thing to laugh about it in London, and it is another to stand out here in the darkness of the moor and to hear such a cry as that. And my uncle! There was the footprint of the hound beside him as he lay. It all fits together. I don't think that I am a coward, Watson, but that sound seemed to freeze my very blood. Feel my hand!"

It was as cold as a block of marble.

"You'll be all right to-morrow."

"I don't think I'll get that cry out of my head. What do you advise that we do now?"

"Shall we turn back?"

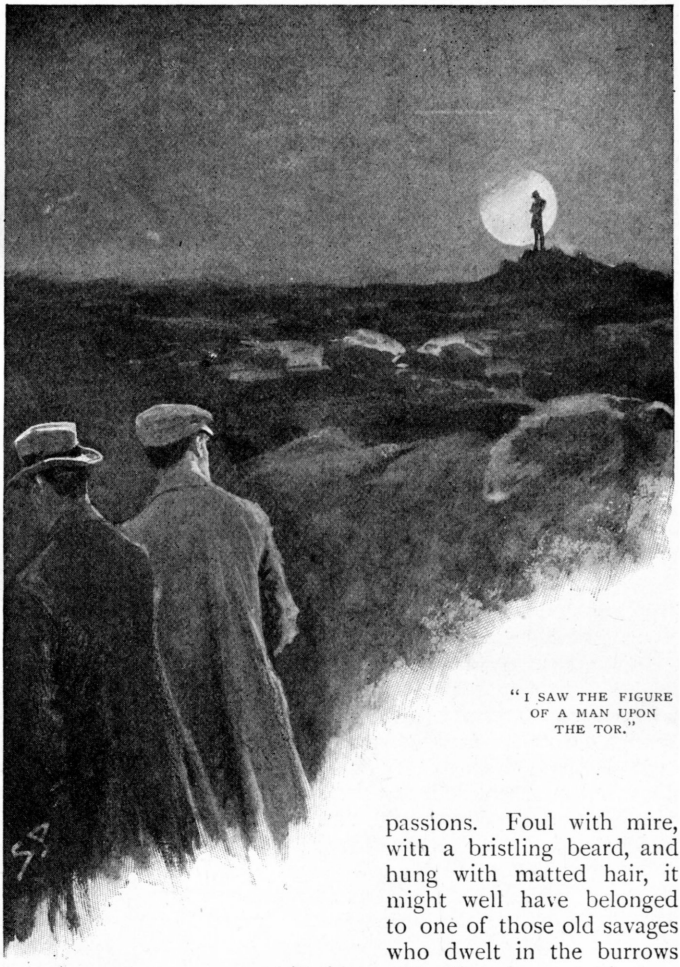
"No, by thunder; we have come out to get our man, and we will do it. We are after the convict, and a hell-hound, as likely as not, after us. Come on! We'll see it through if all the fiends of the pit were loose upon the moor."

We stumbled slowly along in the darkness, with the black loom of the craggy hills around us, and the yellow speck of light burning steadily in front. There is nothing so deceptive as the distance of a light upon a pitch-dark night, and sometimes the glimmer seemed to be far away upon the horizon and sometimes it might have been within a few yards of us. But at last we could see whence it came, and then we knew that we were indeed very close. A guttering candle was stuck in a crevice of the rocks which flanked it on each side so as to keep the wind from it, and also to prevent it from being visible, save in the direction of Baskerville Hall. A boulder of granite concealed our approach, and crouching behind it we gazed over it at the signal light. It was strange to see this single candle burning there in the middle of the moor, with no sign of life near it—just the one straight yellow flame and the gleam of the rock on each side of it.

"What shall we do now?" whispered Sir Henry.

"Wait here. He must be near his light. Let us see if we can get a glimpse of him."

The words were hardly out of my mouth when we both saw him. Over the rocks, in the crevice of which the candle burned, there was thrust out an evil yellow face, a terrible animal face, all seamed and scored with vile passions. Foul with mire, with a bristling beard, and hung with matted hair, it might well have belonged to one of those old savages who dwelt in the burrows on the hill-sides. The light beneath him was reflected in his small, cunning eyes, which peered fiercely to right and left through the darkness, like a crafty and savage animal who has heard the steps of the hunters.



"I SAW THE FIGURE OF A MAN UPON THE TOR."

Something had evidently aroused his sus-

picions. It may have been that Barrymore had some private signal which we had neglected to give, or the fellow may have had some other reason for thinking that all was not well, but I could read his fears upon his wicked face. Any instant he might dash out the light and vanish in the darkness. I sprang forward therefore, and Sir Henry did the same. At the same moment the convict screamed out a curse at us and hurled a rock which splintered up against the boulder which had sheltered us. I caught one glimpse of his short, squat, strongly-built figure as he sprang to his feet and turned to run. At the same moment by a lucky chance the moon broke through the clouds. We rushed over the brow of the hill, and there was our man running with great speed down the other side, springing over the stones in his way with the activity of a mountain goat. A lucky long shot of my revolver might have crippled him, but I had brought it only to defend myself if attacked, and not to shoot an unarmed man who was running away.

We were both fair runners and in good condition, but we soon found that we had no chance of overtaking him. We saw him for a long time in the moonlight until he was only a small speck moving swiftly among the boulders upon the side of a distant hill. We ran and ran until we were completely blown, but the space between us grew ever wider. Finally we stopped and sat panting on two rocks, while we watched him disappearing in the distance.

And it was at this moment that there occurred a most strange and unexpected thing. We had risen from our rocks and were turning to go home, having abandoned the hopeless chase. The moon was low upon the right, and the jagged pinnacle of a granite tor stood up against the lower curve of its silver disc. There, outlined as black as an ebony statue on that shining background, I saw the figure of a man upon the tor. Do not think that it was a delusion, Holmes. I assure you that I have never in my life seen anything more clearly. As far as I could judge, the figure was that of a tall, thin man. He stood with his legs a little separated, his arms folded, his head bowed, as if he were brooding over that enormous wilderness of peat and granite which lay before him. He might have been the very spirit of that terrible place. It was not the convict. This man was far from the place where the latter had disappeared. Besides, he was a much taller man. With a cry of surprise I pointed him out to the baronet, but in the instant during which I had turned to grasp his arm the man was gone. There was the sharp pinnacle of granite still cutting the lower edge of the moon, but its peak bore no trace of that silent and motionless figure.

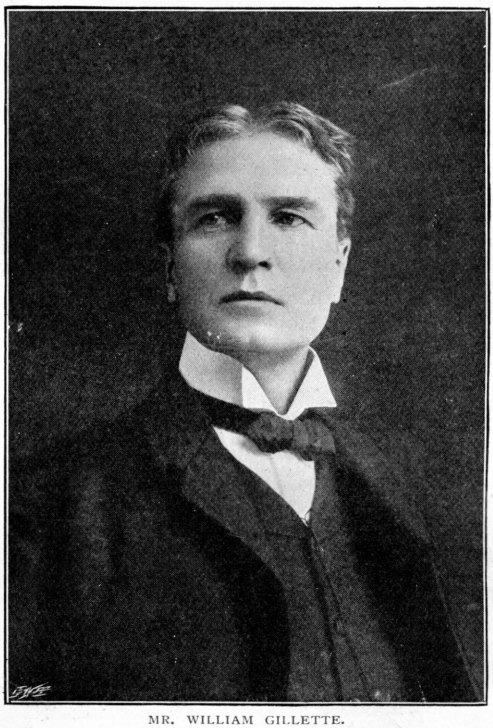
I wished to go in that direction and to search the tor, but it was some distance away. The baronet's nerves were still quivering from that cry, which recalled the dark story of his family, and he was not in the mood for fresh adventures. He had not seen this lonely man upon the tor and could not feel the thrill which his strange presence and his commanding attitude had given to me. "A warder, no doubt," said he. "The moor has been thick with them since this fellow escaped." Well, perhaps his explanation may be the right one, but I should like to have some further proof of it. To-day we mean to communicate to the Princetown people where they should look for their missing man, but it is hard lines that we have not actually had the triumph of bringing him back as our own prisoner. Such are the adventures of last night, and you must acknowledge, my dear Holmes, that I have done you very well in the matter of a report. Much of what I tell you is no doubt quite irrelevant, but still I feel that it is best that I should let you have all the facts and leave you to select for yourself those which will be of most service to you in helping you to your conclusions. We are certainly making some progress. So far as the Barrymores go we have found the motive of their actions, and that has cleared up the situation very much. But the moor with its mysteries and its strange inhabitants remains as inscrutable as ever. Perhaps in my next I may be able to throw some light upon this also. Best of all would it be if if you could come down to us.

(To be continued.)

Mr. William Gillette as Sherlock Holmes.

By Harold J. Shepstone.

IT was in the manager's room at the Lyceum Theatre that I first had the pleasure of meeting the famous stage detective, Mr. William Gillette. I have seen him since, both on and off the stage, and have had many pleasant little chats with him. His tall, alert figure, clear-cut features, deep-set eyes, and cool bearing make him an interesting and at the same time a decidedly mysterious personality; interesting because of his individuality and mysterious because of his wonderful versatility. As a stage detective he is a marvel of vividness, of directness, of economy of effort, of dramatic force, of perfect self-poise, of instant command of resources, of unescapable convictions.



MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE.
From a Photo. by Sarony, New York.

But it is of Gillette the man that I wish to speak first. His individuality is remarkable. His very presence impresses you; his manner, his actions, and movements bespeak a personality that is no mere surface cloak that can be removed and explained at leisure. It is an individuality that is bred in the bone; it is a part of the fibre of character and completely beyond analysis. You can tell what a person is, but you cannot say why he is. Forcible and striking as Mr. Gillette's individuality undoubtedly is, he possesses a wonderful versatility in character delineation — a strange and inexplicable histrionic quality that enables him constantly to maintain an insistent, strikingly unique and seemingly fixed personality, and at the same time project an impersonation that is unmistakably individualized. Were it otherwise, Gillette the actor would not have impersonated Dr. Conan Doyle's wonderful creation with such marvellous success.

His tall, slender figure and natural composure enable him to incarnate with astonishing faithfulness the Sherlock Holmes of fiction. Indeed, this personal likeness to the great literary hero has led to some curious incidents. When Mr. Gillette arrived on the *Celtic* in Liverpool, in August last, Mr. Pendleton, of the London and North-Western Railway, had a letter to deliver to him. He went on board and asked one of the passengers if he knew Mr. Gillette. The man replied:—

"Do you know Sherlock Holmes?"

The visitor was rather taken back, and said: "I have read the stories in The Strand Magazine."

"That's all you need know," said the passenger. "Just look around till you see a man who fits your idea of what Sherlock Holmes ought to be, and that's he."

Mr. Pendleton went away, with a laugh. As he was going up the companion-way he collided with a gentleman, and as he looked up to apologize the passenger's advice occurred to him, and he said, "Are you Mr. Gillette?"

"I was, before you ran into me," was the reply.

"Here's a letter for you."

Although Mr. Gillette has been before the public as a popular and successful actor for many years, few know anything of his private life. Even his most intimate friends would never dream of asking him. Extremely modest and unassuming, Mr. Gillette abhors talking of himself.

Those who knew him as a boy describe him as "a precocious youth fond of spouting Webster's speeches." He gave early evidence of theatrical inclinations, and at the age of ten astonished his family by constructing a miniature theatre, fitted with grooves, scenery, foot and border lights, the puppets of which were worked from above with black thread. The next step came a year later, when the juvenile stage-manager organized in the garret a complete high-class stock company. From the attic it descended to the drawing-room, which became an extemporized temple of the drama, to the dubious edification of the Gillette household.

One of Master Gillette's playfellows was Professor Burton, who has very kindly recollections of the pleasant evenings he passed as a boy with his young friend. "When I played as a boy with Gillette," he said, "in Hartford, he was just enough the elder to make patronage and bullying the order, but he never exercised those juvenile rights, and it was typical of him, lad and man. In school his tastes were for science, oratory, and history. When he came on the platform, at the Hartford High School, to deliver a graduation oration, the applause plainly bespoke his popularity amongst his school-fellows." Throughout his teens he still kept up his determination to know all that he could about stagecraft. When he first walked across the boards he investigated everything connected with the stage and its mechanical operations.

To follow Mr. Gillette's career is unnecessary here, interesting as it undoubtedly is. In 1875, when only eighteen years of age, we find him playing minor rôles; while only six years later, to be exact, in 1881, he was playing in his own dramas. It was at New Orleans that he first made his appearance on the stage. It was during one of his long vacations, for he is a graduate of Yale College. Anxious to obtain actual stage experience he joined a stock company in the famous cotton city, giving his services free and furnishing his own wardrobe. One night he made a decided hit in the part which he played, and next morning sought the manager and hinted that a small salary would be appreciated. The manager evidently thought otherwise, for he there and then dismissed him. Such an action was sufficient to discourage any ambitious youth, but young Gillette was by no means despondent. Indeed, he spent the remainder of his vacation in studying characters for the stage in a decidedly curious way. Desiring to make some special studies among those who imagined themselves ill, he hung out a doctor's sign in a small Ohio town. In a short time he had many patients. Everything went on satisfactorily for some weeks, when the authorities, doubting his being old enough to have a diploma, asked to see that necessary document, whereupon he had to confess. He convinced the officials, however, that he had wrought some wondrous cures with very simple means, and was allowed to depart.

It was in 1875 that Mr. Gillette made his first appearance on the stage as Guzman, in "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," at the Globe Theatre, Boston. His theatrical godfather was Mark Twain, who was a great friend of his father. Through the humorist's influence he obtained a position in the Boston Stock Company, which, at that time, was one of the most famous companies in America. Mark Twain has declared that he did not think Mr. Gillette was serious, and that when he got him his position he really thought he was having a huge joke with the management. "I do not know," said Mark Twain, "which I like best—having Gillette make a tremendous success, or seeing one of my jokes go wrong. It is the only joke I ever perpetrated that so completely miscarried."

How "Sherlock Holmes" came to be written for the stage is an interesting story. Curiously enough, it was not at the suggestion of Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. William Gillette, or Mr. Charles Frohman, who is Mr. Gillette's manager, but through the inventive genius of an American reporter. This enterprising individual wrote a paragraph to the effect that Conan Doyle had stated that should anyone ever dramatize Sherlock Holmes it would be William Gillette. The doctor had said nothing of the kind, and at that time had not even met Mr. Gillette or had any correspondence with him. Mr. Charles Frohman came across the paragraph, which was printed in an obscure newspaper, published in the Western States of America, while he was in London. He cut it out and showed it to Mr. Gillette.

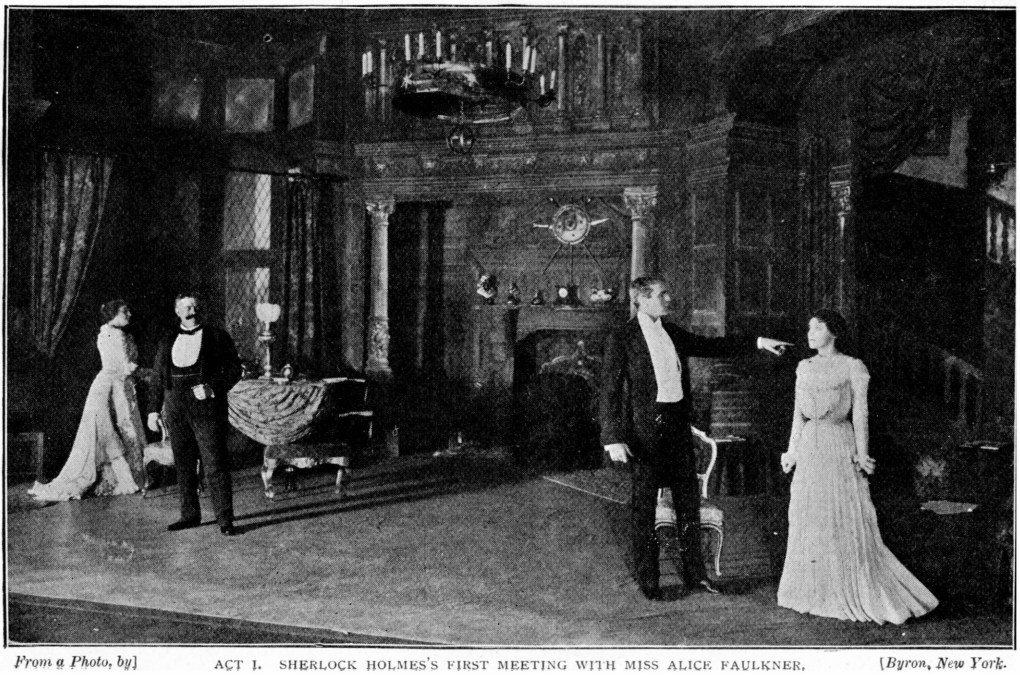
To tell the honest truth, Mr. Gillette smiled as he read it. Up to that moment he had voted the stories as almost too impossible for dramatization, and he laughed at the idea of his ever appearing on the stage as the great detective of fiction. He went so far as to suggest to Mr. Frohman, however, that it might probably be a good

thing to secure the title of "Sherlock Holmes" for dramatic use, and on this suggestion Mr. Frohman negotiated with the doctor on a royalty basis for the use of the name, regardless of what it might be put to in the future. There the matter ended until two years ago, when Mr. Frohman wrote to Mr. Gillette, who was then on his farewell tour in "Secret Service" in California, asking him to prepare a stage version of the hero detective.

The first thing Mr. Gillette did was to write to Dr. Conan Doyle asking to what extent he might take liberties, if he so desired, with the literary character. The actor speaks in the highest praise of the courteous communications he received from the doctor, who said that he might marry the detective, or murder him, or do anything he pleased with him, preferring to leave a stage detective entirely in the hands of a master actor. Before commencing his task Mr. Gillette made himself thoroughly acquainted with the stories. In four weeks the play was finished, and as Mr. Frohman had given him six weeks' leave of absence from the cast of "Secret Service" for the task, he went to San Francisco to spend the remaining two at his ease.

Here an accident occurred which would spell discouragement to any man not possessed of Mr. Gillette's forceful and resourceful nature. The manuscript was in the possession of his secretary, who was staying at the Baldwin Hotel. As many may remember, this hotel, which adjoins the theatre, was burned and many lives were lost. There was no time to save anything, and the secretary barely escaped with his life, leaving the manuscript in the burning building. The moment he realized what had happened he rushed to the Palace Hotel, where Mr. Gillette was stopping. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when he gained admission to the playwright's apartments and excitedly told him that the result of their hard work was in ashes. The great stage detective looked up from his pillows in his quiet way and characteristically asked: "Is *this* hotel on fire?" "No, indeed!" said the secretary. "Well, come and tell me all about it in the morning," responded the actor.

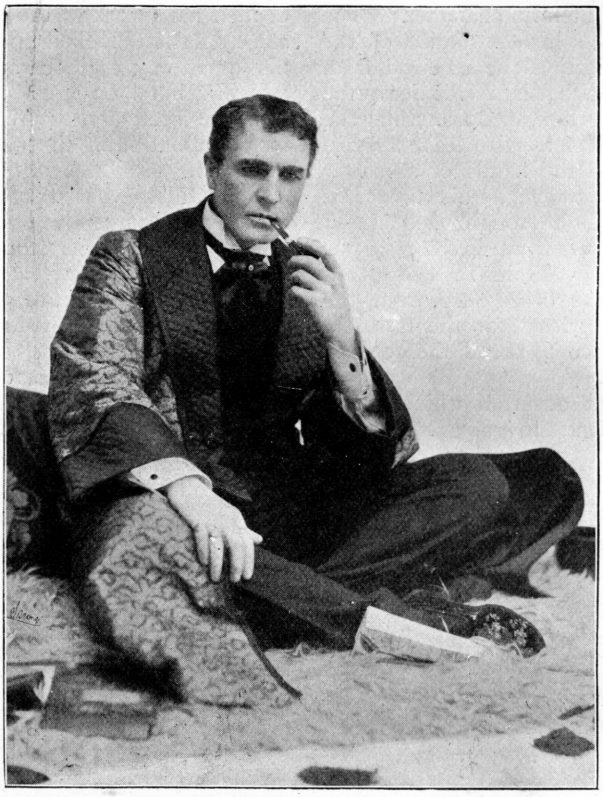
Mr. Gillette has not written "Sherlock Holmes" by merely stringing together a number of incidents from the adventurous career of the detective. It is an original play, in the title-rôle of which Mr. Gillette has adopted the methods of Conan Doyle's world-famous creation. It is nothing less than an interesting episode in the career of the great detective, wonderfully conceived and cleverly acted. In the space of three and a half hours' acting, with some 10,000



From a Photo, by] ACT I. SHERLOCK HOLMES'S FIRST MEETING WITH MISS ALICE FAULKNER. *[Byron, New York.*

words, Mr. Gillette and his company present an adventure of the indomitable Sherlock Holmes that would require at least 80,000 words in cold type to relate.

The opening scene of the play is in the house of the Larrabees, a pair of unscrupulous adventurers, who are living under the name of Chetwood, and have in their charge Alice Faulkner, whom they have managed to put under an obligation, and who is, practically, a prisoner in their house. It soon transpires in the preliminary dialogue that these Larrabees know that Alice Faulkner has in her possession certain papers, letters, and photographs which compromise a certain exalted foreign personage. These papers came into Miss Faulkner's possession at the death of a sister, who had been betrayed by her titled lover and died in grief and shame. While pretending to befriend Miss Faulkner from noble motives, the Larrabees are in reality trying to gain possession of the compromising documents for blackmailing purposes.



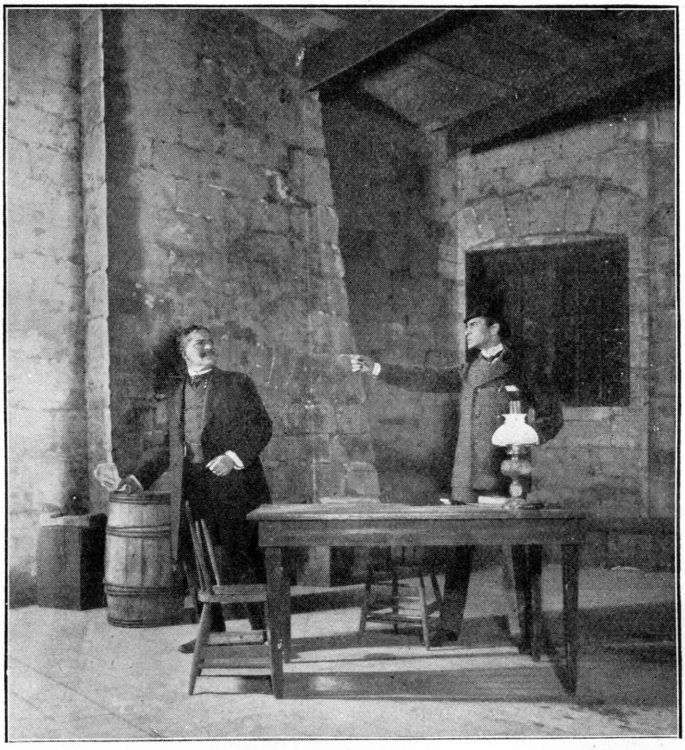
ACT II. SHERLOCK HOLMES IN HIS ROOMS AT BAKER STREET.
From a Photo. by Sarony, New York.

Sherlock Holmes, the detective, having been commissioned by the nobleman to secure these papers which the exalted personage desires earnestly to have, as he contemplates marriage, succeeds in placing in the house of the Larrabees as butler one of his agents, through whom he learns all that goes on there. The detective calls at the house and, at his request to see Miss Faulkner, Mrs. Larrabee comes down to impersonate her; but the deception will not do, and the detective insists upon seeing the real Alice Faulkner. When they meet he urges her to give up the papers and forego her desires for revenge. Finding her obdurate he gives the signal for a prearranged alarm of fire, and during the excitement the girl betrays the hiding-place of the papers and Holmes takes possession of them. Having got them, however, his first act is to return them to Miss Faulkner. His reason for doing this is not a sudden impulse of generosity, but it is because it is the best means of attaining his design. He cannot take her property against her will without actually breaking the law. If he can gain her confidence and put her under an obligation he may soften her bitterness and prevail upon her to voluntarily give up her plans of revenge.

The Larrabees now see that with Holmes on the case they are thoroughly incapable of coping alone with his superior ability, and they call to their aid Professor Moriarty, London's high caliph of crime, who has at his beck and call half of London's underworld, and who enters into the case with an enthusiasm born of his hatred of Holmes because the detective had, in the past, thwarted many of his plans. Moriarty calls on Holmes in his rooms in Baker Street with the avowed purpose of patching up a peace, but with the real purpose of taking the detective's life. Holmes is prepared for this, and having got the Professor at the point of his revolver, in a very clever scene, covers him until his boy, Billy, removes the criminal's revolver.

This development of the story brings the drama to the close of the second act, and the first scene of the third act shows Moriarty in his underground office, smarting under the

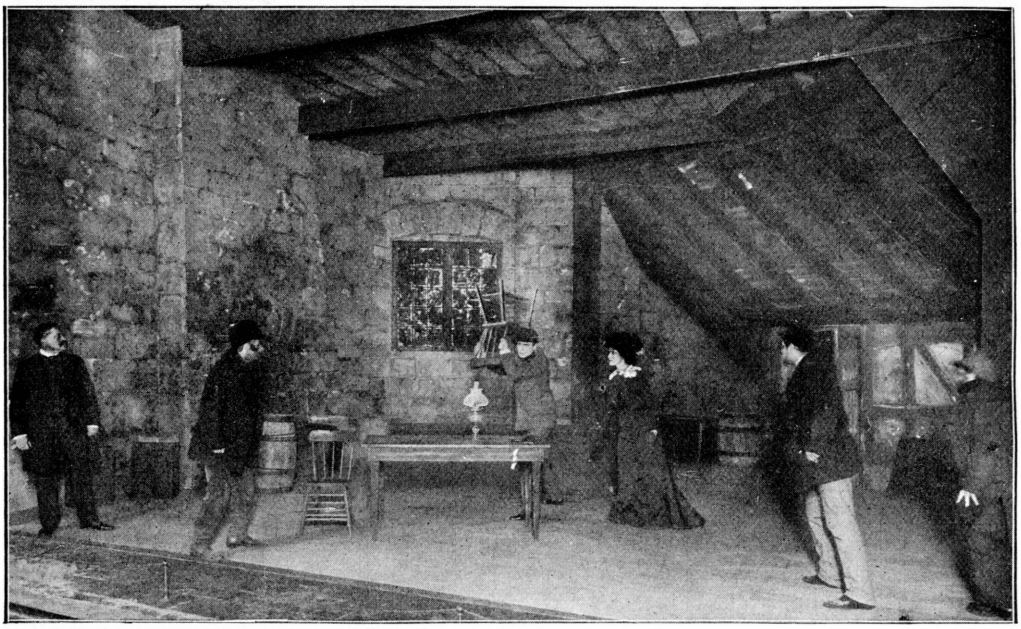
double irritation of having been frustrated and made ridiculous. In conjunction with the Larrabees, he lays a scheme to have the compromising papers counterfeited, and for the purpose of selling these counterfeits to Holmes they scheme to lure him to the gas-chamber in Stepney, where he is to be met by some of Moriarty's men, bound, gagged, and asphyxiated. In the meantime, Alice Faulkner has learned of the plot to murder him, makes her way to the rendezvous, and promises Larrabee that if he spares the detective's life she will give him the genuine papers. He promises, but when he learns the hiding-place of the precious papers binds and gags her and has her locked in a cupboard. At this point Holmes arrives. He knows the gas-chamber and he knows Larrabee's game, and for purposes of his own falls in with the latter, buys the counterfeit packet, and in doing so exposes a roll of bank-notes which Larrabee, believing that the detective is to be murdered, grabs and puts in his pocket. This is what Holmes has been waiting for. He now has something by which he can hold Larrabee, and this point marks where he abandons his method of acquiescence in all that his enemies propose and where he begins his aggressive warfare for the apprehending of the criminals. He denounces Larrabee, and Larrabee taunts him and declares that he has not a witness to prove his assertion that he has been robbed. Here Larrabee, like Moriarty, reckoned without his host, for Holmes knew that Alice Faulkner was in that gas-chamber, and he rescues and unbinds her.



ACT III. THE TURNING-POINT IN THE PLAY—HERE SHERLOCK HOLMES ACCUSES LARRABEE OF ROBBERY.
From a Photo. by] *[Byron, New York.*

Here comes one of the most thrilling episodes in the drama. In reply to Larrabee's whistle three ruffians come in for the purpose of carrying out the original plan laid by Moriarty, and inform Holmes that they propose to tie him to the top of the table, turn on the gas, and leave him. Here Holmes proves the old maxim that self-possession in the face of danger is half the battle won. He calmly puffs at his cigar, harasses the men by pretending to write descriptions of them for the police, and before they are aware of what he is doing picks up a chair and smashes the lamp. Instantly all is intense blackness, except for the glow of the detective's Havana, and the cry goes up, "Track him by the cigar." A crash of glass is heard, the glow is seen motionless, and Holmes's voice is heard telling the would-be murderers they will find the cigar in the crevice of the window, and the door, with its heavy bars, which had been carefully prepared to lock Holmes in, is slammed on the criminals and the tables are turned.

Meanwhile the great criminal has not been idle. He has burned down Holmes's house. He has laid many plans to capture him, and finally comes to Dr. Watson's office in the guise of a cabman, and here Holmes plays his trump card, and Moriarty is made a prisoner. Quickly following on this, the emissaries of the disreputable nobleman call by appointment to receive the papers from Holmes's hand. He gives them the counter-



ACT III. THE MOST THRILLING INCIDENT IN THE DRAMA—SHERLOCK HOLMES ESCAPES FROM THE STEPNEY GAS-CHAMBER BY SMASHING THE LAMP AND EVADING HIS WOULD-BE CAPTORS IN THE DARKNESS.
From a Photo. by Byron, New York.

feits which he has purchased. They discover that they are counterfeits and taunt him, but Holmes has been prepared for this. In an adjoining room Alice Faulkner waits, where she can hear, and she has with her the originals. When the emissaries threaten Holmes with prosecution for deceiving them Miss Faulkner hears and appears on the scene, and to save him offers them the papers they covet, not merely because of the esteem she has for the detective, but because she has learned the lesson taught by little Dan Cupid.

Then comes the last scene. Holmes tells the girl that he has won her admiration, nay, her love, to further his own selfish ends, of which he is ashamed, and that she is at liberty to go. Woman's wit is not so easily fooled, however, and Miss Faulkner tells the detective that she does not believe him, and that he is not the only one who can read things from small details. Just how it ends Mr. Gillette does not tell; the audiences are left to find that out themselves. But the picture which they carry away as they leave the theatre is the fair head of Miss Faulkner resting on the shoulder of the detective.

All through the play there are innumerable instances of the marvellous reasoning powers of the great detective. Even now, after the play has had a run of two years, Mr. Gillette receives an extraordinary number of letters asking him how Holmes knew this and that, and why he does certain things. But it is not difficult to see that there is not a part in the whole piece that is not absolutely reasonable, if you once admit that a man like Holmes, with an extraordinary faculty for observing details and reasoning quickly from them, exists, and they certainly do, as we have such men in real life, to a greater or less extent. Once admitting that, there is not an unreasonable or improbable speech or situation in the play. There is no time to explain, in every instance, exactly how Holmes arrives at his conclusions, but the explanation is there, and is as simple and easy as those that are shown.

When Mr. Gillette took the play to St. Louis, where the critical fraternity seems to be impressed with the idea that it is paid to kill off anything that is brought to that charming town, the following of Holmes's cigar in the dark was anathematized as unworthy of presentation on the American stage because of its absurdity. They finally sent the chief detective of St. Louis, undoubtedly one of the cleverest detectives in the United States, to see the piece and to tear it to pieces—particularly with reference to this cigar episode.

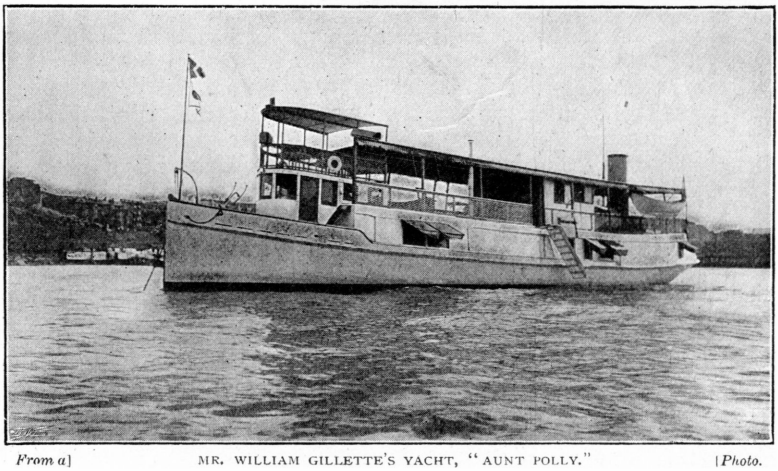
Next morning the officer wrote a lengthy description of the play, which appeared in the St. Louis *Star*, in which he said that the great

cigar-scene, at the end of the third act, where Holmes, after he has extinguished the light, put his cigar in a crevice by the window to fool his would-be captors while he makes his escape, so far from being impossible, as the critics there declared, had a parallel in his own experience. In speaking of the incident he says: "Holmes does a very neat trick in the Stepney gas-chamber scene, where, after smashing the lamp, he sticks his lighted cigar on the window-ledge. The thieves who have him trapped make a rush for the cigar, thinking thus to locate him. When a light is struck Holmes is going out of the door. To show how near fiction is to reality I will relate an actual experience in which a lighted cigar played a prominent part. During the big street-car strike some fifteen years ago, when I was a detective, we received a tip that the leader of the dynamiters, who were doing so much destruction, was in East St. Louis. I got a stool-pigeon, or snitch as they are called. He knew the fellow we suspected, and agreed to help us. This fellow, myself, and another detective went over to East St. Louis one miserable night, when the rain was coming down in torrents. The snitch told us that the leader and some of the gang were going to a house where the dynamite was stored. He was to go with the dynamiters, we to follow until we located the place. East St. Louis was not then what it is now. There were few pavements and no lights to speak of. So I made a plan by which we could keep our quarry in sight. I provided the snitch with half-a-dozen cigars and told him to keep one constantly lighted. Well, the snitch met the gang and they started out. We couldn't see a figure ten feet in front of us, so we followed the lighted cigar. All we could see, about two blocks ahead, was the little red point, the smoker holding the cigar turned backwards in his hand frequently so we would be sure not to miss it. When about to turn a corner he struck a match, as if to get a better light. In this way we followed our game for several miles through the slush and rain and darkness.

"When they reached the house our confederate lighted two matches. We knew what it meant. In a few minutes he came to the doorway and struck three matches in succession, which was the signal that all was ready for the arrest. We rushed in with levelled revolvers and made the gang throw up their arms. We landed them in the East St. Louis police-station, and searching the house found the dynamite stored away. So you see this little incident in the play had almost a parallel in actual experience."

What surprised the American critics most was the almost perfect personification of the literary hero. That is evidenced by comparing our photographs of the great actor with the well-known drawings of the literary detective by Mr. Sidney Paget. There is the tall, slender figure, the sallow, unhealthy face, and the eternal pipe or cigar. Mr. Gillette loves his smoke on the stage. Indeed, he seldom takes a part in a play where he cannot smoke. He is one of the very few actors who can portray different expressions and emotions in smoke. In "Sherlock Holmes" he is seen smoking a pipe, cigar, and cigarette, but they all serve some purpose.

Not a single item in the production of the famous play has escaped Mr. Gillette's personal attention, from the arrangement of the scenery to the smallest piece of furniture. The novel light effects, by which changes of scene and act are not effected by the familiar rising and descent of the curtain, but by a sort of photographic process, as if the shutter of a camera were opened and closed by the pressure of a button, deserve a passing refer-



From a] MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE'S YACHT, "AUNT POLLY." *[Photo.*

ence. Suddenly the whole theatre is plunged in darkness, and as suddenly the stage is illuminated, and, presto, the scene has entirely changed. The company have their own electric switch-board and carry their own foot and border lights; the former instrument weighs one ton. By it the electrician controls 300 incandescent lights. In the change of scenes some very rapid work is accomplished. In the second act, for instance, the change from the underground office to the apartment in Baker Street occupies some fifty seconds; yet every piece of furniture has to be removed, including the ceiling. I have witnessed some very quick changes on the stage, but never such a smart piece of work as this. With only a pilot light to guide them thirty-five men remove one scene and introduce another boasting of a number of pieces of furniture in the short space of forty-eight seconds. On inquiry I was told that at a theatre in New York the same scene was shifted in thirty-five seconds.

From a] THE CABIN ON THE "AUNT POLLY." *[Photo.*

Off the stage Mr. Gillette leads a very simple life. His dislike for society, with its affectations, makes him all the more interesting when one recalls the same point in the character of the detective of fiction. If Mr. Gillette has any recreation at all it is yachting. His yacht is as interesting as her owner. She is what the Americans call a yacht-houseboat, and rejoices in the name of *Aunt Polly*. He told the builders what he wanted and they supplied it. In her he has cruised up and down the American coast, for she is a perfectly seaworthy craft, and on the American rivers. The engine and the quarters for the crew are well aft, thus giving plenty of space for the cabins, bathrooms, and large saloon amidships and forward.

A visitor who went over the yacht last summer made one curious remark about her interior furnishings, namely, that it principally consisted of cushions. But the owner of the *Aunt Polly* believes in comfort, and this is apparent from our little photograph showing the fireplace and piano on board, and, incidentally, three or four of the cushions. The boat has an upper deck, and with her engine of 250 horse-power is capable of making a speed of ten knots an hour. She has a length of 140ft., a beam of 21ft., and a draught of 7½ft.

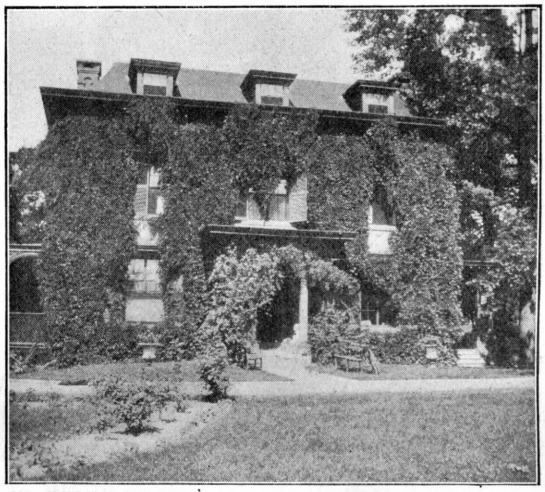
When not fulfilling engagements Mr. Gillette is either yachting or living a very lonely life in his bungalow in the South Carolina Mountains. This retreat of the playwright is at a place called The Thousand Pines, in the very heart of the "Great Smoky" range. His bungalow is deep in the woods, about two miles from the village of Tyron. Not a tree, twig, or leaf was disturbed more than was necessary for the laying of the foundation, and so careful is Mr. Gillette to make his approaches and departure by different ways that not even a path leads through the forest to the doorway. There it is, deep among the rhododendrons and honeysuckle, with the tall pines standing sentinel and the rugged sides of the great mountains hemming it off from the world. This is the spot that the living Sherlock Holmes has selected for his habitation after his contracts with theatrical managers have been fulfilled.

Mr. Gillette does not keep himself absolutely secluded in his bungalow; he often appears at the village in his long, light coat and rough cap, and there is no more approachable man than he at that time. Everyone in Tyron knows him and everyone loves him. Not as Gillette the famous actor and playwright, but as Gillette the man, the kind, good-natured, funny gentleman, who always has the right thing to say to the children, and gives everyone a word

that makes the day seem brighter just for his passing.

He will drop into a humble cottage and talk, not of the stage—for many of the people of Carolina have never seen a play, nor do they know what an actor is—but rather of their own affairs, their pleasures, and their troubles—their own little world in which they move and have their being. But there are few worlds in this world that Mr. Gillette does not know, and none that he cannot make brighter, and his visit to a cottage is never forgotten.

South Carolina is a curious retreat for a busy and successful dramatist to select. But, as in most things, there was a reason for such a choice. It was to regain his lost health after a very sad and painful event, and one which threatened to end his career, the death of his wife. At first he occupied a cottage adjoining the one in which Sidney Lanier, the famous poet-musician, lived just prior to his death. Tourists to Tyron are always welcomed at The Thousand Pines, for Mr. Gillette is the essence of courtesy.



MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE'S RESIDENCE AT HARTFORD, CONN., U.S.A.
From a Photo.

The following little story is an instance of this, and it serves also to illustrate his wonderful quickness in accepting a situation. It seems that a famous lady temperance lecturer was travelling in the district, and by some chance had stopped at Tyron, where she was being entertained by the president of the local temperance organization. Hearing of Mr. Gillette's retreat, she expressed a desire to visit it. Mr. Gillette was kindness itself in showing the lady and her companion about the house; the lounging room, with its great stone fireplace and natural shelves projecting from the rock; the kitchen, with its primitive utensils, and not even the privacy of his chamber was passed by. But, notwithstanding all this, at a moment when Mr. Gillette's back was turned the ladies endeavoured to open surreptitiously the door of a small cabinet which stood in the room. Mr. Gillette turned just in time; in a moment he was at their side; the door was opened and a bottle of whisky produced in one hand, with glasses in another. "Ah, ladies," he said, "I am so pleased to see that you will accept a little refreshment! Allow me!"

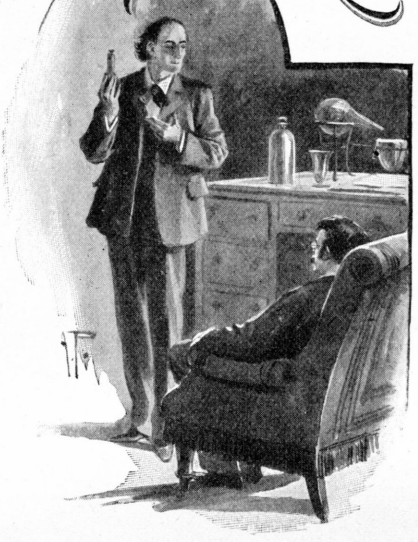
I could write much of Mr. Gillette's courteous and practical sympathy with his fellow-actors. Always ready to lend a helping hand to a struggling colleague and to relieve distress, he has gained the respect, nay love, of those who have come in contact with him. Ask those who have acted with him, year in and year out, of Gillette—the man—and you will hear many a touching little story of a great actor who has gone out of his way to render assistance to a less fortunate individual.

Mr. Gillette is a native of Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A. While appreciating the beauties and advantages of other countries, he nevertheless considers himself fortunate in having been born an American. Although he is over the average height, standing about 6ft. 1in., his grace and ease and utter carelessness of effect make him appear considerably less.

His father was a United States Senator, a relative of the late Henry Ward Beecher and of Harriet Beecher-Stowe, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Gillette has already played the part of Sherlock Holmes over 600 times. The play was first produced in New York, where it had a run of an entire season. It then went on tour for another theatrical season through the States. From the Lyceum it is expected to go back to New York, and from there to Australia, in which case "Sherlock Holmes" will have had an unprecedented run of over four years.

The New Accelerator.

By H. G. Wells.



CERTAINLY, if ever a man found a guinea when he was looking for a pin it is my good friend Professor Gibberne. I have heard before of investigators overshooting the mark, but never quite to the extent that he has done. He has really, this time at any rate, without any touch of exaggeration in the phrase, found something to revolutionize human life. And that, when he was simply seeking an all-round nervous stimulant to bring languid people up to the stresses of these pushful days. I have tasted the stuff now several times, and I cannot do better than describe the effect the thing had on me. That there are astonishing experiences in store for all in search of new sensations will become apparent enough.

Professor Gibberne, as many people know, is my neighbour in Folkestone. Unless my memory plays me a trick, his portrait at various ages has already appeared in The Strand Magazine—I think late in 1899; but I am unable to look it up because I have lent that volume to someone who has never sent it back. The reader may, perhaps, recall the high forehead and the singularly long black eyebrows that give such a Mephistophelian touch to his face. He occupies one of those pleasant little detached houses in the mixed style that make the western end of the Upper Sandgate Road so interesting. His is the one with the Flemish gables and the Moorish portico, and it is in the little room with the mullioned bay window that he works when he is down here, and in which of an evening we have so often smoked and talked together. He is a mighty jester, but, besides, he likes to talk to me about his work; he is one of those men who find a help and stimulus in talking, and so I have been able to follow the conception of the New Accelerator right up from a very early stage. Of course, the greater portion of his experimental work is not done in Folkestone, but in Gower Street, in the fine new laboratory next to the hospital that he has been the first to use.

As everyone knows, or at least as all intelligent people know, the special department in which Gibberne has gained so great and deserved a reputation among physiologists is the action of drugs upon the nervous system. Upon soporifics, sedatives, and anæsthetics he is, I am told, unequalled. He is also a chemist of considerable eminence, and I suppose in the subtle and complex jungle of riddles that centres about the ganglion cell and the axis fibre there are little cleared places of his making, little glades of illumination, that, until he sees fit to publish his results, are still inaccessible to every other living man. And in the last few years he has been particularly assiduous upon this question of nervous stimulants, and already, before the discovery of the New Accelerator, very successful with them. Medical science has to thank him for at least three distinct and absolutely safe invigorators of unrivalled value to practising men. In cases of exhaustion the preparation known as Gibberne's B Syrup has, I suppose, saved more lives already than any lifeboat round the coast.

"But none of these little things begin to satisfy me yet," he told me nearly a year ago. "Either they increase the central energy without affecting the nerves or they simply increase the available energy by lowering the nervous conductivity; and all of them are unequal and local in their operation. One wakes up the heart and viscera and leaves the brain stupefied, one gets at the brain champagne fashion and does nothing good for the solar plexus, and what I want—and what, if it's an earthly possibility, I mean to have—is a stimulant that stimulates all round, that wakes you up for a time from the crown of your head to the tip of your great toe, and makes you go two—or even three to everybody else's one. Eh? That's the thing I'm after."

"It would tire a man," I said.

"Not a doubt of it. And you'd eat double or treble—and all that. But just think what the thing would mean. Imagine yourself with a little phial like this"—he held up a little bottle of green glass and marked his points with it—"and in this precious phial is the power to think twice as fast, move twice as quickly, do twice as much work in a given time as you could otherwise do."

"But is such a thing possible?"

"I believe so. If it isn't, I've wasted my time for a year. These various preparations of the hypophosphites, for example, seem to show that something of the sort. . . . Even if it was only one and a half times as fast it would do."

"It *would* do," I said.

"If you were a statesman in a corner, for example, time rushing up against you, something urgent to be done, eh?"

"He could dose his private secretary," I said.

"And gain — double time. And think if *you*, for example, wanted to finish a book."

"Usually," I said, "I wish I'd never begun 'em."

"Or a doctor, driven to death, wants to sit down and think out a case. Or a barrister—or a man cramming for an examination."

"Worth a guinea a drop," said I, "and more—to men like that."

"And in a duel, again," said Gibberne, "where it all depends on your quickness in pulling the trigger."

"Or in fencing," I echoed.

"You see," said Gibberne, "if I get it as an all-round thing it will really do you no harm at all — except perhaps to an infinitesimal degree it brings you nearer old age. You will just have lived twice to other people's once——"

"I suppose," I meditated, "in a duel—it would be fair?"

"That's a question for the seconds," said Gibberne.

I harked back farther. "And you really think such a thing *is* possible?" I said.

"As possible," said Gibberne, and glanced at something that went throbbing by the window, "as a motor-bus. As a matter of fact——"

He paused and smiled at me deeply, and tapped slowly on the edge of his desk with the green phial. "I think I know the stuff . . . . Already I've got something coming." The nervous smile upon his face betrayed the gravity of his revelation. He rarely talked of his actual experimental work unless things were very near the end. "And it may be, it may be—I shouldn't be surprised—it may even do the thing at a greater rate than twice."

"It will be rather a big thing," I hazarded.

"It will be, I think, rather a big thing."

But I don't think he quite knew what a big thing it was to be, for all that.

I remember we had several talks about the stuff after that. "The New Accelerator" he called it, and his tone about it grew more confident on each occasion. Sometimes he talked nervously of unexpected physiological results its use might have, and then he would get a little unhappy; at others he was frankly mercenary, and we debated long and anxiously how the preparation might be turned to commercial account. "It's a good thing," said Gibberne, "a tremendous thing. I know I'm giving the world something, and I think it only reasonable we should expect the world to pay. The dignity of science is all very well, but I think somehow I must have the monopoly of the stuff for, say, ten years. I don't see why *all* the fun in life should go to the dealers in ham."

My own interest in the coming drug certainly did not wane in the time. I have always had a queer little twist towards metaphysics in my mind. I have always been given to paradoxes about space and time, and it seemed to me that Gibberne was really preparing no less than the absolute acceleration of life. Suppose a man repeatedly dosed with such a preparation: he would live an active and record life indeed, but he would be an adult at eleven, middle-aged at twenty-five, and by thirty well on the road to senile decay. It seemed to me that so far Gibberne was only going to do for anyone

who took his drug exactly what Nature has done for the Jews and Orientals, who are men in their teens and aged by fifty, and quicker in thought and act than we are all the time. The marvel of drugs has always been great to my mind; you can madden a man, calm a man, make him incredibly strong and alert or a helpless log, quicken this passion and allay that, all by means of drugs, and here was a new miracle to be added to this strange armoury of phials the doctors use! But Gibberne was far too eager upon his technical points to enter very keenly into my aspect of the question.

It was the 7th or 8th of August when he told me the distillation that would decide his failure or success for a time was going forward as we talked, and it was on the 10th that he told me the thing was done and the New Accelerator a tangible reality in the world. I met him as I was going up the Sandgate Hill towards Folkestone—I think I was going to get my hair cut, and he came hurrying down to meet me—I suppose he was coming to my house to tell me at once of his success. I remember that his eyes were unusually bright and his face flushed, and I noted even then the swift alacrity of his step.

"It's done," he cried, and gripped my hand, speaking very fast; "it's more than done. Come up to my house and see."

"Really?"

"Really!" he shouted. "Incredibly! Come up and see."

"And it does—twice?"

"It does more, much more. It scares me. Come up and see the stuff. Taste it! Try it! It's the most amazing stuff on earth." He gripped my arm and, walking at such a pace that he forced me into a trot, went shouting with me up the hill. A whole *char-à-banc*-ful of people turned and stared at us in unison after the manner of people in *chars-à-banc*. It was one of those hot, clear days that Folkestone sees so much of, every colour incredibly bright and every outline hard. There was a breeze of course, but not so much breeze as sufficed under these conditions to keep me cool and dry. I panted for mercy.

"I PANTED FOR MERCY."

"I'm not walking fast, am I?" cried Gibberne, and slackened his pace to a quick march.

"You've been taking some of this stuff," I puffed.

"No," he said. "At the utmost a drop of water that stood in a beaker from which I

had washed out the last traces of the stuff. I took some last night, you know. But that is ancient history, now."

"And it goes twice?" I said, nearing his doorway in a grateful perspiration.

"It goes a thousand times, many thousand times!" cried Gibberne, with a dramatic gesture, flinging open his Early English carved oak gate.

"Phew!" said I, and followed him to the door.

"I don't know how many times it goes," he said, with his latch-key in his hand.

"And you——"

"It throws all sorts of light on nervous physiology, it kicks the theory of vision into a perfectly new shape! . . . Heaven knows how many thousand times. We'll try all that after—— The thing is to try the stuff now."

"Try the stuff?" I said, as we went along the passage.

"Rather," said Gibberne, turning on me in his study. "There it is in that little green phial there! Unless you happen to be afraid?"

I am a careful man by nature and only theoretically adventurous. I *was* afraid. But on the other hand there is pride.

"Well," I haggled. "You say you've tried it?"

"I've tried it," he said, "and I don't look hurt by it, do I? I don't even look livery and I *feel*——"

I sat down. "Give me the potion," I said. "If the worst comes to the worst it will save having my hair cut, and that I think is one of the most hateful duties of a civilized man. How do you take the mixture?"

"With water," said Gibberne, whacking down a carafe.

He stood up in front of his desk and regarded me in his easy chair; his manner was suddenly affected by a touch of the Harley Street specialist. "It's rum stuff, you know," he said.

I made a gesture with the hand.

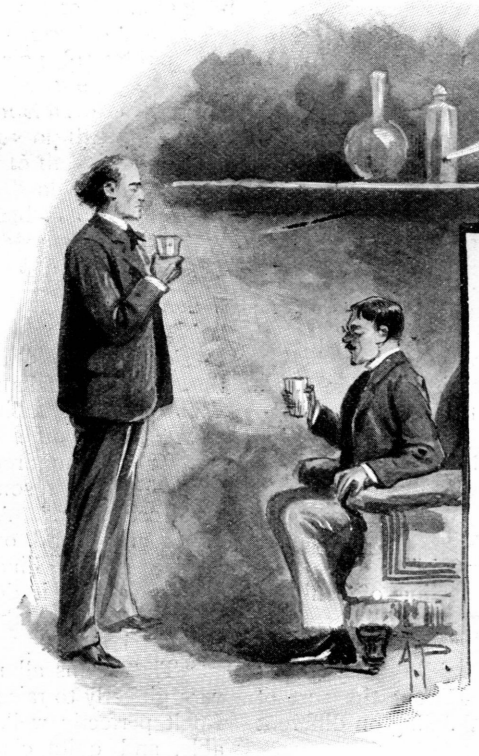
"I must warn you in the first place as soon as you've got it down to shut your eyes, and open them very cautiously in a minute or so's time. One still sees. The sense of vision is a question of length of vibration, and not of multitude of impacts; but there's a kind of shock to the retina, a nasty giddy confusion just at the time if the eyes are open. Keep 'em shut."

"Shut," I said. "Good!"

"And the next thing is, keep still. Don't begin to whack about. You may fetch something a nasty rap if you do. Remember you will be going several thousand times faster than you ever did before, heart, lungs, muscles, brain—everything—and you will hit hard without knowing it. You won't know it, you know. You'll feel just as you do now. Only everything in the world will seem to be going ever so many thousand times slower than it ever went before. That's what makes it so deuced queer."

"Lor'," I said. "And you mean——"

"You'll see," said he, and took up a little measure. He glanced at the material on his desk. "Glasses," he said, "water. All here. Mustn't take too much for the first attempt."



"INSTANTLY I CLOSED MY EYES."

The little phial glucked out its precious contents. "Don't forget what I told you," he said, turning the contents of the measure into a glass in the manner of an Italian waiter measuring whisky. "Sit with the eyes tightly shut and in absolute stillness for two minutes," he said. "Then you will hear me speak."

He added an inch or so of water to the little dose in each glass.

"By-the-bye," he said, "don't put your glass down. Keep it in your hand and rest your hand on the knee. Yes—so. And now——"

He raised his glass.

"The New Accelerator," I said.

"The New Accelerator," he answered, and we touched glasses and drank, and instantly I closed my eyes.

You know that blank non-existence into which one drops when one has taken "gas." For an indefinite interval it was like that. Then I heard Gibberne telling me to wake up, and I stirred and opened my eyes. There he stood as he had been standing, glass still in hand. It was empty, that was all the difference.

"Well?" said I.

"Nothing out of the way?"

"Nothing. A slight feeling of exhilaration, perhaps. Nothing more."

"Sounds?"

"Things are still," I said. "By Jove! yes! They *are* still. Except the sort of faint pat, patter, like rain falling on different things. What is it?"

"Analyzed sounds," I think he said, but I am not sure. He glanced at the window. "Have you ever seen a curtain before a window fixed in that way before?"

I followed his eyes, and there was the end of the curtain, frozen, as it were, corner high, in the act of flapping briskly in the breeze.

"No," said I; "that's odd."

"And here," he said, and opened the hand that held the glass. Naturally I winced, expecting the glass to smash. But so far from smashing it did not even seem to stir; it hung in mid-air—motionless. "Roughly

"IT HUNG IN MID-AIR—MOTIONLESS."

speaking," said Gibberne, "an object in these latitudes falls 16ft. in the first second. This glass is falling 16ft. in a second now. Only, you see, it hasn't been falling yet for the hundredth part of a second. That gives you some idea of the pace of my Accelerator." And he waved his hand round and round, over and under the slowly sinking glass. Finally he took it by the bottom, pulled it down and placed it very carefully on the table. "Eh?" he said to me, and laughed.

"That seems all right," I said, and began very gingerly to raise myself from my chair. I felt perfectly well, very light and comfortable, and quite confident in my mind. I was going fast all over. My heart, for

example, was beating a thousand times a second, but that caused me no discomfort at all. I looked out of the window. An immovable cyclist, head down and with a frozen puff of dust behind his driving-wheel, scorched to overtake a galloping *char-à-banc* that did not stir. I gaped in amazement at the incredible spectacle. "Gibberne," I cried, "how long will this confounded stuff last?"

"Heaven knows!" he answered. "Last time I took it I went to bed and slept it off. I tell you, I was frightened. It must have lasted some minutes, I think—it seemed like hours. But after a bit it slows down rather suddenly, I believe."

I was proud to observe that I did not feel frightened. I suppose because there were two of us. "Why shouldn't we go out?" I asked.

"Why not?"

"They'll see us."

"Not they. Goodness, no! Why, we shall be going a thousand times faster than the quickest conjuring trick that was ever done. Come along! Which way shall we go? Window, or door?"

And out by the window we went.

Assuredly of all the strange experiences that I have ever had, or imagined, or read of other people having or imagining, that little raid I made with Gibberne on the Folkestone Leas, under the influence of the New Accelerator, was the strangest and maddest of all. We went out by his gate into the road, and there we made a minute examination of the statuesque passing traffic. The tops of the wheels and some of the legs of the horses of this *char-à-banc*, the end of the whip-lash and the lower jaw of the conductor—who was just beginning to yawn—were perceptibly in motion, but all the rest of the lumbering conveyance seemed still. And quite noiseless except for a faint rattling that came from one man's throat! And as parts of this frozen edifice there were a driver, you know, and a conductor, and eleven people! The effect as we walked about the thing began by being madly queer and ended by being—disagreeable. There they were, people like ourselves and yet not like ourselves, frozen in careless attitudes, caught in mid-gesture. A girl and a man smiled at one another, a leering smile that threatened to last for evermore; a woman in a floppy capelline rested her arm on the rail and stared at Gibberne's house with the unwinking stare of eternity; a man stroked his moustache like a figure of wax, and another stretched a tiresome stiff hand with extended fingers towards his loosened hat. We stared at them, we laughed at them, we made faces at them, and then a sort of disgust of them came upon us, and we turned away and walked round in front of the cyclist towards the Leas.

"Goodness!" cried Gibberne, suddenly; "look there!"

He pointed, and there at the tip of his finger and sliding down the air with wings flapping slowly and at the speed of an exceptionally languid snail—was a bee.

And so we came out upon the Leas. There the thing seemed madder than ever. The band was playing in the upper stand, though all the sound it made for us was a low-pitched, wheezy rattle, a sort of prolonged last sigh that passed at times into a sound like the slow, muffled ticking of some monstrous clock. Frozen people stood erect, strange, silent, self-conscious-looking dummies hung unstably in mid-stride, promenading upon the grass. I passed close to a little poodle dog suspended in the act of leaping and watched the slow movement of his legs as he sank to earth. "Lord, look *here!*" cried Gibberne, and we halted for a moment before a magnificent person in white faint-striped flannels, white shoes, and a Panama hat, who turned back to wink at two gaily dressed ladies he had passed. A wink, studied with such leisurely deliberation as we could afford, is an unattractive thing. It loses any quality of alert gaiety, and one remarks that the winking eye does not completely close, that under its drooping lid appears the lower edge of an eyeball and a little line of white. "Heaven give me memory," said I, "and I will never wink again."

"Or smile," said Gibberne, with his eye on the lady's answering teeth.

"It's infernally hot, somehow," said I. "Let's go slower."

"Oh, come along!" said Gibberne.

We picked our way among the bath-chairs in the path. Many of the people sitting in the chairs seemed almost natural in their passive poses, but the contorted scarlet of the bandsmen was not a restful thing to see. A purple-faced little gentleman was frozen in the midst of a violent struggle to refold his newspaper against the wind; there were many evidences that all these people in their sluggish way were exposed to a considerable breeze, a breeze that had no existence so far as our sensations went. We came out and walked a little way from the

crowd, and turned and regarded it. To see all that multitude changed to a picture, smitten rigid, as it were, into the semblance of realistic wax, was impossibly wonderful. It was absurd, of course; but it filled me with an irrational, an exultant sense of superior advantage. Consider the wonder of it! All that I had said, and thought, and done since the stuff had begun to work in my veins had happened, so far as those people, so far as the world in general went, in the twinkling of an eye. "The New Accelerator——" I began, but Gibberne interrupted me.

"There's that infernal old woman!" he said.

"What old woman?"

"Lives next door to me," said Gibberne. "Has a lapdog that yaps. Gods! The temptation is strong!"

There is something very boyish and impulsive about Gibberne at times. Before I could expostulate with him he had dashed forward, snatched the unfortunate animal out of visible existence, and was running violently with it towards the cliff of the Leas. It was most extraordinary. The little brute, you know, didn't bark or wriggle or make the slightest sign of vitality. It kept quite stiffly in an attitude of somnolent repose, and Gibberne held it by the neck. It was like running about with a dog of wood. "Gibberne," I cried, "put it down!" Then I said something else. "If you run like that, Gibberne," I cried, "you'll set your clothes on fire. Your linen trousers are going brown as it is!"

"WITH A TREMENDOUS SWEEP OF THE ARM HE HURLED THE DOG AWAY FROM HIM."

He clapped his hand on his thigh and stood hesitating on the verge. "Gibberne," I cried, coming up, "put it down. This heat is too much! It's our running so! Two or three miles a second! Friction of the air!"

"What?" he said, glancing at the dog.

"Friction of the air," I shouted. "Friction of the air. Going too fast. Like meteorites and things. Too hot. And, Gibberne! Gibberne! I'm all over pricking and a sort of perspiration. You can see people stirring slightly. I believe the stuff's working off! Put that dog down."

"Eh?" he said.

"It's working off," I repeated. "We're too hot and the stuff's working off! I'm wet through."

He stared at me. Then at the band, the wheezy rattle of whose performance was certainly going faster. Then

with a tremendous sweep of the arm he hurled the dog away from him and it went spinning upward, still inanimate, and hung at last over the grouped parasols of a knot of chattering people. Gibberne was gripping my elbow. "By Jove!" he cried. "I believe it is! A sort of hot pricking and—yes. That man's moving his pocket-handkerchief! Perceptibly. We must get out of this sharp."

But we could not get out of it sharply enough. Luckily perhaps! For we might have run, and if we had run we should, I believe, have burst into flames. Almost certainly we should have burst into flames! You know we had neither of us thought of that. . . . But before we could even begin to run the action of the drug had ceased. It was the business of a minute fraction of a second. The effect of the New Accelerator passed like the drawing of a curtain, vanished in the movement of a hand.

I heard Gibberne's voice in infinite alarm. "Sit down," he said, and flop, down upon the turf at the edge of the Leas I sat—scorching as I sat. There is a patch of burnt grass there still where I sat down. The whole stagnation seemed to wake up as I did so, the disarticulated vibration of the band rushed together into a blast of music, the promenaders put their feet down and walked their ways, the papers and flags began flapping, smiles passed into words, the winker finished his wink and went on his way complacently, and all the seated people moved and spoke.

The whole world had come alive again, was going as fast as we were, or rather we were going no faster than the rest of the world. It was like slowing down as one comes into a railway station. Everything seemed to spin round for a second or two, I had the most transient feeling of nausea, and that was all. And the little dog which had seemed to hang for a moment when the force of Gibberne's arm was expended fell with a swift acceleration clean through a lady's parasol!

That was the saving of us. Unless it was for one corpulent old gentleman in a bath-chair, who certainly did start at the sight of us and afterwards regarded us at intervals with a darkly suspicious eye, and, finally, I believe, said something to his nurse about us, I doubt if a solitary person remarked our sudden appearance among them. Plop! We must have appeared abruptly. We ceased to smoulder almost at once, though the turf beneath me was uncomfortably hot. The attention of everyone—including even the Amusements' Association band, which on this occasion, for the only time in its history, got out of tune—was arrested by the amazing fact, and the still more amazing yapping and uproar caused by the fact, that a respectable, over-fed lapdog sleeping quietly to the east of the bandstand should suddenly fall through the parasol of a lady on the west—in a slightly singed condition due to the extreme velocity of its movements through the air. In these absurd days, too, when we are all trying to be as psychic, and silly, and superstitious as possible! People got up and trod on other people, chairs were overturned, the Leas policeman ran. How the matter settled itself I do not know—we were much too anxious to disentangle ourselves from the affair and get out of range of the eye of the old gentleman in the bath-chair to make minute inquiries. As soon as we were sufficiently cool and sufficiently recovered from our giddiness and nausea and confusion of mind to do so we stood up and, skirting the crowd, directed our steps back along the road below the Metropole towards Gibberne's house. But amidst the din I heard very

"PEOPLE GOT UP AND TROD ON OTHER PEOPLE."

distinctly the gentleman who had been sitting beside the lady of the ruptured sunshade using quite unjustifiable threats and language to one of those chair-attendants who have "Inspector" written on their caps. "If you didn't throw the dog," he said, "who *did?*"

The sudden return of movement and familiar noises, and our natural anxiety about ourselves (our clothes were still dreadfully hot, and the fronts of the thighs of Gibberne's white trousers were scorched a drabbish brown), prevented the minute observations I should have liked to make on all these things. Indeed, I really made no observations of any scientific value on that return. The bee, of course, had gone. I looked for that cyclist, but he was already out of sight as we came into the Upper Sandgate Road or hidden from us by traffic; the *char-à-banc*, however, with its people now all alive and stirring, was clattering along at a spanking pace almost abreast of the nearer church.

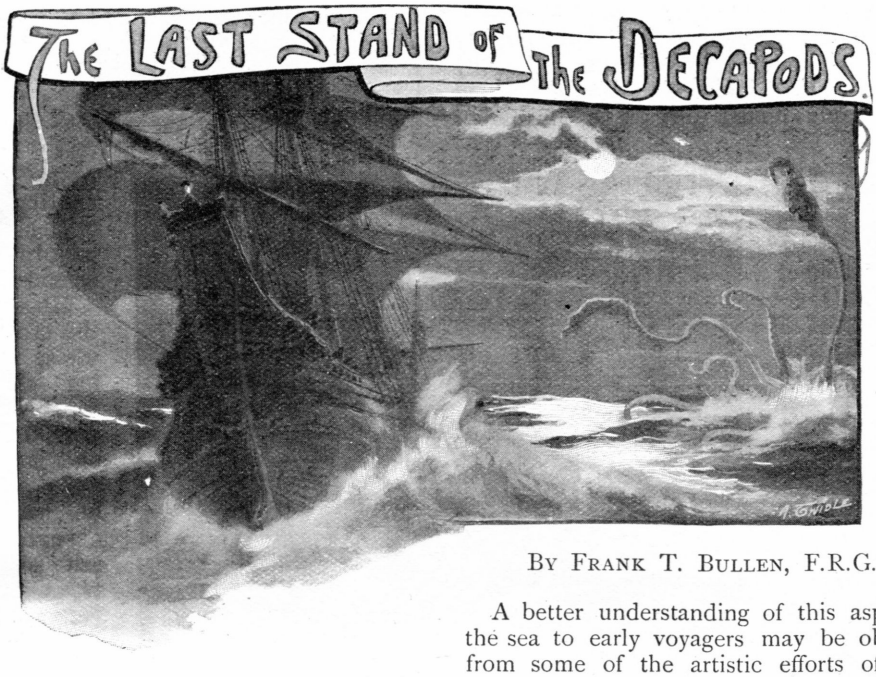
We noted, however, that the window-sill on which we had stepped in getting out of the house was slightly singed, and that the impressions of our feet on the gravel of the path were unusually deep.

So it was I had my first experience of the New Accelerator. Practically we had been running about and saying and doing all sorts of things in the space of a second or so of time. We had lived half an hour while the band had played, perhaps, two bars. But the effect it had upon us was that the whole world had stopped for our convenient inspection. Considering all things, and particularly considering our rashness in venturing out of the house, the experience might certainly have been much more disagreeable than it was. It showed, no doubt, that Gibberne has still much to learn before his preparation is a manageable convenience, but its practicability it certainly demonstrated beyond all cavil.

Since that adventure he has been steadily bringing its use under control, and I have several times, and without the slightest bad result, taken measured doses under his direction; though I must confess I have not yet ventured abroad again while under its influence. I may mention, for example, that this story has been written at one sitting and without interruption, except for the nibbling of some chocolate, by its means. I began at 6.25, and my watch is now very nearly at the minute past the half-hour. The convenience of securing a long, uninterrupted spell of work in the midst of a day full of engagements cannot be exaggerated. Gibberne is now working at the quantitative handling of his preparation, with especial reference to its distinctive effects upon different types of constitution. He then hopes to find a Retarder with which to dilute its present rather excessive potency. The Retarder will, of course, have the reverse effect to the Accelerator; used alone it should enable the patient to spread a few seconds over many hours of ordinary time, and so to maintain an apathetic inaction, a glacier-like absence of alacrity, amidst the most animated or irritating surroundings. The two things together must necessarily work an entire revolution in civilized existence. It is the beginning of our escape from that Time Garment of which Carlyle speaks. While this Accelerator will enable us to concentrate ourselves with tremendous vigour upon any moment or occasion that demands our utmost sense and vigour, the Retarder will enable us to pass in passive tranquillity through infinite hardship and tedium. Perhaps I am a little optimistic about the Retarder, which has indeed still to be discovered, but about the Accelerator there is no possible sort of doubt whatever. Its appearance upon the market in a convenient, controllable, and assimilable form is a matter of the next few months. It will be obtainable of all chemists and druggists, in small green bottles, at a high but, considering its extraordinary qualities, by no means excessive price. Gibberne's Nervous Accelerator it will be called, and he hopes to be able to supply it in three strengths: one in 200, one in 900, and one in 2,000, distinguished by yellow, pink, and white labels respectively.

No doubt its use renders a great number of very extraordinary things possible; for, of course, the most remarkable and, possibly, even criminal proceedings may be effected with impunity by thus dodging, as it were, into the interstices of time. Like all potent preparations it will be liable to abuse. We have, however, discussed this aspect of the question very thoroughly, and we have decided that this is purely a matter of medical jurisprudence and altogether outside our province. We shall manufacture and sell the Accelerator, and, as for the consequences—we shall see.

The Last Stand of the Decapods



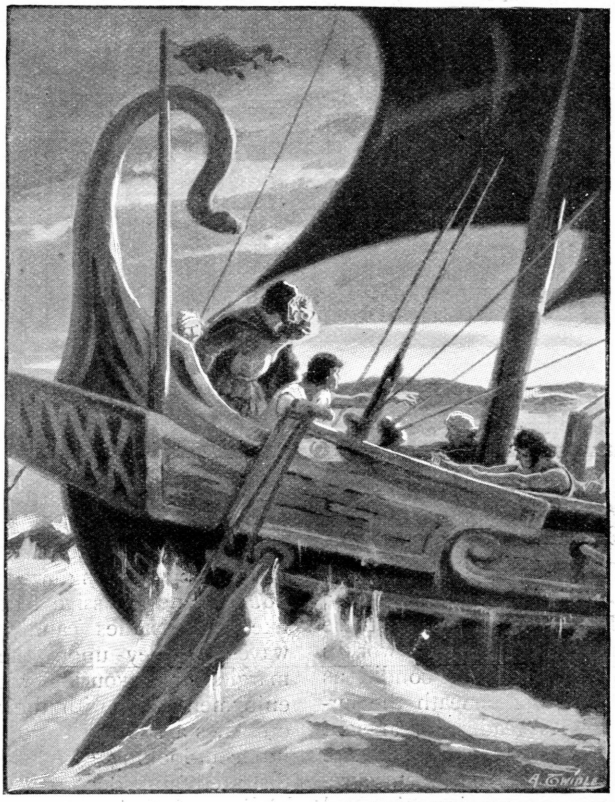
By Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S.

PROBABLY few of the thinking inhabitants of dry land, with all their craving for tales of the marvellous, the gloomy, and the gigantic, have in these later centuries of the world's history given much thought to the conditions of constant warfare existing beneath the surface of the ocean. As readers of ancient classics well know, the fathers of literature gave much attention to the vast, awe-inspiring inhabitants of the sea, investing and embellishing the few fragments of fact concerning them which were available with a thousand fantastic inventions of their own naïve imaginations, until there emerged—chief and ruler of them all—the Kraken, Leviathan, or whatever other local name was considered to best convey in one word their accumulated ideas of terror. In lesser degree, but still worthy compeers of the fire-breathing dragon and sky-darkening "Rukh" of earth and sky, a worthy host of attendant sea-monsters were conjured up, until, apart from the terror of loneliness, of irresistible fury, and instability that the sea presented to primitive peoples, the awful nature of its supposed inhabitants made the contemplation of an ocean journey sufficient to appal the stoutest heart.

A better understanding of this aspect of the sea to early voyagers may be obtained from some of the artistic efforts of those days than from anything else. There you shall see gigantic creatures with human faces, teeth like foot-long wedges, armour-plated bodies, and massive feet fitted with claws like scythe-blades calmly issuing from the waves to prey upon the dwellers on the margin, or devouring with much apparent enjoyment ships with their crews, as a child crunches a stick of barley-sugar. Even such innocent-looking animals as the seals were distorted and decorated until the contemplation of their counterfeit presentment is sufficient to give a healthy man the nightmare, whilst such monsters as really were so terrible of aspect that they could hardly be "improved" upon were increased in size until they resembled islands whereon whole tribes might live. To these chimeras were credited all natural phenomena such as waterspouts, whirlpools, and the upheaval of submarine volcanoes. Some imaginative peoples went even farther than that by attributing the support of the whole earth to a vast sea-monster, while others, like the ancient Jews, fondly pictured Leviathan awaiting in the solitude and gloom of ocean's depths the glad day of Israel's reunion, when the mountain ranges of his flesh would be ready to furnish forth the family feast for all the myriads of Abraham's children.

Surely we may pause awhile to contemplate the overmastering courage of the earliest seafarers who, in spite of all these terrors, unappalled by the comparison between their tiny shallops and the mighty waves that towered above them, set boldly out from shore into the unknown, obeying that deeply-rooted instinct of migration which has peopled every habitable part of the earth's surface. Those who remember their childhood's dread of the dark, with its possible population of bogeys, who have ever been lost in early youth in some lonely place, can have some dim conception — though only a dim one, after all—of the inward battle these ancients fought and won until it became possible for the epigram to be written most truly :—

The seas but join the nations they divide.



"THE EARLIEST SEAFARERS SET BOLDLY OUT FROM SHORE."

But after all we are not now concerned with the warlike doings of men. It is with the actualities of submarine struggle we wish to deal, those wars without an armistice, where to be defeated is to be devoured, and from the sea-shouldering whale down to the smallest sea insect every living thing is carnivorous, dependent directly upon the flesh of its neighbours for its own life, and incapable of altruism in any form whatever, except among certain of the mammalia and sharks. In dealing with the more heroic phases of this unending warfare, then, it must be said once for all that the ancient writers had a great deal of reason on their side. They distorted and exaggerated, of course, as all children do, but they did not disbelieve. But moderns, rushing to the opposite extreme, have neglected the marvels of the sea by the simple process of disbelieving in them, except in the case of *the* sea-serpent, that myth which seems bound to persist for ever and ever. Only of late years have the savants of the world allowed themselves to be convinced of the existence of a far more wondrous monster than the sea-serpent (if that "loathly worm" were a reality), the original kraken of old-world legends.

Hugest of all the mollusca, whose prevailing characteristics are ugliness, ferocity, and unappeasable hunger, he has lately asserted himself so firmly that current imaginative literature bristles with allusions to him, albeit oftentimes in situations where he could by no possibility be found. No matter, he has supplied a long-felt want, but the curious fact remains that he is not a discovery, but a reappearance. The gigantic cuttle-fish of actual, indisputable fact is in all respects except size the kraken; and any faithful representation of him will justify the assertion that no imagination could add anything to the terror-breeding potentialities of his aspect. That is so, even when he is viewed by the light of day in the helplessness of death, or disabling sickness, or in the invincible grip of his only conqueror. In his proper realm, crouching far below the surface of the sea in some coral cave or labyrinth of rocks, he must present a sight so awful that the imagination recoils before it. For, consider him but a little. He possesses a cylindrical body reaching, in the largest specimens yet recorded as having been seen,

a length of between 60ft. and 70ft., with an average girth of half that amount. That is to say, considerably larger than a Pullman railway-car.

Now, this immense mass is of boneless, gelatinous matter capable of much greater distension than the body of a snake, so that in the improbable event of his obtaining an extra-abundant supply of food it is competent to swell to the occasion, and still give the flood of digestive juices that it secretes full opportunity to dispose of the burden with almost incredible rapidity. Now, the apex of this mighty cylinder—I had almost said "tail," but remembered that it would give a wrong impression, since it is the part of the monster that always comes first when he is moving from place to place—is conical; that is to say, it tapers off to a blunt point something like a Whitehead torpedo. Near this apex there is a broad fin-like arrangement looking much like the body of a skate without its tail, which, however, is used strictly for steering purposes only.

So far, there is nothing particularly striking about the appearance of this vast cylinder except in colour. This characteristic varies in different individuals, but is always reminiscent of the hues of a very light-coloured leopard; that is to say, the ground is of a livid greenish white, while the detail is in splashes and spots of lurid red and yellow, with an occasional nimbus of pale blue around these deeper markings. But it is the head of the monster that appals. Nature would seem, in the construction of this greatest of all mollusca, to have combined every weapon of offence possessed by the rest of the animal kingdom in one amazing arsenal, disposing them in such a manner that not only are they capable of terrific destruction, but their appearance defies adequate description.

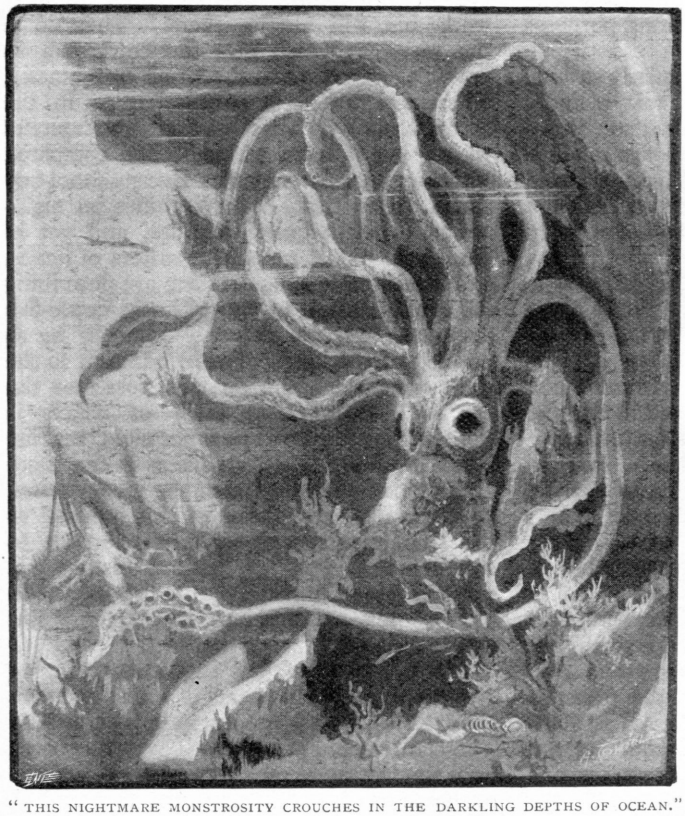
The trunk at the head end is sheath-like, its terminating edges forming a sort of collar around the vast cable of muscles without a fragment of bone that connect it with the head. Through a large opening within this collar is pumped a jet of water, the pressure of which upon the surrounding sea is sufficiently great to drive the whole bulk of the creature, weighing perhaps sixty or seventy tons, *backward* through the water at the rate of sixteen to twenty miles per hour. Not in steady progression, of course, but by successive leaps. At will, this propelling jet is deeply stained with sepia, a dark brown, inky fluid, that, mingling with the encompassing sea, fills all the neighbourhood of the monster with a gloom so deep that nothing save one of its own species can see either to fight or whither to fly. The head itself is of proportionate size. It is rounded underneath and of much lighter hue than the trunk. On either side of it is set an eye of such dimensions that the mere statement of them sounds like the efforts of one of those grand old mediæval romancers whose sole object was to make their readers' flesh creep.

It is perfectly safe to say that, even in proportion to size, no other known creature has such organs of vision as the cuttle-fish, for the pupils of such a one as I am now describing are fully 2ft. in diameter. They are perfectly black, with a dead white rim, and cannot be closed. No doubt their enormous size is for the purpose of enabling their possessor to discern what is going on amidst the thick darkness that he himself has raised, so that while all other organisms are groping blindly in the gloom, he may work his will among them. Then come the weapons which give the cuttle-fish its power of destruction, the arms or tentacles. These are not eight in number as in the octopus, an ugly beast enough and spiteful withal, but a babe of innocence compared with our present subject. Every school-boy should know that *octopus* signifies an eight-armed or eight-footed creature, and yet in nine cases out of ten where writers of fiction and would-be teachers of fact are describing the deadly doings of the gigantic cuttle-fish they call *him* an octopus, whereas he is nothing of the kind. For in addition to the eight arms which the octopus possesses the cuttle-fish flaunts two, each of which is double the length of the other eight, making him a *decapod*. This confusion is the more unpardonable because even the most ancient of scribes always spoke of this mollusc as the "ten-armed one," while a reference to any standard work on natural history will show even the humbler cuttle-fish with their full complement of arms; that is, ten. But this is digression.

Our friend, then, has ten arms springing from the crown of his head, of which eight are about 40ft. in length and two are 70ft. to 80ft. The eight each taper outward from the head, from the thickness of a stout man's body at the base to the slenderness of a whip-lash at the end. On their inner sides they are studded with saucer-like hollows, each of which has a fringe of curving claws set just within its rim. So that in addition to their power of holding on to anything they touch

by a suction so severe that it would strip flesh from bone, these cruel claws, large as those of a full-grown tiger, get to work upon the subject being held, lacerating and tearing until the quivering body yields up its innermost secrets. Each of these destroying, serpent-like arms is also gifted with an almost independent power of volition. Whatever it touches it holds with an unreleasable grip, but with wonderful celerity it brings its prey inwards to where in the centre of all those infernal purveyors lies a black chasm whose edges are shaped like the upper and lower mandibles of a parrot, and these complete the work so well begun.

The outliers, those two far-reaching tentacles, unlike the busy eight, are comparatively slender from their bases to within 2ft. or so of their ends. There they expand into broad, paddle-like masses thickly studded with *acetabulæ*, those holding, sucking discs that garnish the inner arms for their entire length. So, thus armed, this nightmare monstrosity crouches in the darkling depths of ocean like some unimaginable web whereof every line is alive to hold and tear. Its digestion is like a furnace of dissolution needing a continual inflow of flesh, and nothing living that inhabits the sea comes amiss to its never-satisfied cravings. It is very near the apex of the pyramid of interdependence into which sea-life is built, but not quite. For at the summit is the sperm whale, the monarch of all seas, whom man alone is capable of meeting in fair fight and overcoming.



"THIS NIGHTMARE MONSTROSITY CROUCHES IN THE DARKLING DEPTHS OF OCEAN."

The head of the sperm whale is of heroic size, being in bulk quite one-third of the entire body, but in addition to its size it has characteristics that fit it peculiarly to compete with such a dangerous monster as the gigantic decapod. Imagine a solid block of crude india-rubber, between 20ft. and 30ft. in length and 8ft. through, in shape not at all unlike a railway carriage, but perfectly smooth in surface. Fit this mass beneath with a movable shaft of solid bone 20ft. in length studded with teeth, each protruding 9in. and resembling the points of an elephant's tusks. You will then have a fairly complete notion of the equipment with which the ocean monarch goes into battle against the kraken. And behind it lies the warm blood of the mammal, the massive framework of bone belonging to the highly-developed vertebrate animal, governed by a brain impelled by irresistible instinct to seek its sustenance where alone it can be found in sufficiently satisfying bulk. And there for you are the outlines of the highest form of animal warfare existing within our ken—a conflict of Titans, to which a combat between elephants and rhinoceri in the jungle is but as the play of school-boys compared with the gladiatorial combats of Ancient Rome.

This somewhat lengthy preamble is necessary in order to clear the way for an account of the proceedings leading up to the final subjugation of the huge mollusca of the elder slime to the needs of the great vertebrates

like the whales, who were gradually emerging into a higher development, and, finding new wants oppressing them, had to obey the universal law and fight for the satisfaction of their urgent needs. Fortunately the period with which we have to deal was before chronology, so that we are not hampered by dates, and as the disposition of sea and land, except in its main features, was altogether different to what we have long been accustomed to regard as the always existing geographical order of things, we need not be greatly troubled by place considerations either.

What must be considered as the first beginning of the long struggle occurred when some predecessors of the present sperm whales, wandering through the vast morasses and among the sombre forests of that earlier world, were compelled to recognise that the conditions of shore life were rapidly becoming too onerous for them. Their immensely weighty bodies lumbering slowly as a seal does over the rugged land surface handicapped them more and more in the universal business of life, the procuring of food. Not only so, but as by reason of their slowness they were confined for hunting-grounds to a very limited area, the slower organisms upon which their vast appetites were fed grew scarcer and scarcer in spite of the fecundity of that prolific time. And in proportion as they found it more and more difficult to get a living, so did their enemies grow more numerous and bolder. Vast dragon-like shapes, clad in complete armour that clanged as the wide-spreading bat-wings bore them swiftly through the air, descended upon the sluggish whales, and with horrid rending by awful shear-shaped jaws, plentifully furnished with foot-long teeth, speedily stripped from their gigantic bodies the masses of succulent flesh. Other enemies weird of shape and swift of motion, although confined to the earth, fastened also upon the easily attainable prey that provided flesh in such bountiful abundance and was unable to fight or flee.

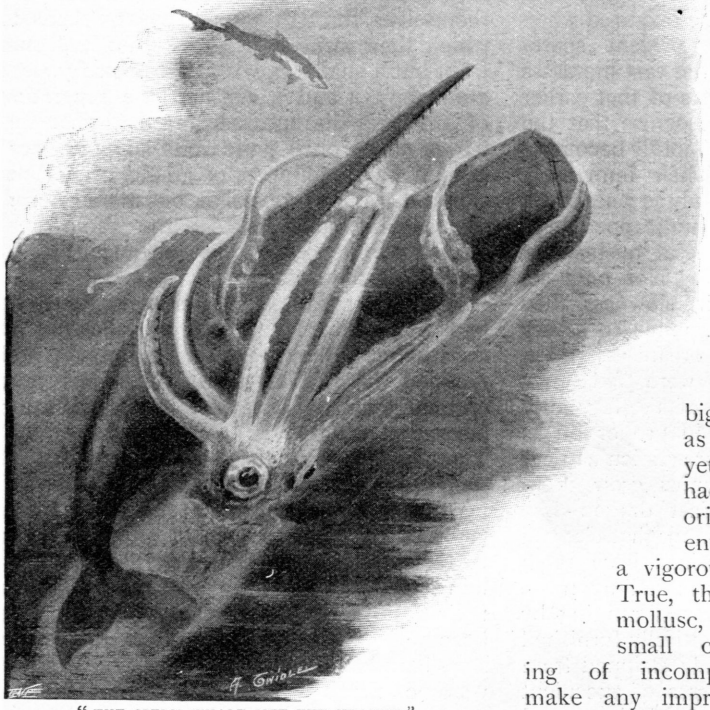
Well was it, then, for the whales that, living always near the sea, they had formed aquatic habits, finding in the limpid element a medium wherein their huge bulk was rather a help than a hindrance to them. Gradually they grew to use the land less and less as they became more and more accustomed to the food provided in plenty by the inexhaustible ocean; continual practice enabled them to husband the supplies of air which they took in on the surface for use beneath the waves; and, better still, they found that, whereas they had been victims to many a monster on land whose proportions and potentialities seemed far inferior to their own, here, in their new element, they were supreme—nothing living but fled from before them.

But presently a strange thing befell them. As they grew less and less inclined to use the dry land they found that their powers of locomotion thereon gradually became less and less until at last their hind legs dwindled away and disappeared. Their vast and far-reaching tails lost their length and their bones spread out laterally into flexible fans of toughest gristle, with which they could propel themselves through the waves at speeds to which their swiftest progress upon land had been but a snail's crawl. Also their fore-legs grew shorter and wider, and the separation of the toes disappeared, until all that was left of these once ponderous supports were elegant fan-like flippers of gristle, of not the slightest use for propulsion, but merely acting as steadying vanes to keep the whole great structure in its proper position according to the will of the owner.

All these radical physical changes, however, had not affected the real classification of the whales. They were still mammals, still retained in the element which was now entirely their habitat the high organization belonging to the great carnivora of the land. Therefore, it took them no long period of time to realize that in the ocean they would be paramount; that with the tremendous facilities for rapid movement afforded them by their new element they were able to maintain that supremacy against all comers, unless their formidable armed jaws should also become modified by degeneration into some such harmless cavities for absorbing food as were possessed by their distant relatives the mysticetæ, or toothless whales.

With a view to avoiding any such disaster they made good use of their jaws, having been taught by experience that the simple but effectual penalty for the neglect of any function, whether physical or mental, was the disappearance of the organs whereby such functions had been performed. But their energetic use of teeth and jaws had a result entirely unforeseen by them. Gradually the prey they sought, the larger fish and smaller sea-mammals, disappeared from the shallow seas adjacent to the land from whence the whales had been driven. And in order to satisfy the demands of their huge stomachs they were fain to follow their prey into deeper and deeper waters, meeting as they went with

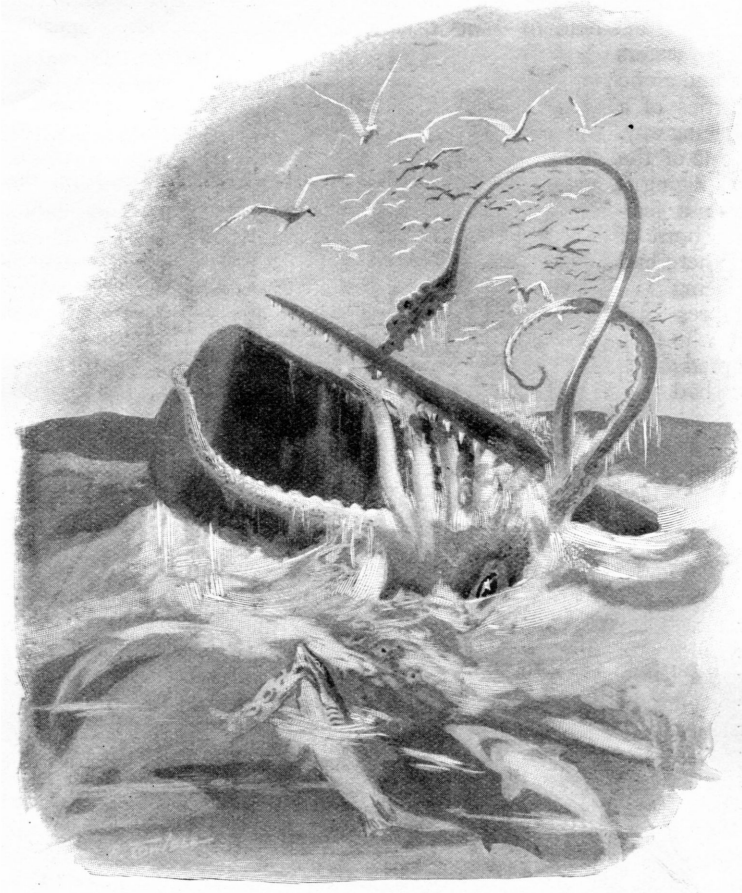
other and stranger denizens of those mysterious depths, until at last the sperm whale met the kraken. There in his native gloom, vast, formless, and insatiable, brooded the awful Thing. Spread like a living net whereof every mesh was armed, sensitive and lethal, this fantastic complication of horrors took toll of all the sea-folk, needing not to pursue its prey, needing only to lie still, devour, and grow. Sometimes moved by mysterious impulses one of these chimeras would rise to the sea-surface and bask in the beams of the offended sun, poisoning the surrounding air with its charnel-house odours, and occasionally finding within the never-resting, nervous clutching of its tentacles some specimens of the highest, latest product of Creation, man himself. Ages of such experiences as these had left the kraken defenceless as to his body. The absence of any necessity for exertion had arrested the development of a backbone; the inability of any of the sea-people to retaliate upon their sateless foe had made him neglect any of those precautions that weaker organisms had provided themselves with; and even the cloud of sepia with which all the race were provided, and which often assisted the innocent and weaker members of the same great family to escape, was only used by these masters of the sea to hide their monstrous lures from their prey.



"THE SPERM WHALE MET THE KRAKEN."

Thus on a momentous day a ravenous sperm whale, hunting eagerly for wherewithal to satisfy his craving, suddenly found himself encircled by many long, cable-like arms. They clung, they tore, they sucked. But whenever a stray end of them flung itself across the bristling parapet of the whale's lower jaw it was promptly bitten off, and, a portion having found its way down into the craving stomach of the big mammal, it was welcomed as good beyond all other food yet encountered. Once this had been realized, what had originally been an accidental entrapping changed itself into a vigorous onslaught and banquet. True, the darkness fought for the mollusc, but that advantage was small compared with the feeling of incompetence, of inability to make any impression upon this mighty, impervious mass that was moving as freely amid the clinging embarrassments of those hitherto invincible arms as if they were only fronds of seaweed. And then the foul mass of the kraken found itself, contrary to all previous experience, rising involuntarily, being compelled to leave its infernal shades, and without any previous preparation for such a change of pressure to visit the upper air. The fact was that the whale, finding its stock of air exhausted, had put forth a supreme effort to rise, and found that although unable to free himself from those enormous cables he was actually competent to raise the whole mass. What an upheaval! Even the birds that, allured by the strong carrion scent, were assembling in their thousands fled

away from that appalling vision, their wild screams of affright filling the air with lamentation. The tormented sea foamed and boiled in wide-spreading whirls, its deep sweet blue changed into an unhealthy nondescript tint of muddy yellow. Then the whale, having renewed his store of air, settled down seriously to the demolition of his prize.



"THE WHALE SETTLED DOWN SERIOUSLY TO THE DEMOLITION OF HIS PRIZE."

Length after length of tentacle was torn away from the central crown and swallowed, gliding down the abysmal throat of the gratified mammal in snaky convolutions until even his great store-room would contain no more.

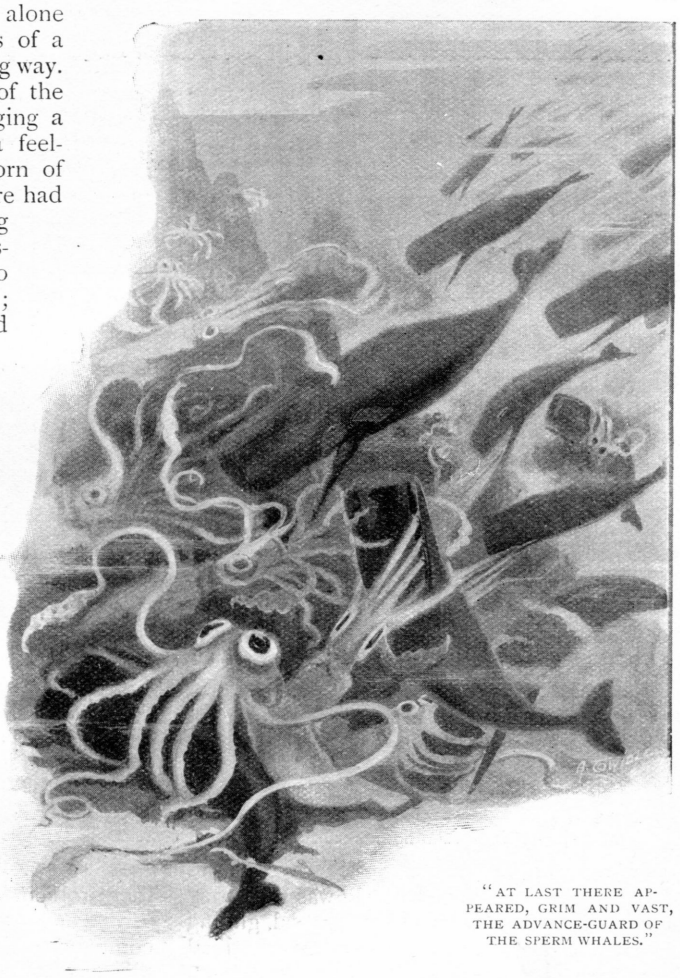
The vanquished kraken lay helplessly rolling upon the wave, while its conqueror in satisfied ease lolled near watching with good-humoured complacency the puny assaults made upon that island of gelatinous flesh by the multitude of smaller hungry things. The birds returned reassured, and added by their clamour to the strangeness of the scene where the tribes of air and sea, self-bidden to the enormous banquet, were making full use of their exceptional privilege. So the great feast continued, while the red sun went down and the white moon rose in placid beauty. Yet, for all the combined assaults of those hungry multitudes, the tenacious life of that largest of living things lay so deeply seated that when the rested whale resumed his attentions he found the body of his late antagonist still quivering under the attack of his tremendous jaws. Still, its proportions were so immense that his utmost efforts left store sufficient for at least a dozen of his companions, had they been there, to have satisfied their hunger upon. And satisfied at last he turned away, allowing the smaller fry, who had waited his pleasure most respectfully, to close in again and finish the work he had so well begun.

Now this was a momentous discovery indeed. For the sperm whales had experienced, even when fish and seals were plentiful, great difficulty in procuring sufficient food at one time for a full meal, and the problem of how to provide for themselves as they grew and multiplied had become increasingly hard to solve. Therefore, this discovery filled the fortunate pioneer with triumph, for his high instincts told him that he had discovered a new source of supply that promised to be inexhaustible. So, in the manner common to his people, he wasted no time in convening a gathering of them as large as could be collected. Far over the glassy surface of that quiet sea lay gently rocking a multitude of vast black bodies,

all expectant, all awaiting the momentous declaration presently to be made. The epoch-making news circulated among them in perfect silence, for to them has from the earliest times been known the secret that is only just beginning to glimmer upon the verge of human intelligence, the ability to communicate with one another without the aid of speech, sight, or touch: a kind of thought-transference, if such an idea as animal thought may be held allowable. And having thus learned of the treasures held in trust for them by the deep waters they separated and went, some alone and some in compact parties of a dozen or so, upon their rejoicing way.

But among the slimy hosts of the gigantic mollusca there was raging a sensation unknown before: a feeling of terror, of insecurity born of the knowledge that at last there had appeared among them a being proof against the utmost pressure of their awful arms, who was too great to be devoured; who on the other hand had evinced a greedy partiality for devouring them. How this information became common property among them it is impossible to say, since they dwelt alone each in his own particular lair, rigidly respected by one another, because any intrusion upon another's domains was invariably followed by the absorption of either the intruder or the intruded upon by the stronger of the two. This, although not intended by them, had the effect of vastly heightening the fear with which they were regarded by the smaller sea-folk, for they took to a restless prowling along the sea-bed, enwreathing themselves about the mighty bases of the islands and invading cool, coral caverns where their baleful presence had been till then unknown. Never before had there been such a panic among the multitudinous sea-populations. What could this new portent signify? Were the foundations of the great deep again about to be broken up and the sea-bed heaved upward to replace the tops of the towering mountains on dry land? There was no reply, for there were none that could answer questions like these.

Still the fear-smitten decapods wandered, seeking seclusion from the coming enemy and finding none to their mind. Still the crowds of their victims rushed blindly from shoal to shoal, plunging into depths unfitted for them, or rising into shallows where their natural food was not. And the whole sea was troubled. Until at last there appeared,



"AT LAST THERE APPEARED, GRIM AND VAST, THE ADVANCE-GUARD OF THE SPERM WHALES."

grim and vast, the advance-guard of the sperm whales and hurled themselves with joyful anticipation upon the shrinking convolutions of those hideous monsters that had so long dominated the dark places of the sea.

For the whales it was a time of feasting hitherto without parallel. Without any fear,

uncaring to take even the most elementary precautions against a defeat which they felt to be an impossible contingency, they sought out and devoured one after another of these vast uglinesses, already looked upon by them as their natural provision, their store of food accumulated of purpose against their coming. Occasionally, it is true, some rash youngster, full of pride and rejoicing in his pre-eminence over all life in the depths, would hurl himself into a smoky network of far-spreading tentacles, which would wrap him round so completely that his jaws were fast bound together, his flukes would vainly essay to propel him anywhither, and he would presently perish miserably, his cable-like sinews falling slackly and his lungs suffused with crimson brine. Even then, the advantage gained by the triumphant kraken was a barren one, for in every case the bulk of the victim was too great, his body too firm in its build for the victor, despite his utmost efforts, to succeed in devouring his prize. So that the disappointed kraken had perforce to witness the gradual disappearance of his lawful prize beneath the united efforts of myriads of tiny sea-scavengers, secure in their insignificance against any attack from him, and await with tremors extending to the remotest extremity of every tentacle the retribution which, he felt sure, would speedily follow.

This desultory warfare was waged for long until, driven by despair to a community of interest unknown before, the krakens gradually sought one another out with but a single idea—that of combining against the new enemy. For, knowing to what an immense size their kind could attain in the remoter fastnesses of ocean, they could not yet bring themselves to believe that they were to become the helpless prey of these new-comers, visitors of yesterday, coming from the cramped acreage of the land into the limitless fields of ocean, and invading the immemorial freeholds of its hitherto unassailable sovereigns.

From the remotest recesses of ocean they came, that grisly gathering, came in ever-increasing hosts, their silent progress spreading unprecedented dismay among the fairer inhabitants of the sea. Figure to yourselves, if you can, the advance of this terrible army! But the effort is vain. Not even Martin, that frenzied delineator of the frightful halls of Hell, the terrors of the Apocalypse, and the agonies of the Deluge, could have done justice to the terrors of such a picture. Only dimly can we imagine what must have been the appearance of those vast masses of writhing flesh, as through the palely gleaming phosphorescence of those depths they sped backwards in leaps of a hundred fathoms each, their terrible arms, close clustered together, streaming behind them like Medusa's hair magnified ten thousand times in size, and with each snaky tress bearing a thousand mouths instead of one.

So they converged upon the place of meeting—an area of the sea-bed nowhere more than 500 fathoms in depth, from whose rugged floor rose irregularly stupendous columnar masses of lava, hurled upwards by the cosmic forces below in a state of incandescence, and solidified as they rose, assuming many fantastic shapes and affording perfect harbourage to such dire scourges of the sea as were now making the place their rendezvous. For, strangely enough, this marvellous portion of the submarine world was more densely peopled with an infinite variety of sea folk than any other. Its tepid waters seemed to bring forth abundantly of all kinds of fish, crustacea, and creeping things. Sharks in all their fearsome varieties prowled greasily about scenting for dead things whereon to gorge; shell-fish, from the infinitesimal globigerina up to the gigantic tridacna, whose shells were a yard each in diameter; crabs, lobsters, and other freakish varieties of crustacea of a size and ugliness unknown to-day lurked in every crevice, while about and among all these scavengers flitted the happy, lovely fish in myriads of glorious hues, matching the tender shades of the coral groves that sprang from the summits of those sombre pillars beneath. Hitherto this happy hunting-ground had not been invaded by the sea-mammals. None of the air-breathing inhabitants of the ocean had ventured into its gloomy depths or sought their prey among the blazing shallows of the surface reefs, although no more favourable place for their exertions could possibly have been selected over all the wide seas. It had long been a favourite haunt of the kraken, for whom it was, as aforesaid, an ideal spot; but now it was to witness a sight unparalleled in ocean history. Heralded by an amazing series of under waves, the gathering of monsters grew near. They numbered many thousands, and no one in all their hosts was of lesser magnitude than sixty feet long by thirty in girth of body alone. From that size they increased until some, the acknowledged leaders, discovered themselves like islands, their cylindrical carcasses huge

as that of an ocean liner and their tentacles capable of overspreading an entire village.

In concentric rings they assembled, all heads pointing outward, the mightiest within, and four clear avenues through the circles left for coming and going. Contrary to custom, but by mutual consent, all the tentacles lay closely arranged in parallel lines, not outspread to every quarter of the compass and all a-work. They looked indeed in their inertia and silence like nothing so much as an incalculable number of dead squid of enormous size neatly laid out at the whim of some giant's fancy. Yet communication between them was active, a subtle interchange of experiences and plans went briskly on through the medium of the mobile element around them. The elder and mightier were full of disdain at the reports they were furnished with, utterly incredulous as to the ability of any created thing to injure them, and as the time wore on an occasional tremor was distinctly noticeable through the whole length of their tentacles which boded no good to their smaller brethren. Doubtless but little longer was needed for the development of a great absorption of the weaker by the stronger, only that darting into their midst like a lightning streak came a messenger squid bearing the news that a school of sperm whales numbering at least a thousand were coming at top-speed direct for their place of meeting. Instantly to the farthest confines of that mighty gathering the message radiated, and as if by one movement there uprose from the sea-bed so dense a cloud of sepia that for many miles around the clear bright blue of the ocean became turbid, stagnant, and foul. Even the birds that hovered over those dark-brown waves took fright at this terrible phenomenon, to them utterly incomprehensible, and with discordant shrieks they fled in search of sweeter air and cleaner sea. But below the surface, under cover of this thickest darkness, there was the silence of death.

Twenty miles away, under the bright sunshine, an advance guard of about a hundred sperm whales came rushing on. Line abreast, their bushy breath rising like the regular steam-jets from a row of engines, they dashed aside the welcoming wavelets, every sense alert and full of eagerness for the consummation of their desires. Such had been their dispatch that throughout the long journey of 500 leagues they had not once stayed for food, so that they were ravenous with hunger as well as full of fight. They passed, and before the foaming of their swift passage had ceased the main body, spread over a space of thirty miles, came following on, the roar of their multitudinous march sounding like the voice of many waters.

Suddenly the advance guard, with stately elevation of the broad fans of their flukes, disappeared, and by one impulse the main body followed them. Down into the depths they bore, noting with dignified wonder the absence of all the usual inhabitants of the deep until, with a thrill of joyful anticipation which set all their masses of muscle a-quiver, they recognised the scent of the prey. No thought of organized resistance presented itself; without a halt or even the faintest slackening of their great rush they plunged forward into the abysmal gloom; down, down withal into that wilderness of waiting demons. And so, in darkness and silence like that of the beginning of things, this great battle was joined. Whale after whale succumbed, anchored to the bottom by such bewildering entanglements, such enlacement of tentacles that their vast strength was helpless to free them, their jaws were bound hard together, and even the wide sweep of their flukes gat no hold upon the slimy water. But the decapods were in evil case. Assailed from above while their groping arms writhed about below they found themselves more often locked in unreleasable hold of their fellows than they did of their enemies. And the quick-shearing jaws of those foes shredded them into fragments, made nought of their bulk, revelled and frolicked among them, slaying, devouring, exulting. Again and again the triumphant mammals drew off for air and from satiety, went and lolled upon the sleek, oily surface in water now so thick that the fiercest hurricane that ever blew would have failed to raise a wave thereon.

So through a day and a night the slaying ceased not, except for these brief interludes, until those of the decapods left alive had disentangled themselves from the *débris* of their late associates and returned with what speed they might to depths and crannies where they fondly hoped their ravenous enemies could never come. Henceforth they were no longer lords of the sea; instead of being as hitherto devourers of all things living that crossed the radius of their outspread toils, they were now and for all time to be the prey of a nobler creation, a higher order of being, and at last they had taken their rightful position as creatures of usefulness in the vast economy of Creation.

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. Jacobs.

CHAPTER XIV.

CAPTAIN NUGENT awoke the morning after his attempt to crimp his son with a bad headache. Not an ordinary headache, to disappear with a little cold water and fresh air; but a splitting, racking affair, which made him feel all head and dulness. Weights pressed upon his eyelids and the back of his head seemed glued to his pillow.

He groaned faintly and, raising himself upon his elbow, opened his eyes and sat up with a sharp exclamation. His bed was higher from the floor than usual and, moreover, the floor was different. In the dim light he distinctly saw a ship's forecastle, untidy bunks with frouzy bedclothes, and shiny oilskins hanging from the bulkhead.

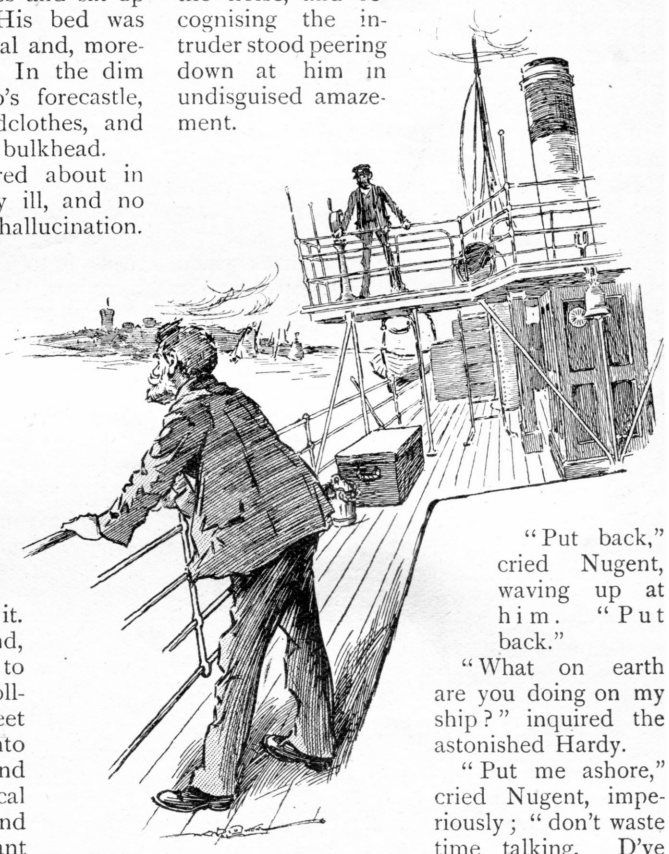
For a few moments he stared about in mystification; he was certainly ill, and no doubt the forecastle was an hallucination. It was a strange symptom, and the odd part of it was that everything was so distinct. Even the smell. He stared harder, in the hope that his surroundings would give place to the usual ones, and, leaning a little bit more on his elbow, nearly rolled out of the bunk. Resolved to probe this mystery to the bottom he lowered himself to the floor and felt distinctly the motion of a ship at sea.

There was no doubt about it. He staggered to the door and, holding by the side, looked on to the deck. The steamer was rolling in a fresh sea and a sweet strong wind blew refreshingly into his face. Funnels, bridge, and masts swung with a rhythmical motion; loose gear rattled, and every now and then a distant tinkle sounded faintly from the steward's pantry.

He stood bewildered, trying to piece together the events of the preceding night, and to try and understand by what miracle he was back on board his old ship the *Conqueror*. There was no doubt as to her identity. He knew every inch of her, and any further confirmation that might be required was fully supplied by the appearance of the long, lean figure of Captain Hardy on the bridge.

Captain Nugent took his breath sharply and began to realize the situation. He stepped to the side and looked over; the harbour was only a little way astern, and Sunwich itself, looking cold and cheerless beyond the dirty, tumbling seas, little more than a mile distant.

At the sight his spirits revived, and with a hoarse cry he ran shouting towards the bridge. Captain Hardy turned sharply at the noise, and recognising the intruder stood peering down at him in undisguised amazement.



"HE STEPPED TO THE SIDE AND LOOKED OVER."

"Put back," cried Nugent, waving up at him. "Put back."

"What on earth are you doing on my ship?" inquired the astonished Hardy.

"Put me ashore," cried Nugent, imperiously; "don't waste time talking. D'ye hear? Put me ashore."

The amazement died out of Hardy's face and gave way to an expression of anger. For a time he regarded the red and threatening visage of Captain Nugent in silence, then he turned to the second officer.

"This man is not one of the crew, Mr. Prowle?" he said, in a puzzled voice.

"No, sir," said Mr. Prowle.

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"How did he get aboard here?"

Captain Nugent answered the question himself. "I was crimped by you and your drunken bullies," he said, sternly.

"How did this man get aboard here?" repeated Captain Hardy, ignoring him.

"He must have concealed himself somewhere, sir," said the mate; "this is the first I've seen of him."

"A stowaway?" said the captain, bending his brows. "He must have got some of the crew to hide him aboard. You'd better make a clean breast of it, my lad. Who are your confederates?"

Captain Nugent shook with fury. The second mate had turned away, with his hand over his mouth and a suspicious hunching of his shoulders, while the steward, who had been standing by, beat a hasty retreat and collapsed behind the chart-room.

"If you don't put me ashore," said Nugent, restraining his passion by a strong effort, "I'll take proceedings against you for crimping me, the moment I reach port. Get a boat out and put me aboard that smack."

He pointed as he spoke to a smack which was just on their beam, making slowly for the harbour.

"When you've done issuing orders," said the captain, in an indifferent voice, "perhaps you'll explain what you are doing aboard my craft."

Captain Nugent gazed at the stern of the fast-receding smack; Sunwich was getting dim in the distance and there was no other sail near. He began to realize that he was in for a long voyage.

"I awoke this morning and found myself in a bunk in your fo'c's'le," he said, regarding Hardy steadily. "How I got there is probably best known to yourself. I hold you responsible for the affair."

"Look here, my lad," said Captain Hardy, in patronizing tones, "I don't know how you got aboard my ship and I don't care. I am willing to believe that it was not intentional on your part, but either the outcome of a drunken freak or else a means of escaping from some scrape you have got into ashore. That being so, I shall take a merciful view of it, and if you behave yourself and make yourself useful you will not hear anything more of it. He has something the look of a seafaring man, Mr. Prowle. See what you can make of him."

"Come along with me, my lad," said the grinning Mr. Prowle, tapping him on the shoulder.

The captain turned with a snarl, and, clenching his huge, horny fist, let drive full in the other's face and knocked him off his feet.

"Take that man for'ard," cried Captain Hardy, sharply. "Take him for'ard."

Half-a-dozen willing men sprang forward. Captain Nugent's views concerning sailormen were well known in Sunwich, and two of the men present had served under him. He went forward, the centre of an attentive and rotating circle, and, sadly out of breath, was bestowed in the forecastle and urged to listen to reason.

For the remainder of the morning he made no sign. The land was almost out of sight, and he sat down quietly to consider his course of action for the next few weeks. Dinner-time found him still engrossed in thought, and the way in which he received an intimation from a good-natured seaman that his dinner was getting cold showed that his spirits were still unquelled.

By the time afternoon came he was faint with hunger, and, having determined upon his course of action, he sent a fairly polite message to Captain Hardy and asked for an interview.

The captain, who was resting from his labours in the chart-room, received him with the same air of cold severity which had so endeared Captain Nugent himself to his subordinates.

"You have come to explain your extraordinary behaviour of this morning, I suppose?" he said, curtly.

"I have come to secure a berth aft," said Captain Nugent. "I will pay a small deposit now, and you will, of course, have the balance as soon as we get back. This is without prejudice to any action I may bring against you later on."

"Oh, indeed," said the other, raising his eyebrows. "We don't take passengers."

"I am here against my will," said Captain Nugent, "and I demand the treatment due to my position."

"If I had treated you properly," said Captain Hardy, "I should have put you in irons for knocking down my second officer. I know nothing about you or your position. You're a stowaway, and you must do the best you can in the circumstances."

"Are you going to give me a cabin?" demanded the other, menacingly.

"Certainly not," said Captain Hardy. "I have been making inquiries, and I find that you have only yourself to thank for the position in which you find yourself. I am sorry to be harsh with you."

"Harsh?" repeated the other, hardly able to believe his ears. "You—harsh to me?"

"But it is for your own good," pursued Captain Hardy; "it is no pleasure to me to punish you. I shall keep an eye on you while you're aboard, and if I see that your conduct is improving you will find that I am not a hard man to get on with."

Captain Nugent stared at him with his lips parted. Three times he essayed to speak and failed; then he turned sharply and, gaining the open air, stood for some time trying to regain his composure before going forward again. The first mate, who was on the bridge, regarded him curiously, and then, with an insufferable air of authority, ordered him away.

The captain obeyed mechanically and, turning a deaf ear to the inquiries of the men, prepared to make the best of an intolerable situation, and began to cleanse his bunk. First of all he took out the bedding and shook it thoroughly, and then, procuring soap and a bucket of water, began to scrub with a will. Hostile comments followed the action.

"We ain't clean enough for 'im," said one voice.

"Partikler old party, ain't he, Bill?" said another.

"You leave 'im alone," said the man addressed, surveying the captain's efforts with a smile of approval. "You keep on, Nugent, don't you mind 'im. There's a little bit there you ain't done."

"Keep your head out of the way, unless you want it knocked off," said the incensed captain.

"Ho!" said the aggrieved Bill. "Ho, indeed! D'ye 'ear that, mates? A man mustn't look at 'is own bunk now."

The captain turned as though he had been stung. "This is my bunk," he said, sharply.

"Ho, is it?" said Bill. "Beggin' of your pardon, an' apologizing for a-contradictin' of you, but it's mine. You haven't got no bunk."

"I slept in it last night," said the captain, conclusively.

"I know you did," said Bill, "but that was all my kind-'artedness."

"And 'arf a quid, Bill," a voice reminded him.

"And 'arf a quid," assented Bill, graciously, "and I'm very much obliged to you, mate, for the careful and tidy way in which you've cleaned up arter yourself."

The captain eyed him. Many years of command at sea had given him a fine manner, and force of habit was for a moment almost too much for Bill and his friends. But only for a moment.

"I'm going to keep this bunk," said the captain, deliberately.

"No, you ain't, mate," said Bill, shaking his head, "don't you believe it. You're nobody down here; not even a ordinary seaman. I'm afraid you'll 'ave to clean a place for yourself on the carpet. There's a nice corner over there."

"YOU KEEP ON, NUGENT, DON'T YOU MIND 'IM."

"When I get back," said the furious captain, "some of you will go to gaol for last night's work."

"Don't be hard on us," said a mocking voice, "we did our best. It ain't our fault that you look so ridikerlously young, that we took you for your own son."

"And you was in that state that you couldn't contradict us," said another man.

"If it is your bunk," said the captain, sternly, "I suppose you have a right to it. But perhaps you'll sell it to me? How much?"

"Now you're talking bisness," said the highly gratified Bill, turning with a threatening gesture upon a speculator opposite. "Wot do you say to a couple o' pounds?"

The captain nodded.

"Couple o' pounds, money down," said Bill, holding out his hand.

The captain examined the contents of his pocket, and after considerable friction bought the bunk for a pound cash and an I O U for the balance.

A more humane man would have shown a little concern as to his benefactor's sleeping-place; but the captain never gave the matter a thought. In fact, it was not until three days later that he discovered there was a spare bunk in the forecastle, and that the unscrupulous seaman was occupying it.

It was only one of many annoyances, but the captain realizing his impotence made no sign. From certain remarks let fall in his hearing he had no difficulty in connecting Mr. Kybird with his discomfiture and, of his own desire, he freely included the unfortunate Mr. Wilks.

He passed his time in devising schemes of vengeance, and when Captain Hardy, relenting, offered him a cabin aft, he sent back such a message of refusal that the steward spent half an hour preparing a paraphrase. The offer was not repeated, and the captain, despite the strong representations of Bill and his friends, continued to eat the bread of idleness before the mast.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. ADOLPHUS SWANN spent a very agreeable afternoon after his interview with Nathan Smith in refusing to satisfy what he termed the idle curiosity of his partner. The secret of Captain Nugent's whereabouts, he declared, was not to be told to everybody, but was to be confided by a man of insinuating address and appearance—here he looked at himself in a hand-glass—to Miss Nugent. To be broken to her by a man with no ulterior motives for his visit; a man in the prime of life, but not too old for a little tender sympathy.

"I had hoped to have gone this afternoon," he said, with a glance at the clock; "but I'm afraid I can't get away. Have you got much to do, Hardy?"

"No," said his partner, briskly. "I've finished."

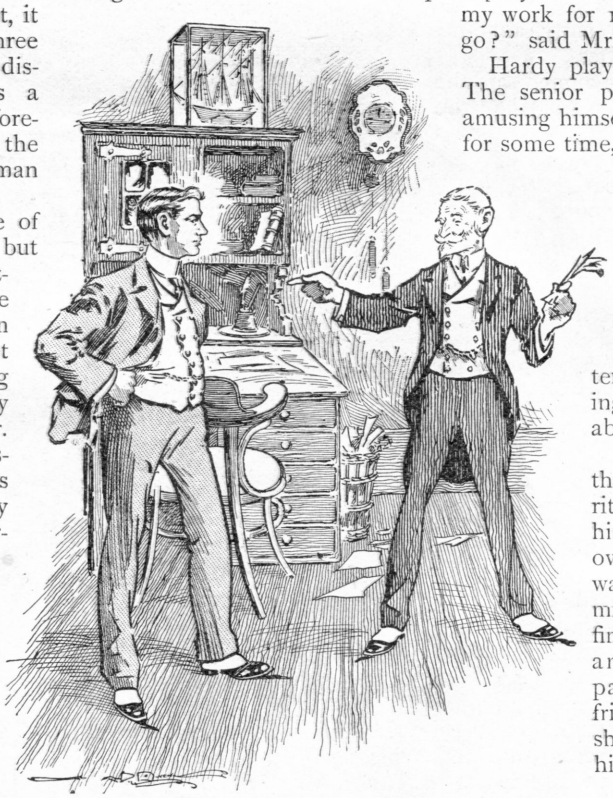
"Then perhaps you wouldn't mind doing my work for me, so that I can go?" said Mr. Swann, mildly.

Hardy played with his pen. The senior partner had been amusing himself at his expense for some time, and in the hope of a favour at his hands he had endured it with unusual patience.

"Four o'clock," murmured the senior partner; "hadn't you better see about making yourself presentable, Hardy?"

"Thanks," said the other, with alacrity, as he took off his coat and crossed over to the little washstand. In five minutes he had finished his toilet and, giving his partner a little friendly pat on the shoulder, locked up his desk.

"Well?" he said, at last.



"HADN'T YOU BETTER SEE ABOUT MAKING YOURSELF PRESENTABLE, HARDY?"

"Well?" repeated Mr. Swann, with a little surprise.

"What am I to tell them?" inquired Hardy, struggling to keep his temper.

"Tell them?" repeated the innocent Swann. "Lor' bless my soul, how you do jump at conclusions, Hardy. I only asked you to tidy yourself for my sake. I have an artistic eye. I thought you had done it to please me."

"When you're tired of this nonsense," said the indignant Hardy, "I shall be glad."

Mr. Swann looked him over carefully and, coming to the conclusion that his patience was exhausted, told him the result of his inquiries. His immediate reward was the utter incredulity of Mr. Hardy, together with some pungent criticisms of his veracity. When the young man did realize at last that he was speaking the truth he fell to wondering blankly what was happening aboard the *Conqueror*.

"Never mind about that," said the older man. "For a few weeks you have got a clear field. It is quite a bond between you: both your fathers on the same ship. But whatever you do, don't remind her of the fate of the Kilkenny cats. Draw a fancy picture of the two fathers sitting with their arms about each other's waists and wondering whether their children——"

Hardy left hurriedly, in fear that his indignation at such frivolity should overcome his gratitude, and he regretted as he walked briskly along that the diffidence peculiar to young men in his circumstances had prevented him from acquainting his father with the state of his feelings towards Kate Nugent.

The idea of taking advantage of the captain's enforced absence had occurred to other people besides Mr. James Hardy. Dr. Murchison, who had found the captain, despite his bias in his favour, a particularly tiresome third, was taking the fullest advantage of it; and Mrs. Kybird had also judged it an admirable opportunity for paying a first call. Mr. Kybird, who had not taken her into his confidence in the affair, protested in vain; the lady was determined, and, moreover, had the warm support of her daughter.

"I know what I'm doing, Dan'l," she said to her husband.

Mr. Kybird doubted it, but held his peace; and the objections of Jack Nugent, who found to his dismay that he was to be of the party, were deemed too trivial to be worthy of serious consideration.

They started shortly after Jem Hardy had left his office, despite the fact that Mrs. Kybird, who was troubled with asthma, was suffering untold agonies in a black satin dress which had been originally made for a much smaller woman, and had come into her husband's hands in the way of business. It got into hers in what the defrauded Mr. Kybird considered an extremely unbusinesslike manner, and it was not without a certain amount of satisfaction that he regarded her discomfiture as the party sallied out.

Mr. Nugent was not happy. Mrs. Kybird in the snug seclusion of the back parlour was one thing; Mrs. Kybird in black satin at its utmost tension and a circular hat set with sable ostrich plumes nodding in the breeze was another. He felt that the public eye was upon them and that it twinkled. His gaze wandered from mother to daughter.

"What are you staring at?" demanded Miss Kybird, pertly.

"IT WAS NOT WITHOUT A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF SATISFACTION THAT HE REGARDED HER DISCOMFITURE."

"I was thinking how well you are looking," was the reply.

Miss Kybird smiled. She had hoisted some daring colours, but she was of a bold type and carried them fairly well.

"If I 'ad the woman what made this dress 'ere," gasped Mrs. Kybird, as she stopped with her hand on her side, "I'd give her a bit o' my mind."

"I never saw you look so well in anything before, ma," said her daughter.

Mrs. Kybird smiled faintly and continued her pilgrimage. Jem Hardy coming up rapidly behind composed his amused features and stepped into the road to pass.

"Halloa, Hardy," said Nugent. "Going home?"

"I am calling on your sister," said Hardy, bowing.

"By Jove, so are we," said Nugent, relieved to find this friend in need. "We'll go together. You know Mrs. Kybird and Miss Kybird? That is Mrs. Kybird."

Mrs. Kybird bade him "Go along, do," and acknowledged the introduction with as stately a bow as the black satin would permit, and before the dazed Jem quite knew how it all happened he was leading the way with Mrs. Kybird, while the young people, as she called them, followed behind.

"We ain't looking at you," she said, playfully, over her shoulder.

"And we're trying to shut our eyes to your goings on," retorted Nugent.

Mrs. Kybird stopped and, with a half-turn, playfully reached for him with her umbrella. The exertion and the joke combined took the remnant of her breath away, and she stood still, panting.

"You had better take Hardy's arm, I think," said Nugent, with affected solicitude.

"It's my breath," explained Mrs. Kybird, turning to the fuming young man by her side. "I can 'ardly get along for it—I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure."

Mr. Hardy, with a vain attempt to catch Jack Nugent's eye, resigned himself to his fate, and with his fair burden on his arm walked with painful slowness towards Equator Lodge. A ribald voice from the other side of the road, addressing his companion as "Mother Kybird," told her not to hug the man, and a small boy whom they met loudly asseverated his firm intention of going straight off to tell Mr. Kybird.

By the time they reached the house Mr. Hardy entertained views on homicide which would have appeared impossible to him half an hour before. He flushed crimson as he saw the astonished face of Kate Nugent at the window, and, pausing at the gate to wait for the others, discovered that they had disappeared. A rooted dislike to scenes of any kind, together with a keen eye for the ludicrous, had prompted Jack Nugent to suggest a pleasant stroll to Amelia and

"MR. HARDY RESIGNED HIMSELF TO HIS FATE."

put in an appearance later on.

"We won't wait for 'im," said Mrs. Kybird, with decision; "if I don't get a sit down soon I shall drop."

Still clinging to the reluctant Hardy she walked up the path; farther back in the darkness of the room the unfortunate young gentleman saw the faces of Dr. Murchison and Mrs. Kingdom.

"And 'ow are you, Bella?" inquired Mrs. Kybird with kindly condescension. "Is Mrs. Kingdom at 'ome?"

She pushed her way past the astonished Bella and, followed by Mr. Hardy, entered the

room. Mrs. Kingdom, with a red spot on each cheek, rose to receive them.

"I ought to 'ave come before," said Mrs. Kybird, subsiding thankfully into a chair, "but I'm such a bad walker. I 'ope I see you well."

"We are very well, thank you," said Mrs. Kingdom, stiffly.

"That's right," said her visitor, cordially; "what a blessing 'ealth is. What should we do without it, I wonder?"

She leaned back in her chair and shook her head at the prospect. There was an awkward lull, and in the offended gaze of Miss Nugent Mr. Hardy saw only too plainly that he was held responsible for the appearance of the unwelcome visitor.

"I was coming to see you," he said, leaving his chair and taking one near her. "I met your brother coming along, and he introduced me to Mrs. Kybird and her daughter and suggested we should come together."

Miss Nugent received the information with a civil bow, and renewed her conversation with Dr. Murchison, whose face showed such a keen appreciation of the situation that Hardy had some difficulty in masking his feelings.

"They're a long time a-coming," said Mrs. Kybird, smiling archly; "but there, when young people are keeping company they forget everything and everybody. They didn't trouble about me; if it 'adn't been for Mr. 'Ardy giving me 'is arm I should never 'ave got here."

There was a prolonged silence. Dr. Murchison gave a whimsical glance at Miss Nugent, and meeting no response in that lady's indignant eyes, stroked his moustache and waited events.

"It looks as though your brother is not coming," said Hardy to Miss Nugent.

"He'll turn up by-and-by," interposed Mrs. Kybird, looking somewhat morosely at the company. "They don't notice 'ow the time flies, that's all."

"Time does go," murmured Mrs. Kingdom, with a glance at the clock.

Mrs. Kybird started. "Ah, and we notice it too, ma'am, at our age," she said, sweetly, as she settled herself in her chair and clasped her hands in her lap. "I can't 'elp looking at you, my dear," she continued, looking over at Miss Nugent. "There's such a wonderful likeness between Jack and you. Don't you think so, ma'am?"

Mrs. Kingdom in a freezing voice said that she had not noticed it.

"Of course," said Mrs. Kybird, glancing at her from the corner of her eye, "Jack has 'ad to rough it, pore feller, and that's left its mark on 'im. I'm sure, when we took 'im in, he was quite done up, so to speak. He'd only got what 'e stood up in, and the only pair of socks he'd got to his feet was in such a state of 'oles that they had to be throwed away. I throwed 'em away myself."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Kingdom.

"He don't look like the same feller now," continued the amiable Mrs. Kybird; "good living and good clothes 'ave worked wonders in 'im. I'm sure if he'd been my own son I couldn't 'ave done more for 'im, and, as for Kybird, he's like a father to him."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Kingdom, again.

Mrs. Kybird looked at her. It was on the tip of her tongue to call her a poll parrot. She was a free-spoken woman as a rule, and it was terrible to have to sit still and waste all the good things she could have said to her in favour of unsatisfying pin-pricks. She sat smouldering.

"I s'pose you miss the capt'in very much?" she said, at last.

"Very much," was the reply.

"And I should think 'e misses you," retorted Mrs. Kybird, unable to restrain herself; "'e must miss your conversation and, what I might call, your liveliness."

Mrs. Kingdom turned and regarded her, and the red stole back to her cheeks again. She smoothed down her dress and her hands trembled. Both ladies were now regarding each other in a fashion which caused serious apprehension to the rest of the company.

"I am not a great talker, but I am very careful whom I converse with," said Mrs. Kingdom, in her most stately manner.

"I knew a lady like that once," said Mrs. Kybird; "leastways, she wasn't a lady," she added, meditatively.

Mrs. Kingdom fidgeted, and looked over piteously at her niece; Mrs. Kybird, with a satisfied sniff, sat bolt upright and meditated further assaults. There were at least a score of things she could have said about her adversary's cap alone: plain, straightforward remarks which would have torn it to shreds. The cap fascinated her, and her fingers itched as she gazed at it. In more congenial surroundings she might have snatched at it, but, being a woman of strong character, she suppressed her natural instincts, and confined herself to more polite methods of attack.

"Your nephew don't seem to be in no hurry," she remarked, at length; "but, there,

direckly 'e gets along o' my daughter 'e forgits everything and everybody."

"I really don't think he is coming," said Hardy, moved to speech by the glances of Miss Nugent.

"I shall give him a little longer," said Mrs. Kybird. "I only came 'ere to please 'im, and to get 'ome alone is more than I can do."

Miss Nugent looked at Mr. Hardy, and her eyes were soft and expressive. As plainly as eyes could speak they asked him to take Mrs. Kybird home, lest worse things should happen.

"Would it be far out of your way?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Quite the opposite direction," returned Mr. Hardy, firmly.

"How I got 'ere I don't know," said Mrs. Kybird, addressing the room in general; "it's a wonder to me. Well, once is enough in a lifetime."

"Mr. Hardy," said Kate Nugent, again, in a low voice, "I should be so much obliged if you would take Mrs. Kybird away. She seems bent on quarrelling with my aunt. It is very awkward."

It was difficult to resist the entreaty, but Mr. Hardy had a very fair idea of the duration of Miss Nugent's gratitude; and, besides that, Murchison was only too plainly enjoying his discomfiture.

"She can get home alone all right," he whispered.

Miss Nugent drew herself up disdainfully; Dr. Murchison, looking scandalized at his brusqueness, hastened to the rescue.

"As a medical man," he said, with a considerable appearance of gravity, "I don't think that Mrs. Kybird ought to go home alone."

"Think not?" inquired Hardy, grimly.

"Certain of it," breathed the doctor.

"Well, why don't you take her?" retorted Hardy; "it's all on your way. I have some news for Miss Nugent."

Miss Nugent looked from one to the other, and mischievous lights appeared in her eyes as she gazed at the carefully-groomed and fastidious Murchison. From them she looked to the other side of the room, where Mrs. Kybird was stolidly eyeing Mrs. Kingdom, who was trying in vain to appear ignorant of the fact.

"Thank you very much," said Miss Nugent, turning to the doctor.

"I'm sorry," began Murchison, with an indignant glance at his rival.

"Oh, as you please," said the girl, coldly. "Pray forgive me for asking you."

"If you really wish it," said the doctor, rising.

Miss Nugent smiled upon him, and Hardy also gave him a smile of kindly encouragement, but this he ignored. He crossed the room and bade Mrs. Kingdom good-bye; and then in a few disjointed words asked Mrs. Kybird whether he could be of any assistance in seeing her home.

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," said that lady, as she rose. "It don't seem much use for me waiting for my future son-in-law. I wish you good afternoon, ma'am. I can understand now why Jack didn't come."

With this parting shot she quitted the room and, leaning on the doctor's arm, sailed majestically down the path to the gate, every feather on her hat trembling in response to the excitement below.

"Good-natured of him," said Hardy, glancing from the window, with a triumphant smile.

"Very," said Miss Nugent, coldly, as she took a seat by her aunt. "What is the news to which you referred just now? Is it about my father?"

"THE CAREFULLY-GROOMED AND FASTIDIOUS DR. MURCHISON."

(To be continued.)

A Hundred Years Ago—1801.

By Alfred Whitman. With Illustrations from Old Prints.

SO very much has to be related of the first year of the nineteenth century that to economize space all introduction will be dispensed with. On January 1st a new era dawned —an era of Union; and in the chief towns of the three kingdoms bells were rung, guns were fired, and there was hoisted the new flag—the Union Jack. In honour of the new alliance there were Union flowers, Union feathers, Union handkerchiefs, Union fans, and Union engravings. We reproduce one of these last, and at the base of it we read:—

> While discord o'er distracted Europe reigns
> Union and Concord grace Britannia's plains.
> See where, with Scotia, her transported smile
> And arms expanded greet her Sister Isle.

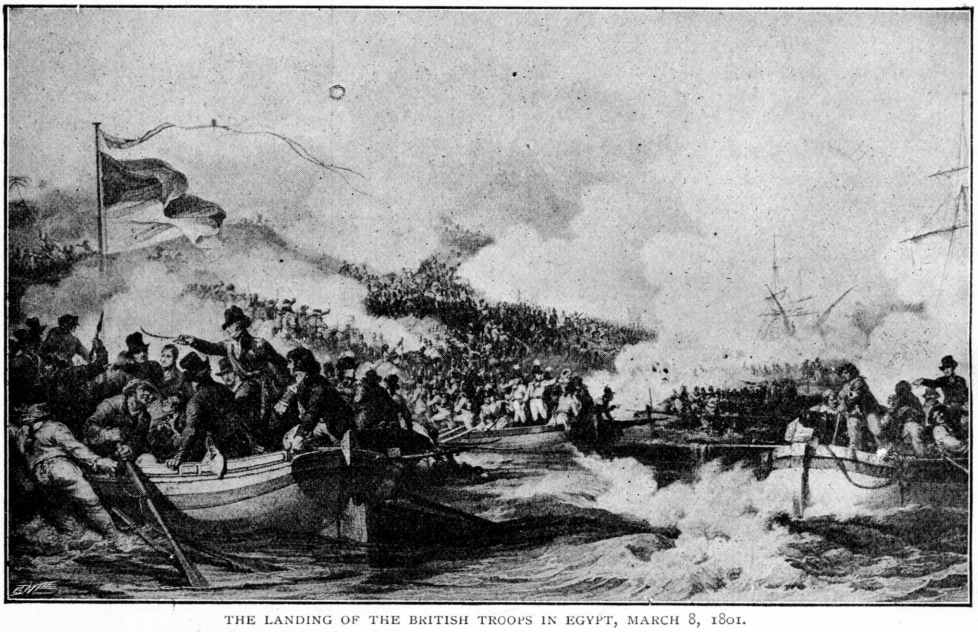
A number of striking coincidences can be named between the years 1801 and 1901; but for brevity's sake we will only mention the events of the former year, leaving the reader to recall the modern parallels. Changes were required in the Book of Common Prayer; the King's title was altered to suit the change in the Constitution; a new Great Seal was required; the Coronation oath formed a subject of public and Parliamentary discussion; a war-tax of 1s. 10d. per cwt. was imposed on sugar; the King opened the first Parliament of the century in State; the prisoners of war held by this country numbered 24,000. April 14: "The cloathing of the British Army is going to be conducted on an entire new plan." Sept. 14: "Eight Boors have been executed at the Cape of Good Hope for having excited the farmers and others at Graffe Reinet to revolt."

This by way of contrast. June 20: "The British Cavalry in Egypt is mounted at the expense of sixteen shillings a horse. This is the cheapest contract Government ever made."

The principal subject of foreign politics to engage the attention of the Government was the difficult Egyptian Question. France was occupying Egypt, and for the safety of our Indian possessions it was deemed imperative to expel her. The effective English force for the field, in the Mediterranean, was about 12,000 men, with Sir Ralph Abercromby as General-in-Chief. With this number, to attack an army of 32,000 men with cavalry, and at least 1,000 pieces of artillery, and that was in possession of a country with fortifications, was a project certainly audacious, if not foolhardy.

EMBLEM OF THE UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, JANUARY 1, 1801.

By March 2nd the British Fleet anchored in Aboukir Bay at the exact spot where the Battle of the Nile had been fought in 1798. On the morning of the 8th the first division of the army, 5,500 strong, assembled in the boats, the remainder, on the ships, acting as supports. At nine o'clock the signal was made for the boats to advance, and simultaneously they dashed forward to effect a landing, as is admirably shown in our illustration. The French, from the sandhills, discharged the full force of their artillery, so that it seemed as though nothing in the

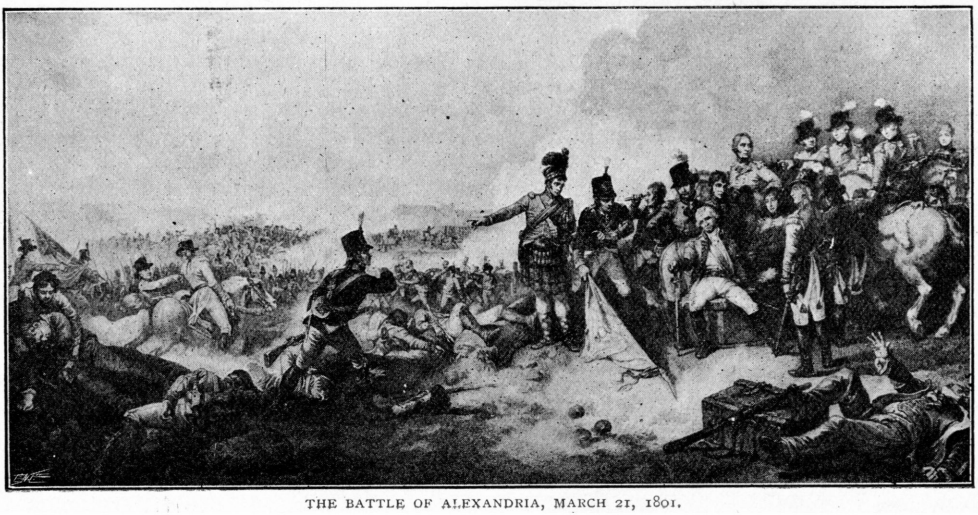


THE LANDING OF THE BRITISH TROOPS IN EGYPT, MARCH 8, 1801.

water could live; but the British troops succeeded in reaching the beach, formed up and, without firing a shot, forced their way to the sandhills and gained possession of them. By the evening the whole of the British army was on shore.

A fortnight later was fought the memorable Battle of Alexandria, of which we give an illustration. Ménou, the French commander, had advanced from Cairo to surprise the British, but his scheme did not succeed. The struggle lasted nearly seven hours, and after both sides had exhausted their ammunition the combat was carried on with stones; but at length Ménou was compelled to retire with a loss of 4,000 men against our 1,500.

But our losses included that of the English commander, Sir Ralph Abercromby. It is supposed that the wound—a bullet wound in the thigh—was received during a charge, as he was known to be anxious to be well forward in the battle. For two hours he kept at his post directing the movements of the troops, and it was not until the battle was won, and the enemy repulsed, that he yielded to Nature and fainted. This is the moment



THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA, MARCH 21, 1801.

selected by Stothard in the illustration we give. Abercromby was carried back to the ship, but, all surgical efforts unavailing, he died seven days after the battle, on March 28th, and was taken to Malta to be buried.

Rosetta and Cairo next fell into the possession of the British, with the aid of Turkish reinforcements, and by August 3rd Alexandria also surrendered. Then, by agreement, the entire French army was conveyed home to France by the allied Powers of England and Turkey.

Coming back to England, we note that on March 10th the first decennial census of the

GENERAL SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY MORTALLY WOUNDED, MARCH 21, 1801.

population of the United Kingdom was taken. The result obtained was not very accurate, "as from some parishes no returns were made," but the numbers officially published were: for the United Kingdom, 10,942,646; for England and Wales, 8,872,980; and for London, 900,000.

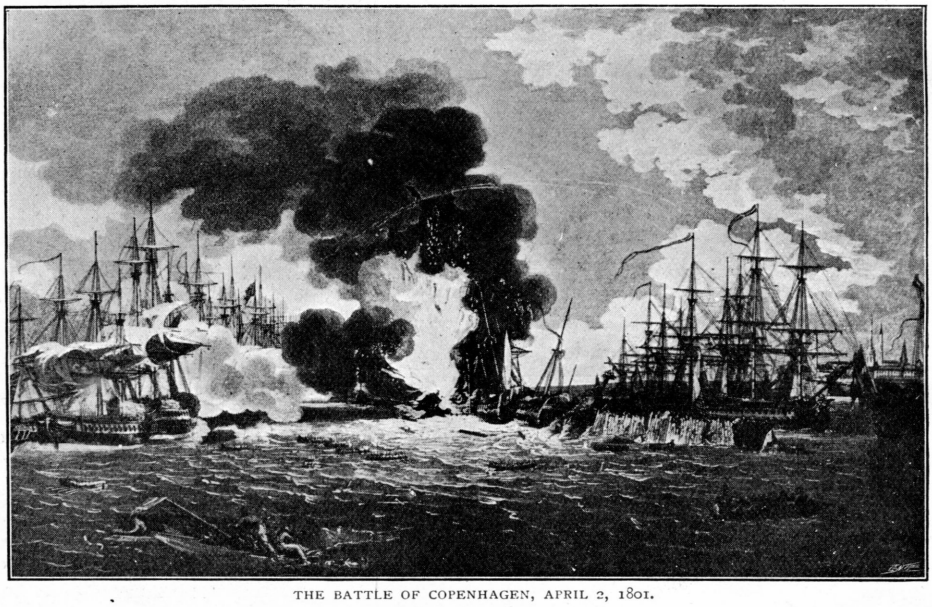
Although the amount of business to be transacted by Parliament was much less in 1801 than now, still the Houses were sitting much longer in 1801 than in 1901. Parliament was in Session from January 22nd till December 28th, with the exception of a recess from July 2nd till October 29th, and the usual brief holidays at Easter, etc. The most important event in the House of Commons was the resignation of Pitt, who had been Prime Minister nearly eighteen years, and the succession of Addington to the head of affairs with a new Cabinet. This event took place in March, and was the cause of much discussion, and many caricatures were published in reference to Pitt's Administration. One graceful act of Parliament demands special mention. The news of the victory at Copenhagen, of which we shall speak presently, reached this country on April 15th. The next day, in both Houses, votes of thanks were carried unanimously to the admirals, the officers, and to "the seamen, marines, and soldiers of the fleet." In September "a very extraordinary robbery took place in the House of Lords. The whole of the gold lace and all the ornaments of the Throne, the King's Arms excepted, were stripped off and carried away." We may add that the thief was never found.

The Royal Family (that is to say, the King, Queen, and the Princesses) spent the year in their usual quiet way, with "occasional airings" round Highgate and Hampstead, or "over Westminster Bridge and returning home through Battersea," and suffered the usual mild ailments, though the cold the King contracted early in the year was exceedingly severe and delayed the affairs of Parliament and postponed the change of Ministry. Even the summer holiday was spent as usual at Weymouth, though, by way of change, on the outward

journey the Royal party went by a newly-launched yacht from Christchurch to Weymouth, and on the way back, early in October, broke the journey at Andover and stayed the night at the Star and Garter Inn, from whence the next morning "about ten the Royal party set off in high health and spirits for Windsor."

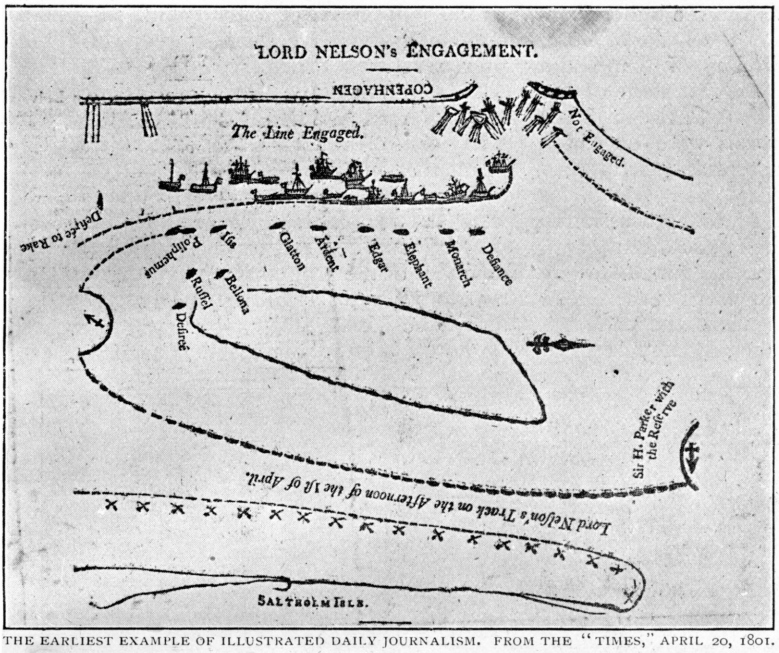
By far the most popular and most talked-of hero of the year was undoubtedly Lord Nelson, recently home for the first time since the Battle of the Nile. And as he took so large a share of the public interest we must devote a special paragraph to his doings. On January 13th he left London for Plymouth to join the fleet on active service, and two days later he was greeted with a stirring reception at Exeter and presented with the freedom of the city. On the 16th he arrived at Plymouth and on the 31st he set sail. Trouble in the Baltic brewing fast, he was back in London by February 24th, and early in March was at Yarmouth preparing for the expedition against Denmark. A few days but by the end of the month he assumed command in the Channel, and on August 5th bombarded the French fleet at Boulogne. A second attack a fortnight later was unsuccessful and he returned to Deal, where he spent a holiday with Sir William and Lady Hamilton. In the *Deal News* of September 23rd we read: "On Wednesday his lordship discharged his bill at the inn for the last three weeks, which, exclusively of wine, amounted to the sum of £265." He settled the purchase of "Merton Place, Surry," before setting off to join his flotilla in the Channel, but with the peace he returned to the Downs and came back to London. On October 29th he took his seat as a viscount in the House of Lords, and on November 9th the horses were taken from his carriage and he was drawn by the populace to the Lord Mayor's banquet at the Guildhall.

Now as to Copenhagen. It was felt that a conflict was inevitable between England and the Northern Confederacy of Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, on account



THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN, APRIL 2, 1801.

more and his fleet was under way, and on April 2nd he secured the victory at Copenhagen. Soon he took over supreme command of the Baltic fleet, but by June 29th he was back at Yarmouth visiting his wounded sailors in Yarmouth Hospital. The following day he set off for London, his postilions attired as sailors and the horses decked with ribbons. In July he was created a viscount, and went for a short rest up the river to Shepperton; of the resistance offered to the English right to search vessels suspected of carrying cargoes favourable to the enemy. So the most active preparations were made in this country to measure strength with Denmark before the thawing of the ice could enable the other two Powers to sail south and render naval aid. Quite early in the year "the workmen in the dockyards were working by *candle-light* morning and evening to get the ships ready



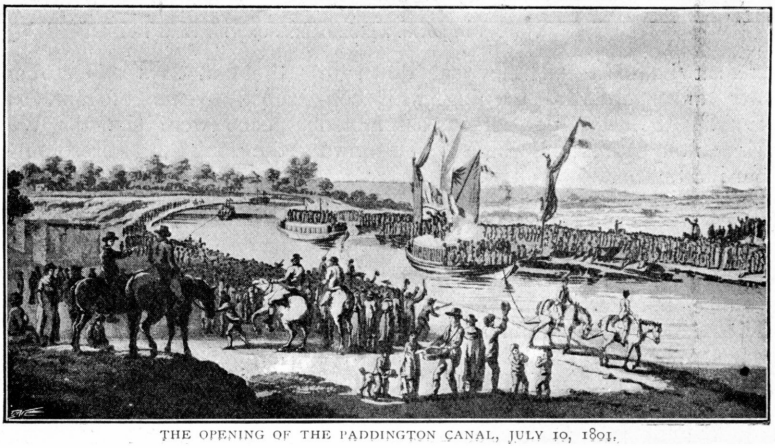
THE EARLIEST EXAMPLE OF ILLUSTRATED DAILY JOURNALISM. FROM THE "TIMES," APRIL 20, 1801.

for sea." On March 12th the English squadron sailed from Yarmouth, and on April 2nd took place the great battle, with Sir Hyde Parker nominally in command, but with Lord Nelson as actual commander. The battle was fiercely waged, the English having to contend against almost overwhelming land as well as sea forces, and the difficulties of the navigation of the treacherous shallows in the vicinity of Copenhagen adding greatly to the dangers of the task. Nelson's refusal to see his superior officer's signal to withdraw, at the critical moment, and his nailing his own colours to the mast, are too well known to need repetition; and we will simply add that when the news of the great victory reached the Admiralty at two o'clock on the afternoon of April 15th Earl St. Vincent immediately sent a letter to the Lord Mayor of London in which he announced that "of twenty-three ships and vessels . . . eighteen were taken or destroyed, including in that number seven ships of the line." Our illustration depicts the battle when at its height.

The lack and delay of news from the theatres of war were the cause of much uneasiness; and the country was frequently thrown into sudden alarms. The King, at Weymouth, was guarded by warships; "a very strict watch is kept up at Brighton (August 14th) and its vicinity during the Prince of Wales's residence, to prevent any surprise on the part of the enemy; and horse patrols are stationed along the coast as soon as it is dusk." Many similar precautions were taken, and could be mentioned.

On the subject of the Press we have an important fact to announce. The year saw the first example of illustrated daily journalism, in a plan showing Nelson's operations before Copenhagen; and we have reproduced it on account of its special interest.

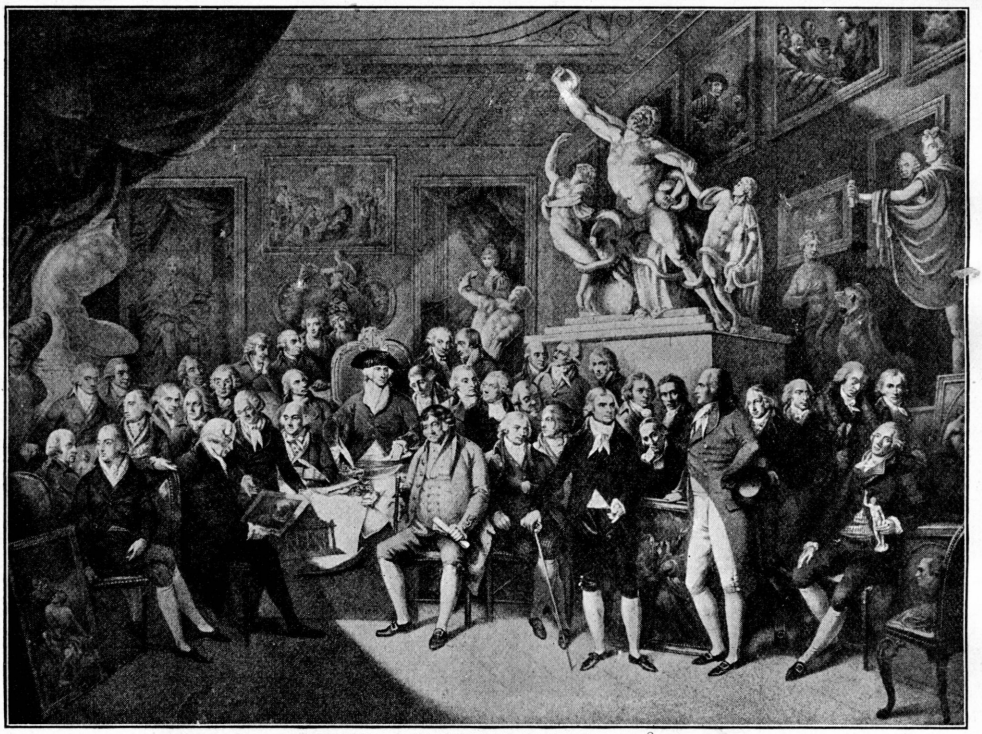
The foundation-stone of the London Stock Exchange in Capel Court was laid on May 18th by William Hammond, when the ceremony included a procession and a dinner, the occasion being described as a success,



THE OPENING OF THE PADDINGTON CANAL, JULY 10, 1801.

and the day being "spent in the utmost conviviality." A month later the Duke of York, accompanied by the Secretary of War and a number of officers, laid the first stone of the Duke of York's School at Chelsea; when "several coins and medals were deposited under a plate with an appropriate inscription."

The Paddington Canal was opened for traffic on July 10th, with a grand procession to Uxbridge and back, which took from 9 a.m. till 5.30 p.m., the return being announced by the firing of cannon from Westbourne Green Bridge. "After three huzzas the company landed and walked to the Yorkshire Stingo,



THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS OF THE YEAR 1801.

where, at half-past six, they sat down to dinner and spent the evening with conviviality." At least 20,000 persons assembled to witness the procession, which is well shown in our illustration.

The members of the Royal Academy at the opening of the century, with Benjamin West in the presidential chair, are admirably depicted in Singleton's painting, which we reproduce, but during the year that august body lost two of its prominent members—Thomas Wheatley, so well known by his "Cries of London," and William Hamilton, the painter of pretty fancy subjects, who died on June 28th and December 2nd respectively. Engravings after both of these famous artists have been employed in the present series of articles.

St. Swithin's Day, 1801, was a deception. On July 15th it rained in torrents, but within a day or two brilliant weather set in, with the result that in all parts of the country a most abundant harvest was secured. So impressed were the people that a special thanksgiving prayer was prepared and read in all the churches of the United Kingdom on Sunday, September 13th, "and at each service the next three Sundays."

But far more rejoicings took place during the first days of October, when, after many costly years of war, the preliminaries of peace were signed. We will not describe the long and tiresome negotiations which preceded the announcement, but on October 1st Lord Hawkesbury sent a letter to the Lord Mayor to notify that he had signed on behalf of England and Monsieur Otto for France.

It was on the 10th that news of the ratification arrived from France, but comparatively few illuminations were to be seen on that night (Saturday), and the crowds that assembled in the streets were driven home about eleven o'clock by a downpour of rain.

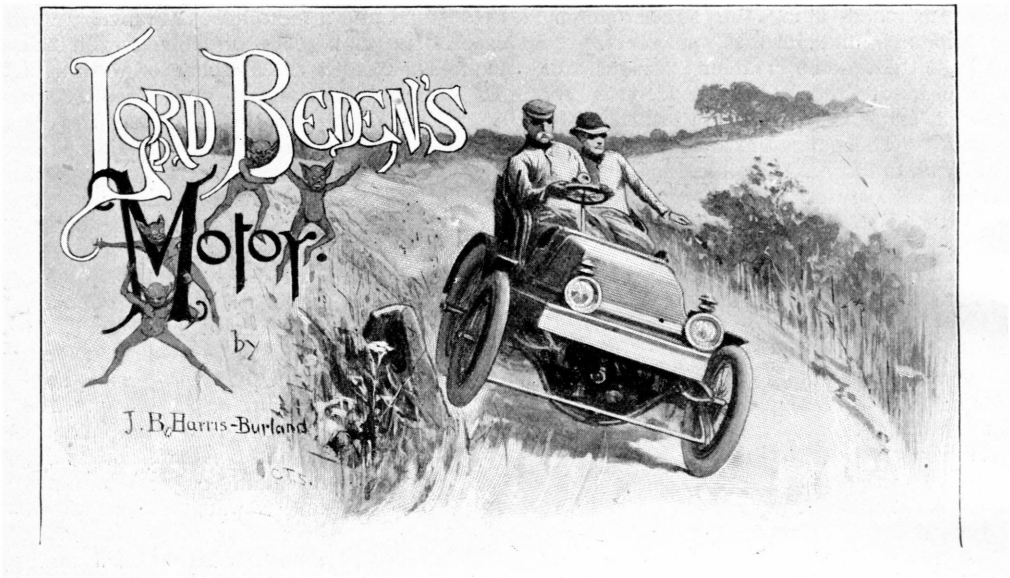
Sunday was spent quietly, but on Monday the illuminations were very numerous, the people marched along the streets singing patriotic airs, and revelry was general, so much so that some "fifteen persons had to appear at the Mansion House for throwing crackers and firing pistols in the streets." "To convey the joyful news to the country as quickly as possible, on the mail coaches was written in large capital letters the words: PEACE WITH FRANCE, and the coachmen wore laurel in their hats." Peace was the key-note of Lord Mayor's Day (which, by the way, was fine and drew an immense crowd), and Monsieur Otto was the guest of the evening.

Numerous pedestrian matches were contested during 1801. For example, in June a man ran twenty times round St. Paul's Churchyard in fifty-four minutes; and it was in this year that the famous Captain Barclay, who in 1809 was to perform the extraordinary feat of walking a mile an hour for a thousand successive hours, began his great career. In November Barclay walked ninety miles over a measured mile on the turnpike road in 21 hours 22min. 4sec. Instead of describing the race we will give an idea of his training for the task under Mr. Smith, a Yorkshire farmer: "Smith made him live upon raw meat and hard food, and do all sorts of hard work, sending him often to market with a heavy load of cheese and butter on his shoulders, and allowing him only an hour and a half to go ten miles with this weight." We give Captain Barclay's portrait.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY, THE FAMOUS PEDESTRIAN.

The year 1801 saw the first steamboat on the Thames, the first submarine dress at Folkestone, and a motor-car in France. "An experiment took place on July 1st on the River Thames, for the purpose of working a barge or any other heavy craft against tide by means of a steam-engine, on a very simple construction. The moment the engine was set to work the barge was brought about, answering her helm quickly, and she made way against a strong current at the rate of two miles and a half per hour." June 1: "Mr. Hodgman, engineer at Folkestone, on Thursday, made an experiment with his submarine apparatus. He walked into the sea attended by a small boat and, remaining eighteen minutes under water, he traversed in various directions more than a quarter of a mile, and ascended in about eighteen feet of water." August 22nd: "A carriage, moved by mechanism within itself solely, was a few days since conducted, in three hours and a half, from Paimbœuf to Nantes, in France, which is a space of ten leagues."

On Boxing Night "The Tempest" was performed at Drury Lane Theatre and "Richard III." at Covent Garden. The Prince of Wales was in his box with a select party at the former theatre, but at the latter a disturbance took place as soon as the curtain drew up, and a bottle thrown from the gallery struck the hat worn by Betterton and knocked out some of the jewels. "Amid a loud uproar the disturber was ejected."



A HARD man was Ralph Strang, seventh Earl of Beden, seventy years of age on his last birthday, but still upright as a dart, with hair white as snow, but with the devilry of youth still sparkling in his keen dark eyes. He was, indeed, able to follow the hounds with the best of us, and there were few men, even among the youngest and most hot-headed of our riders, who cared to follow him over all the jumps he put his horse at.

When I first came to Upstanway as a doctor I thought it strange that so good a sportsman should be so unpopular. As a rule a man can do pretty well anything in a sporting county so long as he rides straight to hounds. But before I had been in the place a month I attended him after a fall in the hunting-field, and I saw that a man like that would be unpopular even if he gave all his goods to the poor and lived the life of St. Francis of Assisi. Not that he was harsh or even unpleasant, but he had the knack of making one feel foolish and uncomfortable, and there was something in the expression of his eyes that made one unable to look him squarely in the face. His manners, indeed, were perfect, and he retained all the old-world courtliness which seems to have been permanently abandoned by this generation, but I could not help feeling that underneath all his politeness and even hospitality lay a solid substratum of contempt.

It was doubtless this impression which had earned him his unpopularity, for I never heard a single one of his enemies lay anything definite to his charge beyond the fact that his elder brother had died in a lunatic asylum, and that Lord Beden was in some vague way held responsible for this unfortunate event.

But it was not until Lord Beden purchased a 12-h.p. "Napier" motor-car that the villagers really began to consider him possessed of a devil. And certainly his spirit of devilry seemed to have found a worthy plaything in that grey mass of snorting machinery, which went through the lanes like a whirlwind, enveloped in a cloud of dust, and scattering every living thing close back against the hedges as a steamer dashes the waves against the banks of a river. I had often heard people whisper that he bore a charmed life in the hunting-field, and that another and better man would have been killed years ago; and he certainly carried the same spirit of dash and foolhardiness, and also the same good fortune, into a still more dangerous pursuit.

It was the purchase of this car that brought me into closer contact with him. I had had some experience of motors, and he was sufficiently humble to take some instructions from me, and also to let me accompany him on several occasions. At first I drove the car myself, and tried to inculcate a certain amount of caution by example, but after the

third lesson he knew as much about it as I did, and, resigning the steering-gear into his hands, I took my place by his side with some misgivings.

I must confess that he handled it splendidly. The man had a wonderful nerve, and when an inch to one side or the other would probably have meant death his keen eye never made a mistake and his hand on the wheel was as steady as a rock. This inspired confidence, and though the strain on my nerves was considerable, I found after a time a certain pleasurable excitement in these rides. And it was excitement, I can tell you. No twelve miles an hour for Lord Beden, no precautionary brakes down hill, no wide curves for corners. He rode, as he did to hounds, straight and fast. Sometimes we had six inches to spare, but never more, and as often as not another half inch would have shot us both out of the car. We always seemed to come round a sharp corner on two wheels. It was certainly exhilarating. But there was something about it I did not quite like. I don't think I was physically afraid, but I recalled certain stories about Lord Beden's mad exploits in the hunting-field, and it almost seemed to me as though he might be purposely riding for a fall.

Then all at once my invitations to ride with him ceased. I thought at first that I had offended him, but I could think of no possible cause of offence; and, besides, his manner towards me had not changed in any way, and I dined with him more than once at Beden Hall, where he was as courteous and irritating as usual. However, he offered no explanation, and I certainly did not intend to ask for one. I watched him narrowly when we talked about the motor, but he made no mystery about his rides. I noticed, however, that he looked older and more careworn, and that his dark eyes burned now with an almost unnatural brilliancy.

I met him two or three times on the road when I was going my rounds in the trap, and he appeared to be driving his machine more furiously and fearlessly than ever. I was almost glad that his invitations had ceased. Strangely enough, I always encountered him on the same road, one which led straight to Oxminster, a town about twenty miles away.

One evening, however, late in August, while I was finishing my dinner in solitude, I heard a familiar hum and rattle along the road in the distance. In less than a minute I saw the flash of bright lamps through my open window and heard the jar of a brake. Then there was a ring at the bell and Lord Beden was announced.

"Good evening, Scott," he said, taking off his glasses. "Lovely night, isn't it? Would you care to come for a ride?" He looked very pale, and was covered with dust from head to foot.

"A ride, Lord Beden?" I replied, thoughtfully. "Well, I hardly know what to say. Will you have some coffee and a cigar?"

He nodded assent and sat down. I poured him out some coffee, and noticed that his hand shook as he raised the cup to his lips. But driving a motor-car at a rapid rate might easily produce this effect. Then I handed him a cigar and lit one myself.

"Rather late for a ride, isn't it?" I said, after a slight pause.

"Not a bit, not a bit," he answered, hastily. "It is as bright as day and the roads clear of traffic. Come, it will do you good. We can finish our cigars in the car."

"Yes," I replied, thoughtfully, "or at any rate the draught will finish them for us."

"Look here, Scott," he continued, in a lower voice, leaning over the table and looking me straight in the eyes, "I particularly want you to come. In fact, you *must* come—to oblige me. I want you to see something which I have seen. I am a little doubtful of its actual existence."

I looked at him sharply. His voice was cold and quiet, but his eyes were certainly a bit too bright. I should say that he was in a state of intense excitement, yet with all his nerves well under control. I laughed a little uneasily.

"Very well, Lord Beden," I replied, rising from my chair. "I will come. But you will excuse me saying that you don't look well to-night. I think you are rather overdoing this motor business. It shakes the system up a good deal, you know."

"I am not well, Scott," he said. "But you cannot cure me."

I said no more, and left the room to put on my glasses and an overcoat.

We set off through the village at about ten miles an hour. It was a glorious night and the moon shone clear in the sky, but I noticed a bank of heavy black clouds in the west, and thought it not unlikely that we should have a thunderstorm. The atmosphere had been suffocating all day, and it was only the motion of the car that created the cool and pleasant breeze which blew against our faces.

When we came to the church we turned sharp to the right on to the Oxminster Road.

"WOULD YOU CARE TO COME FOR A RIDE?"

It ran in a perfectly straight white line for three miles, then it began to wind and ascend the Oxbourne Hills, finally disappearing in the darkness of some woods which extend for nearly five miles over the summit in the direction of Oxminster.

"Where are we going to?" I asked, settling myself firmly in my seat.

"Oxminster," he replied, rather curtly. "Please keep your eyes open and tell me if you see anything on the road."

As he spoke he pulled the lever farther towards him and the great machine shot forward with a sudden plunge which would have unseated me if I had not been prepared for something of the sort. We quickly gathered up speed: hedges and trees went past us like a flash; the dust whirled up into the moonlight like a silver cloud, and before five minutes had elapsed we were at the foot of the hills and were tearing up the slope at almost the same terrific pace.

As we ascended the foliage began to thicken and close in upon us on either side; then the moon disappeared, and only our powerful lamps illuminated the darkness ahead of us. The car was a magnificent hill-climber, but the gradient soon became so steep that the pace slackened down to about eight miles an hour. Lord Beden had not spoken a word since he told me where we were going to, but he had kept his eyes steadily fixed on the broad circle of light in front of the car. I began to find the silence and darkness oppressive, and, to say the truth, was not quite comfortable in my own mind about my companion's sanity. I took off my glasses and tried to pierce the darkness on either side. The moon filtered through the trees and made strange shadows in the depths of the woods, but there was nothing else to be seen, and ahead of us there was only a white streak of road disappearing into blackness. Then suddenly my companion let go of the steering-gear with one hand and clutched me by the arm.

"Listen, Scott!" he cried; "do you hear it?"

I listened attentively, and at first heard nothing but the throb of the motor and a faint rustling among the trees as a slight breeze began to stir through the wood. Then I noticed that the beat of the piston was not quite the same as usual. It sounded jerky and irregular, faint and loud alternately, and I had an idea that it had considerably quickened in speed.

"I hear nothing, Lord Beden," I replied, "except that the engine sounds a little erratic. It ought not to make so much fuss over this hill."

"If you listen more carefully," he said, "you will understand. That sound is the beat of two pistons, and one of them is some way off."

I listened again. He was right. There was certainly another engine throbbing in the distance.

"I cannot see any lights," I answered, looking first in front of us and then into the darkness behind. "But it's another motor, I suppose. It does not appear to me to be anything out of the way."

He did not reply, but replaced his hand on the steering-gear and peered anxiously ahead. I began to feel a bit worried about him. It

was strange that he should get so excited about the presence of another motor-car in the neighbourhood. I was not reassured either when, in re-arranging the rug about my legs, I touched something hard in his pocket. I passed my fingers lightly over it, and had no doubt whatever that it was a revolver. I began to be sorry I had come. A revolver is not a necessary tool for the proper running of a motor-car.

We were nearly at the top of the hill now, and still in the shadow of the trees. The road here runs for more than a mile along the summit before it begins to descend, and half-way along the level another road crosses it at right angles, leading one way down a steep slope to Little Stanway, and the other along the top of the Oxbourne Hills to Kelston and Rutherton, two small villages some miles away on the edge of the moors.

We had scarcely reached the level when a few heavy drops of rain began to fall, and, looking up, I saw that the moon was no longer visible through the branches overhead. A minute later there was a low roll of thunder in the distance, and for an instant the scenery ahead of us flashed bright and faded into darkness. I turned up the collar of my coat.

The car was now moving almost at full speed, but to my surprise, before we had gone a quarter of a mile, Lord Beden slowed it down and finally brought it to a full stop with the brake. Then he appeared to be listening attentively for something, but the rising wind and pouring rain had begun to make an incessant noise among the trees, and the thunder had become more loud and continuous. I strained my sense of hearing to the utmost, but I could hear nothing beyond the sounds of the elements.

"What is the matter?" I queried, impatiently. "Are we going to stop here?"

"Yes," he replied, curtly. "That is to say, if you have no objection. There is a certain amount of shelter."

I drew a cigar from my pocket and, after several attempts, managed to light it. To say the truth, I was in hopes that we should go no farther. The downward descent, three-quarters of a mile ahead of us, was about one in ten, and I did not feel much inclined to let my companion take me down a hill of that sort.

Then, for a few seconds, the rustling of the wind and pattering of the rain ceased among the trees, and once more I could distinctly hear the thud, thud, thud of an engine. It might have been a motor-car, but it certainly sounded to me more like the noise a traction engine would make. As we listened the sound came nearer and nearer and appeared to be on our left, still some distance down the hill. Then the storm broke out again with fresh fury, and we could hear nothing else. Lord Beden pulled the lever towards him and we ran slowly forward until we were within thirty yards of the cross-roads, when he again brought the machine to a standstill.

The noise had become much louder now, and was even audible above the roar of the wind and rain. It certainly came from somewhere on our left. I looked down through the trees, and thought I saw a faint red glow some way down the hill. Lord Beden saw it too, and pointed to it with a trembling hand.

"Looks like a fire in the wood," I said, carelessly. I did not very much care what it was.

"Don't be a fool," he replied, sharply. "Can't you see it's moving?"

Yes, he was right. It was certainly moving, and in a few seconds it was hidden by a thicker mass of foliage. I did not, however, see anything very noticeable about it. It was evidently coming up the road to our left, and was probably a belated traction engine returning home from the reaping. I was more than ever convinced of my companion's insanity and wished that I was safe at home. I had half a mind to get off the car and walk, but he had by now managed to infect me with some of his own fear and excitement, and I did not quite fancy being left with no swifter mode of progression than my feet.

The thumping sound came nearer and nearer, and, as we heard it more distinctly, was even more suggestive of a traction engine. Then I saw a red light through the trees like the glow of a furnace, and not more than fifty yards away from us. My companion laid his left hand on the lever and stared intently at the corner.

Then a rather peculiar thing happened. Whatever it was that had been lumbering slowly up the hill like a gigantic snail suddenly shot across the road in front of us like a streak of smoke and flame, and through the trees to our right I could see the red glow spinning up the road to Kelston at over thirty miles an hour. Almost simultaneously Lord Beden pulled down the lever and I instinctively clutched the seat with both hands. We shot forward, took the corner with about an inch to spare between us and

"IT SUDDENLY SHOT ACROSS THE ROAD IN FRONT OF US."

the ditch, and dashed off along the road in hot pursuit. But the red glow had got at least a quarter of a mile's start, and I could not see what it proceeded from. A flash of lightning, however, showed a dark mass flying before us in a cloud of smoke. It looked something like a large waggon with a chimney sticking out of it, and sparks streamed out of the back of it until they looked like the tail of a comet.

"What the deuce is it?" I said.

"You'll see when we come up to it," the Earl answered, between his teeth. "We shall go faster in a few minutes."

We were, however, going quite fast enough for me, and though I have ridden on many motors since, and occasionally at a greater speed, I shall never forget that ride along the Kelston Road. The powerful machine beneath us trembled as though it were going to fall to pieces, the rain lashed our faces like the thongs of a whip, the thunder almost deafened us, the lightning first blinded us with its flashes and then left us in more confusing darkness, and, to crown all, a dense volume of smoke poured from the machine in front and hid the light of our own lamps. It would be hard to imagine worse conditions for a motor ride, and a man who could keep a steady hand on the steering-gear under circumstances like these was a man indeed. I should not have cared to try it, even in the daytime. But Lord Beden's luck was with him still, and we moved as though guided by some unseen hand.

"You will find a small lever by your side, Scott," he said, after a long pause. "Pull it towards you until it gives a click. It is an invention of my own." I found the handle and, following out his instructions, saw the arc of light from our lamps shoot another fifty yards ahead, leaving the ground immediately in front of the car in darkness. We had gained considerably. The light just impinged on the streaming tail of sparks.

"At last!" my companion muttered. "He has always had half a mile's start before, and the oil has given out before I could catch him. But he cannot escape us now."

"What is it, Lord Beden?"

"I am glad you see it," he replied. "I thought before to-night that it was a fancy of my brain."

"Of course I see it," I said, sharply. "I am not blind. But what is it?"

He did not answer, but a flash of lightning showed me his face, and I did not repeat the question.

Mile after mile we spun along the lonely country road, but never gaining another inch. We dashed through Kelston like a streak of light. It was fortunate that all the inhabitants were in bed. Then we shot out on to a road leading across the open moor, which stretches from here to the sea, twenty

miles away, and I remembered that eight miles from Kelston there was a deep descent into the valley of the Stour, and it was scarcely possible that we could escape destruction. I quickly made up my mind to overpower Lord Beden and gain control of the machine.

Then we suddenly began to sweep down a long and gentle gradient, and second after second our speed increased until the arc of light shone on the machine ahead of us, and I could see what manner of thing it was that we pursued.

It was, I suppose, a kind of motor-car, but unlike anything I had ever seen before, and bearing no more resemblance to a modern machine than a bone-shaker of twenty years ago does to the modern "free-wheel." It appeared to be built of iron, and was painted a dead black. In the fore-part of the structure a 5ft. fly-wheel spun round at a terrific speed, and various bars and beams moved rapidly backwards and forwards. The chimney was quite 10ft. in height, and poured out a dense volume of smoke. On a small platform behind, railed in by a stout iron rail, stood a tall man with his back to us. His dark hair, which must have reached nearly to his shoulders, streamed behind him in the wind. In each hand he grasped a huge lever, and he was apparently gazing steadily into the darkness before him, though it seemed to me that he might just as well have shut his eyes, for the machine had no lamps, and the only light in the whole concern streamed out from the half-open furnace door.

Then, to my amazement, I saw the man take his hands off the levers and coolly proceed to shovel coal into the roaring fire. I held my breath, expecting to see the flying mass of iron shoot off the side of the road and turn head over heels down the sloping grass. But nothing happened. The machine apparently required no guidance, and proceeded on its way as smoothly and swiftly as before.

I took hold of my companion's arm and called his attention to this somewhat strange circumstance. He only laughed.

"Look at the smoke," he cried. "That is rather strange too." I looked up and saw it pouring over our heads in a long straight cloud, but I did not notice anything odd about it, and I said so.

"Can you smell it?" he continued. I sniffed, and noticed for the first time that there had been no smell of smoke at all, though in the earlier part of the journey we had been half blinded with it. I began to feel uncomfortable. There was certainly something unusual about the machine in front of us, and I came to the conclusion that we had had about enough of this kind of sport.

"I think we will go back, Lord Beden," I remarked, pleasantly, moving one hand towards the lever.

"You will go back to perdition, Scott," he answered, quietly. "If you meddle with me we shall be smashed to pieces. We are going forty miles an hour, and if you distract my attention for a single instant I won't answer for the consequences."

I felt the truth of what he said, and put my hand ostentatiously in my pocket. It was quite evident that I couldn't interfere with him, and equally evident that if we went on as we were going now we should be dashed to pieces. My only hope was that we should speedily accomplish whatever mad purpose Lord Beden had in his mind, although by now I began to think that he had no other object than suicide. The valley of the Stour was only two miles off.

But we had been gaining inch by inch down the slope, and were now not more than thirty yards from the machine in front of us. Showers of sparks whirled into our faces, and I kept one arm before my eyes. I soon found, however, that, for some reason or other, the sparks did not burn my skin, and I was able to resume a more comfortable position and study the occupant of the car.

His figure somehow seemed strangely familiar to me, and I tried hard to recollect where I had seen those square shoulders and long, lean limbs before. I wished I could see the man's face, for I was quite certain that I should recognise it. But he never looked back, and appeared to be absolutely unconscious of our presence so close behind him.

Nearer we crept, and still nearer, until our front wheels were not more than 10ft. from the platform. The glow of the furnace bathed my companion's face in crimson light, and the figure of the man in front of us stood out like a black demon toiling at the eternal fires.

"Be careful, Lord Beden," I cried. "We shall be into it."

He turned to me with a smile of triumph, and I thought I saw the light of madness in his eyes.

"Do you know what I am going to do?" he said, in a low voice, putting his lips close to my ear. "I am going to break it to bits. We have a little speed in hand yet, and when we get to the slope of the Stour Valley I shall break the cursed thing to bits."

"For Heaven's sake," I cried, "put the brake on, Lord Beden. Are you mad?" and I gripped him by the arm. He shook my hand off, and I clung to my seat with every muscle of my body strained to the utmost, for as I spoke there was a flash of lightning, and I saw the road dipping, dipping, dipping, and far below the gleam of water among dark trees, and on the height above a large building with many spires and towers. I idly called to mind that it was the Rockshire County Asylum.

Our speed quickened horribly, and the car began to sway from side to side. I saw my companion pull the lever an inch nearer to him and grip the steering-wheel with both hands. Then suddenly the road seemed to fall away beneath us; we sprang off the ground and dropped downward and forward like a stone flung from a precipice. We were going to smash clean through the machine in front of us.

"WE SPRANG OFF THE GROUND AND DROPPED DOWNWARD AND FORWARD."

For five seconds I held my breath, only awaiting the awful crash of splintering wood and iron and the shock that would fling us fifty feet from our seats. But we only touched the ground with a sickening thud an inch behind the other machine, and then a wonderful thing happened. We began to slowly pierce the rail and platform in front of us, until the man seemed to be almost touching our feet, and at last I saw his face —a wild, dark face with madness in the eyes, and the face of Lord Beden, as I had seen a portrait of him in Beden Hall taken thirty years ago.

My companion rose on his seat and grappled with his own likeness, but he seemed to be only clutching the air, and neither car nor occupant appeared to have any tangible substance. Steadily and silently we bored our way clean through the machine, inch by inch, foot by foot; through the blazing furnace, through the framework of the boiler, through bolt and bar and stanchion, through whirring fly-wheel and pulsing shaft and piston, until there was nothing beyond us but the dip of the white road, and, looking back, I saw the whole dark mass running behind our back wheels.

Lord Beden was still standing and tearing at the air with his fingers. Our car was running without guidance, and I sprang to the steering-wheel and reversed the lever, but it was too late. We struck something at the side of the road and the whole machine made a leap from the ground. There was a rush of air, an awful shock and crash, and then—darkness!

A week afterwards in the hospital they told

"STEADILY AND SILENTLY WE BORED OUR WAY CLEAN THROUGH THE MACHINE."

me Lord Beden was dead. He had fallen on a large piece of scrap-iron by the road-side, and nearly every bone in his body had been broken. I myself had had a miraculous escape by falling into a thick clump of gorse, and had got off with a broken arm and dislocated collar-bone, but I was not able to get about for two months. I said nothing of what had happened, and the accident required but little explanation. Motor-car accidents are common enough, especially on slopes like that of the Stour Valley.

When I was able to get about, however, I visited the scene of the disaster. A friend of mine, one of the doctors at the County Lunatic Asylum, called for me and drove me over to the place. The smash had occurred nearly half-way down the hillside, close to a ruined shed. The ground was covered with gorse and bracken, but here and there huge pieces of rusty iron were scattered about. Some of them were sharp and brown and ugly, but many were overgrown with creeping convolvulus. They looked as if they had once been parts of some great machine.

"A curious coincidence," said my companion, as we drove away from the place.

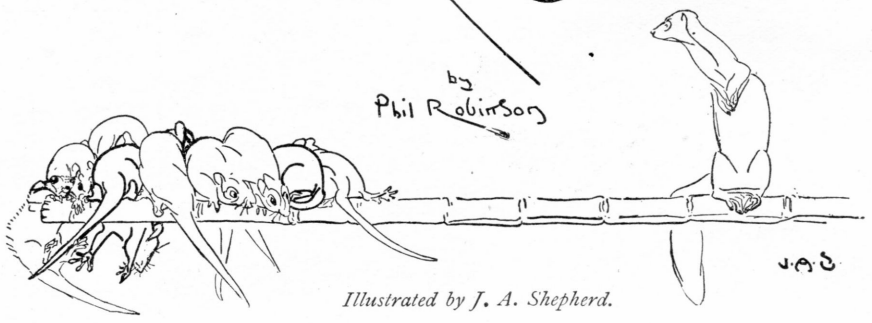
"What do you mean?"

"I have been told," he continued, "that thirty years ago this old shed was used by the late Earl's elder brother. He was a mechanical genius, and they say that his efforts to work out some particular invention in a practical form drove him off his head. He was allowed to have this place as a workshop, and, under the supervision of two keepers, worked on his invention till the day of his death. It was thought that perhaps he would recover his reason if he ever accomplished the task. But in some mysterious way his plans were stolen from him no fewer than three times, and after the third time the poor fellow lost heart and destroyed himself. I have heard it whispered by one of my colleagues up yonder that the late Earl was not altogether ignorant of these thefts, but this is probably only gossip. All the fragments of iron you saw lying about were parts of the machine. Heaven knows what it was."

I did not venture any suggestion on this point, but I think I could have done so.

The Planters and The Rats.

by Phil Robinson



Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd.

ONCE upon a time every planter in Jamaica grew sugar-cane, and the thoughts and the talk of the island were about sugar and the molasses that come from sugar and the rum that comes from molasses—except when they thought and talked about rats : the rat that ate the canes that gave the sugar that gave the molasses that gave them the rum. It ate from morning till night, and not, like many other thieves, from night till morning. For it slept all night and ate sugar all day.

A cocksure, do-as-you-please sort of rat that went about, as it were, whistling with its hands in its pockets and a general Bank Holiday kind of air. Ashamed of itself? Not in the least. On the contrary, it went scrambling about ostentatiously among the canes, and the waving of the great feathery seed-plumes marked its track as it went plunging across the crops.

"A COCKSURE, DO-AS-YOU-PLEASE SORT OF RAT."

Little negro boys with long sticks were paid to chase the rats, and terriers were sent in to worry them. But the terriers preferred to chivvy the little negro boys; so that the rats put "the thumb of scorn to the nose of derision" and watched the fun.

The planters also tried cats.

Now, cats have not got a very lofty sense of moral responsibility. So that when they found that they were expected to catch rats (and of a particularly nimble sort, too) as a daily duty they decided it was "not good enough." Besides, rats are not first-rate eating. And it very soon came to pass that these idle apprentices scorned the task they were set to

do and came to a friendly understanding with the rats, and lived in comfort and without exertion upon the fat little chickens that, in those days, used to go maundering about among the sugar-canes, and that snoozed for hours together in the bush. And the rats, so to speak, whistled louder than ever, and went about with their thumbs in their waistcoat arm-holes as who should say, "We and our friends the cats."

"THE RATS WHISTLED LOUDER THAN EVER."

Then the sugar planters were greatly perplexed, till one day a man who had lived in Yucatan, and had often had brain fever there, got up and said: "In the country I came from there are enormous bull-frogs which eat the young of rats and eke of mice. Let us get some." So they got some bull-frogs from Yucatan; and they were so big and bellowed so loudly that the owners of the ship they came over in wanted to charge freight for the bull-frogs as cattle. Then the planters turned them into the sugar-cane fields to eat the young of the rats and eke of mice, as the man who used to have brain-fever in Yucatan had promised they should do.

But matters had evidently not been properly explained to the bull-frogs, for all that they did was to go very slowly over the ground like land-surveyors, measuring it with long strides, and stopping every now and again, and looking as if they were totting something up in their heads. And the cats moved out of their way respectfully as they came sprawling along in such a solemn, business-like way, and the rats looked down at them with surprise and scratched their heads. They would have liked to be saucy, but the bull-frogs had too impressive an appearance, and they felt

"ALL THE BULL-FROGS DID WAS TO GO VERY SLOWLY OVER THE GROUND LIKE LAND-SURVEYORS."

as little boys in the parish church do when the beadle walks about amongst them.

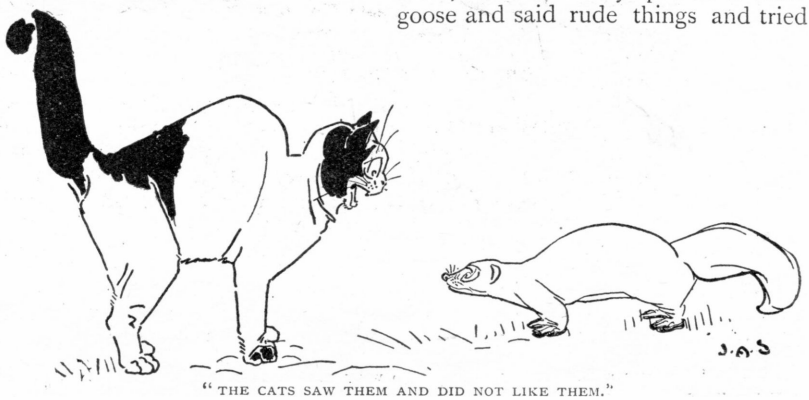
At last the new-comers got to the other edge of the field, and then the biggest of them, after clearing his throat as if he were going to make a speech, said gravely, in a voice that seemed to come from his trouser-pockets: "This is no place for me."

"THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME."

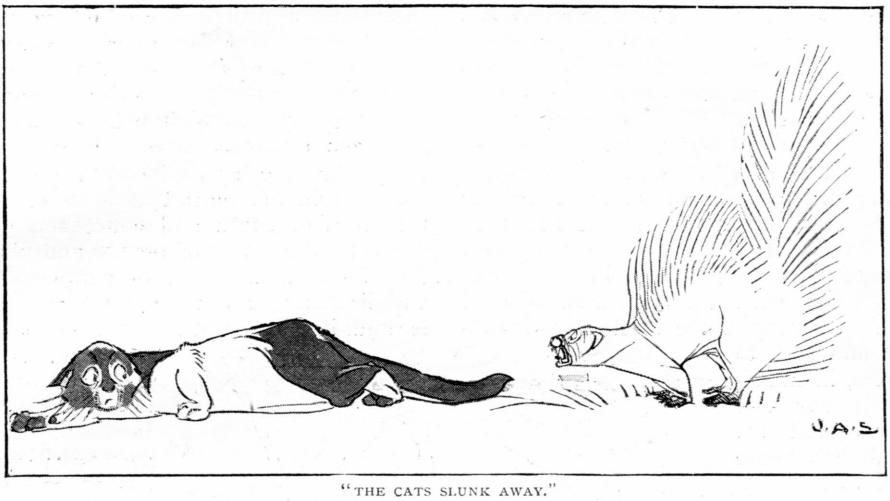
Then they all went sprawling out of the field into the irrigation ditches and the swampy bits of waste land and, sitting up to their chins in the mud, began bellowing with all their might, "Take me 'ome," "Take me 'ome," and answering one another, "No, they won't," "No, they won't." But some people think that they say, "Jug-o'-rum," "Jug-o'-rum," which is very likely, for bull-frogs are thirsty old souls, and rum is the best thing you can drink when you are in Jamaica, especially out of a jug that has lime-juice and sugar and iced water in it. Let this be as it may be, the bull-frogs would not stop in the dry cane-fields, and a long time afterwards the man from Yucatan remembered that it was young *water*-rats that the bull-frogs ate, and he advised them to get over some water-rats so that the bull-frogs might be made useful; but they put it all down to the brain fever he had had so much in the country which he came from. And to this day there are great bull-frogs in the ditches and pools in Jamaica, who grumble and shout for rum all night and eat ducklings all day.

So the rats were left alone for awhile, until one day a man who had lived many years in India, and had suffered repeatedly from sunstrokes there, said that in India there was "an animal like a very large ferret with a bushy tail which was kept half tame about the houses in order to rid them of rats and snakes and other vermin, and it was called a mongoose." "Let us get some mongooses at once," said the other planters.

So they sent to India and got some and turned them loose among the sugar-canes. And the cats saw them and did not like them, for when they spat at a mongoose and said rude things and tried



"THE CATS SAW THEM AND DID NOT LIKE THEM."



"THE CATS SLUNK AWAY."

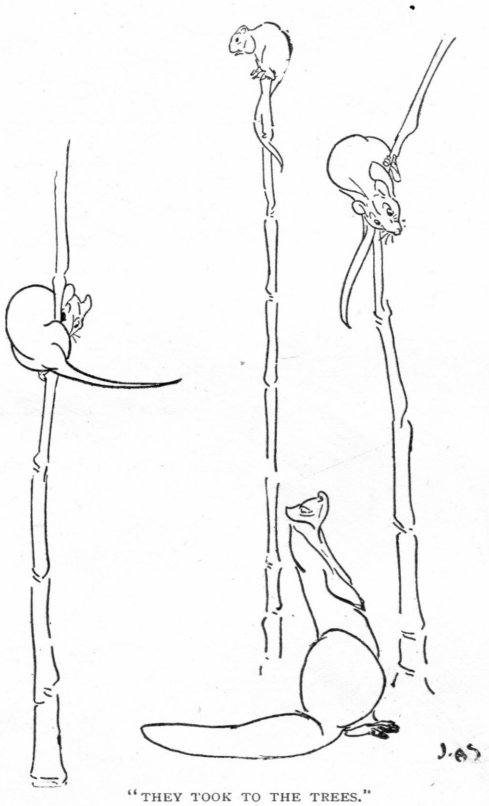
to look big by putting up their fur, the mongoose would spit back at them and fluff out its fur and look big too. So the cats slunk away.

As for the rats, they were completely upset. If they had had time to do it, they might have affected airs of innocence and addressed the mongooses, as boys caught by Bobbies do, with "Please, sir," "Yes, sir," "No, sir," "It wasn't me, sir," "It was the other rat, sir." But there was no time for anything of the sort. "Halloa," said the mongoose, "there's a rat," and in a twinkling the rat was dead. The rats thought it shocking, for these pink-nosed wretches in grey coats wasted no time in argument but, like irresponsible special constables, knocked them on the head right and left. And apparently, too, all for the fun of the thing, for they couldn't eat half the rats they killed. And as there was no pleasing them, so there was no escaping them, for they hunted by night as well as by day, as stealthy as shadows and swift as lightning.

"THE RATS BEGAN TO FEEL THAT A GREAT CHANGE HAD TAKEN PLACE."

So the rats began to feel that a great change had taken place.

As for the little negro boys with sticks, and the terriers and the cats and the bull-frogs, they thoroughly understood them, just as pick-pockets understand the ordinary constable, but the "slimness" of the mongoose was a novel experience, and at first, flurried as they were and, so to speak, metagrobolized, they played into the hands of the enemy at every point. But in time the rats adapted their own tactics to those of the mongoose, and instead of trying to hide in holes or to run away over the flat from their swift-footed foes they abandoned the level ground altogether and took to the trees, intending to wait for the clouds to roll by. Now, the mongoose cannot climb up a tree, so a remnant of the host of rats survived. But they were not as they had been. They didn't go along whistling now with a jaunty, cigarette-in-the-mouth air, but kept out of sight and hearing as much as possible, and with the best grace they could pretended that "high life" suited them — well, not exactly "down to the ground"—but sufficiently.



"THEY TOOK TO THE TREES."

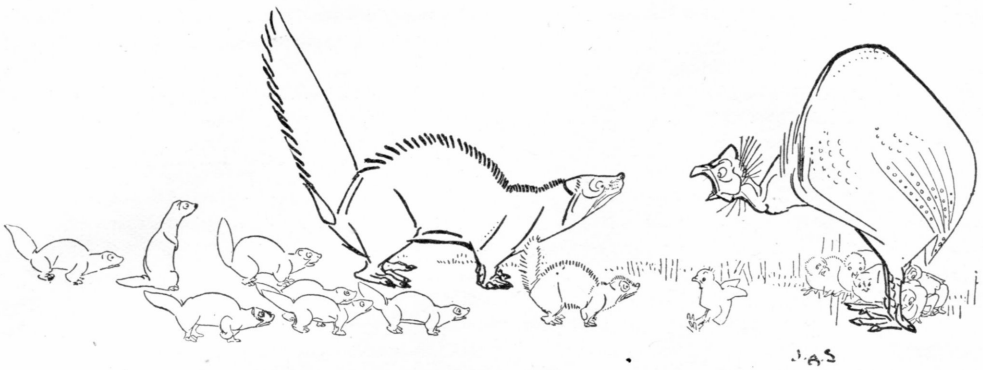
The planters were delighted, patted each other on the back, and, metaphorically, patted the mongooses, too.

As for the mongooses, they thought themselves "no small potatoes," as the saying is, and went about with the confident familiarity of old valued servants, and basked openly in the sun in groups, like Greenwich pensioners. But even a mongoose cannot keep a family alive upon compliments alone, nor pay its rent and live respectably upon public applause. So it found out almost immediately. It was hungry. In fact, he, she, it, and they were all hungry. There was no use in going round the banana trees and the cocoanut palms and looking up at the rats washing their faces on their towers of refuge, so they gave that up. Nor was anything to be gained now by searching rat-holes. And meanwhile everybody was getting hungrier and hungrier.

So they fastened their belts a hole tighter and went to other places to look for something else to eat. And they had not far to go. For in the bush, that is to say among the crops of cocoa and coffee and guinea-grass and the groves of orange and pimento, they found a multitude of harmless snakes and lizards who did good work by eating harmful insects. But the mongooses had to live, and so they began to eat them all up. Great was the dismay of these genteel garden snakes when they found out what was happening, for the mongoose munched them all up as if they were sticks of celery and never seemed to have had enough, though they got as fat as the old gentlemen in white waistcoats whom you see coming out of restaurants and strolling down Piccadilly on summer evenings.

Very dismal, too, were the reflections of the lizards, as dismal as those of the oysters when they saw the carpenter begin to cut thin bread and butter for himself and the walrus. For the mongoose made no more of them than you would of salted almonds during dinner, ate them by the half-dozen as hors d'œuvres and, tooth-pick in mouth, leaned back comfortably to wait for the next course that happened to come past.

Very often this would be a bird—a quail or a guinea-fowl or a ground-dove. But the mongoose did not mind a bit which it was. It took them as they came, and the more the merrier. But it was woe for the poor mother birds with their nurseries of little downy chicks when, creeping about among the

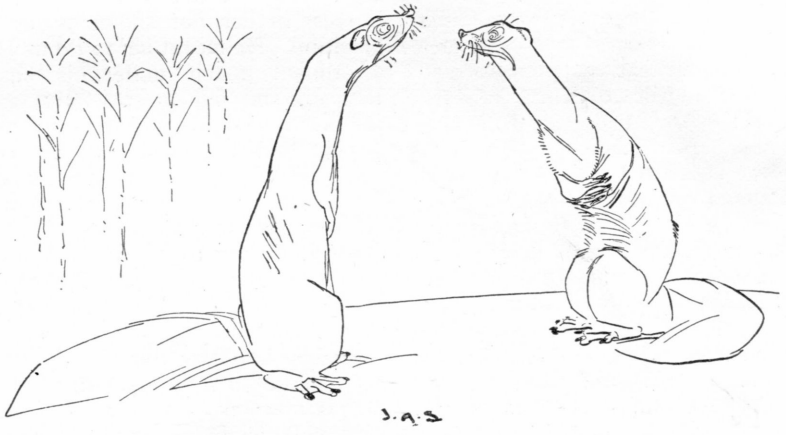


"THEY FOUND THEMSELVES FACE TO FACE WITH A MOTHER MONGOOSE."

shrubs, picking up their food of seed and insect, they found themselves face to face with a mother mongoose with her family of eight hungry, bloodthirsty, red-eyed little ones around her. Sunday-school children out with their teacher suddenly confronted in their harmless necessary walk by a party of ravenous cannibals in search of a meal could not have been more horrified, nor with better reason. For the mongoose is a pitiless creature.

But, after all, such fun (for the mongoose) could not go on for ever. Some day it *must* come to the last snake, the ultimate lizard, the concluding quail, and the final dove. And so the end arrived. "All gone!" as children say of the finished porridge. There rest. All friendships were dissolved. Neighbours, or those that used to be neighbours, now eyed one another hungrily, askance, from opposite sides of the road. Mongoose saw in mongoose only a possible meal. When two came in sight each, as it were, tucked his napkin under his chin and shook up the sauce bottle.

And how will it end? Who can tell? Perhaps some day there will be left only two mongooses in Jamaica—the toughest two of all the mongooses — and next day there will be only one, in another week none, then the rats will all come down again out of the palm trees and the bananas, and whistle and romp in the sugar-canes as of old. And the



"NEIGHBOURS EYED ONE ANOTHER HUNGRILY, ASKANCE."

was nothing left for the mongooses to eat; nothing—but each other.

Then set in a miserable time. With knife and fork in one pocket and the cruets in another they crept about, dodging one another, careworn and haggard, like criminals under constant pursuit. Perpetually suspicious of each other's appetites, they got no little negro boys will come back with their long sticks, and all will go on as before, and to the fowls and the doves the memory of the mongoose will be only as the memory of a bad dream.

And the planters and wise men of Jamaica will then have to think of some other plan for keeping the rats from the sugar-canes.

AN air of silence and depression hung over Lakeview Castle. The eldest son of a long-lived family lay on the brink of death in a big, old-fashioned room, whose broad windows looked out on a fiery red sunset, bathing the leafless trees in burnished light.

Digby Terence's father and grandfather had both been centenarians, and it came as a surprise to the family that the present head of the clan should be declining at the premature age of seventy-two.

"A general collapse," said the doctor. "I am afraid he won't last many days. He must not be told the end is near—the great thing is to keep him cheerful."

Digby's younger brother nodded.

"We try to cheer him up about himself, but it seems rather to annoy him than otherwise. You see, doctor, Digby is a very difficult man to manage. He's a bit of a crank. His cynicism makes everyone afraid of him, and he has more enemies than anyone I know. I suppose it does not suit a fellow to be a bachelor all his life; in old age he becomes crabbed and selfish. My wife tries her best to keep him in a good temper; but he seems to resent our being here, and is positively rude to his nurses. Several more distant relatives have visited him since his serious condition, but, of course, dared not show they had come to say good-bye. He thinks we do not sympathize with his illness and are entertaining a house-party on his premises for our own amusement. It makes matters very awkward. The only creature he has a soft spot in his heart for is Mimi, my sister Clare's child."

"Ah! the little girl I met in the hall. She lives here, I understand?"

"Yes, Digby adopted her two years ago. Her mother is very poor, and has to make her own living."

The doctor looked surprised; such a thing seemed incredible with a wealthy brother living unmarried in his great, lake-bound castle.

"You see," explained the informant, "Digby and his step-sister are not on speaking terms. At one time he took an intense interest in her, for she is young and very beautiful. He meant her to do well and make a brilliant match under his chaperonage. Instead, she fell in love with a penniless subaltern. Digby objected to the marriage, so she took the affair into her own hands and eloped. A year later her husband died; Clare had no money of her own, and Digby has never spoken to her since. When Mimi's education came to be considered she wrote him a desperate letter. He consented to bring up the child on condition that the mother gave her entirely to him. It was a terrible struggle, but Clare did the right thing, and very sensibly fell in with the cruel request. She is now companion to a tyrannical old lady, while Digby enjoys the sunshine of sweet little Mimi's presence. I am telling you this, because Clare wants to see Digby before he dies, and begs me to let her take him by surprise. I know he would be furious; I have therefore hardened my heart and forbidden her the house. Am I doing right, doctor?"

"Certainly! Your action was fully justified. It is most important that Mr. Terence should not be excited." As the doctor left he

caught sight of a little fair head on the stairs and the prettiest child's face he had ever seen.

John Terence, Digby's younger brother, called Mimi to him.

"Your uncle wants to see you this evening," he said. "Mind you are very quiet, because, you know, he is seriously ill. Nurse Tindall will fetch you presently."

Mimi made no reply, but just nodded and choked back something very like a sob. She saw only the soft, kind side of Uncle Digby—the side it had taken such a very small child to discover. She knew nothing of his harshness to her mother—his cold, hard attitude to the world in general—for she had crept into the holiest of holies, the inner core of the old man's heart.

Since his illness she had never seen him alone. Nurse Tindall led her in by the hand every morning to kiss him, and whisked her away again, under the plea that the doctor was expected. To-day the doctor had called twice, and Mimi heard it whispered her uncle would die.

Digby lay with his eyes fixed on the window. The red glow crept into the room—he could see the sky from his bed. He felt very weak and near the brink, yet he told himself bitterly that not a soul in the house realized that he was so ill. His brother, his sister-in-law, his cousins, even the doctor came to him with smiles and cheerful talk of his recovery. It made him almost eager for death, to prove his illness was by no means imaginary. He fancied to see little Mimi quite alone—like the rest, she would have no idea of his critical condition, but he could forgive her, because she was a child.

The door opened very softly and the fair-haired mite stole in. At a peremptory order from Digby Nurse Tindall retired, then he beckoned Mimi on to his bed. She clambered up, seating herself beside him on the crimson quilt. Her soft, gold head fell lovingly on his shoulder; he felt warm lips pressed to his withered cheek—never before had the child kissed him with such intensity of feeling.

He looked at her curiously. Under the long dark lashes gleamed a mist of tears, while eyes like wet violets gazed sadly into his.

"Why are you crying, little one?" he asked.

Oddly enough, he never connected her tears with himself; he waited to hear some childish complaint.

She put her knuckles in her eyes and the rosebud mouth trembled.

"They say you are going to die, and—and I don't like it at all," she answered, simply. "Couldn't you manage not to die, uncle? Everybody downstairs seems quite sure about it. I heard the doctor say he was afraid you would not last many days. I ran away and cried till I couldn't cry any more. I shall be so lonely when you've gone!"

She clung to him, as if her baby arms might hold him back from the unknown terror; he felt the damp splash of her silent tears.

Digby raised himself on his pillows, a flush of excitement lighting his pale cheeks.

"They say I shall die," he murmured. "You are absolutely certain they say that?"

"Quite sure—all the people here talk of nothing else. The cousins came because the doctor told Uncle George he had better write to all the family. I don't think one of them begged you to try and live; and Nurse Tindall said I wasn't to ask any favours, so

"'THEY SAY I SHALL DIE,' HE MURMURED."

I could not talk when she was in the room, her eyes glared at me so!"

As Digby listened to these startling revelations, betrayed in all innocence, a strange revulsion of feeling swept over him.

So these people, after all, had been making a fool of the old man, acting a part before his face, discussing the true issues behind his back! They had gathered to the castle to see him die. They could "talk of nothing else."

When he fancied they meant him to live his spirits instinctively yearned for rest. Now that they had passed his death sentence, condemned the sinking ship, a stubborn resistance, a great wave of will-power, dominated him. It seemed to strengthen the beating of his heart, to send the blood coursing once more freely through his veins, to quicken the springs of human action, to defy weakness and encourage strength.

There and then he resolved to triumph over the flesh, to disappoint expectant relatives, to snap his fingers in the doctor's face. Digby's pugnacious tendencies asserted their powerful influence. Grimly amused, he pictured the scene below, remembering, with a flash of strange, distorted humour, a strong family superstition.

Whenever a Terence was about to "shuffle off this mortal coil" it was said that a picture invariably fell the night before in the dining-room.

"If to-night," he told himself, "my picture fell, my life would not be worth a farthing rushlight in their eyes to-morrow! The very day for me to assert my strength, to prove the victory of mind over matter, to show the folly of vain superstitions."

"Mimi," he whispered, "if I promise to try and stay with you, will you do something for me? It may be a little difficult, but I want you not to tell anyone. Small as you are, I believe my 'Baby-Girl' could keep a secret."

He always called her his "Baby-Girl" when she especially pleased him. Mimi's eyes brightened, till they looked like dew-drops in the sun.

"I was thinking to-day I should love to be able to do something for you. I told Uncle George, but he laughed at me, and said, 'Rubbish! What could you do?' I couldn't think of anything, so I didn't answer."

"Well, listen now. I am going to talk quite low in your ear. You know my writing-desk?"

"Yes."

"In the second drawer on the left-hand side you will find a big clasp-knife, open and ready for use. I want you to hide it in your room. In the middle of the night, when everyone is in bed, creep downstairs to the dining-room, climb up on the sideboard, and cut the cord of my portrait! Leave the picture lying face downwards, just as it will fall. Say nothing to a soul. You will please me very much if you manage this successfully."

As Mimi listened she turned very cold. No terror to her was more awful than darkness. The gloomy old castle, when daylight faded, became full of strange spectres and horrible phantoms.

The child possessed a vivid and somewhat morbid imagination. To walk alone through the corridors at dead of night, to face the silent, armoured figures in the hall, the eyes of weird faces on the tapestried walls—this meant something almost more than human endurance could bear!

Yet her fond little heart reminded her that Uncle Digby asked it as a favour; surely a personal sacrifice for him would be worth a short spell of agony, however keen.

She concealed her feelings with an effort; she hoped he would not notice how she trembled.

"I'll do it," she said, very softly, "and I'll keep the secret close, uncle, dear. I don't think anyone would guess. It seems a very funny thing to do, but I suppose there is some reason I shall never understand. I don't mind about not understanding, if it will make you glad. I shall stay awake till all the lights are out, and I won't wear any shoes."

"Good little girl! I knew I could trust you," answered the sick man, with such energy in his tone that he fancied he gripped suddenly his old healthful self and threw off the lassitude which bound him to his bed. "Don't try to understand; I would rather you did not. Just do it unquestioningly, as a matter of duty—an action of love."

He took the round, pink face in his bloodless hands and kissed it many times. Inwardly a sense of ribald merriment at the trick he was ordering made him chuckle to himself.

"Now," he said, "I must send you away, or the household will suspect I am not as ill as it supposes. Everybody is double-faced except my 'Baby-Girl,' and she tells me the truth—bless her!"

With an expression of extraordinary elation he watched the small figure cross the room

and vanish through the door. She looked back to wave her little hand, and again he repeated, "Bless her!" under his breath.

Mimi was so afraid of falling asleep that she sat up in bed for hours and kept pinching herself to be sure of staying awake. Not that her troubled brain would have allowed her to rest!

Her thoughts were in wild disorder, and her heart went thump, thump against her little white nightgown, till she fancied it might bound out on the counterpane.

Every few minutes she ran to her door to listen, occasionally venturing to the end of the passage to see if the lights were extinguished yet. Each time she felt herself reprieved as the gleam of lamps fell upon her eyes.

Mimi firmly believed that the wildest chaos reigned below when everyone had gone to bed. She was sure the pictures came out of their frames to dance stately minuets; that the tigers which made rugs in the daytime prowled abroad, grinning with open jaws. Even the furniture held high carnival, according to her childish ideas; while the white statues paraded up and down the great marble hall. Lakeview Castle was truly a place to set a child's fancy working. Older folk had been known to fear it at night on account of its mystic, time-hallowed associations.

At last the dreaded hour arrived when all was still. Only the moon crept through the mullioned windows, pointing to the path of duty, which looked so hard to the little, breathless pilgrim. With knife in hand, eyes dilated, and lips set firm to prevent screaming, Mimi's bare feet pattered down a winding staircase, leading to an enormous, ghostly-looking library, filled with curiosities and lined by sombre volumes. Through this room she passed to the hall, where the marble figures ceased their revels, standing back in dignified array to let her pass. How she reached the far-off dining-room Mimi never quite knew. She was followed by a thousand fears, voices whispered behind every curtain, and the pictures seemed to frown upon the weapon in her hand. With every fibre of her being on the rack she climbed tremblingly upon a high oak chair, and from thence to the massive sideboard. She came face to face at last with Uncle Digby's picture, and a ray of moonlight strayed across it, illuminating the sinister features. A remarkably unflattering likeness this, bringing out all that was worst in the man's nature—a portrait taken long before Mimi stole into his life, making it tenderer where she was concerned.

Mimi thought the picture winked at her in a singularly human manner.

Closing her eyes for very terror she raised her hand and cut sharply through the cord.

"SHE RAISED HER HAND AND CUT SHARPLY THROUGH THE CORD."

The blade executed its work so quickly that she had no time to catch the picture as it fell, and the sound of its falling echoed through the room, giving forth, in the intense silence, a strange rumbling noise. She thought, as she leapt to the ground, that all the doors opened and queer, unearthly figures rushed in—then she remembered no more, save that her bare feet touched the carpet, as she drifted into space.

The dawn was just breaking when Mimi woke to find herself still in the dining-room, lying by the fallen picture. The knife, luckily, slipped from her hand, and rested a few inches away by the carved legs of the sideboard.

Mimi felt very dizzy as she picked herself up and took possession of the knife once more. The place looked less ghostly now the moon had gone; daylight made everything appear more natural again. Evidently no one heard the disturbance, and, reassured, Mimi regained her room, too dazed to feel frightened as she crossed the hall under the immovable stare of the castle's silent guardians.

She crept to bed, burrowing beneath the clothes like a rabbit seeking the shelter of its warren. Her uncle's words came back to her: "Just do it as a matter of duty—an action of love. I believe my 'Baby-Girl' could keep a secret."

She smiled, for the terror was past. Youth lives in the present, which at that moment proved warm, comfortable, and secure.

The following morning she heard nothing directly of the picture. Certainly there was a good deal of whispering, and furtive glances turned repeatedly to the blank space on the wall. All conversation was reduced to an undertone, and gradually Mimi became aware a general impression reigned that Digby Terence would die that day.

"He seems better," George told his wife; "he actually wants to get up. The nurses see a great change in him. I believe it often happens just before the end."

So they waited expectantly for the fatal hour and the tolling of the passing bell, waited long, till gradually the watchers realized that they had placed themselves too confidently at the gate of Fortune, and the goddess with the golden wings guarded the gate securely, opening it not.

"You are quite a resurrection," said the doctor, surprised to find a grain of gaiety filtering through his patient's words and actions. "I declare you look positively radiant!"

"Don't you know the old saying?" replied Digby, with a twinkle. "Three H's make a man happy—Health, Holiness, and a Headpiece. I can't boast of the second, but I seem, since yesterday, to have got hold of the first and last, which means I am going to keep up the family reputation and live to be as old as my father and grandfather."

"Superstition is all rot," George informed the doctor, as he related the story of the fallen picture.

"FURTIVE GLANCES TURNED REPEATEDLY TO THE BLANK SPACE ON THE WALL."

"Your brother has brought the most extraordinary will-power to bear on his case," replied the man of science.

"He certainly understands the art of being lucky; he turned the corner just in time."

Lakeview Castle was cleared of guests. Digby Terence and little Mimi found themselves once more alone. Nurses, doctors, relations faded from the scene. Mimi whispered she felt glad, for it seemed so nice to be cosily together. Uncle Digby quite agreed, as he sat over a huge log fire with Mimi on his knee.

"Baby-Girl," he said, solemnly, "I have come to the conclusion that you saved my life."

"How?" she asked, surprised.

"You told me the truth about things; you put me on my mettle. I owe you a debt of gratitude! Now I come to think of it, I can't imagine how I could send you on that wild errand to break the family superstition! I wonder I trusted so small a person! You might have injured yourself with the knife — it was very risky; besides, I forgot you were frightened of the dark. To make up for it all, and wipe away the shadow of the past, I want you to remember this Christmas as the brightest in your life, to choose any treat you like, and take as long as you please to think it over."

Mimi quivered with sudden joy. "I know what I should choose, without any thinking!" she said.

He looked at her curiously; the childish face wore a strangely intense and expectant expression.

"I should ask for mother to come," she continued. "You used to say it was impossible, but I believe you might manage to make it possible, if you tried very hard."

The small voice echoed an unspoken yearning which, since his illness, involuntarily crept into Digby's heart.

He sighed deeply and stared at the fire. "Suppose you write and ask her," he said.

Mimi sprang up, clapping her hands. She ran across to a big desk, arming herself with a quill pen. "May she stay for always, or is it only to be a Christmas treat?" came in a little treble from the desk.

"I SHOULD ASK FOR MOTHER TO COME."

"It would be a pity to let her go away," said the old man, slowly. "Christmas is a time of festivity—it should be always Christmas for you, Baby-Girl!"

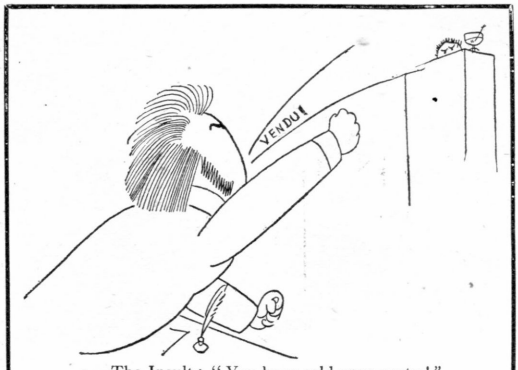
As he spoke a face like Baby-Girl's rose before his mind's eye, an older face, with the same delicate modelling and soft, golden hair. It seemed to smile at him from the ruddy embers, to bring a sense of "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men."

So he sat and dreamed, hearing only the scratch of Mimi's pen, seeing only the smiling, mystic face of his sister, Clare.

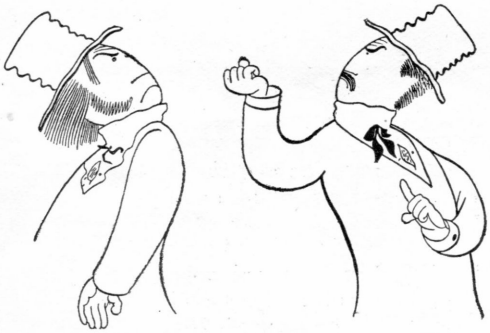
French Humorous Artists.

By Marie A. Belloc.

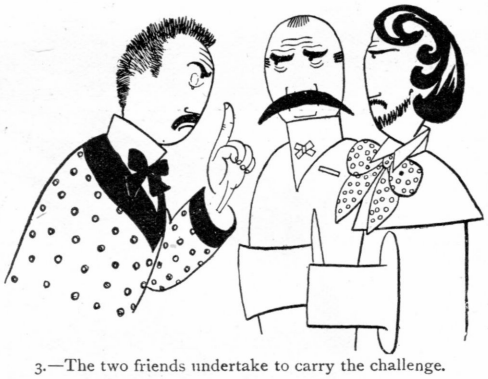
ONE of the peculiarities of a great caricaturist is that his humour resembles that of no one else, for in the province of humorous drawing imitation is by no means the sincerest form of flattery. No artist who sets out to enliven rather than to depress his patrons has much chance of success unless he can prove himself, whilst appealing to a wide public, original in the strictest sense of the word. To give an example: the work of the man who is, perhaps, the greatest caricaturist now living, Caran D'Ache, could never for a moment be mistaken for that of one of his friends. It matters little whether he is translating the humorous side of the life led by the soldier, the politician, the actor, or even the dog — in each and every case he contrives to present the ludicrous aspect of any given situation in a way that is entirely his own. To his honour be it said, in the majority of cases his sense of humour is aroused by incidents



1.—The Insult: "You have sold your party!"



2.—"Two friends of mine will wait on you to-morrow."

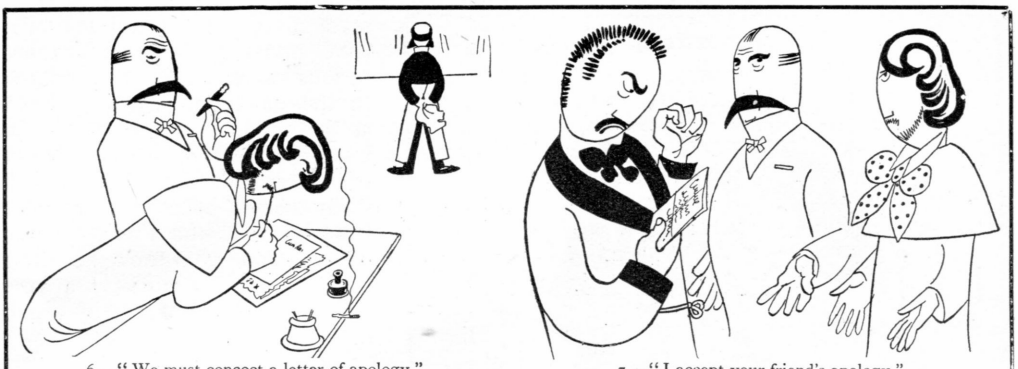


3.—The two friends undertake to carry the challenge.

4.—"What is your weapon, Monsieur?"
"The deadliest to be obtained."

5.—"This man means mischief. We had better have a glass of wine and consider what to do."

HOW BEST TO SETTLE A DUEL. By Caran D'Ache.



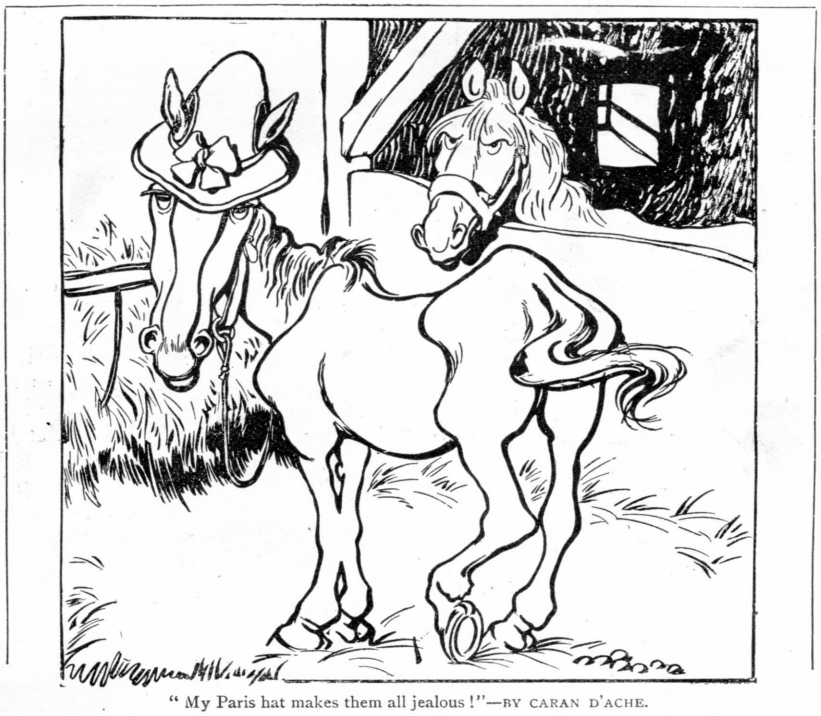
6.—"We must concoct a letter of apology."

7.—"I accept your friend's apology."

8.—"And I now offer mine."

which furnish innocent and wholesome amusement to people belonging to every age and to both sexes.

M. Poiré, for his pen-name, Caran D'Ache, is only the Russian for "lead pencil," really sees life entirely from the humorous standpoint. His friends complain that even when he is making a serious sketch portrait he produces something dangerously like a caricature of his sitter. He is a man of enthusiasms: his hero is Napoleon I., his heroine Marie Antoinette; and his delightful studio contains a wonderful collection of First Empire cartoons and a complete set of busts and portraits of the last Queen of France. Caran D'Ache



"My Paris hat makes them all jealous!"—BY CARAN D'ACHE.

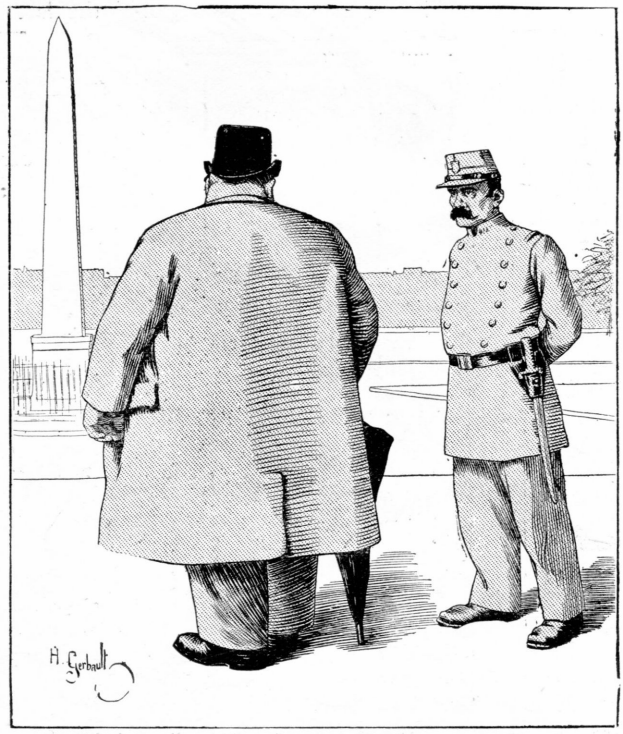
AT THE DOG-TAILOR'S.—"No, that won't do at all. I don't want my little pet to look like a giddy little actress."—BY H. GERBAULT.

delights in the society of animals; he considers them quite as intelligent and quite as full of fine feeling as are most human beings. A noble dog, for instance, will often inspire him to do a dozen studies under different aspects and from different points of view.

As a rule the French pictorial humorist does not much trouble his head about the animal half of creation. To him the perfect study of mankind is Man, or perhaps one should say Woman; and accordingly the dog or cat which often appears with such excellent effect in the work of M. Gerbault is nearly always seen acting as an accessory to its mistress.

M. Gerbault, though still quite a young man, has attained a foremost place in the more important group of French caricaturists. The son of a well-known statesman, his parents would naturally have preferred for him a more serious career than that of adding to the gaiety of nations. Even as a child, however, he drew humorous pictures, but it was not until after some years of real hard study that he became a frequent contributor to the French comic papers, and even now he finds time to exhibit work of a very different type from that by which he is most known.

M. Gerbault possesses the true French humour—that which has perhaps its highest exponent in Molière; thus, while quick to seize the absurd side of an incident, he does not seek, as do one or two other artists of his generation, to paint the grotesque and humorously horrible. His work is human and sane in feeling and expression, and he is equally at home in describing the humours of town and country; indeed, some of his most successful cartoons have been done during his holidays and away from Paris.



"Move on here. No crowd permitted!"—BY H. GERBAULT.

M. Abel Faivre is also a two-sided artist; that is to say, he is almost as well known for his portraits and serious work as he is for his grimly mordant cartoon satires. It has always been said that pathos and humour are closely allied; M. Faivre goes a step farther, and declares that the grotesque and the terrible are generally found side by side. A glance at his work makes this more clear than pages of explanation could make it.

The name of M. Albert Guillaume is well known outside France, for he has more than once contributed excellent drawings and caricatures to English and American periodicals, and in 1899 his little exhibition entitled "Bonshommes Guillaume" was one of the big successes of the Great Exposition.

M. Guillaume comes of a family of artists, and his sister, Mme. Lami, is almost as well known in France as he is himself; indeed,

AT THE SEASIDE.—*Darby to Joan:* "Cheer up, old woman. You're doing better than last year, and you will be able to swim quite well by the time we celebrate our golden wedding."—BY A. FAIVRE.

Although the French character is supposed to be so remarkably gay and cheerful, there is in France a large public which appreciates the striking and peculiar individual talent of this young artist. "To my eyes," he observes, half apologetically, "the absurd and the horrible walk as it were hand in hand. I see life thus, and I often find that what amuses other people simply seems to me stupid. To me, I can but repeat it, life is either wholly ideal or wholly grotesque." M. Faivre is not yet five-and-thirty; he has been devoted to art from earliest youth, and has studied really hard. He is a painter first, a caricaturist afterwards, but no sketch, however slight, of French humorous art could be considered adequate without some allusion to the very peculiar satirical talent of this young artist.

she may claim to be the only woman caricaturist of our day, though she does not give herself up entirely to humorous work.

M. Guillaume began exhibiting when only seventeen, and then he became a soldier for close on ten years. Even during this long period he remained in touch with his old friends and published some amusing albums, one of his most successful being entitled "Lawn Tennis Throughout the Ages." M. Guillaume is, perhaps, the most hard-working of modern French artists. His fertility is amazing, and he never goes out without bringing back half-a-dozen good ideas for cartoons and posters. At one time he made his studio literally out of a large cellar of his own and his brother's delightful house, which, though situated within a stone's throw of the

THE COUNTRY IN PARIS.—BY GUILLAUME.

Luxembourg Garden, might be a hundred miles from the centre of a great capital. In this curious workroom, lined with valuable tiles, on which were gummed many of his drawings and those of his friends, M. Guillaume worked night and day. Now, to the joy of his family, who did not approve of his thus trying his eyes—for electric light was naturally the only illuminant of this peculiar studio—he has arranged for himself an airy *atelier*, from the windows of which he overlooks the leafy gardens of those Parisians who have the good fortune to dwell in the most picturesque quarter of the town.

Mme. Lami shares her brother's strong sense of humour. She is a delightful and accomplished artist, and during years of her life, when a painter of delicate, miniature-like portraits, it never entered into her mind to turn her pencil to a humorous use. Since her first essay of the kind she has found herself obliged, almost against her will, to go on with this kind of work, for, as we are all only too well aware, the world asks for nothing better than to be perpetually amused, and Mme. Lami's quaint, humorous studies in femininity have an ever-increasing public.

"As far as is possible," she said to me, "I am inspired by actual facts and incidents, and doubtless that is why I have been so successful. To give you three examples, one of my most successful drawings, that in which one woman says to another, 'How little I thought I should ever become fond of you! Why, my husband told me you were so very beautiful!' was actually said to me by one of my best friends. Again, another very successful cartoon representing a little boy, just home from the exhibition, Darkest Africa, running up to his mother, who is nursing the baby, with the words, 'Oh, mamma, do let our next baby be a black one,' was taken from life, for the hero of that episode was a little lad well known to me.

PARIS IN THE COUNTRY.—BY GUILLAUME.

Again, the cook who, on hearing her mistress call her any number of hard names, turned round and remarked, coolly: 'Dear me, ma'am, I thought you were talking to yourself,' is also an acquaintance, and a valued one, for she has become quite a domestic type through my drawings.

"From my point of view," she added, "women lend themselves to caricature even more than men do. A woman comes across so many absurd things in her progress through life. I am not often tempted to caricature the men I meet, but I delight in reproducing, if only for my own amusement and that of my brothers, the little humorous incidents which brighten my existence from day to day."

"And do you consider, madam, that the ordinary caricaturist is fair in his delineation of woman?"

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.—*Lady* (reading): "And when Prince Charming advanced towards the lovely lady of his dreams——"
Housemaid: "Please, miss, they've come for the washing."—BY MME. LAMI.

MISTRESS AND MAID.—*Lady:* "Now you know what I think of you. No name would be too bad for you."
Cook: "Dear me, ma'am, I thought you were talking to yourself all this time."
BY MME. LAMI.

"Yes and no. The French humorist is too apt to see the stupid and silly side of the woman whose character he attempts to sum up in a few lines and in a few words. Not often are they as happy as was the humorist who, seeing a young couple enjoying a day on the river, luckily for himself overheard the following remark, made by the lady: 'How lovely this is! If you or I were to die I should retire to the country!' That deserved to be immortalized. But too often the man humorist is never happier than when he finds occasion to turn even a pretty woman into ridicule; he does not like to think that she has intelligence as well as beauty. Again, many people are glad to deny a pretty woman a sense of humour."

But when all is said and done Mme. Lami thoroughly appreciates the admirable work done by her brother and his friends, and she enjoys—as, indeed, what woman would not?—her peculiar position as the only woman caricaturist whose work is constantly published side by side with that done by the masters of her craft.

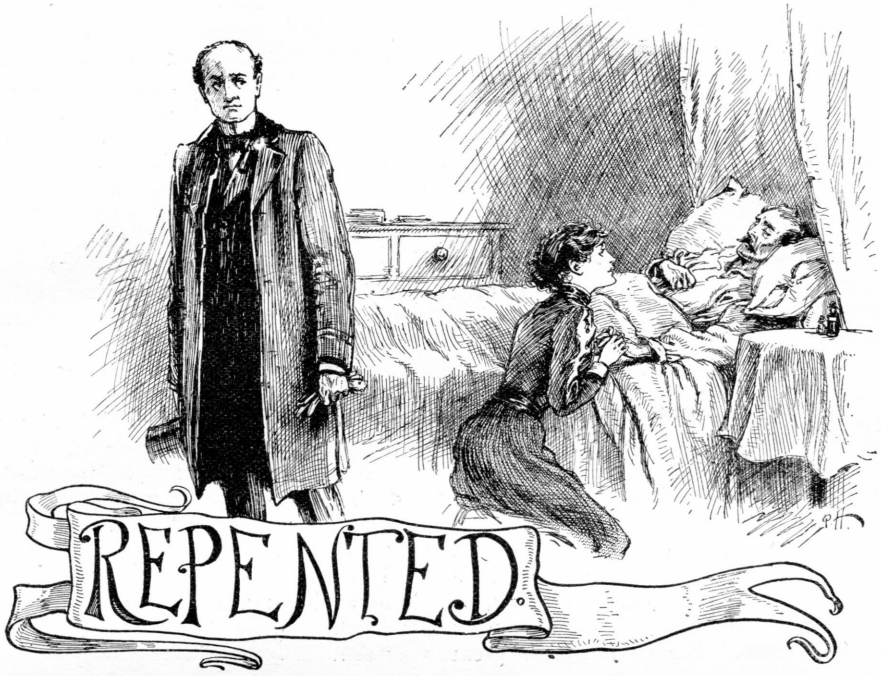
Among the younger artists who may hope to make twentieth century reputations quite as great as those of their predecessors, the Italian caricaturist, Cappiello, deserves special mention, for he has struck a really new note, and, though he has only been in Paris three or four years, his cartoons are eagerly asked for and accepted by the leading comic papers.

M. Cappiello made his *début* as a designer of pictorial posters, but, even when helping to spread the fame of some light beer or new safety lamp, his sense of humour was always very present, and accordingly he was told to turn his attention to what may be called, although a contradiction in terms, serious caricature. To an English eye his work vaguely recalls, without in any way imitating, the *Vanity Fair* type of cartoon. He seems to possess an instinctive knowledge of the humorous points of any man or woman who becomes, willingly or unknowingly, his sitter for the nonce. This is why his drawings have attracted wide attention among artists. "A little more, and he might become the modern Velasquez," was said of him by a well-known art critic.

One fine morning, not content with the possibilities offered by pen, pencil, and palette, Cappiello turned his attention to sculpture, and his humorous statuettes of well-known people made even more sensation than his cartoons and portrait-albums had done. Though only a few inches high, each of these statuettes gives to those who have known or who have often seen the person whom it is supposed to represent a startlingly vivid idea of the young Italian artist's sitter, particularly successful being those done by him of Yvette Guilbert and Jeanne Granier. Indeed, it would appear as if M. Cappiello had really achieved, what at this date of the world's history would almost seem to be impossible—namely, a new medium for the interpretation of humorous art!

RÉJANE.
BY CAPPIELLO.

As yet his fellow-caricaturists have been content to admire his work, and he may be said to have a monopoly of the humorous statuette; but, doubtless, soon his invention, for invention it certainly has been, will be adapted, if not copied, and a new terror will be added to the existence of those whose careers make their faces and figures familiar to the man in the street!



By Mrs. Newman.

Author of "Her Will and Her Way," "His Vindication," "The Last of the Haddons," etc., etc.

IN the larger of two dreary, barely furnished rooms, in a block of "mansions" situated in the south-east of London, lay a man of about forty-five years of age in the last stage of a long illness. The window-blind was drawn up as it had been left by the doctor when taking his last look at his patient, and the hot glare of the June sunshine streamed in unchecked upon the wan, wasted face of the dying man. The light without could make no difference to him now.

With a grave, pitiful look at the one other inmate of the room—a girl of about eighteen, kneeling by the bedside—the doctor had moved silently away.

"She preferred to be alone with her father just now," he had said to the three or four women who pressed forward on his way downstairs with kindly, if somewhat noisy, sympathy and eager offers of their services. The sympathy they could offer was not of the kind to meet the present case, he was thinking, and the trained, capable nurse he was about to send would be there in less than half an hour.

"Well, the Moores had always been a little stand-offish, keeping to themselves more than was quite neighbourly," agreed the would-be consolers as they moved off to compare notes upon another and more interesting event just occurring in the "block," as it was generally termed.

The young girl knelt by her father's side in silent prayer, incapable of taking heed of aught besides the terrible fact that the life of the one nearest and dearest to her—the one she loved best in all the world—her father and only friend, was fast ebbing away. In a few hours—it might be moments—she would be alone in the world.

Circumstances had drawn these two more closely together than are the generality of fathers and daughters. Her mother had died when she was an infant, and since then the one object of his life had been to give his child every advantage he could secure for her. She had been kept at good schools, where she had made the most of her opportunities, and supposed her father to be in a good position in life, and that his being immersed in business was the cause of her spending the vacation at school and prevented her seeing much of him. Only when at sixteen she left school and came to his poor home did she realize at what a cost all this had been to her father.

The money spent by Stephen Moore—the name he had chosen to be known by—on his

child's education had been earned by the hardest toil as a law-writer. She knew now that he must have deprived himself of all but the barest necessaries in order to give her the advantages she possessed.

Sybil Moore was endowed with something more than quick feeling. She very soon set to work to add her share towards meeting the expenses, and considered herself very fortunate when, by the aid of her late schoolmistress, she obtained a morning engagement as reader to an elderly lady, which left her free to assist her father in the after-part of the day. The long years of hard work and self-denial had not been in vain. He knew now that she would at least be able to earn a living after he was gone.

In the last days of his illness the knowledge of this had not been sufficient to satisfy him, his thoughts constantly reverting to the advantages which he told himself ought to be hers. He would lie murmuring in a half-dreamy way of a beautiful park, a stately old home, and a time honoured name, which would be hers but for a great wrong done.

A proud, cold, reticent man, neither asking nor offering sympathy, had appeared Stephen Moore to the outside world. To his daughter he was a delightful companion, with his deep perception, mind stored with knowledge, and heart like that of a child. The reserve which veiled the best in him to the eyes of others she attributed to his having suffered some great wrong in the past, a wrong which he had hitherto shrunk from entering upon, even to her.

His prospects in life, of which his Oxford training and great natural capabilities had seemed to give so much promise, had been ruined. This much she knew, and she could see that during his illness his thoughts reverted to a happy boyhood rather than to the years of trial and difficulty that had come later.

One thing he told her, anxiously endeavouring to impress it upon her mind, and this was that he had chosen to be known by the name of Moore to prevent his real one being known by those he came in contact with.

"Our name is Harland. You will remember, Sybil, Harland."

"Dear father, yes, I will not forget."

"You will find the register of your birth and my marriage to your mother—the dear wife who chose to share my misfortunes. A brave, true woman, who stood unflinchingly by my side until she died. A great wrong—a cruel wrong!"

In silent agony of spirit the young girl laid her cheek upon his hand, to which no caress of hers could impart the slightest warmth. Not her least trial had been the having to listen to his incoherent ramblings about "a great wrong," "a cruel wrong," to which he reverted again and again.

"Is it getting dark? Sybil, where are you?"

"Dear father, I am here; I will not leave you"; her heart stabbed afresh by his unconsciousness that his hand was clasped in hers.

"A great wrong! A cruel wrong!"

"Forget it, dear. Think how happy we have been, you and I. Think of your unselfish goodness to me."

"As we forgive them which trespass against us. There must be forgiveness before I go Do you hear, Sybil, full forgiveness?"

"Yes, father."

His thoughts wandered back to his boyhood again, and he was calling to his brother Wilfred.

"A race down the avenue, Wil. All fair, twelve steps ahead, and off you go! I showed Wilfred where the nest was, sir, so I am most to blame! Your terrier for my pony: that's a good chop for you, old fellow! Did you call, Wil? Are you waiting for me *there?* Sybil! where are you?"

She held a restorative to his lips, and he presently recommenced:—

"You must promise to do it for me, Sybil. Tell Wilfred." The words trailed off into silence again.

"What is it you wish me to tell him, father?" She had not, until now, heard that he had a brother living.

"Go to him—the old home."

"Where?"

"The park, you know—Haresfield—and say——"

"Yes, go to your brother Wilfred and say?"

"As I hope to be forgiven."

"Find your brother and tell him he is forgiven? I will, father."

"Wilfred!" Stephen Harland suddenly opened wide his eyes, as if in surprised recognition, then fell back with a smile on his face—dead!

Ten days later Sybil Harland was on her way to Haresfield, a large estate situated in Berkshire. With the assistance of her father's marriage certificate, in which he was described as the son of Ambrose Harland, Haresfield, Berkshire, she had had no difficulty in ascertaining its whereabouts. The

Harlands were well known in the county, having for generations owned the property distant four miles from the junction.

Hiring a fly she was driven to the park-gates, where she alighted. At the lodge she was told she would most probably find Mr. Harland at the house.

"He is a studious gentleman, and spends a deal of time over his books in the library," said the woman, who came out to answer her inquiries, eyeing the young girl with no little curiosity as she spoke, and wondering why she had asked for the master instead of the mistress.

"She don't look one of their sort, neither, at least her clothes don't," she thought, uncertainly. "After subscriptions or something like that, I take it. But the master don't like 'em to be turned away without a hearing."

"SYBIL WALKED UP THE LONG AVENUE."

Sybil walked up the long avenue, bordered on either side by spreading elms, and slightly ascending the whole way towards a stately house of the Tudor period, in the midst of a well-wooded park, stretching away on all sides.

This, then, was the home of Wilfred Harland; while his brother had lived in a close back street, wearing his life out with hard work for daily bread. Her eyes dwelt upon the scene, so unfamiliar in its luxury of space and quiet beauty, with bitter resentment of the cruel wrong which had robbed her father of it all, and deprived him of the rights of sonship.

The wrong, whatever it was, must have been relentlessly carried on through long years of suffering to her beloved father! He had been able to forgive, and to wish his dying forgiveness to be given to the brother who had wronged him—but for her! Ah, no, not yet, not here, where everything seemed to mock her with the contrast of her father's lot and that of his brother! The very rooks seemed to caw mockingly to her as they flew in and out the trees.

She could look no longer at the beautiful scene, but walked sternly on with down-cast eyes up the long avenue until she came to the sweep before the house. She would not even pause to admire the stately old building which under different circumstances would have appealed to her artistic taste; her brows knitted into a frown as she ascended the few broad steps at the entrance.

As she reached the hall-door, thrown hospitably open, a man-servant came forward.

"Is Mr. Harland in? Can I see him?"

"*Mr.* Harland?" he repeated, with a slight interrogatory emphasis; "I will see, ma'am," throwing open a door for her to enter, as he added, "What name, if you please?"

Indicating by a gesture that she preferred waiting there, she replied, "Miss Harland."

Well-trained as he prided himself upon being, the man could hardly avoid showing his surprise. Miss Harland, and unknown there—to him, although he had lived there for years! He opened the door of another room, and she heard the murmur of voices within; then he emerged, and, with a look of bewilderment still on his face, stood aside for her to enter.

Wilfred Harland had pushed back the library chair in which he had been seated, risen to his feet, and stood looking towards the open door with even greater astonishment than the man had shown.

What did he see? A young girl, tall, slender, and, to his eyes, beautiful exceedingly, but with an expression in her face almost repellent in its sternness. She was clothed from head to foot in deep mourning, plain of make and coarse in texture.

"My father, my dear father, died ten days ago. It was his dying wish that I should find you and bring his forgiveness for the great wrong done him."

"I—it is very good of you; but I do not quite understand. That is, I have no brother."

"Your name is Wilfred Harland. Do you repudiate your brother Stephen, now?"

"I think you must be alluding to my father. His name was Wilfred, and he had

"DO YOU REPUDIATE YOUR BROTHER STEPHEN, NOW?"

At loss for words, he could only bow, with an interrogatory look at the refined face, which not even its proud reserve could render unattractive.

"You are Mr. Harland?" she began, as the door closed and he wheeled a chair towards her. "Mr. Wilfred Harland?" taking no notice of his offer of the chair.

"Yes."

"My name is Sybil Harland. I am the only child of your brother Stephen."

He advanced a step, holding out his hand, but still with the same puzzled look in his eyes.

She did not put out her hand to meet his, and went on, with the careful distinctness of one repeating a well-learned lesson:—

a brother Stephen whom he lost sight of for many years."

She looked at him more intently now, and saw that he could not be much more than six or seven and twenty.

"Then it is your father I ought to have seen?"

"He died a year and a half ago."

She fell back, gazing at him in silent dismay. How could she say the words she had meant to say—to him, the dead man's son?

"She does not know the truth," was his swift thought, "and I cannot tell her. No; come what may, I cannot!"

"I am sorry to have intruded upon you," she faltered, pride and reserve giving place

to an expression very like pity in her face. How much worse to be the son of the man who had done the wrong, than for her, she was thinking. To him, she went on :—

"I did not know he was dead, and I was bound to bring my father's message."

He bowed, mentally repeating, "She does not know." At loss what to reply, he somewhat irrelevantly said, "I hope your father did not suffer much in his last illness?"

"He always suffered. He was very poor, and was, until quite lately, obliged to work too hard," she said, striving to steel herself against anything like a friendly feeling towards this man.

"Money was always waiting for him at the bank. It was hoped he knew that."

"If he knew that it was there I am glad to think he did not take it. But since things are as they are, I need say no more than that I have done my father's bidding. I will trespass no longer on your time, Mr. Harland. Good-bye"—turning to quit the room as she spoke.

"You must not—pray do not go, Miss Harland. There are but my sister and myself left, and if you are your father's only child we are the sole representatives of the old house now, and we ought to be friends."

"Thank you; but I am desirous of catching the two o'clock up-train," she replied, still a little stiffly, although she found it as difficult to withstand Wilfred Harland's goodwill as did other people.

A fine young fellow, gifted with brains as well as good looks; one of the few who carry the world with them in their frank, genial fashion.

"Let us try to forget the past, as they who are gone would wish us to do. Would they not wish it if they were present with us now?"

She was silent. Her father had sent his forgiveness, and it was not for her to say or do anything which might invalidate that.

"At least let me introduce my sister to you?" he hurriedly recommenced. "She is living with me, and I shall find her in a few moments."

"There will not be time, I think. I must catch the train," she replied, still endeavouring to keep on the defensive, though she found it increasingly difficult to do so.

"Oh, no, I cannot let you go without seeing my sister. Grace would never forgive me," his admiration deepening as he gazed at her.

She hesitated, returning his gaze a little doubtfully. He seemed kind and desirous of being friendly; but he had accepted the message she brought in a manner so different from what might have been expected, in the son of the man against whom she had inferentially brought an accusation. Even if he did not know what the charge was any more than did she, it seemed singular that he should show no curiosity as to the meaning of her message. He had looked so strange when she said she had gone there for the purpose of conveying her father's forgiveness, and yet he had passed it over without comment, uttering no word of inquiry or defence.

Taking quick note of her hesitation, he repeated, "Oh, yes, you must see Grace," hurrying out of the room as he spoke.

She looked round at the well-filled bookshelves, remembered what books had been to her father, then, with a bitter sigh, turned towards the open window, only to be reminded of what else he had been deprived. As her eyes dwelt upon the scene without, this side of the house giving upon grass terraces, old Italian garden, trellised roseries, and view of the park beyond, as far as the eye could reach, she thought how great must have been the wrong which had driven her beloved father from a home such as this, which he was so capable of appreciating, to a life of loneliness and poverty, and yet—ah, yes, it would be her happiness by-and-by to remember he had forgiven!

Wilfred Harland re-entered the room accompanied by a young girl of about twenty years of age, not unlike her brother in her frank, kindly bearing, and good-looking in the same genial way. Both were the personification of happiness and fine health, and had a hearty appreciation of the good things that had fallen to their lot.

"Both as easily took in as a couple of children, if you wanted to take 'em in, only you never would," was the verdict upon them by those employed about the estate. "They takes everybody for angels and treats them accordingly, and no one would have the heart to undeceive 'em."

They were nevertheless quite aware of their little weaknesses, and Grace Harland did not mind acknowledging that one of hers was a somewhat extravagant taste for pretty things. She was attired just now with becoming simplicity, although it was simplicity of a much more expensive kind than that of her cousin's.

Sybil Harland owed nothing to carefully-arranged effects of delicately-tinted muslin and soft, innocent-looking lace which a good artiste knows so well how to "create." Her

mourning was of the kind worn by the poorest, with the exception of being unadorned by the cheap glitter they sometimes affect. The refinement of her face and figure was, perhaps, all the more noticeable in contrast with her attire.

"My sister Grace, Miss Harland. The daughter of our father's elder brother, Grace."

"Our cousin! We ought to have known each other long ago, ought we not?" said Grace, with a winning smile, offering her hand as she spoke.

Sybil could not withstand this, although she still strove to retain a cold, reticent bearing.

"Have you told your sister what brought me here, Mr. Harland?"

He reddened and a little awkwardly, as one not accustomed to conceal anything, replied:—

"I had only time to say your father has passed away." A little pleadingly he added: "It did not seem necessary to tell Grace more than that you came to inform me of that."

"I think your sister ought also to know that my errand was to bring my father's dying forgiveness to yours," said Sybil, with quiet distinctness.

"Forgiveness! To my father? How could that be necesssary?" not a little indignantly ejaculated Grace, proudly meeting Sybil's eyes. "There must be some mistake, of course. And you forget that our father is also dead, Miss Harland."

"I did not know that he was dead when I came here, and I was bound to obey my father's dying request. Having done so, I must go, or I shall not catch my train."

"It is four miles. You must not walk. Of course, you will allow us to drive you to the station, and that will give you time to take some refreshment before you go," said Wilfred, looking towards his sister.

Grace remained coldly silent.

"Thank you, but I prefer to walk." And, with a slight bend of the head, by way of farewell, Sybil turned away. She was, in fact, afraid of breaking down altogether if she remained longer there, with the remembrance of her father's touching allusions to his old home crowding upon her memory.

Wilfred opened the door for her, and he and his sister, who was beginning to look more puzzled than angry, walked with her across the hall and out to the sweep before the house.

"Is it quite fair to us your going in this way, when we should be so glad to be friends?" said Wilfred, in a low voice.

"I don't know," she replied. "I do not wish to be unfair, but I cannot forget that I am Stephen Harland's daughter, and I know what he has suffered as none else could."

"WE SHOULD BE SO GLAD TO BE FRIENDS,' SAID WILFRED."

"What if——" The young man looked towards his sister, gazing gravely at them, and kept back the words that sprang to his lips.

With a murmured "Good-bye" Sybil walked on.

"What does it all mean, Wilfred? Do *you* know?" asked Grace.

He ruffled up his hair with both hands. "Don't ask me, Grace."

"Why not—what is there I should not know?"

"She came in all good faith to bring her father's forgiveness."

"She said that much herself. But what could our father have done to need forgiveness? He could have been in no way to blame."

"He was not."

"Then, why——"

"It is a miserable story, Grace; and you were not told because father could not bear to talk about it, I suppose. He hoped, I think, to keep the matter quite secret."

"I think I ought to know now, Wilfred."

"Well, perhaps—as things are—yes, I think it is better you should know the truth. The fact is, that when the two brothers were about to leave Oxford, where Stephen had made some mark, a great wrong was done—not by our father, but by hers."

"*Hers!*"

"Yes, and you may imagine what I felt when I was told a Miss Harland wished to see me, and when she said that she had come to bring her father's dying forgiveness to me, thinking she was speaking to my father, unaware that he is dead."

"Oh, Wilfred, what in the world did you say?"

"Simply that my father was dead. It was not possible to tell her that *her* father was the wrong-doer."

"No; how could you? But what was the wrong?"

"Some fraud about the property, I think; but father did not like to hear any allusion to the subject, therefore I never heard the exact story. Enough to say his brother did some great wrong, and had to leave his home in consequence. Better for us not to think of it, Grace. It happened years ago and both are dead. We will let the remembrance of the wrong be buried with them. It is sufficient for us to know that our father was blameless, and for her—the knowledge of the truth might shadow her whole life. Her love for her father is as strong as yours and mine for ours."

"And she seemed so refined and capable of the best. Ah, Wil, the pity of it! You are right; let her keep her belief in him. It cannot hurt us, knowing what we do. She looks so poor, too. Uncle Stephen was the eldest son, was he not? How was it he was in such bad circumstances?"

"The wrong must have been a very serious one, for grandfather was so indignant that he cut off the entail and left nothing to him; but I know father would gladly have helped him if he could have found him."

"Wilfred, we will not let her slip away from us like this. I will follow her. She cannot know the short cut, and I will go by the road. If you will see that a horse is put to the station-cart I shall overtake her before she gets far."

He caught eagerly at the suggestion. It was just what he himself had been wanting to do; but felt it would come better from her.

"That's good of you!" he ejaculated, going off with quick steps round towards the stable-yard.

Quick as they were to do their master's bidding, Grace Harland, who had merely slipped on a garden-hat, was waiting in the drive when the cart was brought round.

"No; I will go alone," she said, as the groom was about to swing himself up behind.

Seeing it was in her mind that, in the event of there being any confidences between herself and Sybil, she could speak more freely if they were alone, her brother gave the man a nod of dismissal. She indeed required no one. The whole neighbourhood would be ready enough to go to the assistance of Grace Harland, should it be necessary.

She drove rapidly down the avenue and out into the road, and presently saw Sybil walking rather slowly about a quarter of a mile in advance. She was quickly by her side.

"I am driving to the station. Won't you take a seat with me?" she said. "Pray do."

Sybil hesitated, endeavouring to summon pride to her aid, but there was no shade; the road was hot and dusty; and the fatigue and excitement she had passed through, after an insufficient breakfast, were beginning to tell upon her.

"Now that step," said Grace, with the air of taking consent for granted. "Give me your hand. Here you are"; and Sybil found herself by her cousin's side. Seeing that she was looking very white, and apparently at

"SHE WAS QUICKLY BY HER SIDE."

loss what to say, Grace went on: "I am sorry we could not persuade you to take luncheon with us. Are you living with friends?"

"No; I am quite alone now."

"You will not be alone for long, I hope. But after such a loss as yours—I know how it is. We have gone through the same, you know."

"Not quite the same, I think," replied Sybil, her face shadowing again with the thought how few were the comforts she had been able to procure for her father and the contrast between the surroundings of the brothers during their last illness.

"You must allow us to try to be something to you. Wilfred is such a dear, good fellow, and he would be proud to be considered your friend. But you will find all that out later. If you could call me Grace and tell me what your name is we should feel more like cousins to begin with."

"My name is Sybil."

"How pretty; and you are about my age, I think?"

"I am just eighteen."

"Oh, two years younger than I. I am twenty and"—with a blush and a smile—"an engaged young person, if you please."

"One can see it is 'the time of roses' with you."

"That only makes me more desirous of—I have set my heart upon our being friends, you and I."

Sybil had more difficulty in maintaining her reserve now. She could imagine no greater pleasure than having a girl-friend such as the other seemed to be, but she sternly reminded herself that such pleasure was not for Stephen Harland's daughter. Gravely she replied:—

"Circumstances will prevent that; we shall be going different ways."

"Do you think our fathers would wish that?" glancing with pitiful eyes at the beautiful face by her side, so pathetic in its sadness. "Should we wish it?"

"It is not what one wishes, but what is."

"You do not mean that you could not forgive as did your father when he thought he had been wronged. No, you are not like that, I am sure of it."

"I cannot forget—I never can—the long years of misery and isolation—the deep poverty he endured. He! endowed with a great heart as well as intellect."

"Every effort was made to find him. Poverty he need not have suffered."

"You did not know him," said Sybil, closing her mouth and giving a look at her cousin which was meant to add, "and therefore cannot judge."

Grace drove very slowly; there was but half a mile to go, and she was too much in earnest to be easily rebuffed.

"Will you allow us to do nothing? Remember, it would be hard for us to feel you were alone in the world and would accept neither our love nor our help."

"Had one word of regret for the past reached my father!"

"But suppose for a moment that *your* father had done the wrong, whatever it was, would you not have been sorry for us?"

A hot flush came into Sybil's face. "Pity! Would you have cared for that? Ah, no, you need not tell me," with a bitter smile.

"I suppose we Harlands are proud—that seems part of our heritage; but we ought not to be proud of our pride, Sybil."

"No," quietly. After a few moments' reflection she added, turning hurriedly towards the other as they came within sight of the station: "You are good. I can think of other things besides wrongs, and it will help me by-and-by to remember that you meant to be kind. But it must be good-bye between us."

As Grace drew rein three or four men came running up, each eager to be first to hold the horse's head. Sybil stepped down and Grace sprang to her side. The train was just in sight.

"Will you write to me, Sybil? May I write to you?" persisted Grace, as they made their way to the platform. "What address?"

"Oh, we call our place 'The Mansions,'" replied Sybil, with a little laugh.

"The Mansions?" repeated Grace, questioningly.

"Some call them blocks."

"Where?"

"Oh," as the train began to move off, "Camberwell way."

Grace nodded and smiled. "I shall find you," she said, with a last wave of the hand.

Sybil Harland took up her working life again, not quite so philosophically as she had hoped to do. Her thoughts were, indeed, too often apt to disobey her will, and to dwell upon the beautiful home from which her father had been thrust out by some cruel wrong. She knew how constantly the remembrance of it had been with him during his last illness, and knew that it was chiefly for her sake he had been troubled. Not only he but his child was shut out from the old home. What a home! She pictured to herself the life there, until her heart yearned to roam about those woods she had caught glimpses of, and she dwelt upon the idea of being made free of the old library, until her spirit longed to burst the bonds that fettered it.

Her father had striven to cultivate her mind, perhaps with some hope that she might eventually come to her own, as his share of the property would rightfully be. She saw now that there must have been some lingering hope of this in his mind when he made her promise to go herself to bear his last message to his brother. "Wilfred was not naturally hard-hearted," he had told himself, "and his heart might be touched by Sybil." She could understand, too, why he had kept her at the different schools during the vacations, and why he had afterwards so carefully guarded her from the associations with which they were surrounded. How often had she been told that she must never forget she had an honoured name to uphold!

"Honoured! Where had been the honour to him?" she asked herself. The doctor, out of his good nature and pity for her, and a poor clerk in the same building, who had now and again helped her father with his work, had been the followers, and she the only mourner at his funeral.

Her fits of abstraction were indulgently borne with for a time by the elderly lady by whom she was employed, as the natural and to be expected effects of her grief for the loss of her father. But, as weeks went by, and she seemed less and less capable of feeling any interest in her work, Mrs. Westall grew a little impatient. She liked to be at least listened to intelligently, and Sybil's replies sometimes showed how far her thoughts had strayed from the subjects introduced.

"You will perhaps find the births, deaths, and marriages more interesting than the leading article appears to be to you this morning, Miss Moore," she a little irritably said one morning, when her patience had been more than usually tried.

Stifling a sigh Sybil turned over the pages of the paper and began where she generally left off. She had got through the lists of births and marriages, and half-way down the deaths, when she suddenly stopped, catching in her breath with a little gasp.

"On the 3rd, Stephen, eldest son of the late Ambrose Harland, of Haresfield, Berkshire, aged forty-four."

"How did the notice get there?" Ah, her cousins, of course. They must have had it inserted!

The colour came and went in her face as she glanced at Mrs. Westall gazing complacently at her rings.

"Well, child, well?"

Sybil hesitated a moment, then, with the thought that the other could not possibly know, and that it might be better not to attract attention by passing the notice over, ran through the words aloud, and was hurriedly reading on when Mrs. Westall put in:—

"Read that again, Miss Moore."

Sybil obeyed, lowering her voice to almost a whisper.

"Harland? Stephen Harland, of Haresfield? Why, he must have been—of course he was—the missing man! Gone to his last reckoning; a sad one enough for him, I fear, unless he made peace first with those he injured."

"He injured no one!" hotly replied Sybil. "You could not have known him!"

"Indeed I did. We lived in the same county and were neighbours years ago. He brought great trouble on the family."

"It was not he. You must be speaking of his brother," said Sybil, in her agitation showing that she, too, knew something of the family.

Absorbed in the remembrances which the names had called up, Mrs. Westall did not notice the little slip.

"No, it was Stephen, the elder son. His wrong-doing caused some scandal at the time, and he had to leave his home in consequence. Afterwards the entail was cut off and he was not mentioned in his father's will. I know that much, although I never heard precisely what his wrong-doing was. Some fraud with regard to the property, it was said, but the family were glad to hush the matter up as time went on."

"It is not true! The wrong was not done by him!" repeating, as she saw the surprise in Mrs. Westall's face, "It is not true!"

"How do you know that it is not, Miss Moore?" looking more curiously than angrily at the proud, pale young face—proud and so sad.

"I do know it. He died in the place where I live."

"There! Stephen Harland?"

Sybil had risen to her feet and was gathering up her belongings.

"It is not much past eleven, Miss Moore."

"I must go, Mrs. Westall."

"Go?"

"Stephen Harland was my beloved father, and, knowing as I do that he was sinned against instead of sinning, I cannot stay here another hour, since you so misjudge him."

"Your father! My poor child; how was I to know that? You gave the name of Moore."

"It is Harland. My father did not wish to be known by his own name until the wrong done to him was righted. It never was righted. I took his dying forgiveness to —the one who was to blame. But I was too late; he, too, was dead. It was to do this, and to see to the arrangements for the funeral, that I asked you to give me a week at home. I could, then, only tell you that my father was dead. Now, I must go."

"IT IS NOT TRUE!"

"Why should you? You suit me very well, when"—with a half smile at the remembrance of certain little episodes of girlish enthusiasm and romance—"you keep to the business in hand. Since you desire to earn money you could not, I think, do that anywhere more easily than here."

"You believe my father was guilty, and I could not stay with anyone who thought that. No, not to earn a fortune!"

"In that case I fear you are—well, well, we will say inexperienced, and you will find it difficult to select your employers. But there need be no offence. When you have

gained a little more knowledge of the world and its ways, come to me again. On my side, I will make no further allusions to unpleasant subjects, and I certainly should not consider anyone answerable for what a father might or might not have done. Meantime, I will send you a cheque for what is due, and should you determine not to return to me, I will say all that I ought to say in your favour to anyone you may refer to me. I have nothing but good to say of you during the two years you have been coming here."

"That is kind. I shall always thank you for that! Good-bye, Mrs. Westall."

"Good-bye, my dear," said Mrs. Westall, her eyes following the young girl as she went, with kindly anxiety.

"To throw up eight-and-twenty shillings a week, which she frankly admitted to be liberal payment, for such sentimental reasons!" thought Mrs. Westall, who prided herself upon her worldly wisdom. "But she is not stupid, and will, no doubt, soon find that it is more than foolish to quarrel with her bread and butter, because I did not know Stephen Harland was her father. That is all it amounts to, and the sooner she makes up her mind to come back to me the better for both of us. My heart goes out to the child, and I could not endure to lose sight of her, leal and true as she is. Yes; it does one good to find that poor human nature is not so bad after all as we sometimes give it the credit for being. You, at least, have not been apt to overestimate its capabilities, I fear, Jane Westall."

"SYBIL WAS ANXIOUSLY COUNTING HER SMALL AND RAPIDLY DIMINISHING CAPITAL."

Three or four weeks had passed. Sybil was already beginning to realize that there are not many Mrs. Westalls in the world in the matter of liberality. If she succeeded in procuring an engagement she knew now that reading a few hours a day to an invalid does not command more than very moderate payment in the market, hardly sufficient for the barest livelihood.

She had given up one room, and narrowed her expenses to the lowest limit; but she knew that even this could not last long. In a very short time she would be penniless, unless she could find some employment. She could not go to the school-mistress who had recommended her to Mrs. Westall without explaining why she had left, and to return to the latter was not to be thought of.

Sybil had returned home one afternoon, tired by a round of fruitless visits to agents, and was anxiously counting her small and rapidly diminishing capital. Gazing in a depressed way at the small heaps of shillings and pence, she was speculating as to how many lessons on the piano she could contrive to give during the day at threepence an hour—a suggestion thrown out by the kindly little clerk, himself somewhat in straits—when suddenly came the crisis.

There was a tap at the door, and after a moment it was opened, and to her great astonishment Grace Harland looked in. Behind her stood her brother, and both were looking very grave and unlike themselves as Sybil had last seen them.

"May we come in?"

"Yes, of course"; rising and looking at them in a half-dazed way. What had brought them?

They entered, closing the door, but did not advance or offer to shake hands; regarding her in a way that puzzled her still more.

"How did you find this place?" she asked, not knowing what to say.

"You said the 'Mansions,' Camberwell way, and we went from one place to the other, until we came to this. We had to find you," said Grace.

"It was necessary we should," added Wilfred. "In justice to the dead."

"Your dead or mine?" Sybil was asking herself, gazing silently at them.

"Something occurred to render it necessary," he said.

"What?" asked Sybil, shrinking back with a terrible fear of what she might hear, unconsciously speaking a little abruptly, with the thought that it might be a repetition of Mrs. Westall's story, and the more inclined to be on the defensive.

"My brother has a disclosure to make—a very painful one," said Grace. Taking note of Sybil's increased pallor and the defiant way with which she drew back her head and met their eyes, pressing her hand to her side, she added, "For us, it is a very painful one."

"For you?" glancing from one to the other. "I do not understand."

Wilfred Harland reddened, the veins in his temples standing out like cords as he strove with himself; but he contrived to reply, in a quiet tone:—

"You will when I have explained, which I will try to do in as few words as possible. A few days ago my sister and I were talking over your visit to us."

"When had he ceased talking about Sybil?" thought Grace, with a sad little half smile.

"And endeavouring to hit upon some plan to prevent our losing sight of you, when suddenly some words of my father's, spoken during his last illness, forced themselves upon my remembrance. At the time I thought it was the wandering of a brain weakened by illness; but, on thinking it over again, it seemed to me possible the words might have some significance. He said something about having written a letter for my private reading after he was gone, and tried to tell me where I should find it, but failed. I searched through his papers more carefully than I had before done, and, at length, found a letter carefully sealed and addressed to me, to be read after his death.

"This is it," taking a letter from an inner pocket of his coat and offering it to her. "I can only ask you to read it, and spare him as much as you can."

"My father! Do you think it necessary to ask me that?"

"Hush! You do not know."

"'My dear son'"—she whitened to the lips, ejaculating with the dread of what she might find: "It is for you. No; I cannot read it. Tell me as shortly as you can. I see you are sorry for me, and I am not too proud now to thank you for that. Only"—with a little sob in her voice—"I will not believe—you must understand that nothing will kill my love for him—nothing."

"She does not see," said Grace, tears streaming down her pale cheeks, but, as Sybil was quick to notice, drawing no nearer to her; neither brother nor sister had, indeed, made any friendly overtures since their entrance. "Oh, Wilfred, you must tell her!"

"Then I must begin by saying I know now that the message of forgiveness you brought from your father to mine came from an innocent man to—a guilty one."

"You know that my father was innocent?" said Sybil, in a low, broken voice. "You came to tell me that?"

"Yes. My poor father! God help me; I can only hope what he suffered may plead for him. He *did* suffer, and his last illness was a consequence of long years of remorse. He would have given the world to undo the past, but it was not to be. I know that he did all he could to find his brother, advertising constantly, and using all the means that could be devised. I know, too, how desirous he was to restore the property, of which your father had been dispossessed, and a large sum was always kept at the bank to his credit. He could only suppose, as years went on, that his brother was dead. Believing this, and that the exposure would do his brother no good, while it would bring suffering upon his own children—he did not know his brother had married and had left a child—he shrank from revealing the true facts. How can I tell you the miserable story?"

"Do not. You have told me enough in exonerating my father," said Sybil, in the largeness of her heart feeling a deep pity for the son upon whom such a task was imposed.

"Cost what it may, it is for me to right the wrong, so far as lies in my power. It is the only reparation I can make, and you must be told the whole truth. My father became involved in difficulties at Oxford, and, my grandfather being a hard man, he went to the Jews. As the younger son he had some difficulty in getting the money he wanted, and persuaded his brother Stephen to be surety for him—ah, no, you must hear the worst," as Sybil was about to speak. "Uncle Stephen was just then immersed in study, and trusting to—to his brother, signed papers for a much larger amount than he imagined. The transaction came to their father's ears, and he believed that the elder brother had drawn the younger into

difficulties. There was a stormy scene with his elder son, in which he was taunted with having tried to ruin his brother. Stephen would say nothing in his own defence, and his father would not forgive. My father was away from home on a three months' tour at the time, or I believe right would have been done. Grandfather cut off the entail and left all he possessed to his younger son. Uncle Stephen would not betray his brother, and left his home for ever. Grandfather died soon after, and it was then too late to

known to the world, although I have not yet been able to—to——I can only leave the rest to you. You have the right to have the whole truth made public."

"There is no need to make anything more than my father's innocence known. The rest does not concern the world; and, for us we will let bygones be bygones," holding out a hand to each as she spoke.

"And you will come home and take what is rightly yours?"

"Home!" the word brought the soft flush

"WE WILL LET BYGONES BE BYGONES."

right the wrong as my father meant to do, for uncle could not be found. He never forgave himself."

"My father forgave him, thank God, and—and you must not think——Life was difficult for him, but not so hard as it may have seemed. He was working for me—we had each other—and we had our compensations."

"You can speak in that way—to us?" said Grace, in a broken voice.

They were both gazing at her in the greatest astonishment. Was this the girl they had so much dreaded to meet?

"One word," huskily put in Wilfred. "I have taken steps to make your father's innocence of the charges brought against him

of pleasure to her cheeks and a smile to her eyes. "That would indeed be coming into a fortune!"

"It is a large one," said Wilfred, meaningly.

"Ah, now you are speaking of money. We will rather think of the two who are gone, and let the word 'forgiven' put a seal to the past. Everything else will come right—Wilfred!"

He raised his head, for the first time standing at his full height, and looked at her, a wonderful light coming into her eyes.

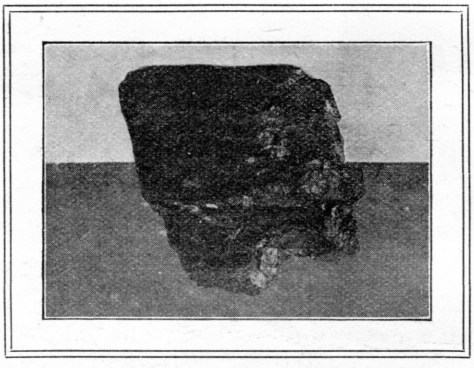
His sister caught the look, and told herself that everything *would* come right, and in the best possible way.

For Luck!

A CURIOUS COLLECTION OF GAMBLERS' MASCOTS.

By Lewis Perry.

IT has been the writer's lot, during many years of journalistic wanderings, to gaze upon a number of collections of curiosities, some beautiful, some weird, some gruesome. Several of these have cropped up in all sorts of unexpected places, where the ordinary citizen would never dream of looking for them. And all have been in the possession of enthusiasts, whose varied tastes in selecting a particular subject to which to devote time and earnest attention are worthy of the reflections of sage or cynic. Only a week or two ago, by a mere accident, I came across what I might term a unique little lot of genuine curiosities, inasmuch as the originality of the subject cannot be disputed. For where can the second collection of gamblers' mascots be found? I should like to know.



THE LUCKY PIECE OF COAL.

In one of the most picturesque hotels in the beautiful Isle of Wight a guest, as a special favour, may be invited to look upon some very curious charms, which have been carried about by a number of the most successful visitors to the gambling palaces of the Continent.

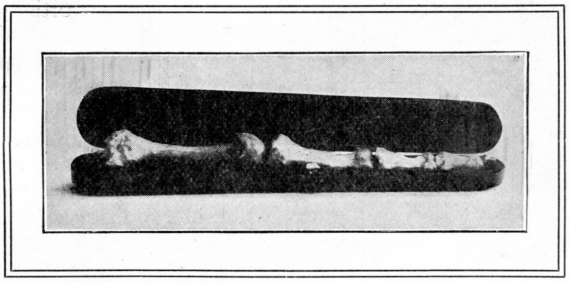
This collection is the property of a once well-known and now retired cross-Channel captain, a typical seafaring, tempest-tossed worthy, whose good-humoured features and hearty laugh are calculated to make the most morose of his guests begin to look out for the better side of life.

Sojourning for a little rest in Shanklin, I happened to hear of the captain's quaint collection, and in the interests of the readers of this Magazine I soon discovered its whereabouts. It certainly proved worth the trouble of tracking. Besides being unique as a collection, the items on view suffice to throw a strong side-light on the curious superstitious notions of the confirmed gambler.

During the captain's cross-Channel paddling many thousands of visitors to Continental gambling-tables came under his charge. Were this the place for such items I could reproduce many remarkable incidents of the gambling world now stored away in the capacious memory-box of the man who talked with winners and losers alike. But I must keep to my subject, for to every article in the captain's collection of mascots is attached a little history sufficient to fill any space at my disposal in these columns.

Take, for instance, the piece of common coal which is illustrated on this page. There is nothing extraordinary in its appearance; but the gambler to whom it once belonged would not, at one period of his life, have parted with it for a big sum of money. And for a very good reason. A regular visitor to Monte Carlo, infatuated with the gambler's passion, he had found luck entirely against him. He lost, and lost again and again, but his passion increased with his losses, and after several visits he was all but ruined. One evening, whilst wandering, morose and despairing, along the quay, even contemplating suicide, he passed a barge from which some coal was being unloaded. As he walked under the swinging crane a little bit of the shiny mineral fell from the carrying bucket and landed—*in the gambler's coat-pocket!* As superstitious as most gamblers are, he concluded it was a lucky omen, and hastened away to raise a little money for the night that was either to save or ruin him. Next morning he left the tables with over 30,000 francs in his

possession—his night's winnings. From that time his luck turned—he never left the tables except as a winner, sometimes of a small sum, more often the amount was considerable and occasionally huge. He never failed to carry his lucky bit of coal about with him, stowed away in a secure corner of his safest pocket. That man is now immensely wealthy, with an estate in Scotland. Returning from France eleven years ago, determined to be satisfied with his earnings and to settle down at home as a country gentleman, on saying "good-bye" to the captain who had safely piloted him so many times across the Channel he presented him with a handsome cheque and his wonderful mascot, told him the story of his luck, and bade him go and win a fortune. The worthy captain accepted the presents with thanks, but, not having been born with the gambling instinct, he simply introduced the mascot to his collection of curiosities, where it remains to this day.

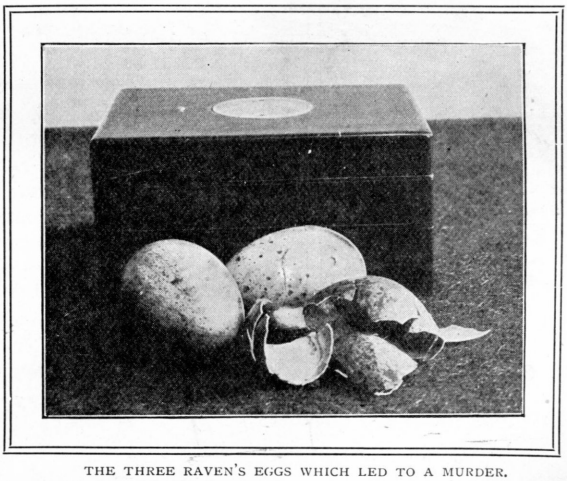


THE RIGHT FOREFINGER BONES OF THE SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON.

A somewhat gruesome little item in the mascot collection are the right forefinger bones of a man who was the seventh son of a seventh son. This, strangely enough, was carried by a well-known theatrical lady in the form of a brooch when she visited the tables at Monte Carlo or Aix-les-Bains, and she asserted that it always brought her luck. But one night, as she stretched across the table to rake in her winnings, the ornament fell from her throat, and, striking the edge of the table, broke at the knuckle. She had it immediately repaired, but, according to her story, the charm had departed from it, and she was so unlucky as to lose all her money in a few days. Then, having to return to England, whilst crossing the Channel on her way home she presented the charmless mascot to the captain as a contribution to his collection of similar curiosities.

There is an ancient gambling superstition which holds in the highest value the possession of three raven's eggs—necessarily the first three of a young bird.

Many gamblers carry such a mascot, so it is not surprising to find one amongst the captain's collection. To this one, however, a tragic history is attached. The former owner had frequently boasted of his luck in the cafés, attributing his good fortune to the possession of the mascot, which he would exhibit for the admiration of the bystanders. He carried the eggs in a well-padded gold case of great value, and was most particular lest those who inspected it should crush the contents, for the superstition runs that luck departs immediately when even one egg is broken. One night the owner was not at his accustomed place for *rouge-et-noir*. He was missed from his hotel next morning, and on search being made his dead body was found bruised and beaten almost out of recognition. The mascot was missing; but it was anything of a mascot to the murderer, for through it he was traced, arrested, and condemned. The case was locked when recovered from the murderer, and on being opened one of the eggs was found to be broken. The mascot came into the possession of an English detective to hand over with other things to the murdered man's



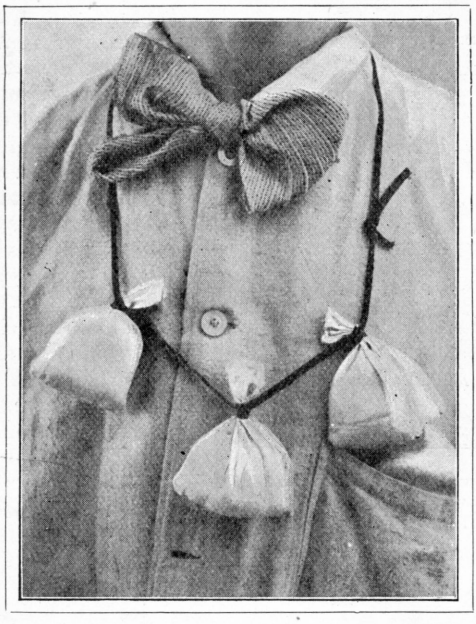
THE THREE RAVEN'S EGGS WHICH LED TO A MURDER.

THE CLERGYMAN'S CHINESE COIN.

relatives. The captain having expressed a wish for the eggs, the detective conveyed his message to the legal owners, who very graciously sent them to the collector.

About ten years ago there was a certain English clergyman who occasionally "did a flutter" at Aix-les-Bains, and was usually in the best of luck.

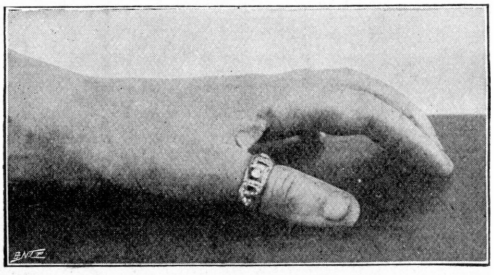
Unfortunately for the said cleric, people



THE THREE SALT BAGS WHOSE OWNER WON A FORTUNE.

were apt to talk of such doings when they returned to England. A communication from his superior was dispatched in hot haste. The poor clergyman, you may be sure, did not wear his usual winning smile when he read it. He at once set out homewards, determined to give up for ever his nightly search for healthy excitement—and hard cash. On his way across from Havre he confided the secret of his gold-winning success to our worthy friend the captain, handing him over, at the same time, the ministerial "mascot"—a very old and very large Chinese coin—to be added to the collection.

One of the most quaintly curious of mascots is that one formed of three little silk bags (whose colour was once white) filled with salt, and suspended on a finely-plaited catgut cord. This extraordinary "charm" was worn around the neck and next to the



THE LADY'S THUMB-RING WHICH BROUGHT WEALTH.

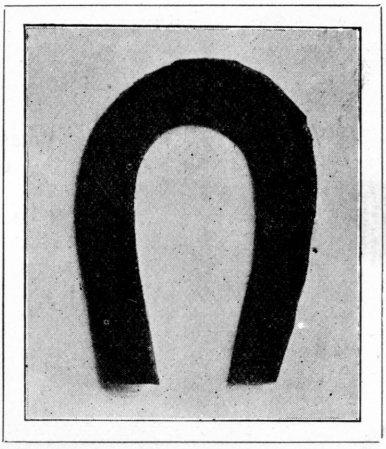
skin of the gambler whose particular fancy selected it as an aid to the fortunes of the tables. The former wearer was a Spaniard residing in England, who never failed to visit regularly one or other of the Continental towns where play is *the* thing. For many years, however, he has retired to his native land rich enough to assume a position of importance amongst his countrymen.

An oddly-shaped thumb-ring is also included in the collection. It was once the mascot worn by a very young and charming lady, who, it is said, brought back wealth to

THE "GOLDEN HAIR MASCOT."

an impoverished estate, but died shortly afterwards, her constitution having been ruined through over-excitement and late hours.

Readers with retentive memories for such things will scarcely need to be reminded of the sensation caused some seventeen or eighteen years ago at Monte Carlo when a beautiful lady of good family plunged to such an extent, and so successfully, that she came as near as may be to bringing about that little event known as "breaking the bank." She was accounted so lucky by her gambling friends that it became quite a usual thing for an application to be made by one of her hundreds of friends for a lock of her hair as a mascot. Her beautiful golden tresses must have suffered severely, so numerous were the mascots of this particular brand. Some indeed whispered that, for the sake of her personal appearance and the retention of the good-will of her friends, the stock of a well-known Nice wig-maker was called upon pretty frequently. Be that as it may, the luck of the holders of the "golden hair mascot" was not always remarkable. Several who carried them and won large sums of course put their good fortune down to the mysterious influence of the mascot. Those who became broke themselves had another opinion to vouchsafe on the subject. The lock of hair which through the art of photography we are enabled to reproduce in these pages was carried by an elderly relative of the lucky lady, and proved a mascot to him inasmuch that, although he did not make an enormous fortune, he succeeded in closing a two months' battle with the bankers with the loss of only a few francs. Which is good luck of a sort!

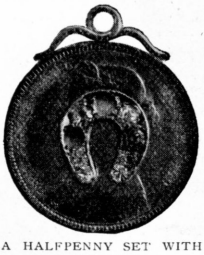


THE HORSESHOE MADE FROM THE BOOT OF A LOURDES PILGRIM.

A piece of common boot-leather cut in the shape of a horseshoe would not seem at first glance likely to make a remunerative claim on the attentions of good fortune. But as this particular mascot at one time formed portion of a shoe worn by a poor woman who tramped eighty-nine miles in three days on the Lourdes pilgrimage, its worth as a luck-giver may not appear so trivial. At any rate, it and a prominent representative of English law and order were at one time inseparable companions during the Long Vacation. It is many years, however, since this mascot was added, by consent of the owner, to the collection.

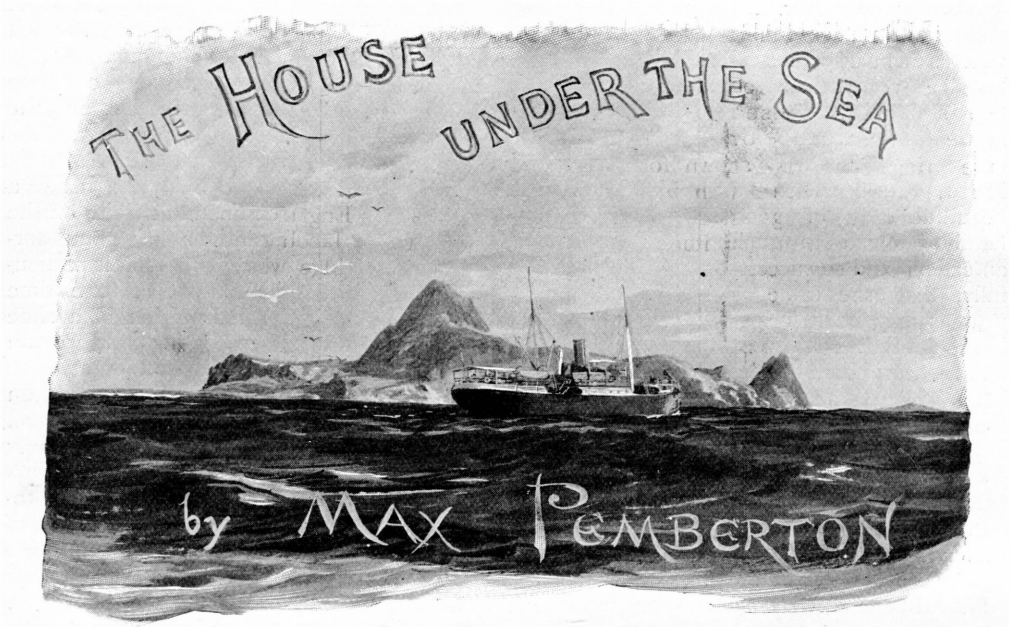
A ONE-PIE PIECE—A MASCOT WHICH FAILED.

There are several more knick-knacks included in the captain's interesting little museum, amongst others being a one-pie piece, value about the tenth of a penny, but which the former owner once declined to part with for one thousand francs! Poor fellow, he placed too much trust in that mascot, plunged, and never rose again!



A HALFPENNY SET WITH JEWELS.

Another coin mascot is an English halfpenny set with diamonds and other precious stones. The lady who carried it, after a run of unaccountable bad luck, sold the "lucky" trifle to find money to go on with, and lost every franc of the price within ten minutes of the sale.



CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH JASPER BEGG MAKES KNOWN THE PURPOSE OF HIS VOYAGE TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN, AND HOW IT CAME ABOUT THAT HE COMMISSIONED THE STEAMSHIP "SOUTHERN CROSS" THROUGH PHILIPS, WESTBURY, AND CO.

MANY gentlemen have asked me to write the story of Ken's Island, and in so far as my ability goes, that I will now do. A plain seaman by profession, one who has had no more education that a Kentish grammar school can give him, I, Jasper Begg, find it very hard to bring to other people's eyes the wonderful things I have seen, or to make all this great matter clear as it should be clear for a right understanding. But what I know of it I will here set down; and I do not doubt that the newspapers and the writers will do the rest.

Now, it was upon the third day of May in the year 1899, at six bells in the first dog-watch, that Harry Doe, our boatswain, first sighted land upon our port bow, and so made known to me that our voyage was done. We were fifty-three days out from Southampton then; and for fifty-three days not a man among the crew of the *Southern Cross* had known our destination, or why his skipper, Jasper Begg, had shipped him to sail for the Pacific Ocean. A pleasure voyage, the most part said; remembering that I had been in and out of private yachts ever since I ran away from school and booked with Skipper Higg, who sailed Lord Kanton's schooner from the Solent; but others asked themselves what pleasure took a yacht's skipper beyond the Suez, and how it came about that a poor man like Jasper Begg found the money to commission a 500-ton tramp through Philips, Westbury, and Co., and to deal liberally with any shipmate who had a fancy for the trip. These questions I meant to answer in my own time. A hint here and there of a lady in whose interest the voyage was undertaken kept the crew quiet, if it did not please its curiosity. Mister Jacob, my first officer, and Peter Bligh (who came to me because he said I was the only man who kept him away from the drink) guessed something if they knew nothing. They had both served under me in Ruth Bellenden's yacht; neither had forgotten that Ruth Bellenden's husband sailed eastward for the wedding trip. If they put their heads together and said that Ruth Bellenden's affairs and the steam-ship *Southern Cross* were not to be far apart at the end of it, I don't blame them. It was my business to hold my tongue until the

land was sighted, and so much I did for Ruth Bellenden's sake.

Well, it was the third day of May, at six bells in the first dog-watch, when Harry Doe, the boatswain, sighted land on the port bow, and came abaft with the other hands to hear what I had got to say to him. Mr. Jacob was in his bunk then, he being about to take the first watch, and Peter Bligh, who walked the bridge, had rung down for half-speed by the time I came out with my glass for the first view of the distant island. We were then, I must tell you, in longitude 150 east of Greenwich, by about 30 north; and my first thought was that we might have sighted the Ganges group, like many a ship sailing from 'Frisco to Japan; but when I had looked at the land a little while, and especially at a low spur of rocks to the northward, I knew that this was truly the Ken Archipelago, and that our voyage was done.

"Lads," I said, "yonder is your port. Good weather and good luck, and we'll put about for home before three days have passed."

Now, they set up a great cheer at this; and Peter Bligh, whose years go to fat, wiped his brow like a man who has got rid of a great load and is very pleased to have done with it.

"Thank you for that," said he. "I hope I do my duty in all weathers, Mr. Begg, but this sunshine do wear a man sadly. Will you stop her, sir, or shall we go dead slow?"

"Dead slow, if you please, Mister Bligh," said I; "the chart gives seventeen thousand fathoms about the reef. We should have water enough, and water is a good thing, as I believe you know."

"When there's nothing else I can manage to make shift with it—and feel a better man, sir," he added, as an after-thought. But I was already busy with my glass and that was not the hour for light talk. Yonder upon the port bow a group of islands shaped on our horizon as shadows upon a glassy sea. I could espy a considerable cliff-land rising to the southward, and north of that the rocky spur of which I have made mention. The sun was setting behind us in a sky of orange and crimson, and it was wonderful to see the playful lights now giving veins of gold to the dark mass of the higher rocks, or washing over the shadows as a running water of flame. I have seen many beautiful sights upon the sea, in calm or tempest, God's weather or the devil's; but I shall never forget that sunset which brought me to Ken's Island on as strange an errand as ever commissioned a ship. The deep blue of the sky, the vastness of the horizon, the setting sun, the island's shaping out of the deep: these, and the curiosity which kept the glass ever at my eye, made an hour which a man might fear to tell of. True, I have sighted many a strange land in my time and have put up my glass for many an unknown shore; but yonder lay the home of Ruth Bellenden, and to-morrow's sun would tell me how it fared with her. I had sailed from England to learn as much.

Now, Mr. Jacob, the first officer, had come up to the bridge while I was searching the shore for an anchorage, and he, who always was a prudent man, spoke up at once for laying to and leaving our business, whatever it was, until the morning.

"You'll lose the light in ten minutes, and yon's a port I do not like the look of," said he. "Better go about, sir. Reefs don't get out of the way, even for a lady."

"Mister Jacob," said I, for, little man that he was, he had a big wit in his own way, "the lady would be very glad to get out of the way of the reef, I'm thinking. However, that's for the morning. Here's Peter Bligh as pleased as any school-boy at the sight of land. Tell him that he isn't going ashore to-night, and he'll thank you nicely. Eh, Peter, are you, too, of Jacob's mind? Is it sea or shore, a glass in my cabin or what the natives will sell you in the log-cabins over yonder?"

Peter Bligh shut up his glass with a snap.

"I know the liquor, Mr. Begg," said he; "as God is good to me, I'm of Mister Jacob's way of thinking. A sound bed and a clear head, and a fair wind for the morning—you'll see little of any woman, black or white, on yonder rock to-night."

Jacob—his little eyes twinkling, as they always did at his own jokes—muttered the old proverb about choosing a wife by candle-light; but before anyone could hear him a beacon shone out across the sea from some reef behind the main island I had noticed, and all eyes were turned anxiously to that. It was a queer place, truly, to set up a light, and I don't wonder that the men remarked it.

"An odd kind of a lantern to help poor mariners," said Mister Jacob, sagely. "Being kind to it, sir, I should say that it's not more than a mile too much to the northward."

"Lay your course by that, and a miracle won't carry you by the reef," added Peter Bligh, sagaciously; "in my country, which is partly Ireland, sir, we put up notice-boards

for the boys that ride bicycles: 'This Hill is Dangerous.' Faith, in ould Oireland they put 'em up at the bottom of the hills, which is useful entirely."

Some of the crew, grouped about the ladder's foot, laughed at this; others began to mutter among themselves as though the beacon troubled them, and they did not like it. A seaman's the most superstitious creature that walks the earth or sails on the sea, as all the world knows. I could see the curiosity, which had followed my men from Southampton, was coming to a head here about twelve thousand miles from home.

"Lads," cried I, quick to take the point up, "Mister Bligh says that an Irishman built yon light, and he knows, being a bit of a one himself. We're not going in by it, anyway, so you can ask questions to-morrow. There's a hundred pounds to be divided among you for your good behaviour outward, and there'll be another hundred when we make Calshot Light. To-night we'll find good sea-room, and leave their beacon to the lumber-heads that put it up. I thank you, lads, for honest work in an honest ship. Ask the purser for an extra tot of grog, and say the skipper told you to."

They gave a hearty "Aye, aye, sir," to this, and without more ado we put the ship about and went dead slow against a stiff tide setting east by north-east. For my part, I reckoned this the time to tell my officers what my intentions were, and when I had called them into the cabin, leaving our "fourth"—a mere lad, but a good one—upon the bridge, I ordered Joe, the steward, to set the decanters upon the table. Mister Jacob, as usual, put on his glasses (which he always did in room or cabin, just as though he would read a book), but Peter Bligh sat with his cap between his knees and as foolish an expression upon his face as I have ever seen.

"Now, gentlemen," I said, "no good talking in this world was ever done upon a dusty table, so we'll have a glass round and then to business. Peter Bligh, I'm sure, will make no objection to that."

"Faith, and I know when to obey my superior officer, captain. A glass round, and after that——"

"Peter, Peter," said I, "'tis the 'after that' which sends many a good hulk to the bottom."

"Not meaning to apply the term to Peter Bligh, but by way of what the landsmen call 'silime,'" said Mister Jacob.

"'Simile' you mean, Mister Jacob. Well, it's all the same, and neither here nor there in the matter of a letter. The fact is, gentlemen, I wish you to know why I have sailed this ship to Ken's Archipelago, and under what circumstances I shall sail her home again."

They pricked up their ears at this, Peter turning his cap nervously in his hands and Mister Jacob being busy with his glasses as he loves to be.

"Yes," I went on, "you have behaved like true shipmates and spoken never a word which a man might not fairly speak. And now it's my duty to be open with you. Well, to cut it short, my lads, I've sailed to the Pacific because my mistress, Ruth Bellenden, asked me."

They had known as much, I imagine, from the start; but while Mister Jacob pretended to be very much surprised, honest Peter raised his glass and drank to Mistress Ruth's good health.

"God bless her," he said, "and may the day come when I ship along o' such a one again. Aye, you would have come out for her sake, captain—no other, I'm sure!"

"She being Ruth Bellenden no longer, but the wife of a gentleman with a name none but a foreigner can spell," added Mister Jacob; and then he went on, "Well, you surprise me very much, captain—very much indeed. Matrimony is a choppy sea and queer things swim in it. But this—this I had not looked to hear."

I knew that this was only Mister Jacob's way, and continued my story.

"It was a promise to her upon her wedding day. Ten thousand pounds she left with her lawyers for this very purpose. 'My husband has strange ideas; I may not share them,' were her words to me. 'If his yacht should not be at the islands when I wish to visit Europe again, I should like you to find me a vessel in its place. I trust you, Jasper Begg,' she said; 'you will sail for Ken's Archipelago twelve months from to-day, and you will come to my house there, as you used to do in the old time, for orders. Perhaps I shall send you home again, perhaps I may like to have a yacht of my own once more. Who knows? I am quite alone in the world,' she said, laughing, 'though my brother is alive. And the Pacific Ocean is a long way from London—oh, such a long way,' she said, or something of that sort."

"Aye, and right, too. A derned long way she meant, I don't doubt, if what was in her mind came out"—puts in Peter at this.

"Peter," said I, "be pleased to hold your

tongue until your opinion is asked. What I am telling you is a confidence which you two, and no others, share with me. To-morrow, as soon as daylight, I shall row ashore and ask to see Mme. Czerny, as I suppose I must call little Ruth now. If she says, 'Go home again,' very well, home we go with good wages in our pockets. If she says 'Stay,' there's not a man on board this ship that will not stay willingly—she being married to a foreigner, which all the world knows is not the same as being married to an Englishman——"

"To say nothing of an Irishman," said Peter Bligh, whose mother was from Dublin and whose father was named sometimes for a man of Rotherhithe and at other times put down to any country which it suited Peter to boast about.

"Edmond Czerny was a Hungarian," said I, "and he played the fiddle wonderful. What mad idea took him for a honeymoon to Ken's Island, the Lord only knows. They say he was many years in America. I know nothing about him, save that he had a civil tongue and manners to catch a young girl's fancy. She was only twenty-two when she married him, Mister Jacob."

"Old enough to know better—quite old enough to know better. Not that I would say anything against Ruth Bellenden, not a word. It's the woman's part to play the capers, sir, and we poor mortal men to be took by them. Howsomever, since there was a fiddle in it, I've nothing more to say."

We laughed at Mister Jacob's notion, and Peter Bligh said what it was in my heart to say:—

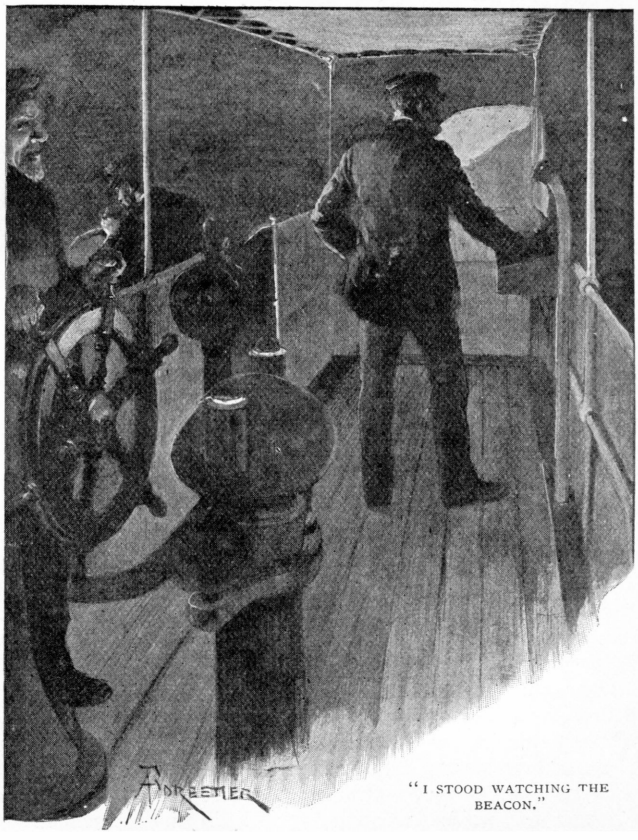
"Saving that if Ruth Bellenden needs a friend, she'll find twenty-six aboard this ship, to say nothing of the cook's boy and the dog. You've a nice mind, Mister Jacob, but you've a deal to larn when it comes to women. My poor old father, who hailed from Shoreham——"

"It was Newport yesterday, Peter."

"Aye, so it were—so it were. But, Newport or Shoreham, he'd a precious good notion of the sex, and what he said I'll stand by. 'Get 'em on their feet to the music,' says he, 'and you can lead 'em anywheres.' 'Tis Gospel truth that, Mister Jacob."

"But a man had better mind his steps," said I. "For my part, I shouldn't be surprised if Ruth Bellenden's husband gave us the cold shoulder to-morrow and sent us about our business. However, the sea's free to all men, lads, and the morn will show. By your leave we'll have a bit of supper and after that turn in. We shall want all our wits about us when daylight comes."

They agreed to this, and without further parley we went on deck and heard what the lad "Dolly" Venn had to tell us. It was full dark now and the island was hidden from our view. The beacon shone with a steady white glare which, under the circumstances, was almost uncanny. I asked the lad if he had sighted any ships in toward the land or if signals had been made. He answered me that no ship had passed in or out or any rocket been fired. "And I do believe, sir," he said, "that we shall find the harbour on the far side of yonder height."



"I STOOD WATCHING THE BEACON."

"The morning will show us, lad," said I; "go down to your supper, for I mean to take this watch myself."

They left me on the bridge. The wind had fallen until it was scarce above a moan in the shrouds. I stood watching the beacon as a man who watches the window light of one who has been dear to him.

CHAPTER II.

WE GO ASHORE AND LEARN STRANGE THINGS.

I HAVE told how it came about that I sailed for Ken's Island, and now I shall tell what happened when I went ashore to find Ruth Bellenden.

We put off from the ship at six bells in the morning watch. Dolly Venn, who was rated as fourth officer, was with me in the launch, and Harry Doe, the boatswain, at the tiller. I left Mister Jacob on the bridge, and gave him my orders to stand in-shore as near as might be, and to look for my coming at sunset—no later. "Whatever passes," said I, "the night will find me on board again. I trust to bring you good news, Mister Jacob—the best news."

"Which would be that we were to 'bout ship and home again," says he; and that I did not contradict.

Now, we were to the westward of the island when we put off, and neither my glass nor the others showed any good landing there. As the launch drew into toward the cliffs I began to get the lie of the place more clearly; and especially of what I call the mainland, which was wonderfully fresh and green in the sunlight and seemed to have some of the tropic luxuriance of more southern islands. About four miles long, I judged it to be, from the high black rock to which it rose at the southward point, to the low dog's-nosed reef which defended it to the north. Trees I could see, palms and that kind, and ripe green grasses on a stretch of real down-like land; but the cliffs themselves were steep and unpromising, and the closer we drew the less I liked the look of it.

"Dolly, my lad," I said at last, "you were the wise one, after all. Yon's no shore for an honest man; he being made like a man and not like an eagle. Let's try the starboard tack and see what luck will send us."

We headed the launch almost due south, and began to round the headland. The men were elated, they didn't know at what; Dolly Venn had a boy's delight in the difficulty.

"An ugly shore, sir," he said, pleased at my compliment. "A very ugly shore. It would be a bad night which found a ship in these parts and no better light than the fool's beacon we saw yesterday."

"As true as the parson's word," said I, "but, ugly or beautiful, I'll be up on those heights before twelve o'clock if I have to swim ashore. And speaking of that," said I, "there are men up yonder, or I'm a Dutchman!"

Well, he clapped his glass to his eye and searched the green grass land as I had done; but the light was over strong and the cliff quickly shut the view from us, so that we found ourselves presently in the loom of vast black rocks, with the tide running like a whirlpool, and a great sword-fish reef, a mile from the shore, perhaps, to catch any fool that didn't want sea room. I took the tiller myself from this point, and standing well out I brought the launch round gingerly enough, but the water was deep and good once we were on the lee side; and no sooner did we head north again than I espied the cove and knew where Ruth Bellenden had gone ashore.

"It's there, lad," said I, "yonder, where the sand sparkles. There'll be a way up the cliff and good anchorage. No one but an Irishman would buy an island without a harbour; you tell Peter Bligh that when we go aboard again."

"Peter says he's only Irish on the mother's side, sir; that's what makes him big-hearted towards the women. He'll be dying to come ashore if there are any petticoats hereabouts."

"They haven't much use for that same garment on the Pacific Islands," said I. "Peter can marry cheap here, if it's the milliners' bills he's minding—but I doubt, lad, from the look of it, whether we'll find a jewel in this port. It's a wild-looking place, to be sure it is."

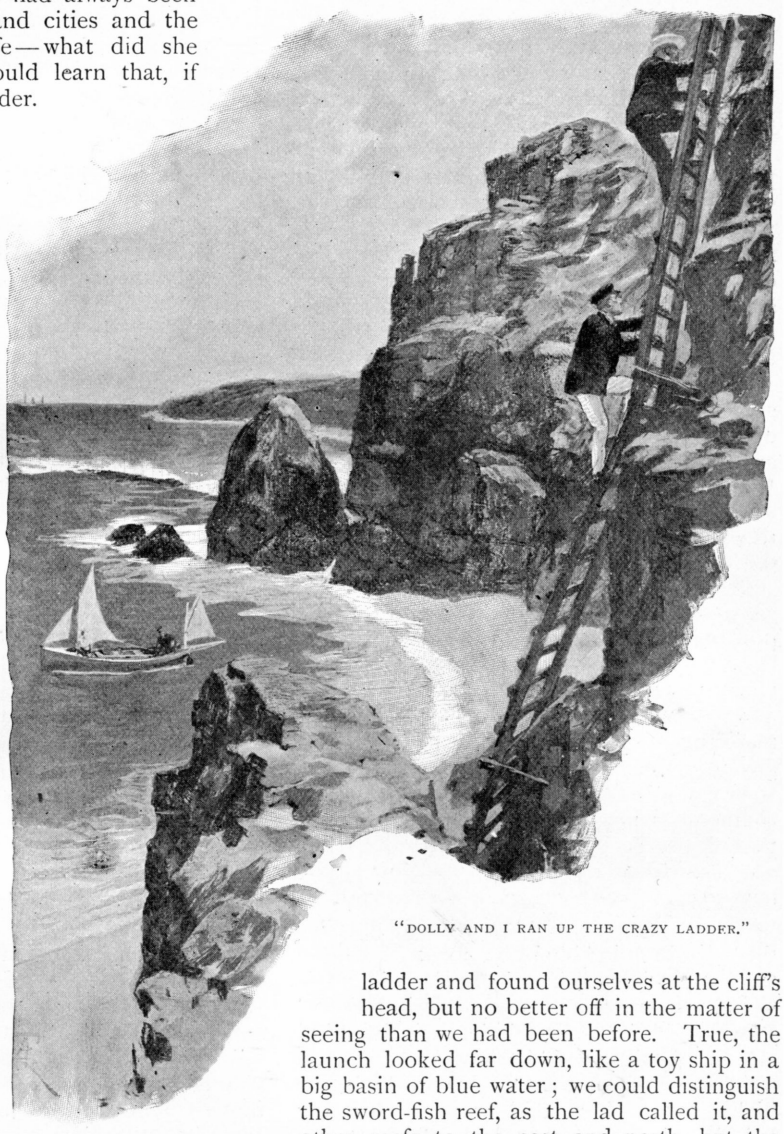
Indeed, and it was. Viewed from the eastward sea, I call Ken's Island the most fearsome place I have come across in all my fifteen years afloat. Vast cliffs, black and green and crystal, rose up sheer from the water in precipices for all the world like mighty steps. By here and there, as the ground sloped away to the northward, there were forests of teak (at least, I judged them to be that), pretty woods with every kind of palm, green valleys, and grassy pastures. The sands of the cove were white as snow, and shone like so many precious stones pounded up to make a sea beach. On the north side only was there barrenness—for that seemed but a tongue of low land and black rock thrust straight out into the sea.

But elsewhere it was a spectacle to impress a man; and I began, perhaps, to admit that Edmond Czerny had more than a crank's whim in his mind when he took little Ruth Bellenden to such a shore for her honeymoon. He had a fancy for wild places, said I, and this was the very spot for him. But Miss Ruth, who had always been one for the towns and cities and the bright things of life—what did she think of it? I should learn that, if she were ashore yonder.

Now, we put straight in to the cove where the silver sand was, and no sooner was I ashore than I espied a rickety wooden ladder rising almost straight up to the cliff's head, which hereabouts was no more than 60ft. high. Neither man nor beast was on the beach, nor did I make out any sign of human habitation whatever. It was just a little sandy bay, lone and desolate; but directly I slipped out of the launch I discovered footprints leading to the ladder's foot, and I knew that men had gone up before me, that very morning it must be, seeing that the tide had ebbed and the sand was still wet. At another time I might have asked myself why nobody came out to meet us, and why there was no look-out for the island to hail a strange ship in the offing; but I was too eager to go ashore, and, for that matter, had my feet on the sand almost before the launch grounded.

"Do you, Dolly, come up with me," said I; "the others will stand by to anchor until we come down again. If it's not in an hour, lads, go back and get your dinners; but look for me at sunset anyway, for I've no mind to sleep ashore, and that you may be sure of."

They took the orders and pushed the launch off. Dolly and I ran up the crazy



"DOLLY AND I RAN UP THE CRAZY LADDER."

ladder and found ourselves at the cliff's head, but no better off in the matter of seeing than we had been before. True, the launch looked far down, like a toy ship in a big basin of blue water; we could distinguish the sword-fish reef, as the lad called it, and other reefs to the east and north, but the place we stood on was shut in by a black wood of teak and blue ebony, and, save for the rustling of the great leaves, we couldn't hear a sound. As for path through the plantation, that was covered with long, rank grass, and some marsh or other—I don't know what it was—gave a pungent, heavy

odour which didn't suit a seaman's lungs. I was set against the place from the first—didn't like it, and told the lad as much.

"Dolly," said I, "the sooner we have a ship's planking under our feet again the better for our constitutions. If there's a house in this locality, the ladder is the road to it, unless one of Peter Bligh's countrymen built it. Put your best foot foremost, my lad. We'll dine early if we don't lunch late."

With this I struck the path through the wood and went straight on, not listening to the lad's chatter nor making any myself. The shade was welcome enough; there were pretty places for those that had eyes to see them—waterfalls splashing down from the moss-grown rocks above; little pools, dark and wonderfully blue; here and there a bit of green, which might have been the lawn of a country house. But of dwelling or of people I saw nothing, and to what the boy fancied that he saw I paid no heed.

"You're dreaming it, young gentleman," said I, "for look now, who should be afraid of two unarmed seamen, and why should any honest man be ashamed to show his face? If there are men peeping behind the trees, well, let them peep; and good luck go with them. It doesn't trouble me, and I don't suppose it will take your appetite away. You aren't afraid of them, surely?"

It was an unkind thing to have said, and the lad rightly turned upon me.

"Why, captain," cried he, "I would never be afraid while I was with you."

"Proudly put, my boy, and a compliment I won't forget. What sort of men did you say that they were?"

"One was old, with a goat's beard. He wore ragged breeches and a seaman's blouse. I saw him directly we entered the wood. The others were up in the hills above the waterfall. They carried rifles."

"Come, come, Dolly," exclaimed I. "Put them in Prussian blue at once, and fly the German ensign. Rifles in a place like this—and two unarmed strangers against them! Why should the rogues hide their beautiful faces? If they would know all about us, what's to prevent them? Do we look like highwaymen or honest fellows? Be sure, my lad, that the young lady I am going to see wouldn't have any blacklegs about her house. Ruth Bellenden's too clever for that. She'd send them about their business quick enough, as she's sent many a one when I was the skipper of her yacht. Did they tell you that, Dolly—that your skipper used to sail the smartest schooner-yacht that ever flew the ensign——"

The boy looked up at me and admitted frankly that he knew something.

"They said the young lady owned the *Manhattan*, sir. I never asked much about it. The men were fond of her, I believe."

"Adored her, lad. She was the daughter of Rupert Bellenden, who made a mint of money by building the Western American Railroad, and afterwards in the steel way. He was drowned at sea when the *Elbe* went down. His son got the business, but the daughter took the house and fortune—at least, the best part of it. She was always a rare one for the sea, and owned a biggish boat in her father's time. When he died she bought the *Manhattan*, more's the pity, for it carried her to Mediterranean ports, and there she took up with the fiddler. He was a Chevalier or something, and could look a woman through and through. What money he had was made, the Lord knows where, not out of fiddling, I'll be bound, for his was no music to set the tongue lilting. He'd been in the Pacific a while, they say, and was a Jack-of-all-trades in America. That's how he came across these islands, you may imagine—slap in the sea-way to Yokohama as they are. There's been many a good ship ashore on Ken's Island, lad, believe me, and there'll be many another. 'Tis no likely place to bring a young wife to, and none but a madman would have done it."

I told him all this just in a natural way, as one man speaking to another of something which troubled his mind. Not that he made much of it—how should he?—for there were a hundred things to look at, and his eyes were here and there and everywhere; now up at the great black rocks above us; now peering into a deep gorge, over which a little wooden bridge carried us, just for all the world like a scaffold thrown from tree to tree of the wood. It was a rare picture, I admit, and when we came out of the thicket at last and saw the lower island spread before us like a chart, with its fields of crimson flowers, its waterfalls, its bits of pasture, and its blue seas beyond, a man might well have stood to tell himself that Nature never made a fairer place. For my part, I began to believe again that Edmond Czerny knew what he was about when he built a house for Miss Ruth on such a spot; and I was just about to tell the lad as much when a man came running up the path and, hailing us in a loud voice, asked us where the deuce we were going to—or something not more civil. And, at this, I brought to and looked him up and down and answered him as a seaman should.

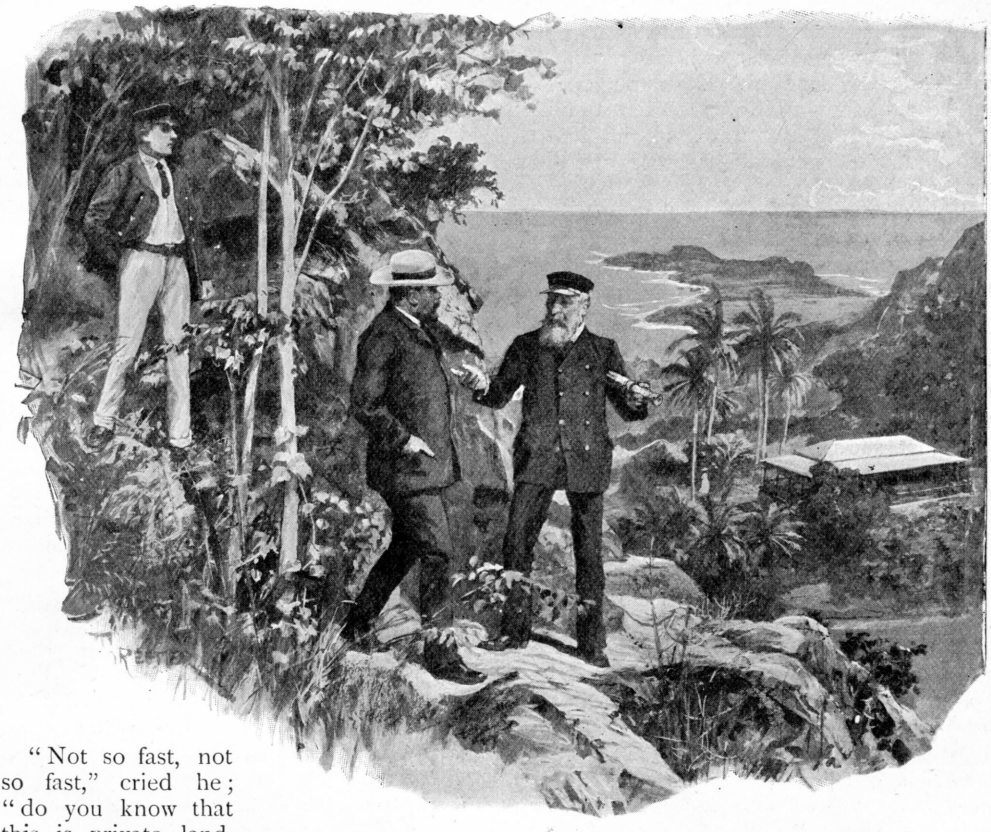
"To the deuce yourself," said I; "what's that to do with you, and what may your name happen to be?"

He was a big man, dressed in blue serge, with a peak cap and a seaman's blouse. He had a long brown beard and a pock-marked face, and he carried a spy-glass under his arm. He had come up from the grassy valley below—and there I first saw the roof of a low bungalow, and the gardens about it. That was Ruth's home, I said, and this fellow was one of Czerny's yacht hands.

seemed to think better of it, and changed his tone entirely.

"Avast," cries he, with a bit of a laugh, "you're one of the right sort, and no mistaking that! And where would you be from, and what would you be wanting here?" he asks, grown civil as a bagman with a bit of ribbon to sell.

"Shipmate," says I, "if I'm one of the right sort, my port's Southampton and my flag's the ensign. Take me down to Mme. Czerny, whom I see among the flower-beds



"'AND WHERE WOULD YOU BE FROM, AND WHAT WOULD YOU BE WANTING HERE?' HE ASKS."

"Not so fast, not so fast," cried he; "do you know that this is private land, and you've no business ashore here?"

"Why," says I, "haven't we come ashore to see you, my beauty, and doesn't the spectacle reward us? 'Bout ship," says I, "and have done with it. My business is with your mistress, whom I knew before your brother was hanged at 'Frisco."

He swore a big oath at this, and, I do believe, was half of the mind to try which was the better man; but when he had looked down at the gardens of the bungalow, and a white figure was plainly to be seen there, he

yonder, and you shall know enough about me in five minutes to bring the tears to your beautiful eyes. And come," says I, chaffing him, "are there any girls in this bit of a paradise? If so," says I, "I should call 'em lucky when I look at you."

Well, he took it sourly enough, but I could see he was mighty curious to hear more about me, and as we went down a winding path to the bungalow in the valley he put many questions to me, and I tried to answer

them civilly. Like all seamen he had no silent wits of his own, and every word he thought, that he must speak.

"The guv'nor's not here," he said; "gone to 'Frisco. Lucky for you, for he don't like strangers. Aye," he goes on, "he's a wonderful man for his own way; to be sure he is. You'll be aboard and away before sunset, or you might see him. Take my advice and put about. The shore's unwholesome," says he.

"By the looks of you," says I, "you've nothing more than jaundice, and that I can put up with. As for your guv'nor, I remember him well when he and I did the light fandango together in European ports. He was always a wonder with the fiddle. My mistress could lead him like a pug-dog. I don't doubt she's a bit of a hand at it still."

Now, this set him thinking, and he put two and two together, I suppose, and knew pretty well who I was.

"You'll be Jasper Begg that sailed the lady's yacht, *Manhattan?*" says he. "Well, I've heard of you often, and from her own lips. She'll be pleased to see you, right enough—though what the guv'nor might say is another matter. You see," he went on, "this same island is a paradise, sure as thunder; but it's lonely for women-kind, and your mistress, she don't take to it kindly. Not that she's complaining, or anything of that sort. A lady who has rings for her fingers and bells for her toes, and all real precious, same as any duchess might wear, she don't complain long. Why, my guv'nor could make his very teeth out of diamonds and not miss 'em, come to that! But his missus is always plaguing him to take her to Europe, and that game. As if he don't want a wife in his own home, and not in another man's, which is sense, Mister Begg, though it is spoke by a plain seaman."

I said, "Aye, aye," and held my tongue, knowing that he would go on with it. We were almost down at the house now, and the cliffs stood like a great cloud of solid rock, above which a loom of smoke was floating. Dolly walked at my heels like a patient dog. My own feelings are not for me to tell. I was going to see Ruth Bellenden again. Why, she was there in yonder garden, and nothing between us but this great hulking yellow boy, who took to buttonholing me as a parson buttonholes his churchwarden when he wants a new grate in his drawing-room.

"Now," says he, standing before me as one who had half a mind to block the road, "you be advised by me, Mister Begg, and cut this job short. Don't you be listening to a woman's parley, for it's all nonsense. I've done wrong to let you ashore, perhaps—perhaps I haven't; but, ashore or afloat, it's my business to see that the guv'nor's orders is carried out, and carried out they will be, one man or twenty agen 'em. Do you take a plain word or do you not, Mister Begg?"

"I take whatever's going, and don't trouble about the sugar," says I; and then, putting him aside, I lifted the latch of the garden gate, and went in and saw Miss Ruth.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH JASPER BEGG MAKES UP HIS MIND WHAT TO DO.

Now, she was sitting in the garden, in a kind of arbour built of leaves, and near by her was her relative, the rats'-tailed old lady we used to call Aunt Rachel. The pair didn't see me as I passed in, but a Chinese servant gave "Good-day" to the yellow man we'd picked up coming down; and, at that, Miss Ruth—for so I call her, not being able to get Mme. Czerny into my head—Miss Ruth, I say, stood up and, the colour tumbling into her cheeks like the tide into an empty pool, she stood for all the world as though she were struck dumb and unable to say a word to any man. I, meanwhile, fingered my hat and looked foolish; for it was an odd kind of job to have come twelve thousand miles upon, and what to say to her with the hulking seaman at my elbow the Lord forgive me if I knew.

"Miss Ruth," says I at last, "I'm here according to orders, and the ship's here, and we're waiting for you to go aboard——"

Well, she seemed to hear me like one who did not catch the meaning of it. I saw her put her hand to her throat as though something were choking her, and the old lady, the one we called Aunt Rachel, cried, "God bless me," two or three times together. But the yellow man was the next to speak, and he crossed right over to our Miss Ruth's side, and talked in her ear in a voice you could have heard up at the hills.

"You'll not be going aboard to-day, lady. Why, what would the master have to say, he coming home from foreign parts and you not ashore to meet him? You didn't say nothing about any ship, not as I can remember, and mighty pleased the guv'nor will be when he knows about it. Shall I tell this party he'd better be getting aboard again, eh, ma'am? Don't you think as he'd better be getting aboard again?"

He shouted this out for all the world like a man hailing from one ship to another. I don't know what put it into my head, but I knew from that moment that my mistress was afraid, aye, deadly afraid, as it is given few to fear in this life. Not that she spoke of it, or showed it by any sign a stranger might have understood; but there was a look in her eyes which was clear to me; "and by the heavens above," said I to myself, "I'll know the truth this day, though there be one or a hundred yellow boys!" None the less, I held my tongue as a wise man should, and what I said was spoken to the party with the beard.

"You've a nice soft voice for a nightingale, that you have," says I; "if you'd let yourself out for a fog-horn to the Scilly Isles, you'd go near to make your fortune! Is the young lady deaf that you want to bawl like a harbour-master? Easy, my man," says I, "you'll hurt your beautiful throat."

Well, he turned round savage enough, but my mistress, who had stood all the while like a statue, spoke now for the first time, and holding out both her hands to me she cried:—

"Oh, Captain Begg, Captain Begg, is it you at last, to walk right here like this? I can't believe it," she said; "I really can't believe it!"

"Why, that's so," said I, catching her American accent, which was the prettiest thing you ever heard; "I'm on the way to 'Frisco, and I put in here according to my promise. My ship's out yonder, Miss Ruth, and there's some aboard that knows you—Peter Bligh and Mister Jacob; and this one, this is little Dolly Venn," said I, presenting him, "though he'll grow bigger by-and-by."

With this I pushed the boy forward, and he, all silly and blushing as sailors will be when they see a pretty woman above their station—he took her hand and heaved it like a pump-handle; while old Aunt Rachel, the funny old woman in the glasses, she began to talk a lot of nonsense about seamen, as she always did, and for a minute or two we might have been a party of friends met at a street corner.

"I'm glad to find you well, Captain Begg," said she. "Such a dangerous life, too, the mariner's. I always pity you poor fellows when you climb the rattlesnakes on winter's nights."

"Ratlins you mean, ma'am," said I, "though for that matter, a syllable or two don't count either way. And I hope you're not poorly, ma'am, on this queer shore."

"I like the island," says she, solemn and stiff-like; "my dear nephew is an eccentric, but we must take our bread as we find it on this earth, Mister Begg, and thankful for it too. Poor Ruth, now, she is dreadfully distressed and unhappy; but I tell her it will all come right in the end. Let her be patient a little while and she will have her own way. She wants for nothing here—she has every comfort. If her husband chooses such a home for her she must submit. It is our duty to submit to our husbands, captain, as the catechism teaches us."

"Aye, when you've got 'em," thought I, but I nodded my head to the old lady and turned to my mistress, who was now speaking to me.

"You'll lunch here; why, yes, captain—you mustn't find us inhospitable, even if you leave us at once. Mr. Denton, will you

"'MISTRESS,' I SAID, 'THE SHIP'S THERE—SHALL WE GO OR STAY?'"

please to tell them that Captain Begg lunches with me—as soon as possible?"

She turned to the yellow man to give him the order; but there was no mistaking the look which passed between them, saying on her side: "Allow me to do this," on his, "You will suffer for it afterwards." But he went up to the veranda of the house right enough, and while he was bawling to the cook I spoke the first plain word to Mme. Czerny.

"Mistress," I said, "the ship's there—shall we go or stay?"

I had meant it to be the plain truth between us; on her part the confession whether she needed me or did not; on mine the will to serve her whatever might happen to me. To my dying day I shall never forget her answer.

"Go," she said, so low that it was little more than a whisper, "but, oh, for God's sake, Jasper Begg, come back to me again."

I nodded my head and turned the talk. The man Denton, the one with the yellow beard (rated as Kess Denton on the island), was back at my side almost before she had finished. The old lady began to talk about "curling-spikes" and "blue Saint Peters" and how much the anchor weighed, and all that sort of blarney which she thought ship-shape and suited to a poor sailor-man's understanding. I told her a story of a shark that swallowed a missionary and his hymn-book, and always swam round our ship at service times afterwards—and that kept her thinking a bit. As for little Dolly Venn, he couldn't keep his eyes off Miss Ruth—and I didn't wonder, for mine went that way pretty often. Aye, she had changed, too, in those twelve months that had passed since last I saw her, the prettiest bride that ever held out a finger for a ring in the big church at Nice. Her cheeks were all fallen away and flushed with a colour which was cruelly unhealthy to see. The big blue eyes, which I used to see full of laughter and a young girl's life, were ringed round with black, and pitiful when they looked at you. The hair, parted above the forehead, as it always was, and brought down in curls above her little ears, didn't seem to me so full of golden threads as it used to be. But it was good to hear her plucky talk, there at the dinner-table, when she chattered away like some sweet singing bird, and Dolly couldn't turn away his eyes, and the yellow boy stood, sour and savage, behind her chair, and threw out hints for me to sheer off which might have moved the Bass Rock. Not that he need have troubled himself, for I had made up my mind already what to do; and no sooner was the food stowed away than I up and spoke about the need of getting on again and such like. And with that I said "Good-bye" to Mistress Ruth and "Good-bye" to the old woman, and had a shot left in my locker for the yellow boy, which I don't doubt pleased him mightily.

"Good luck to you," says I; "if you'd a wisp of your hair I'd put it in my locket and think of you sometimes. When you want anything from London you just shout across the sea and we'll be hearing you. Deadman's Horn is nothing to you," said I; "you'd scare a ship out of the sea if you wasn't gentle to her."

Mind you, I said all this as much to put him off as anything else, for I'd been careful enough to blab no word about the *Southern Cross* being Miss Ruth's very own ship, nor about her orders that we should call at Ken's Island; and I knew that when a man's angry at what you say to him he doesn't think much of two and two making four, but as often as not makes them eight or ten. Maybe, said I, he'll make it out that I'm on a tramp bound for 'Frisco and have touched here on the way—and certainly he won't look for my coming back again once he sees our smoke on the sky-line. Nor was I wrong. My mistress was to tell me that much before twelve hours had passed.

And so it was that I said "Good-bye" to her, she standing at the garden-gate with a brave smile upon her pretty face, and the yellow man behind her like a savage dog that is afraid to bite, but has all the mind to. At the valley's head I turned about, and she was still there, looking up wistfully to the hills we trod. Thrice I waved my hand to her, and thrice she answered, and then together, the lad and I, we entered the dark wood and saw her no more.

"Your best leg forward, lad," said I to him, "and mum's the word. There's work to do on the ship, and work ashore for a woman's sake. Are you game for that, Dolly—are you game, my boy?"

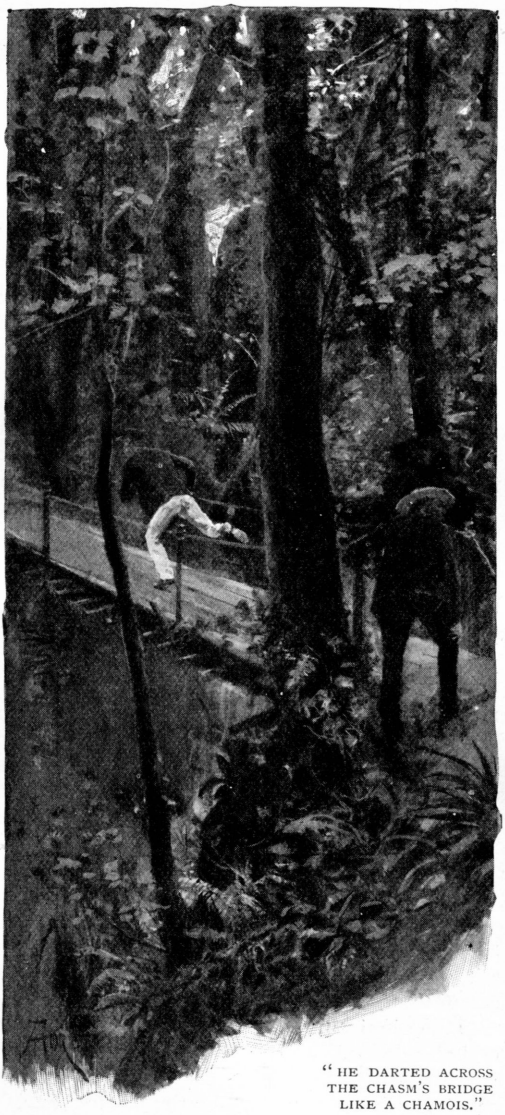
Well, he didn't answer me. Someone up in the black gorge above fired a rifle just as I spoke; and the bullet came singing down like a bird on the wing. Not a soul could I see, not a sound could I hear when the rolling echoes had passed away. It was just the silence of the thicket and of the great precipices which headed it—a silence which might freeze a man's heart because the danger which threatened him was hidden.

"Crouch low to the rocks, lad, and go easy," cried I, when my wits came back again; "that's a tongue it doesn't do to quarrel with. The dirty skunks—to fire on unarmed men! But we'll return it, Dolly; as I live I'll fire a dozen for every one they send us."

"Return it, sir," says he; "but aren't you going aboard?"

"Aye," says I, "and coming back again like drift on an open sea. Now let me see you skip across that bridge, and no mistake about it."

He darted across the chasm's bridge like a chamois. I followed him quick and clumsy. If my heart was in my mouth—well, let that pass. Not for my own sake did I fear mortal man that day, but for the sake of a woman whose very life I believed to be in danger.



"HE DARTED ACROSS THE CHASM'S BRIDGE LIKE A CHAMOIS."

CHAPTER IV.

WE GO ABOARD, BUT RETURN AGAIN.

WE made the ship safely when twenty minutes were passed, and ten minutes later Mister Jacob and Peter Bligh were in my cabin with me.

"Lads," I said, for it was not a day when a man picked his talk; "lads," said I, "this ship goes full steam ahead for 'Frisco, and you'll be wanting to know the reason why. Well, that's right and proper. Let me tell you that she's steaming to 'Frisco because it's the shortest way to Ken's Island."

They looked queer at this, but my manner kept them silent. Every man aboard the *Southern Cross* had heard the gun fired up in the hills, and everyone knew that Dolly Venn and the skipper had raced for their lives to the water's edge. "What next?" they asked; and I meant to tell them.

"Yes," said I, "the shortest way to Ken's Island, and no mistake about it. For what does a man do when he sees someone in a house and the front door's slammed in his face? Why, he goes to the back door certainly, and for choice when the night's dark and the blinds are down. That's what I'm going to do this night, lads, for the sake of a bit of a girl you and I would sail far to serve."

They said, "Aye, aye," and drew their chairs closer. The men had been piped down to dinner, but Peter Bligh forgot his, and that was extraordinary peculiar in him. Mister Jacob took snuff as though it were chocolate powder, and the whole of a man spoke from his little eyes.

"Listen," said I, beginning to tell them what you know already, "here have we sailed twelve thousand miles at Ruth Bellenden's order, and how does she receive us? Why, with a nod she might give a neighbour going by in the street——"

"They not being on speaking terms except in church," put in Peter Bligh.

"Or she wishing him to get on with his business," said Mister Jacob, "and not to gossip when there was work to do."

"Be that as it may," I ran on, "the facts are as plain to me as eight bells for noon. Ruth Bellenden's married to a foreigner who's next door to a madman. Why, look at it—what was the only word she had the time or the chance to say? 'For God's sake,

come back, Jasper Begg,' says she. And what am I going to do upon that, gentlemen? Why, I'm going back, so help me Heaven, this very night to learn her trouble."

"And to bring her aboard where she could tell it on a fair course, so to speak. You'll do that, Mister Begg?"

"The night will show what I shall do, Mister Jacob. Was there ever such a story? A man to marry the best creature that ever put on a pretty bonnet, and to carry her to a God-forsaken shore like this! And to ill-treat her there! Aye, that's it. If ever a woman's eyes spoke to me of hard treatment, it was Ruth Bellenden's this morning. She's some trouble, lads, some dreadful trouble. She doesn't even speak of it to me. The yellow boy I've made mention of stood by her all the time. We talked like two that pass by on the ocean. Who'll gainsay that it was an unnatural thing? No mortal man can, with reason!"

"Aye, there's precious little reason in it, by what I make out, captain. You'll know more when the young lady's aboard here——"

"And the yellow boy's head has a bump on the top of it, like the knob what used to hang down from my mother's chandelay—but that's idle talking. What time do you put her about to go ashore, captain?"

I was glad to see them coming to it like this, and I fell to the plan without further parley.

"A fair question and a fair answer," said I; "this ship goes about at eight bells, Peter. To Mister Jacob here I trust the safety of the good fellows who go ashore with me. If we can bring the mistress aboard to-night, well and good, we've done the best day's work we ever set our hands to. If not, that work must rest until to-morrow night, or the night after or the night after that. Eight days from now if it happens that nothing is heard from the land and no news of us, well, the course is plain. In that case it will be full steam ahead to 'Frisco, and from there a cable to Kenrick Bellenden, and the plain intimation that his sister has pretty bad need of him on Ken's Island."

"And of an American warship, if one is forthcoming."

"It may be, Mister Jacob; it may be that though the devil's ashore these are the only ones that could tell you that. But you're a man of understanding, and your part will be done. I rely upon you as between shipmates."

He took a pinch of snuff, and flapping his coat-tails (for he was always rigged out in the naval officer way) he answered what I wished.

"As between shipmates, I will do my duty," said he.

"I knew it; I've known it from the beginning," said I. "What's left when you've done is the shore part, and that's not so easy. Peter Bligh's coming, and I couldn't well leave Dolly on board. Give me our hulking carpenter, Seth Barker, and I'll lighten the ship no more. We're short-handed as it is. And, besides, if four won't serve, then forty would be no better. What we can do yonder wits, and not revolvers, must bring about. But I'll not go with sugar-sticks, you take my word for it, and any man that points a gun at me will wish he'd gone shooting sheep."

"Aye, aye, to that," cried Peter, who was ever a man for a fight; "the shooting first and the civil words after. That's sense and no blarney. When my poor father was tried at Swansea, his native place, for hitting an Excise man with a ham——"

"Peter, Peter," cried I, "'tis not with hams you'll be hitting folks yonder, take my word for it. This job may find us on a child's errand or it may find us doing men's work. Eight bells on the first watch will tell the whole of the story. Until that time I shall hold my tongue about it, but I don't go ashore as I go to a picnic, and I don't make a boast about what I may presently cry out about."

Well, they were both of my way of thinking, and when we'd talked a little more about it, and I'd opened the arm-chest and looked over the few guns and pistols we'd got there, and we'd called the lad Dolly down and promised him that he should come with us, and the men had been given to understand that the skipper was to go ashore by-and-by on an important business, Peter and the others went to their dinner and I took my turn on the bridge. The swell was running strongly then, and the wind blew fresh from the north-east. We'd lost all sight of the island, and spoke but one ship, a small mail steamer from Santa Cruz bound for the Yellow Sea, which signalled us "All well" at six bells in the afternoon watch. From that time I went dead slow and began to bring the *Southern Cross* about. The work was begun that very hour, I always say.

Now, I've told all this, short and brief, and with no talk of my own about it. The thing had come so sudden, I knew so little of Ruth Bellenden's trouble or of what had befallen her on the island, that I was like a man in

the dark groping blindly, yet set on hearing the truth. As for the crew, well, you may be sure that Dolly Venn had put his side of the story about, and when they knew that my mistress was ashore there and in some danger, I believe they'd have put me in irons if I'd so much as spoken of going back. Risky it was, so much I won't deny; but who wouldn't risk more than his own paltry skin to save a woman in trouble, and she, so to speak, a shipmate? There was not a man aboard, I'll stake my life, who wouldn't have gone to the land willingly for Ruth Bellenden's sake though he'd been told, sure and certain, that Ken's Island must be his grave. And we'd always the ship, mind you, and the knowledge that she would go to 'Frisco to get us help. A fool's hope, I say now. For how could we know that the *Southern Cross* would be at the bottom of the sea, fifteen thousand fathoms down, before the week was run? We couldn't know it; yet that was what happened, and that is why no help came to us.

We had put the ship about at six bells in the afternoon watch, but it was eight bells in the second dog (the night being too clear for my liking and a full moon showing bright in the sky) that we sighted Ken's Island for the second time, and for the second time prepared to go ashore. The longboat was ready by this time, her barrels full of water and her lockers full of biscuit. Such arms as we were to carry were partly stowed in water-proof sheeting — the rifles, and the cartridges for them; but the revolvers we carried, and a good Sheffield knife a man, which we weren't going to cut potatoes with. For the rest, I made them put in a few stout blankets, and more rations than might have served for such a trip. "Good beginnings make good endings," said I; "what we haven't need of, lads, we can carry aboard again. The longboat's back won't ache, be sure of it."

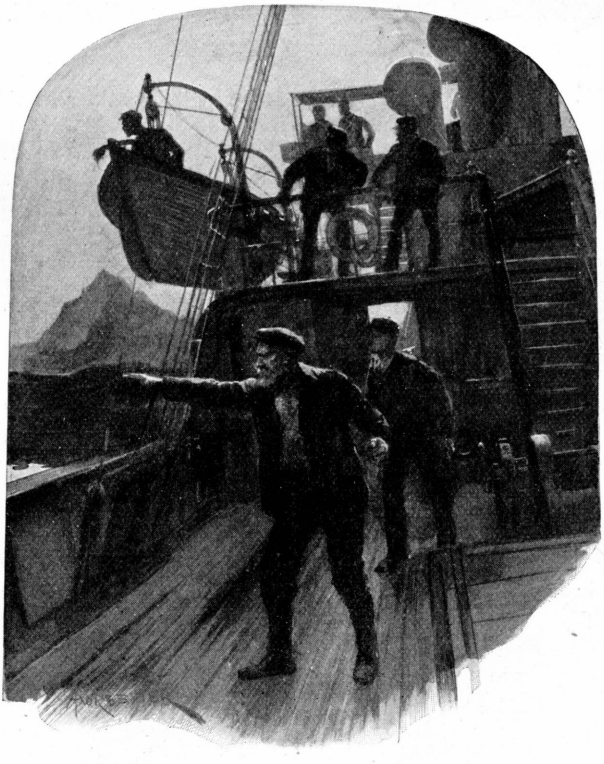
All this, I say, was done when the moon showed us the island like a great barren rock rising up sheer from the sea. And when it was done, Mister Jacob called my attention to something which in the hurry of shore-going I might never have seen at all or thought about. It was nothing less than this—that their fool's beacon was out to-night, and all the sea about it as black as ink. Whoever set up the light, then, did not use it for a seaman's benefit, but for his own whim. I reckoned up the situation at a glance, and even at that early stage I began to know the terrible meaning of it.

"Mister Jacob," said I, "those that keep that beacon are either fools or knaves."

"Or both, sir," said he.

"Which one is the own brother to the other. Aye, captain, 'tis lucky ye've the parish lantern, as my poor father used to say when——"

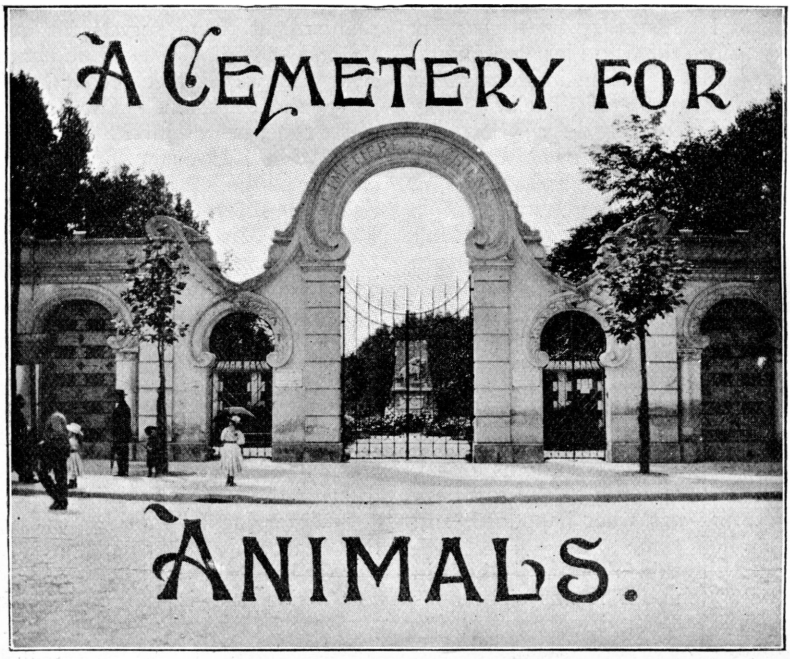
But Peter Bligh never finished it that night. The words were still in his mouth when a rocket shot up over the sea and, bursting in a cloud of gold-blue sparks, cast a weird, cold light upon rock and reef and all that troubled sea. And as the rocket fell our big carpenter, Seth Barker, standing aft by the hatch, cries out: "Ship ashore! Ship ashore, by——!"



"SHIP ASHORE!"

(To be continued.)

A CEMETERY FOR ANIMALS.



By Edouard Charles.

A CEMETERY for dogs, cats, and domestic pets generally, from a canary to a monkey. Outrageous! Splendid! Of course, as the matter strikes you so you fit the exclamation. Different persons see it in different lights. Lovers of the truest friend of man will disagree with the opinions of those to whom a dog is always a dog and never anything else, fit only for more kicks than crusts during life and the river or the gutter in death. And those interested in the public health will disagree with them likewise.

From the hygienic point, at least in the case of the more substantial and domestic animals, such a cemetery is necessary; but whether or not it is sensible, or in good taste, to go so far as to erect monuments, more or less costly, inscribed with affectionate epitaphs, is a moot point; apart from the fact that it is the outcome of sentiment and a well-stocked purse. London has its burial-ground for the pet dogs and cats of the wealthy close to Hyde Park; in Brussels there is a cemetery for this purpose in the Laeken Park; but it is in Paris, where nothing is done by halves that is worth doing at all, that will be found the finest of all animal graveyards, and this notwithstanding that it is the newest.

La Nécropole Zoologique, as the spot is named, is situated some short distance outside the capital itself, at Asnières, in the centre of the River Seine. The notorious *Ile des Ravageurs* would, undoubtedly, always have been kept fresh in the memories of Parisians by the terrible tales of Eugene Sue concerning Parisian suburban life. It was a frightful place in the days of which the noted author wrote—a social cancer; its inhabitants were beasts in human form—thieves and murderers of both sexes in whose hands the lives of honest men were not worth a moment's purchase.

Time and a determined police, however, have changed all that, and to-day no more peaceful spot than this *Ile des Chiens*, as it has been rechristened, could be imagined. Far from the madding crowd, away from the noise and bustle of the busy world, surrounded by tall trees which cast a welcome shade over the ground when the sun shines warmly and tempers the breeze to the sweet-smelling flowers when the wind blows across the river, it is an ideal nook for the purpose to which it has been devoted.

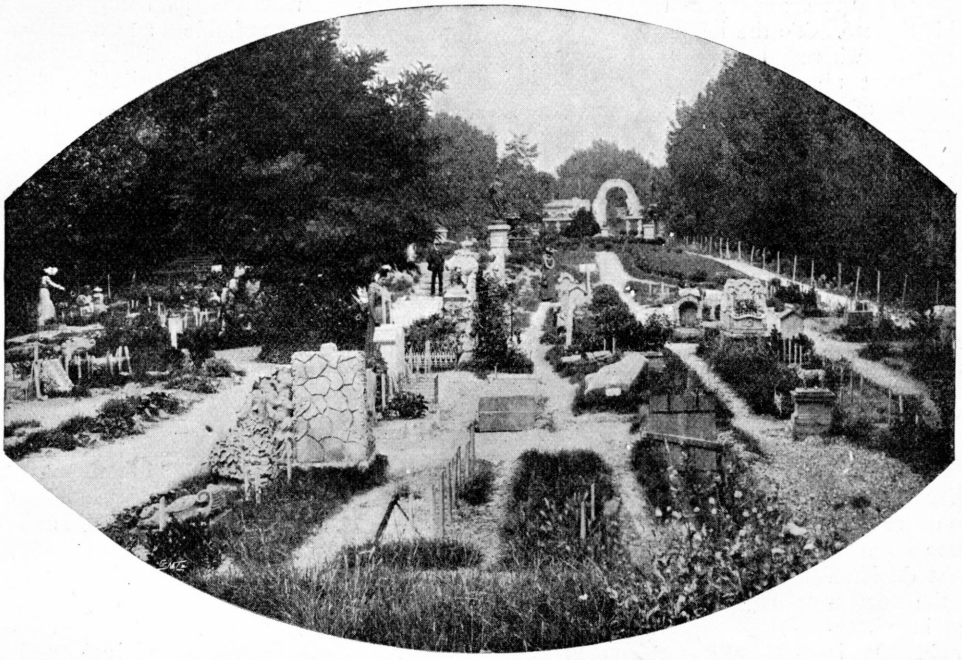
Whatever can be said on sentimental

grounds against the innovation, its success manifests beyond doubt that it fills a long-felt want; for, although the *Société Française Anonyme du Cimitière pour Chiens et autres Animaux Domestiques* was only founded a couple of years since and the cemetery itself only opened last year, some hundreds of persons have already displayed in a very material manner their devotion to and remembrance of deceased pets.

When its founder mooted the scheme abroad he had excellent data to go upon, and he appealed both to sense and sentiment, and we must not omit gratitude, of which sentiment was the outcome. The canine population of Paris runs into 150,000. The average life of a dog is eight years, and the death-rate is 12 per cent., or 18,000 yearly. By law they should each be interred; an Act of Parliament passed in 1850 rendered it a punishable offence to dispose of a dead dog other than by burial. But it did not provide a public burial-ground. Persons who had private gardens and a regard for their deceased pets, if not for the law, buried them therein, but the life of Paris did not and does not provide a garden for every house, so even those who would have liked to prove themselves law-abiding citizens had perforce to tip the *concierge* to see that the body was judiciously disposed of. As a consequence the waters of the Seine became polluted, and in the gutters of the city itself and outside the fortifications the dead were deposited by night. It is a difficulty the municipal authorities have done nothing to cope with even to-day, but they pay annually a sum of no less than 4,000 francs for the recovery of dogs' bodies.

With a view to ameliorating this sad condition of affairs and providing for those whose sentiments prompted them to give animals that had perhaps been their life-long companions decent interment, Mr. Georges Harmois, a well-known French littérateur, philanthropist, and lover of animals, proposed *la Nécropole Zoologique*. The suggestion received moral and financial support from many prominent persons, both in literary and sporting circles; Emile Zola expressed himself as particularly in favour of the proposition, while Madame Durand, proprietress and editress of the only daily newspaper in the world run by women for women, interested the ladies of France in the scheme. So the "Dogs' Burial Company" was formed with a quarter of a million of francs capital, divided into shares of 100 francs each, and the first step was the purchase from the city authorities of the *Ile des Ravageurs*.

To-day it is quite a beautiful little park,



From a] A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CEMETERY. *[Photo.*

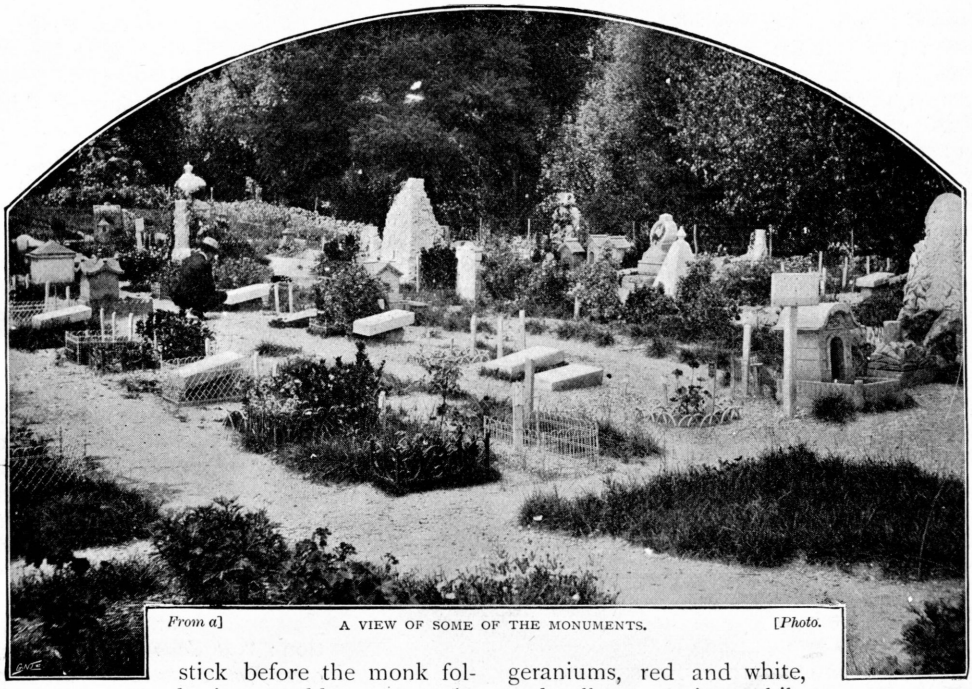
decorated with innumerable tombs and gravestones, and resplendent with beautiful blooms, and as an object of curiosity certainly well repays a visit. The photograph which forms the heading of this article shows the handsome stone façade and gateways which strike the eye on approaching the place. The gates are kept closed, for admission is not free to the general public. A source of revenue to the company is the entrance fee of ten sous. To the right on entering is the picturesque lodge of the caretaker, where visitors purchase their tickets, and for an extra thirty centimes a copy of the company's journal, *L'Ami des Chiens*, which is published periodically and serves as a history of the cemetery and guide thereto. To the left is the office where are kept the archives of the company; portraits of celebrated dogs adorn the walls, and there is also a library consisting almost entirely of works and publications on dogs and their doings.

But what attracts the visitor more than either lodge or office is the enormous stone monument depicted in the accompanying photograph. It is the largest and most imposing example of the sculptor's art to be found in the grounds, standing as it does some 30ft. in height, and it may, in fact, be described as the chief object in this exhibition. It was erected shortly after the opening of the cemetery to Barry, a great St. Bernard, the most celebrated of all the rescue dogs that have worked in the hospice on Mount Bernard. This noble animal saved in his time the lives of no fewer than forty persons who had been caught in storms on the mountain, and to the great regret of the monks sacrificed his own life in attempting to save the forty-first. His intelligence was almost human, and the story of his achievements during his twelve years' service would make a very interesting volume. One day whilst out with one of the brothers he obstinately refused to follow the monk along a certain route, but insisted upon making a détour of some distance to reach the desired goal. The good man gave in to the whim of the dog and had reason to be thankful for so doing, for even as they made the long détour an avalanche came down the mountain right across the path the monk would have taken.

THE MONUMENT TO BARRY, THE ST. BERNARD WHO SAVED FORTY LIVES.
From a Photo.

In the photograph it will be seen that the dog has been sculptured with a child on his back, and thereby hangs a story—the story of what is regarded as being the most remarkable accomplishment of this sagacious animal. While out on the mountains one day he found, partially buried in the snow, already deep in that slumber which runs silently into death, a child of very tender years that, losing its way, had fallen down in sheer fatigue. Already the child was half-frozen, and must surely have added another to the mountain's toll of victims had not Barry licked it and warmed it back to consciousness and action. This done, the dog, by its actions, made it clear to the infant that it was to mount its back and clasp its neck, and in this position the animal carried its burden to the hospice.

How eventually Barry met his death is, indeed, sad reading. On a tempestuous evening a traveller, struggling up the treacherous rocky path, saw approaching him in the waning light, with jaws gaping apart, what he took to be a ferocious beast bent upon assault. He was quick to act, striking the unfortunate dog on the head with his iron



From a] A VIEW OF SOME OF THE MONUMENTS. *[Photo.*

stick before the monk following could prevent it. Barry fell with a terrible wound in his head, his life's blood staining crimson the snows from which he had rescued so many unfortunate wanderers, and in the hospice a few hours later, to the unutterable grief of the monks and the keenest regret of the man who had dealt the fatal blow, drew his last breath.

But though Barry has been dead near on a century past his memory is cherished by the French, who have shown their gratitude for his services and admiration for his bravery in erecting this monument, than which none was ever more deserving. Round its base runs a small garden of geraniums, red and white, and tall marguerites, while some climbing plant covers the back of the stone to its top.

THE MONUMENT TO EMMA.
From a Photo.

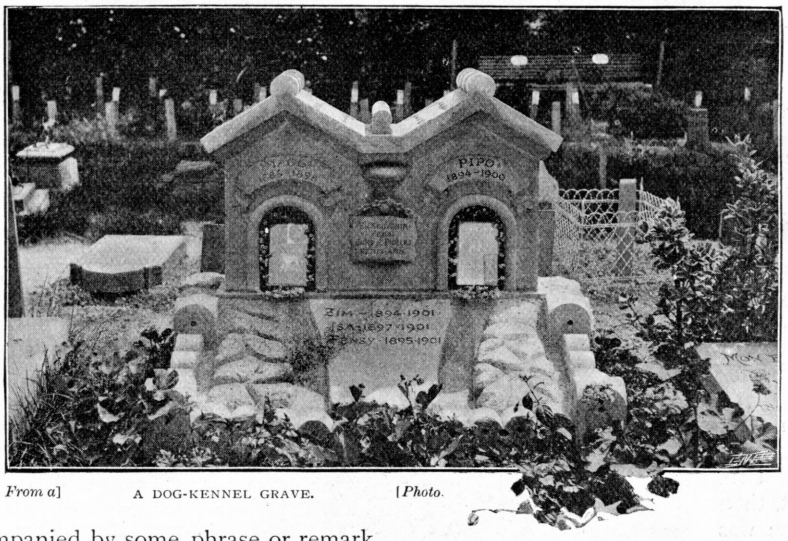
Passing here one enters on to a broad, long terrace, beautifully laid out with flowers, at the end of which is the burial-ground itself. A general view of this will be gained from the above photograph, and a very quaint and pathetic sight it presents with its miniature tombs and tiny gravestones, unnamed graves, and graves but newly made to order. As the full title of the company indicates, it is not only dogs that are here interred but also other domestic animals, and to meet requirements the ground has been

divided into four plots: there are the dogs' quarter, the cats' quarter, the birds' quarter, and a quarter for various animals. Amongst the latter is to be seen a stone which covers the grave of a monkey: "*Vendredi, le plus beau singe du monde.*"

The tombs are of many shapes, descriptions, and sizes; some very plain, a few very elaborate, the majority out of the common in appearance; and in most instances the attendant is paid to keep the graves in good condition by attending to the foliage and watering the flowers. They are either carved out or built up of stone, not marble, and in some cases support statues in bronze or stone, while others are adorned with photographs of the animals laid beneath. Generally the name and date of birth and death are given, more often than not accompanied by some phrase or remark, cut out in the stone, conveying in what high esteem the animal dead and buried had been held by its master or mistress.

JAPPY.
From a Photo.

In the matter of handsome tombs the dogs have fared better than any of the other animals, a particularly striking one being shown at the bottom of the previous page. The capital of a column supports a canopy, surmounted by a crown, beneath which a dog reposes at full length on a cushion. How beautifully this is carved will be readily seen from the photograph, which also shows the flower-covered grave at the base, railed round. Beneath the canopy a tablet at the back bears this inscription: "*À la memoire de ma chère Emma, du 12 Avril, 1889, au Aôut, 1900, fidèle compagne et seule amie de ma vie errante et desolée.*" This imposing erection was made to the order of Princess de Cerchiara Picnatelli, who further informs all readers: "*Elle me sauvé la vie en Mai, 1891.*"



From a] A DOG-KENNEL GRAVE. [*Photo.*

Quite a different style of tomb is that of Jappy, who ended his earthly career in 1901 and exists now only in a stone image, sitting alert on a heap of boulders, on one of

which is inscribed—as expressing, no doubt, the sentiments of the animal's owner—a quotation upon Pascall, anything but flattering to mankind. It runs: "The more I see of men the better I like my dog," and gives one the impression that whoever was responsible for the building of this monument to a faithful canine companion had a very small opinion of the male sex.

Several of the monuments are in the style shown on page 718 —*i.e.*, in the shape of dog-kennels. This one has been erected to the memory of five dogs, "*en souvenir de nos bons et fideles petits amis*," and in the entrance to the niches stand the photographs of four of the quintet. A painted tombstone has been erected to "*Petit Mignon*," who was "nothing but a poor dog, innocent and good, killed in the flower of his youth by a civilized savage"; while over the grave of Amida Zawa rises a huge monument of boulders, with a carved stone jar in a recess in the centre filled with sweet blossoms, and ivy trails over the whole. Amongst other curious inscriptions appearing may be mentioned "*Leda: Nous l'aimions de trop, elle ne pouvait vivre*"; "*Follette, 4 ans: Pauvre Follette aimée, aujourd'hui tu reposes sous ce parterre fleuri. Sur ton corps le printemps effeuillera des roses; mais tu le meritais, tu possedait un cœur.*"

From a] AMIDA ZAWA. [*Photo.*

From a] PETIT MIGNON. [*Photo.*

Concerning the graves of the cats, canaries, parrots, etc., there is little to say, though the felines are represented in goodly number. One grave with tiny bushes round it bears a photograph of the deceased disturber of sweet sleep, and also a small statue, while on another grave reposes a family of cats in china. On one tiny tomb, in the quarter devoted to birds, an empty cage

A CANARY'S MONUMENT.
From a Photo.

tells a pathetic story of the one-time sweet-tongued occupant who will trill no more.

Funerals here vary in price just as with the undertaker who caters for our custom. An animal can be buried as cheaply as 5 francs, or as much as 500 to 1,000 francs can be paid, and this is merely for interment and includes no monument. A simple grave, without any permission to erect any monument, costs the lowest sum just mentioned, but for 15 francs is granted a three years' lease of a piece of ground. In these cases the animals must be taken to the cemetery by their owners. For 25 francs, however, a five years' lease is obtained, while ten years' costs 50 francs, twenty years' 75 francs, thirty years' 100 francs, fifty years' 150 francs, over fifty years' 200 francs, and the high prices of 500 and 1,000 francs are charged for graves in exceptional situations, taken, of course, with the idea of erecting magnificent monuments thereon. From 25 francs upwards the charge also includes the transport of the deceased from the house to the cemetery in the official carrier-tricycle, ridden by a uniformed cyclist. At moderate prices the company also supplies coffins, takes photographs, and disinfects the apartment wherein the animal expired, and knowing that few people care to keep defunct creatures near them, the company has also provided a place where the corpse can await interment at a charge of 3 francs per day.

Of course, no ceremony of any kind is permitted in connection with the burial at the graveside, neither are there allowed on the graves any decorations which would be likely to give offence to religious feeling. Consequently it is a cemetery without a single cross, and though the graves are kept green and beautiful with growing flowers, no wreaths, real or artificial, will be found thereon.

From a] A CAT'S MONUMENT. *[Photo,*

The Man Who Disappeared

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace.

I AM a lawyer by profession, and have a snug set of chambers in Chancery Lane. My name is Charles Pleydell. I have many clients, and can already pronounce myself a rich man.

On a certain morning towards the end of September in the year 1897 I received the following letter :—

Sir,—I have been asked to call on you by a mutual friend, General Cornwallis, who accompanied my step-daughter and myself on board the *Osprey* to England. Availing myself of the General's introduction, I hope to call to see you or to send a representative about eleven o'clock to-day.

The General says that he thinks you can give me advice on a matter of some importance.

I am a Spanish lady. My home is in Brazil, and I know nothing of England or of English ways. I wish, however, to take a house near London and to settle down. This house must be situated in the neighbourhood of a large moor or common. It must have grounds surrounding it, and must have extensive cellars or basements, as my wish is to furnish a laboratory in order to carry on scientific research. I am willing to pay any sum in reason for a desirable habitation, but one thing is essential : the house must be as near London as is possible under the above conditions.—Yours obediently, Stella Scaiffe.

This letter was dated from the Carlton Hotel.

Now, it so happened that a client of mine had asked me a few months before to try and let his house—an old-fashioned and somewhat gruesome mansion, situated on a lonely part of Hampstead Heath. It occurred to me that this house would exactly suit the lady whose letter I had just read.

At eleven o'clock one of my clerks brought me in a card. On it were written the words, "Miss Muriel Scaiffe." I desired the man to show the lady in, and a moment later a slight, fair-haired English girl entered the room.

"Mrs. Scaiffe is not quite well and has sent me in her stead. You have received a letter from my step-mother, have you not, Mr. Pleydell?"

"I have," I replied. "Will you sit down, Miss Scaiffe?"

She did so. I looked at her attentively. She was young and pretty. She also looked good, and although there was a certain anxiety about her face which she could not quite repress, her smile was very sweet.

"Your step-mother," I said, "requires a house with somewhat peculiar conditions?"

"Oh, yes," the girl answered. "She is very anxious on the subject. We want to be settled within a week."

"That is a very short time in which to take and furnish a house," I could not help remarking.

"Yes," she said, again. "But, all the same, in our case it is essential. My step-mother says that anything can be done if there is enough money."

"That is true in a sense," I replied, smilingly. "If I can help you I shall be pleased. You want a house on a common?"

"On a common or moor."

"It so happens, Miss Scaiffe, that there is a place called The Rosary at Hampstead which may suit you. Here are the particulars. Read them over for yourself and tell me if there is any use in my giving you an order to view."

She read the description eagerly, then she said:—

"I am sure Mrs. Scaiffe would like to see this house. When can we go?"

"To-day, if you like, and if you particularly wish it I can meet you at The Rosary at three o'clock."

"That will do nicely," she answered.

Soon afterwards she left me.

The rest of the morning passed as usual, and at the appointed hour I presented myself at the gates of The Rosary. A carriage was already drawn up there, and as I approached a tall lady with very dark eyes stepped out of it.

A glance showed me that the young lady had not accompanied her.

"You are Mr. Pleydell?" she said, holding out her hand to me, and speaking in excellent English.

"Yes," I answered.

"You saw my step-daughter this morning?"

"Yes," I said again.

"I have called to see the house," she continued. "Muriel tells me that it is likely to suit my requirements. Will you show it to me?"

I opened the gates, and we entered a wide carriage-drive. The Rosary had been unlet for some months, and weeds partly covered the avenue. The grounds had a desolate and gloomy appearance, leaves were falling thickly from the trees, and altogether the entire place looked undesirable and neglected.

The Spanish lady, however, seemed delighted with everything. She looked around her with sparkling glances. Flashing her dark eyes into my face, she praised the trees and avenue, the house, and all that the house contained.

She remarked that the rooms were spacious, the lobbies wide; above all things, the cellars numerous.

"I am particular about the cellars, Mr. Pleydell," she said.

"Indeed!" I answered. "At all events, there are plenty of them."

"Oh, yes! And this one is so large. It will quite suit our purpose. We will turn it into a laboratory.

"My brother and I—— Oh, I have not told you about my brother. He is a Spaniard—Señor Merello—he joins us here next week. He and I are scientists, and I hope scientists of no mean order. We have come to England for the purpose of experimenting. In this land of the free we can do what we please. We feel, Mr. Pleydell—you look so sympathizing that I cannot help confiding in you—we feel that we are on the verge of a very great—a very astounding discovery, at which the world, yes, the whole world will wonder. This house is the one of all others for our purpose. When can we take possession, Mr. Pleydell?"

I asked several questions, which were all answered to my satisfaction, and finally returned to town, prepared to draw up a lease by which the house and grounds known as The Rosary, Hampstead Heath, were to be handed over at a very high rent to Mrs. Scaiffe.

"THE SPANISH LADY SEEMED DELIGHTED WITH EVERYTHING."

I felt pleased at the good stroke of business which I had done for a client, and had no apprehensions of any sort. Little did I guess what that afternoon's work would mean to me, and still more to one whom I had ever been proud to call my greatest friend.

Everything went off without a hitch. The Rosary passed into the hands of Mrs. Scaiffe, and also into the hands of her brother, Señor Merello, a tall, dark, very handsome man, bearing all over him the well-known characteristics of a Spanish don.

A week or two went by and the affair had well-nigh passed my memory, when one afternoon I heard eager, excited words in my clerks' room, and the next moment my head clerk entered, followed by the fair-haired English-looking girl who had called herself Muriel Scaiffe.

"I want to speak to you, Mr. Pleydell," she said, in great agitation. "Can I see you alone, and at once?"

"Certainly," I answered. I motioned to the clerk to leave us and helped the young lady to a chair.

"I cannot stay a moment," she began. "Even now I am followed. Mr. Pleydell, he has told me that he knows you; it was on that account I persuaded my step-mother to come to you about a house. You are his greatest friend, for he has said it."

"Of whom are you talking?" I asked, in a bewildered tone.

"Of Oscar Digby!" she replied. "The great traveller, the great discoverer, the greatest, most single-minded, the grandest man of his age. You know him? Yes—yes."

She paused for breath. Her eyes were full of tears.

"Indeed, I do know him," I answered. "He is my very oldest friend. Where is he? What is he doing? Tell me all about him."

She had risen. Her hands were clasped tightly together, her face was white as death.

"He is on his way to England," she answered. "Even now he may have landed. He brings great news, and the moment he sets foot in London he is in danger."

"What do you mean?"

"I cannot tell you what I mean. I dare not. He is your friend, and it is your province to save him."

"But from what, Miss Scaiffe? You have no right to come here and make ambiguous statements. If you come to me at all you ought to be more explicit."

She trembled and now, as though she could not stand any longer, dropped into a chair.

"I am not brave enough to explain things more fully," she said. "I can only repeat my words, 'Your friend is in danger.' Tell him—if you can, if you will—to have nothing to do with *us*. Keep him, at all risks, away from *us*. If he mentions us pretend that you do not know anything about us. I would not speak like this if I had not cause—the gravest. When we took The Rosary I did not believe that matters were so awful; indeed, then I was unaware that Mr. Digby was returning to London. But last night I overheard . . . . Oh! Mr. Pleydell, I can tell you no more. Pity me and do not question me. Keep Oscar Digby away from The Rosary and, if possible, do not betray me; but if in no other way you can insure his leaving us alone, tell him that I—yes, I, Muriel Scaiffe—wish it. There, I cannot do more."

She was trembling more terribly than ever. She took out her handkerchief to wipe the moisture from her brow.

"I must fly," she said. "If this visit is discovered my life is worth very little."

After she had gone I sat in absolute amazement. My first sensation was that the girl must be mad. Her pallor, her trembling, her vague innuendoes pointed surely to a condition of nerves the reverse of sane. But although the madness of Muriel Scaiffe seemed the most possible solution of her strange visit, I could not cast the thing from my memory. I felt almost needlessly disturbed by it. All day her extraordinary words haunted me, and when, on the next day, Digby, whom I had not seen for years, unexpectedly called, I remembered Miss Scaiffe's visit with a queer and ever-increasing sense of apprehension.

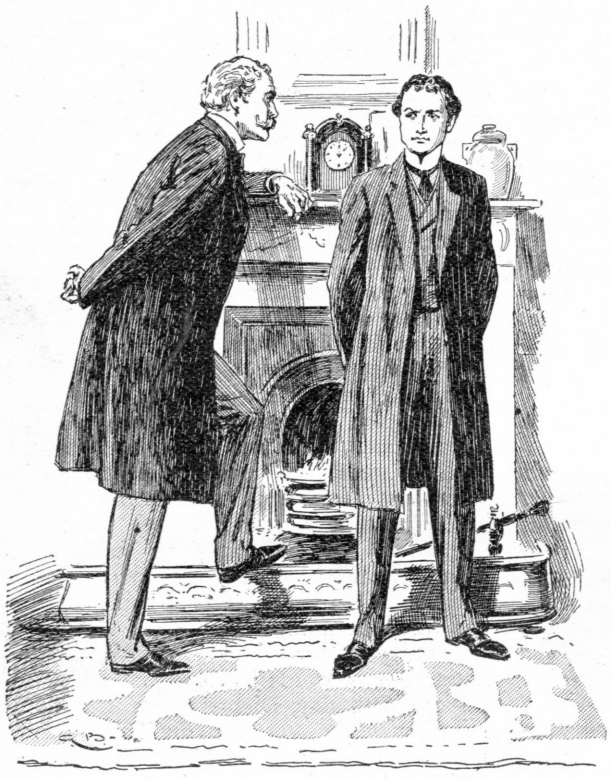
Digby had been away from London for several years. Before he went he and I had shared the same rooms, had gone about together, and had been chums in the fullest sense of the word. It was delightful to see him once again. His hearty, loud laugh fell refreshingly on my ears, and one or two glances into his face removed my fears. After all, it was impossible to associate danger with one so big, so burly, with such immense physical strength. His broad forehead, his keen, frank blue eyes, his smiling mouth, his strong and muscular hands, all denoted strength of mind and body. He looked as if he were muscle all over.

"Well," he said, "here I am, and I have a good deal to tell you. I want your help also, old man. It is your business to introduce me to the most promising and most

enterprising financier of the day. I have it in my power, Pleydell, to make his fortune, and yours, and my own, and half-a-dozen other people's as well."

"Tell me all about it," I said. I sat back in my chair, prepared to enjoy myself.

Oscar was a very noted traveller and thought much of by the Geographical Society.



"'I WANT YOUR HELP ALSO, OLD MAN."

He came nearer to me and dropped his voice a trifle.

"I have made an amazing discovery," he said, "and that is one reason why I have hurried back to London. I do not know whether you are sufficiently conversant with extraordinary and out-of-the-way places on our globe. But, anyhow, I may as well tell you that there is a wonderful region, as yet very little known, which lies on the watershed of the Essequibo and Amazon rivers. In that region are situated the old Montes de Cristæs or Crystal Mountains, the disputed boundary between British Guiana and Brazil. There also, according to the legend, was supposed to be the wonderful lost city of Manos. Many expeditions were sent out to discover it in the seventeenth century, and it was the Eldorado of Sir Walter Raleigh's famous expedition in 1615, the failure of which cost him his head."

I could not help laughing.

"This sounds like an old geography lesson. What have you to do with this *terra incognita?*"

He leant forward and dropped his voice.

"Do not think me mad," he said, "for I speak in all sanity. I have found the lost Eldorado!"

"Nonsense!" I cried.

"It is true. I do not mean to say that I have found the mythical city of gold; that, of course, does not exist. But what I have discovered is a spot close to Lake Amacu that is simply laden with gold. The estimates computed on my specimens and reports make it out to be the richest place in the world. The whole thing is, as yet, a close secret, and I have come to London now to put it into the hands of a big financier. A company must be formed with a capital of something like ten millions to work it."

"By Jove!" I cried. "You astonish me."

"The thing will create an enormous sensation," he went on, "and I shall be a millionaire; that is, if the secret does not leak out."

"The secret," I cried.

"Yes, the secret of its exact locality."

"Have you charts?"

"Yes; but those I would rather not disclose, even to you, old man, just yet."

I was silent for a moment, then I said:—

"Horace Lancaster is the biggest financier in the whole of London. He is undoubtedly your man. If you can satisfy him with your reports, charts, and specimens he can float the company. You must see him, Digby."

"Yes, that is what I want," he cried.

"I will telephone to his office at once."

I rang the bell for my clerk and gave him directions.

He left the room. In a few moments he returned with the information that Lancaster was in Paris.

"He won't be back for a week, sir," said the clerk.

He left the room, and I looked at Digby.

"Are you prepared to wait?" I asked.

He shrugged his great shoulders.

"I must, I suppose," he said. "But it is provoking. At any moment another may forestall me. Not that it is likely; but there is always the possibility. Shall we talk over matters to-night, Pleydell? Will you dine with me at my club?"

"With a heart and a half," I answered.

"By the way," continued Digby, "some friends of mine—Brazilians—ought to be in London now: a lady of the name of Scaiffe, with her pretty little step-daughter, an English girl. I should like to introduce you to them. They are remarkably nice people. I had a letter from Mrs. Scaiffe just as I was leaving Brazil telling me that they were *en route* for England and asking me to look her up in town. I wonder where they are? Her brother, too, Señor Merello, is a most charming man. Why, Pleydell, what is the matter?"

I was silent for a moment; then I said: "If I were you I would have nothing to do with these people. I happen to know their whereabouts, and——"

"Well?" he said, opening his eyes in amazement.

"The little girl does not want you to call on them, Digby. Take her advice. She looked true and good." To my astonishment I saw that the big fellow seemed quite upset at my remarks.

"True!" he said, beginning to pace the room. "Of course the little thing is true. I tell you, Pleydell, I am fond of her. Not engaged, or anything of that sort, but I like her. I was looking forward to meeting them. The mother—the step-mother, I mean—is a magnificent woman. I am great friends with her. I was staying at their Quinta last winter. I also know the brother, Señor Merello. Has little Muriel lost her head?"

"She is anxious and frightened. The whole thing seems absurd, of course, but she certainly did beg of me to keep you away from her step-mother, and I half promised to respect her secret and not to tell you the name of the locality where Mrs. Scaiffe and Señor Merello are at present living."

He tried not to look annoyed, but he evidently was so. A few moments later he left me.

That evening Digby and I dined together. We afterwards went exhaustively into the great subject of his discovery. He showed me his specimens and reports, and, in short, so completely fired my enthusiasm that I was all impatience for Lancaster's return. The thing was a big thing, one worth fighting for. We said no more about Mrs. Scaiffe, and I hoped that my friend would not fall into the hands of a woman who, I began to fear, was little better than an adventuress.

Three or four days passed. Lancaster was still detained in Paris, and Digby was evidently eating his heart out with impatience at the unavoidable delay in getting his great scheme floated.

One afternoon he burst noisily into my presence.

"Well," he cried. "The little girl has discovered herself. Talk of women and their pranks! She came to see me at my hotel. She declared that she could not keep away. I just took the little thing in my arms and hugged her. We are going to have a honeymoon when the company is floated, and this evening, Pleydell, I dine at The Rosary.

"I JUST TOOK THE LITTLE THING IN MY ARMS AND HUGGED HER."

Ha! ha! my friend. I know all about the secret retreat of the Scaiffes by this time. Little Muriel told me herself. I dine there to-night, and they want you to come, too."

I was about to refuse when, as if in a vision, the strange, entreating, suffering face of Muriel Scaiffe, as I had seen it the day she implored me to save my friend, rose up before my eyes. Whatever her present inexplicable conduct might mean, I would go with Digby to-night.

We arrived at The Rosary between seven and eight o'clock. Mrs. Scaiffe received us in Oriental splendour. Her dress was a wonder of magnificence. Diamonds flashed in her raven black hair and glittered round her shapely neck. She was certainly one of the most splendid-looking women I had ever seen, and Digby was not many moments in her company before he was completely subjugated by her charms.

The pale little Muriel looked washed-out and insignificant beside this gorgeous creature. Señor Merello was a masculine edition of his handsome sister: his presence and his wonderful courtly grace of manner seemed but to enhance and accentuate her charms.

At dinner we were served by Spanish servants, and a repulsive-looking negro of the name of Samson stood behind Mrs. Scaiffe's chair.

She was in high spirits, drank freely of champagne, and openly alluded to the great discovery.

"You must show us the chart, my friend," she said.

"No!" he answered, in an emphatic voice. He smiled as he spoke and showed his strong, white teeth.

She bent towards him and whispered something. He glanced at Muriel, whose face was deadly white. Then he rose abruptly.

"As regards anything else, command me," he said; "but not the chart."

Mrs. Scaiffe did not press him further. The ladies went into the drawing-room, and by-and-by Digby and I found ourselves returning to London.

During the journey I mentioned to him that Lancaster had wired to say that he would be at his office and prepared for a meeting on Friday. This was Monday night.

"I am glad to hear that the thing will not be delayed much longer," he answered. "I may as well confess that I am devoured by impatience."

"Your mind will soon be at rest," I replied. "And now, one thing more, old man. I must talk frankly. I do not like Mrs. Scaiffe—I do not like Señor Merello. As you value all your future, keep that chart out of the hands of those people."

"Am I mad?" he questioned. "The chart is seen by no living soul until I place it in Lancaster's hands. But all the same. Pleydell," he added, "you are prejudiced, Mrs. Scaiffe is one of the best of women."

"Think her so, if you will," I replied; "but, whatever you do, keep your knowledge of your Eldorado to yourself. Remember that on Friday the whole thing will be safe in Lancaster's keeping."

He promised, and I left him.

On Tuesday I saw nothing of Digby.

On Wednesday evening, when I returned home late, I received the following letter:—

I am not mad. I have heavily bribed the kitchen-maid, the only English woman in the whole house, to post this for me. I was forced to call on Mr. Digby and to engage myself to him at any cost. I am now strictly confined to my room under pretence of illness. In reality I am quite well, but a close prisoner. Mr. Digby dined here again last night and, under the influence of a certain drug introduced into his wine, has given away the whole of his discovery *except* the exact locality.

He is to take supper here late to-morrow night (Thursday) and to bring the chart. If he does, he will never leave The Rosary alive. All is prepared. *I speak who know.* Don't betray me, but save him.

The letter fell from my hands. What did it mean? Was Digby's life in danger, or had the girl who wrote to me really gone mad? The letter was without date, without any heading, and without signature. Nevertheless, as I picked it up and read it carefully over again, I was absolutely convinced beyond a shadow of doubt of its truth. Muriel Scaiffe was not mad. She was a victim, to how great an extent I did not dare to think. Another victim, one in even greater danger, was Oscar Digby. I must save him. I must do what the unhappy girl who was a prisoner in that awful house implored of me.

It was late, nearly midnight, but I knew that I had not a moment to lose. I had a friend, a certain Dr. Garland, who had been police surgeon for the Westminster Division for several years. I went immediately to his house in Eaton Square. As I had expected, he was up, and without any preamble I told him the whole long story of the last few weeks.

Finally, I showed him the letter. He heard me without once interrupting. He read the letter without comment. When he folded it up and returned it to me I saw that his keen, clean-shaven face was full of interest. He was silent for several minutes, then he said:—

"I am glad you came to me. This story of yours may mean a very big thing. We have four *primâ-facie* points. *One:* Your friend has this enormously valuable secret about the place in Guiana or on its boundary; a secret which may be worth anything. *Two:* He is very intimate with Mrs. Scaiffe, her step-daughter, and her brother. The intimacy started in Brazil. *Three:* He is engaged to the step-daughter, who evidently is being used as a sort of tool, and is herself in a state of absolute terror, and, so far as one can make out, is not specially in love with Digby nor Digby with her. *Four:* Mrs. Scaiffe and her brother are determined, at any risk, to secure the chart which Digby is to hand to them to-morrow evening. The girl thinks this so important that she has practically risked her life to give you due warning. By the way, when did you say Lancaster would return? Has he made an appointment to see Digby and yourself?"

"Yes; at eleven o'clock on Friday morning."

"Doubtless Mrs. Scaiffe and her brother know of this."

"Probably," I answered. "As far as I can make out they have such power over Digby that he confides everything to them."

"Just so. They have power over him, and they are not scrupulous as to the means they use to force his confidence. If Digby goes to The Rosary to-morrow evening the interview with Lancaster will, in all probability, never take place."

"What do you mean?" I cried, in horror.

"Why, this. Mrs. Scaiffe and Señor Merello are determined to learn Digby's secret. It is necessary for their purpose that they should know the secret and also that they should be the *sole possessors* of it. You see why they want Digby to call on them? They must get his secret from him *before* he sees Lancaster. The chances are that if he gives it up he will never leave the house alive."

"Then, what are we to do?" I asked, for Garland's meaning stunned me, and I felt incapable of thought or of any mode of action.

"Leave this matter in my hands. I am going immediately to see Inspector Frost. I will communicate with you directly anything serious occurs."

The next morning I called upon Digby and found him breakfasting at his club. He looked worried, and, when I came in, his greeting was scarcely cordial.

"What a solemn face, Pleydell!" he said. "Is anything wrong?" He motioned me to a seat near. I sank into it.

"I want you to come out of town with me," I said. "I can take a day off. Shall we both run down to Brighton? We can return in time for our interview with Lancaster to-morrow."

"It is impossible," he answered. "I should like to come with you, but I have an engagement for to-night."

"Are you going to The Rosary?" I asked.

"THEY HAVE SUCH POWER OVER DIGBY THAT HE CONFIDES EVERYTHING TO THEM."

"I am," he replied, after a moment's pause. "Why, what is the matter?" he added. "I suppose I may consider myself a free agent." There was marked irritation in his tone.

"I wish you would not go," I said.

"Why not?"

"I do not trust the people."

"Folly, Pleydell. In the old days you used not to be so prejudiced."

"I had not the same cause. Digby, if ever people are trying to get you into their hands, they are those people. Have you not already imparted your secret to them?"

"How do you know?" he exclaimed, springing up and turning crimson.

"Well, can you deny it?"

His face paled.

"I don't know that I want to," he said. "Mrs. Scaiffe and Merello will join me in this matter. There is no reason why things should be kept dark from them."

"But is this fair or honourable to Lancaster? Remember, I have already written fully to him. Do, I beg of you, be careful."

"Lancaster cannot object to possible wealthy shareholders," was Digby's answer. "Anyhow," he added, laughing uneasily, "I object to being interfered with. Pray understand that, old man, if we are to continue friends; and now by-bye for the present. We meet at eleven o'clock to-morrow at Lancaster's."

His manner gave me no pretext for remaining longer with him, and I returned to my own work. About five o'clock on that same day a telegram was handed to me which ran as follows:—

Come here at once.—GARLAND.

I left the house, hailed a hansom, and in a quarter of an hour was shown into Garland's study. He was not alone. A rather tall, grey-haired, grey-moustached, middle-aged man was with him. This man was introduced to me as Inspector Frost.

"Now, Pleydell," said Garland, in his quick, incisive way, "listen to me carefully. The time is short. Inspector Frost and I have not ceased our inquiries since you called on me last night. I must tell you that we believe the affair to be of the most serious kind. Time is too pressing now to enter into all details, but the thing amounts to this. There is the gravest suspicion that Mrs. Scaiffe and her brother, Señor Merello, are employed by a notorious gang in Brazil to force Digby to disclose the exact position of the gold mine. We also know for certain that Mrs. Scaiffe is in constant and close communication with some very suspicious people both in London and in Brazil.

"Now, listen. The crisis is to be to-night. Digby is to take supper at The Rosary, and there to give himself absolutely away. He will take his chart with him; that is the scheme. Digby must not go—that is, if we can possibly prevent him. We expect you to do what you can under the circumstances, but as the case is so serious, and as it is more than probable that Digby will not be persuaded, Inspector Frost and myself and a number of men of his division will surround the house as soon as it becomes dark, and if Digby should insist on going in every protection in case of difficulty will be given him. The presence of the police will also insure the capture of Mrs. Scaiffe and her brother."

"You mean," I said, "that you will, if necessary, search the house?"

"Yes."

"But how can you do so without a warrant?"

"We have thought of that," said Garland, with a smile. "A magistrate living at Hampstead has been already communicated with. If necessary, one of our men will ride over to his house and procure the requisite instrument to enforce our entrance."

"Very well," I answered; "then I will go at once to Digby's, but I may as well tell you plainly that I have very little hope of dissuading him."

I drove as fast as I could to my friend's rooms, but was greeted with the information that he had already left and was not expected back until late that evening. This was an unlooked-for blow.

I went to his club—he was not there. I then returned to Dr. Garland.

"I failed to find him," I said. "What can be done? Is it possible that he has already gone to his fate?"

"That is scarcely likely," replied Garland, after a pause. "He was invited to supper at The Rosary, and according to your poor young friend's letter the time named was late. There is nothing for it but to waylay him on the grounds before he goes in. You will come with us to-night, will you not, Pleydell?"

"Certainly," I answered.

Garland and I dined together. At half-past nine we left Eaton Square and, punctually at ten o'clock, the hansom we had taken put us down at one of the roads on the north side of the Heath. The large house which I knew so well loomed black in the moonlight.

The night was cold and fresh. The moon was in its second quarter and was shining brightly. Garland and I passed down the dimly-lit lane beside the wall. A tall, dark figure loomed from the darkness and, as it came forward, I saw that it was Inspector Frost.

"Mr. Digby has not arrived yet," he said. "Perhaps, sir," he added, looking at me, "you can even now dissuade him, for it is a bad business. All my men are ready," he continued, "and at a signal the house will be surrounded; but we must have one last try to prevent his entering it. Come this way,

please, sir," he added, beckoning to me to follow him.

We passed out into the road.

"I am absolutely bewildered, inspector," I said to him. "Do you mean to say there is really great danger?"

"The worst I ever knew," was his answer. "You cannot stop a man entering a house if he wishes to; but I can tell you, Mr. Pleydell, I do not believe his life is worth that if he goes in." And the inspector snapped his fingers.

He had scarcely ceased speaking when the jingling of the bells of a hansom sounded behind us. The cab drew up at the gates and Oscar Digby alighted close to us.

Inspector Frost touched him on the shoulder.

He swung round and recognised me.

"Halloa! Pleydell," he said, in no very cordial accents. "What in the name of Heaven are you doing here? What does this mean? Who is this man?"

"I am a police-officer, Mr. Digby, and I want to speak to you. Mr. Pleydell has asked you not to go into that house. You are, of course, free to do as you like, but I must tell you that you are running into great danger. Be advised by me and go away."

For answer Digby thrust his hand into his breast-pocket. He pulled out a note which he gave me.

"Read that, Pleydell," he said; "and receive my answer." I tore the letter from its envelope and read in the moonlight:—

Come to me. I am in danger and suffering. Do not fail me.—MURIEL.

"A hoax! A forgery!" I could not help crying. "For God's sake, Digby, don't be mad."

"Mad or sane, I go into that house," he said. His bright blue eyes flashed with passion and his breath came quickly.

"Hands off, sir. Don't keep me."

He swung himself away from me.

"One word," called the inspector after him. "How long do you expect to remain?"

"Perhaps an hour. I shall be home by midnight."

"And now, sir, please listen. You can be assured, in case of any trouble, that we are here, and I may further tell you that if you are not out of the house by one o'clock, we shall enter with a search warrant."

Digby stood still for a moment, then he turned to me.

"I cannot but resent your interference, but I believe you mean well. Good-bye!" He wrung my hand and walked quickly up the drive.

"HE SWUNG HIMSELF AWAY FROM ME."

We watched him ring the bell. The door was opened at once by the negro servant. Digby entered. The door closed silently. Inspector Frost gave a low whistle.

"I would not be that man for a good deal," he said.

Garland came up to us both.

"Is the house entirely surrounded, Frost?" I heard him whisper. Frost smiled, and I

saw his white teeth gleam in the darkness. He waved his hand.

"There is not a space of six feet between man and man," I heard him say; "and now we have nothing to do but to wait and hope for at least an hour and a half. If in an hour's time Mr. Digby does not reappear I shall send a man for the warrant. At one o'clock we enter the house."

Garland and I stood beneath a large fir tree in a dense shade and within the inclosed garden. The minutes seemed to crawl. Our conversation was limited to low whispers at long intervals.

Eleven o'clock chimed on the church clock near by; then half-past sounded on the night air. My ears were strained to catch the expected click of the front door-latch, but it did not come. The house remained wrapt in silence. Once Garland whispered:—

"Hark!" We listened closely. It certainly seemed to me that a dull, muffled sound, as of pounding or hammering, was just audible; but whether it came from the house or not it was impossible to tell.

At a quarter to twelve the one remaining lighted window on the first floor became suddenly dark. Still there was no sign of Digby. Midnight chimed.

Frost said a word to Garland and disappeared, treading softly. He was absent for more than half an hour. When he returned I heard him say:—

"I have got it," and he touched his pocket with his hand as he spoke.

The remaining moments went by in intense anxiety, and, just as the deep boom of one o'clock was heard the inspector laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Come along quietly," he whispered.

Some sign, conveyed by a low whistle, passed from him to his men, and I heard the bushes rustle around us.

The next moment we had ascended the steps, and we could hear the deep whirr of the front door bell as Frost pressed the button.

In less time than we had expected we heard the bolts shot back. The door was opened on a chain and a black face appeared at the slit.

"Who are you and what do you want?" said a voice.

"I have called for Mr. Digby," said Frost. "Go and tell him that his friend, Mr. Pleydell, and also Doctor Garland want to see him immediately."

A look of blank surprise came over the negro's face.

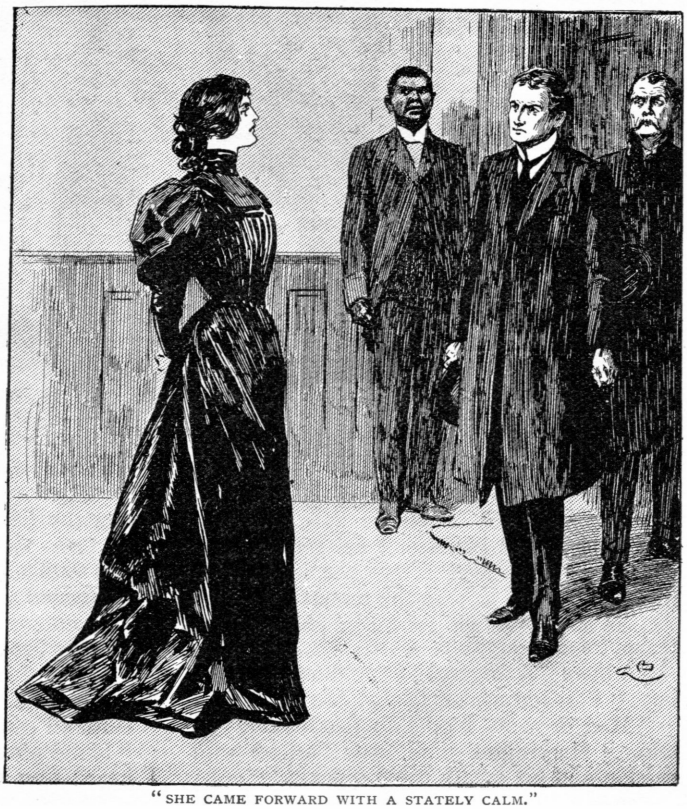
"But no one of the name of Digby lives here," he said.

"Mrs. Scaiffe lives here," replied the inspector, "and also a Spanish gentleman of the name of Señor Merello. Tell them that I wish to see them immediately, and that I am a police-officer."

A short conversation was evidently taking place within. The next moment the door was flung open, electric lights sprang into being, and my eyes fell upon Mrs. Scaiffe.

She was dressed with her usual magnificence. She came forward with a stately calm and stood silently before us. Her large black eyes were gleaming.

"Well, Mr. Pleydell," she said, speaking in



"SHE CAME FORWARD WITH A STATELY CALM."

an easy voice, "what is the reason of this midnight disturbance? I am always glad to welcome you to my house, but is not the hour a little late?"

Her words were interrupted by Inspector Frost, who held up his hand.

"Your attitude, madam," he said, "is hopeless. We have all come here with a definite object. Mr. Oscar Digby entered this house at a quarter past ten to-night. From that moment the house has been closely surrounded. He is therefore still here."

"Where is your authority for this unwarrantable intrusion?" she said. Her manner changed, her face grew hard as iron. Her whole attitude was one of insolence and defiance.

The inspector immediately produced his warrant.

She glanced over it and uttered a shrill laugh.

"Mr. Digby is not in the house," she said.

She had scarcely spoken before an adjoining door was opened, and Señor Merello, looking gaunt and very white about the face, approached. She looked up at him and smiled, then she said, carelessly:—

"Gentlemen, this is my brother, Señor Merello."

The Señor bowed slightly, but did not speak.

"Once more," said Frost, "where is Mr. Digby?"

"I repeat once more," said Mrs. Scaiffe, "that Mr. Digby is not in this house."

"But we saw him enter at a quarter past ten."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"He is not here now."

"He could not have gone, for the house has been surrounded."

Again she gave her shoulders a shrug. "You have your warrant, gentlemen," she said; "you can look for yourselves."

Frost came up to her.

"I regret to say, madam, that you, this gentleman, and all your servants must consider yourselves under arrest until we find Mr. Oscar Digby."

"That will be for ever, then," she replied; "but please yourselves."

My heart beat with an unwonted sense of terror. What could the woman mean? Digby, either dead or alive, must be in the house.

The operations which followed were conducted rapidly. The establishment, consisting of Mrs. Scaiffe, her brother, two Spanish men-servants, two maids, one of Spanish extraction, and the negro who had opened the door to us, were summoned and placed in the charge of a police-sergeant.

Muriel Scaiffe was nowhere to be seen.

Then our search of the house began. The rooms on the ground-floor, consisting of the drawing-room, dining-room, and two other big rooms, were fitted up in quite an every-day manner. We did not take much time going through them.

In the basement, the large cellar which had attracted Mrs. Scaiffe's pleased surprise on the day when I took her to see The Rosary had now been fitted up as a laboratory. I gazed at it in astonishment. It was evidently intended for the manufacture of chemicals on an almost commercial scale. All the latest chemical and electrical apparatus were to be found there, as well as several large machines, the purposes of which were not evident. One in particular I specially noticed. It was a big tank with a complicated equipment for the manufacture of liquid air in large quantities.

We had no time to give many thoughts to the laboratory just then. A foreboding sense of ever-increasing fear was upon each and all of us. It was sufficient to see that Digby was not there.

Our search in the upper regions was equally unsuccessful. We were just going down stairs again when Frost drew my attention to a door which we had not yet opened. We went to it and found it locked. Putting our strength to work, Garland and I between us burst it open. Within, we found a girl crouching by the bed. She was only partly dressed, and her head was buried in her hands. We went up to her. She turned, saw my face, and suddenly clung to me.

"Have you found him? Is he safe?"

"I do not know, my dear," I answered, trying to soothe her. "We are looking for him. God grant us success."

"Did he come to the house? I have been locked in here all day and heavily drugged. I have only just recovered consciousness and scarcely know what I am doing. Is he in the house?"

"He came in. We are searching for him; we hope to find him."

"That you will never do!" She gave a piercing cry and fell unconscious on the floor.

We placed the unhappy girl on the bed. Garland produced brandy and gave her a few drops; she came to in a couple of minutes and began to moan feebly. We left her,

"WE WENT UP TO HER."

promising to return. We had no time to attend to her just then.

When we reached the hall Frost stood still.

"The man is not here," he muttered.

"But he is here," was Garland's incisive answer. "Inspector, you have got to tear the place to pieces."

The latter nodded.

The inspector's orders were given rapidly, and dawn was just breaking when ten policemen, ordered in from outside, began their systematic search of the entire house from roof to basement.

Pick and crowbar were ruthlessly applied, and never have I seen a house in such a mess. Floorings were torn up and rafters cut through. Broken plaster littered the rooms and lay about on the sumptuous furniture. Walls were pierced and bored through. Closets and cupboards were ransacked. The backs of the fireplaces were torn out and the chimneys explored.

Very little was said as our investigation proceeded, and room after room was checked off.

Finally, an exhaustive examination of the basement and cellars completed our search.

"Well, Dr. Garland, are you satisfied?" asked the inspector.

We had gone back to the garden, and Garland was leaning against a tree, his hands thrust in his pockets and his eyes fixed on the ground. Frost pulled his long moustache and breathed quickly.

"Are you satisfied?" he repeated.

"We must talk sense or we shall all go mad," was Garland's answer. "The thing is absurd, you know. Men don't disappear. Let us work this thing out logically. There are only three planes in space and we know matter is indestructible. If Digby left this house he went up, down, or horizontally. *Up is out of the question.* If he disappeared in a balloon or was shot off the roof he must have been seen by us, for the house was surrounded. He certainly did not pass through the cordon of men. *He did not go down*, for every cubic foot of basement and cellar has been accounted for, as well as every cubic foot of space in the house.

"So we come to the chemical change of matter, dissipation into gas by heat. There are no furnaces, no ashes, no gas cylinders, nor dynamos, nor carbon points. The time when we lost sight of him to the time of entrance was exactly two hours and three-quarters. There is no way out of it. He is still there."

"He is not there," was the quiet retort of the inspector. "I have sent for the Assistant Commissioner to Scotland Yard, and will ask him to take over the case. It is too much for me."

The tension in all our minds had now reached such a state of strain that we began to fear our own shadows.

Oscar Digby, standing, as it were, on the threshold of a very great future, the hero of a legend worthy of old romance, had suddenly and inexplicably vanished. I could not get my reason to believe that he was not still in the house, for there was not the least doubt that he had not come out. What would happen in the next few hours?

"Is there no secret chamber or secret passage that we have overlooked?" I said, turning to the inspector.

"The walls have been tapped," he replied. "There is not the slightest indication of a

hollow. There are no underground passages. The man is not within these walls."

He now spoke with a certain degree of irritation in his voice which the mystery of the case had evidently awakened in his mind. A few moments later the sound of approaching wheels caused us to turn our heads. A cab drew up at the gates, out of which alighted the well-known form of Sir George Freer.

Garland had already entered the house, and on Sir George appearing on the scene he and I followed him.

We had just advanced across the hall to the room where the members of the household, with the exception of poor Muriel Scaiffe, were still detained, when, to our utter amazement, a long, strange peal of laughter sounded from below. This was followed by another, and again by another. The laughter came from the lips of Garland. We glanced at each other. What on earth did it mean? Together we darted down the stone steps, but before we reached the laboratory another laugh rang out. All hope in me was suddenly changed to a chilling fear, for the laugh was not natural. It had a clanging, metallic sound, without any mirth.

In the centre of the room stood Garland. His mouth was twitching and his breath jerked in and out convulsively.

"What is it? What is the matter?" I cried.

He made no reply, but, pointing to a machine with steel blocks, once more broke into a choking, gurgling laugh which made my flesh creep.

Had he gone mad? Sir George moved swiftly across to him and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Come, what is all this, Garland?" he said, sternly, though his own face was full of fear.

I knew Garland to be a man of extraordinary self-control, and I could see that he was now holding himself in with all the force at his command.

"It is no use—I cannot tell you," he burst out.

"What—you know what has become of him?"

"Yes."

"You can prove it?"

"Yes."

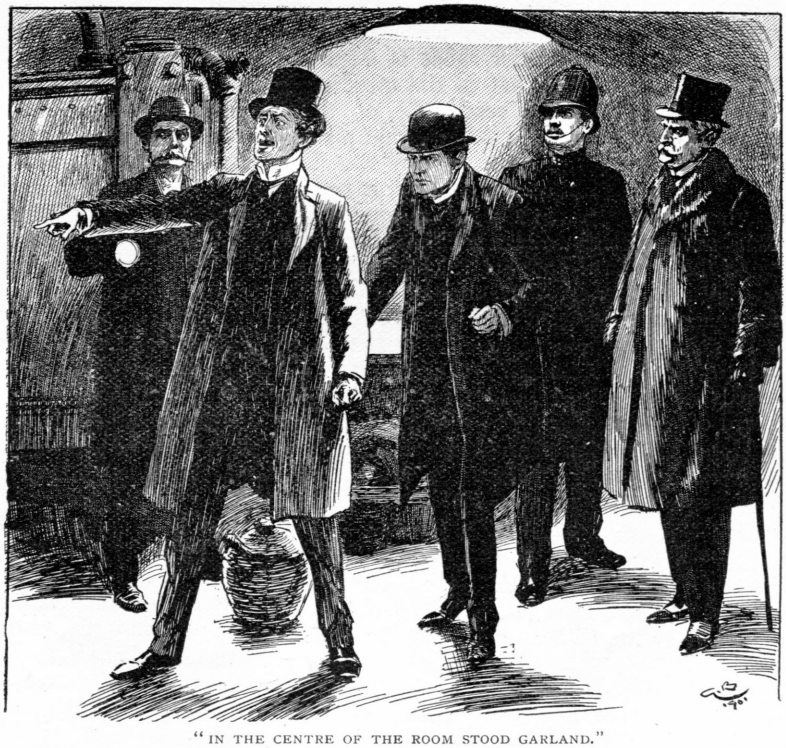
"Speak out, man."

"He is not here," said Garland.

"Then where is he?"

He flung his hand out towards the Heath, and I saw that the fit was taking him again, but once more he controlled himself. Then he said, in a clear, level voice :—

"He is dead, Sir George, and you can never see his body. You cannot hold an inquest, for there is nothing to hold it on. The winds have taken him and scattered him in dust on the Heath. Don't look at me like that, Pleydell. I am sane, although it is a wonder we are not all mad over this business. Look and listen."



"IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM STOOD GARLAND."

He pointed to the great metal tank.

"I arrived at my present conclusion by a

process of elimination," he began. "Into that tank which contained liquid air Digby, gagged and bound, must have been placed violently, probably after he had given away the chart. Death would have been instantaneous, and he would have been frozen into complete solidity in something like forty minutes. The ordinary laboratory experiment is to freeze a rabbit, which can then be powdered into mortar like any other friable stone. The operation here has been the same. It is only a question of size. Remember, we are dealing with 312deg. below zero Fahrenheit, and then—well, look at this and these."

He pointed to a large machine with steel blocks and to a bench littered with saws, chisels, pestles, and mortars.

"That machine is a stone-breaker," he said. "On the dust adhering to these blocks I found this."

He held up a test tube containing a blue liquid.

"The Guiacum test," he said. "In other words, blood. This fact taken with the facts we already know, that Digby never left the house; that the only other agent of destruction of a body, fire, is out of the question; that this tank is the receptacle of that enormous machine for making liquid air in very large quantities; and, above all, the practical possibility of the operation being conducted by the men who are at present in the house, afford me absolutely conclusive proof beyond a possibility of doubt as to what has happened. The body of that unfortunate man is as if it had never been, without a fragment of pin-point size for identification or evidence. It is beyond the annals of all the crimes that I have ever heard of. What law can help us? Can you hold an inquest on nothing? Can you charge a person with murder where no victim or trace of a victim can be produced?"

A sickly feeling came over me. Garland's words carried their own conviction, and we knew that we stood in the presence of a horror without a name. Nevertheless, to the police mind horror *per se* does not exist. To them there is always a mystery, a crime, and a solution. That is all. The men beside me were police once more. Sentiment might come later.

"Are there any reporters here?" asked Sir George.

"None," answered Frost.

"Good. Mr. Oscar Digby has disappeared. There is no doubt how. There can, of course, be no arrest, as Dr. Garland has just said. Our official position is this. We suspect that Mr. Digby has been murdered, but the search for the discovery of the body has failed. That is our position."

Before I left that awful house I made arrangements to have Muriel Scaiffe conveyed to a London hospital. I did not consult Mrs. Scaiffe on the subject. I could not get myself to say another word to the woman. In the hospital a private ward was secured for the unhappy girl, and there for many weeks she hovered between life and death.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Scaiffe and her brother were detained at The Rosary. They were closely watched by the police, and although they made many efforts to escape they found it impossible. Our hope was that when Muriel recovered strength she would be able to substantiate a case against them. But, alas! this hope was unfounded, for, as the girl recovered, there remained a blank in her memory which no efforts on our part could fill. She had absolutely and completely forgotten Oscar Digby, and the house on Hampstead Heath was to her as though it had never existed. In all other respects she was well. Under these circumstances we were forced to allow the Spaniard and his sister to return to their own country, our one most earnest hope being that we might never see or hear of them again.

Meanwhile, Muriel grew better. I was interested in her from the first. When she was well enough I placed her with some friends of my own. A year ago she became my wife. I think she is happy. A past which is forgotten cannot trouble her. I have long ago come to regard her as the best and truest woman living.

A Parlour Séance with David Devant.

By E. T. Sachs.

Author of "Sleight of Hand." From Photos. by George Newnes, Ltd.

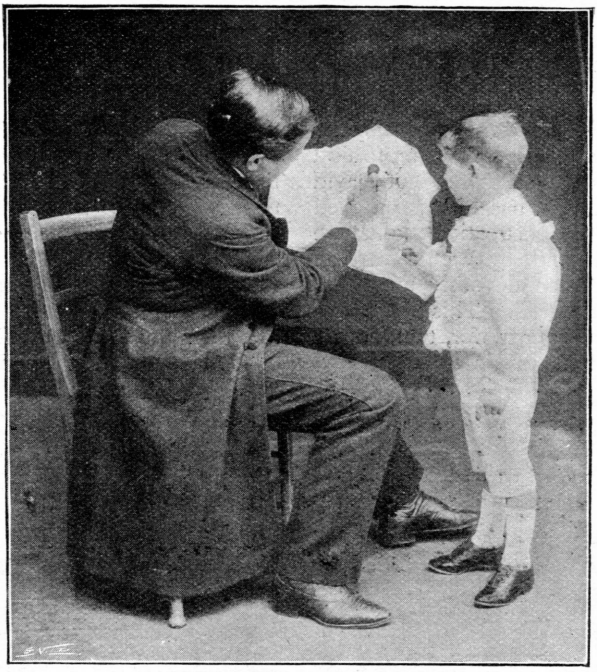
THE normal attitude of the public towards the conjurer is that of endeavouring to find him out. In the case of David Devant it has hitherto proved to be an occupation productive of very small result, and, by way of variety, I, personally, have been devoting myself to the task of finding him in. This is not the easy thing it might appear, for, temporarily forsaking the home of magic in Piccadilly, whose mystery-permeated walls are to be replaced by a new building at no great distance of time, David Devant has been occupied in carrying the cult of the occult into the provinces, and along with it the fame of the celebrated Egyptian Hall combination.

I sought out David Devant with a set purpose. On previous occasions this man of many parts had provided delectable amusement for readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, and it occurred to me that the time was ripe for some more. As became one of his vocation, I found David Devant enshrouded in the dim light of his sanctum. In front of him was a spot of greater brightness, and this inspection showed to be a miniature stage, a precise model of the one which our magician employs, with every detail, down to the electric foot-lights, complete. The pigmy rehearsal in progress was that of the new entertainment which David Devant was preparing for his audiences, and which, by this time, will have become familiar throughout the country.

1.—SHOWING THE MATCH-BOX APPARENTLY EMPTY.

It may be news to the reader to be told that the magician forms the one exception to the world's economic provision which prohibits less gifted mortals from doing two things at once. The Man of Magic not only habitually employs either hand in two separate and distinct occupations, but he will probably have his mind engaged on a third matter in addition. So it did not in the least interfere with Devant's occupation of the moment when I told him the purpose of my visit. With his head half inside the miniature proscenium he said: "You want something from me for the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE in the shape of easy tricks, without sleight of hand, or with very little? Something that can be done with common objects of every-day use? Ah, I daresay I can manage that, if you give me a few minutes.' He was busy arranging a *coulisse* at the exact angle, and, whilst continuing to do this with the left hand, he reached with the right for a match-box, which he handed me with the admonition to empty it of its matches. Whilst this was being done the conjurer's voice was raised in a loud call for "Ernest." "Ernest" is no other than Devant, junior, and he speedily made his appearance out of the gloom, and, for all I could see to the contrary, he might have come through the wall. The youngster was sent to bring a glass of water, and Devant, showing me the match-box empty (Fig. 1), begged me to close it and retain it in my hands. Ernest arriving with the glass of water, a half-crown was

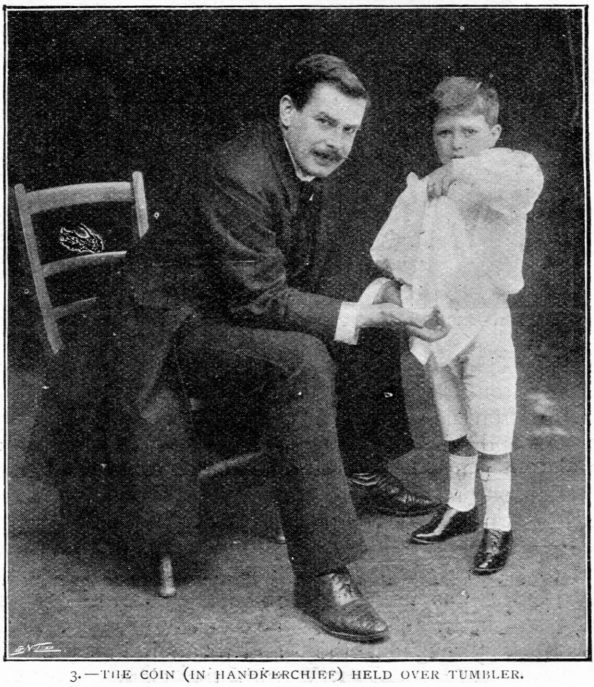
produced, placed in a handkerchief (Fig. 2), and, under its folds, held suspended over the tumbler (Fig. 3). At a given signal the half-crown was allowed to fall into the water, and that it had done so was announced by the jingle it made against the glass. Yet, on the handkerchief being removed by Ernest, no coin was visible in the tumbler. Told to shake the match-box, a rattle betrayed the presence of a solid object inside, and on investigation this proved to be the half-crown.



2.—PLACING THE COIN IN THE HANDKERCHIEF.

It may seem impossible that no sleight of hand enters into this trick, but such is the case, a little adroitness being all that is called for. Unknown to the audience, the conjurer has a second half-crown (a florin, penny, or other coin may be used) and an eye-glass of about the same size. When the match-box is being exhibited empty one half-crown is held concealed in the third, fourth, and fifth fingers of the right hand (I presume throughout that the reader is not able to "palm" coins), which is holding the outer cover of the box. Into this cover, on the upper side, this coin is slipped. When the tray part is pushed in the coin is forced over the advancing end of the tray, so as to be nipped between it and the cover. In this position the coin is held secure, and when the tray is finally pushed home it naturally falls down and is thus contained in the box.

The mystery of the half-crown in the tumbler is explained by the conjurer having concealed under three fingers of the right hand the eye-glass, this concealment being covered by holding the coin between finger and thumb, the whole being very accurately portrayed in Fig. 2. The handkerchief is thrown over this hand, but the left hand picks up, not the coin but the eye-glass, the right hand, with the coin held between the first and second joints of the middle finger, being dropped unostentatiously at the side, an early opportunity being taken for transferring the half-crown to the pocket. By putting off the closing of the match-box till now the effect of the illusion is improved.

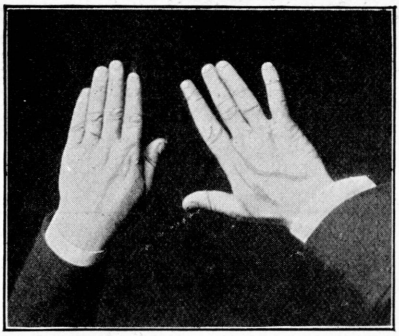


3.—THE COIN (IN HANDKERCHIEF) HELD OVER TUMBLER.

It is advisable that the eye-glass should fit the bottom of the

tumbler rather closely in order that the performer may pour out the water and hold the tumbler upside down. A champagne tumbler is most suitable for the trick.

In Fig. 3 the reader is shown what is not visible to the spectator, namely, the coin, for which the eye-glass has been substituted, being held between the finger-joints. In actual practice the hand would not be held open in this way, for, of course, the back of it would be presented to the spectator.



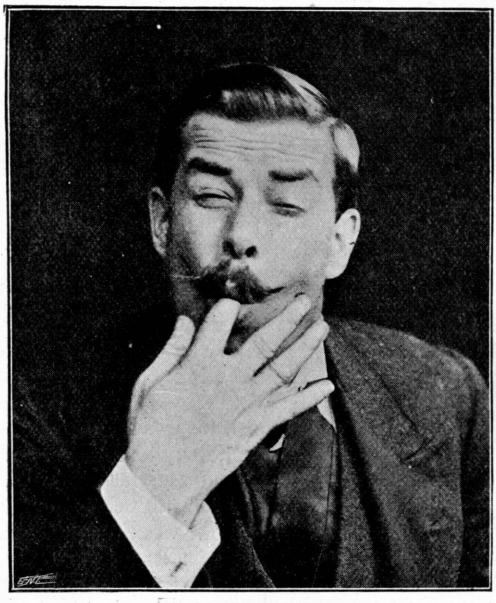
4.—COMMENCEMENT OF THE THIMBLE TRICK.

In Fig. 1 the half-crown is inside the match-box cover, held in position by the first finger of the right hand, inserted in the cover for the purpose.

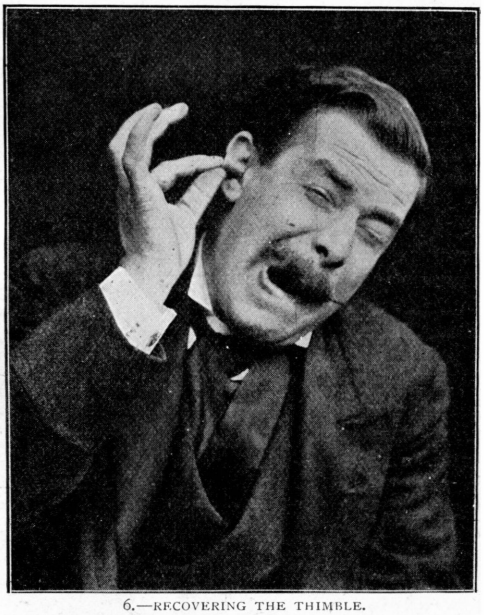
"What do you think of that?" asked Devant, immersing himself, as it were, in his stage again, the positions of two delicious little gilded Empire chairs seeming to give him some trouble. I said that the match-box idea was quite new to me, and would prove a stumbling-block to the average intelligence.

When Devant next turned round to me he extended towards me his dexter finger.

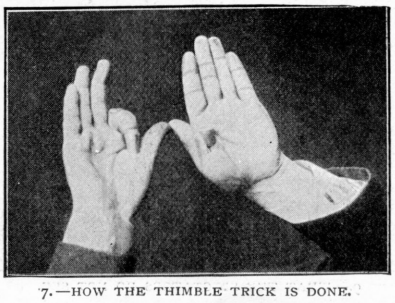
On the end of it was a thimble. Holding up the backs of his hands as in Fig. 4, he said: "See that? Now, look here. One, two." At "one" he passed the right hand rapidly across the back of the left; at "two" the hand was passed below the other, and lo! the thimble had become transferred from the first finger of the right hand to the corresponding finger of the left hand. The "one, two" action was repeated and the thimble was back to its original position. After this had been done two or three times the finger with the thimble on it was popped suddenly into the mouth (Fig. 5), and when withdrawn the thimble remained behind. It was recovered by way of the ear (Fig. 6). Just to show how painless the operation was the thimble was put back into the ear, the finger inserted into the mouth again, and when withdrawn there was the thimble on the end.



5.—SWALLOWING THE THIMBLE.



6.—RECOVERING THE THIMBLE.

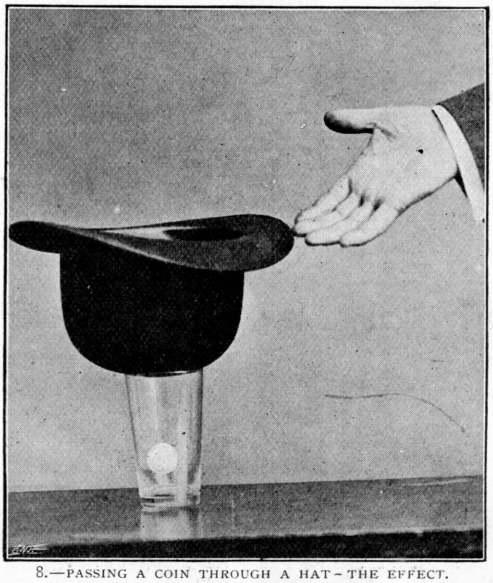


7.—HOW THE THIMBLE TRICK IS DONE.

The secret of the trick is revealed at Fig. 7, the

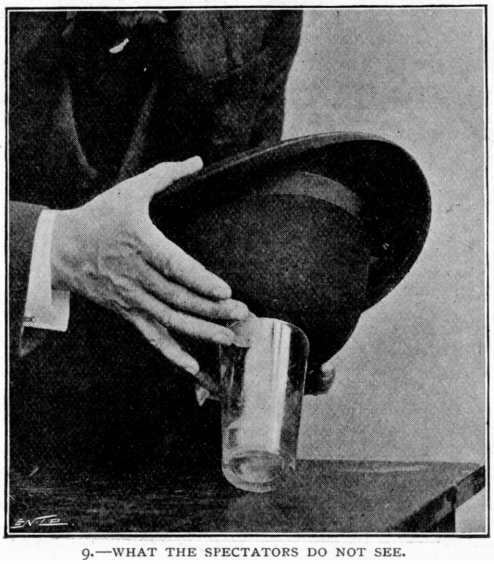
vanished thimble being concealed at the root of the thumb. The right hand shows the thimble in the act of being concealed; in the left hand the movement has been completed.

In the case of the first sleight (Fig. 4) the performer has two thimbles, one of which is concealed in the left hand at the commencement. In the act of making the "one, two" passes the performer conceals the thimble in the right hand and produces that in the left. If he were to endeavour to do this with the hands quiescent the deception would cease to be such, but under cover of the rapid passes the double movements escape detection.



8.—PASSING A COIN THROUGH A HAT—THE EFFECT.

In Figs. 5 and 6 one thimble only is necessary. The hand, with thimble on finger, is advanced rapidly towards the mouth, which organ makes a gesture strongly significant of an anticipated swallowing, this materially helping the illusion (and no one can say that David Devant is here lacking in appropriate gesture), and when the finger is popped in, the fact that no thimble is upon it will pass absolutely unnoticed. The thimble has, of course, been concealed at the root of the thumb under cover of the advancing movement. After making several gulps suggestive of swallowing, accompanied with pleasurable feelings, the hand is suddenly advanced to the ear, the thimble being brought out on the top of the finger *en route*. Once in the orifice of the ear the tips of finger and thumb are substituted, as in the illustration. When the order is reversed from ear to mouth the thimble is concealed as the hand is made to approach the ear. The action of pushing in the thimble is simulated (it would not be unnatural for the performer to suffer some agony under the operation), and after the fingers have been shown empty the forefinger is rapidly inserted into the mouth, the thimble being got on to it on the road.



9.—WHAT THE SPECTATORS DO NOT SEE.

With the facility for concealing the thimble once acquired, as it may be in a short time, the performer may, of course, vary his methods of causing it to disappear and reappear. He will be guided in this by his opportunities.

If Ernest did not show very great interest in the thimble trick it was probably because he had seen it a few times before, but he woke up again when sent for a "bowler" hat and a soda-water tumbler, both "common objects" enough in most households. Each article having been examined, the tumbler was stood upon the table and on it the hat, crown downwards. Anything less magical than this could scarcely be. However, some pennies were produced, one was marked, and Devant announced that he would throw them into the hat with such effect that the marked coin would penetrate the felt and fall into the glass, the others remaining in the hat. The coins were duly pitched into the hat and, plainly enough, one of them, and one only, was seen to fall into the tumbler (Fig. 8).

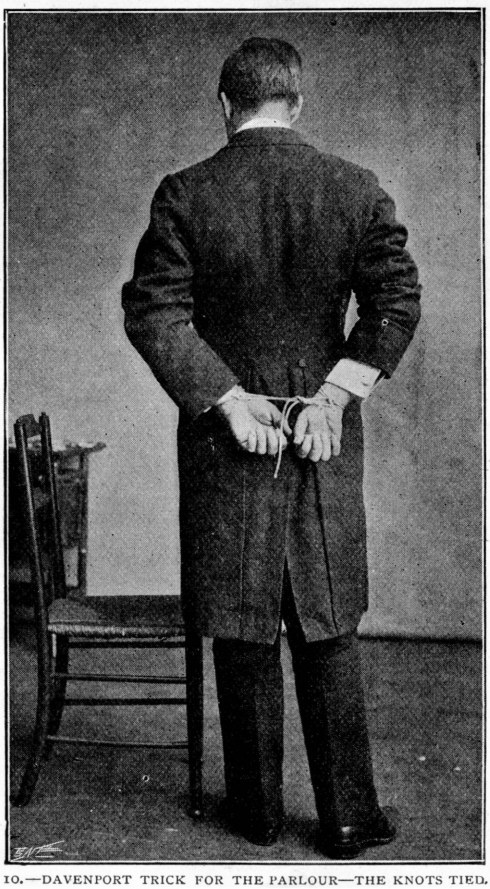
The secret of the illusion of the coin passing through the hat, which, I may state, is a very complete one, is thus accomplished. When the performer places the hat on the glass

he has, unknown to the spectators, a coin concealed under the hat. Making a little fuss over balancing the hat upon the tumbler he gets the coin into the position shown at Fig. 9, where it will be seen that more of the coin overhangs the inner side of the rim than it does the outer. The tumbler is shown tilted for the convenience of illustration, but very little, if any, tilting is really necessary. Now, if the balance of the hat is suddenly disturbed, its pressure on the coin will be momentarily relieved and the coin will fall into the glass. If more of the coin is outside than inside the rim then it will fall upon the table, and there may be smiles. Such disturbance is brought about if a few coins are thrown smartly into the hat in a very oblique direction, so that, striking it on one side, it is caused to tilt and so release the coin underneath. Care should be taken that the hidden coin is in a direct line with the throw—whether towards or away from the performer does not matter—as the desired result is then more likely to come about.

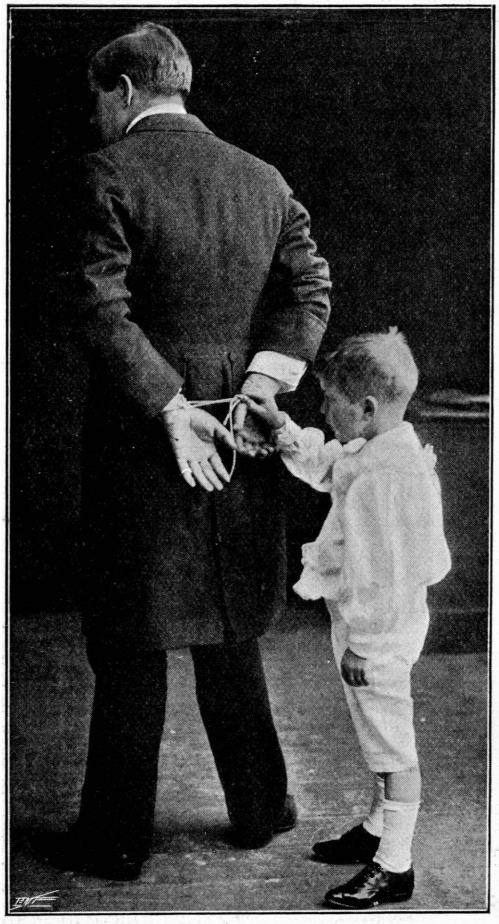
The concealed coin may be the marked one or an indifferent one. If it is the marked coin then it must necessarily be exchanged for another before the hat is placed in position. As the performer is assumed to be unable to palm the exchange can be effected by commencing the trick by placing the marked coin in a handkerchief and changing it precisely as shown at Fig. 2. The performer then alters his mind, pretending to see an objection to the use of a handkerchief, and takes up the hat, the supposed marked coin (the real Simon Pure now being in the performer's possession) being placed amongst the others. The preliminary changing of the marked coin creates the best effect, because a spectator may be allowed to lift the hat off the tumbler and take out the coin for identification.

If an unmarked coin be used it follows that the performer must retain possession of the marked one, refraining from throwing it into the hat. He will also be obliged to take the coin out of the tumbler himself and change it for the marked one as he hands it for examination. The following manœuvre for effecting this is successful if executed with dash. With the marked coin concealed in the left hand, the tumbler is seized by the right at the brim in such a way that the fingers can be made to overhang inside to a considerable extent, though no suggestion of such overhanging must be made as the tumbler is seized. The action of pouring the coin out of the tumbler into the left hand is now rapidly executed, the fingers of the right hand momentarily extended as the tumbler is inverted arresting the descent of the coin, and the marked coin that is already in the left hand will appear to have come out of the tumbler.

Devant said he would now show me a "Davenport Brother" trick, done with some other common objects, viz., a finger-ring and a piece of cord. Ernest, who had been a mute spectator of the preceding trick, keeping strictly to himself any explanation that may have formed itself in his little mind, was dispatched for the cord, and on returning with it was bidden to bind his father's hands together behind his back, as at Fig. 10. Devant taking a seat on a chair, I was told to place my signet-ring between his lips and to state upon which finger of either hand I should like it to appear. I named the little finger of the left hand. Acting on instructions, Ernest brought from the corner a small Japanese folding screen. "When I say 'Right,'



10.—DAVENPORT TRICK FOR THE PARLOUR—THE KNOTS TIED.



11.—THE HANDS AS BEFORE—RING ON FINGER.

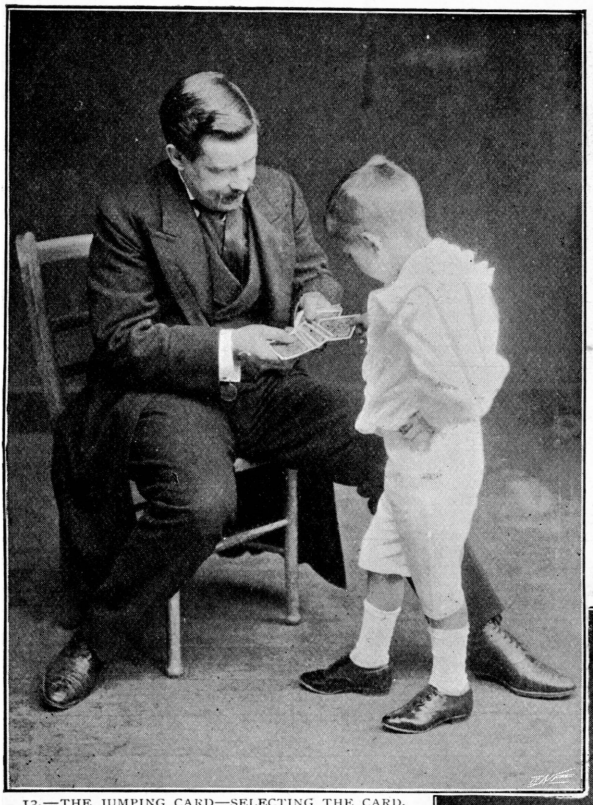
take away the screen quickly," said Devant; and barely was the obstruction in position than "Right" was shouted from behind it. When it was removed there sat Devant, with an innocent look upon his face, having apparently never moved. But the ring was no longer between his lips, and on rising and turning round it was seen to be upon the selected finger, the hands bound as before (Fig. 11).

For the explanation of the trick look at Fig. 12. It will be seen that the performer twists his two hands round his back far enough to enable him to open one of the palms, into which he drops the ring, when it is a simple thing to place it upon the chosen finger. As there is no question of untying the knots, they may be knotted several times over, or sealed, if the spectators desire it; and the trick possesses a merit which is not an attribute of every illusion, inasmuch as it may be repeated several times without anyone being much wiser.

It will be noticed that the wrists are not bound close together, but in the case of very slim people this can be done. It is merely a question of conformation. A well-developed person should have the wrists tied loosely, or he will not be able to twist his hands round sufficiently far. The careful performer will, of course, experiment in private and learn precisely what he can do and what he cannot.

The model stage had been a good deal neglected, but it was far from being out of Devant's mind, and my attention was directed to it. On a scale of about 1 in 20 I saw before me an exact representation, colour scheme and all, of Devant's fit-up stage, as arranged for Chinese effects. He explained that he would personate a Celestial magician, and in that capacity cover the stage with all manner of strange living things, both beasts of the field and fowls of the air, which will come from nowhere in particular and appear none the worse for it. From the model before me I certainly obtain no glimpse whatever of the secret of this promised production, and being anxious to gather particulars of a few more parlour tricks (not that anyone nowadays confesses to possessing a parlour), I institute no inquiries. On my suggesting that perhaps

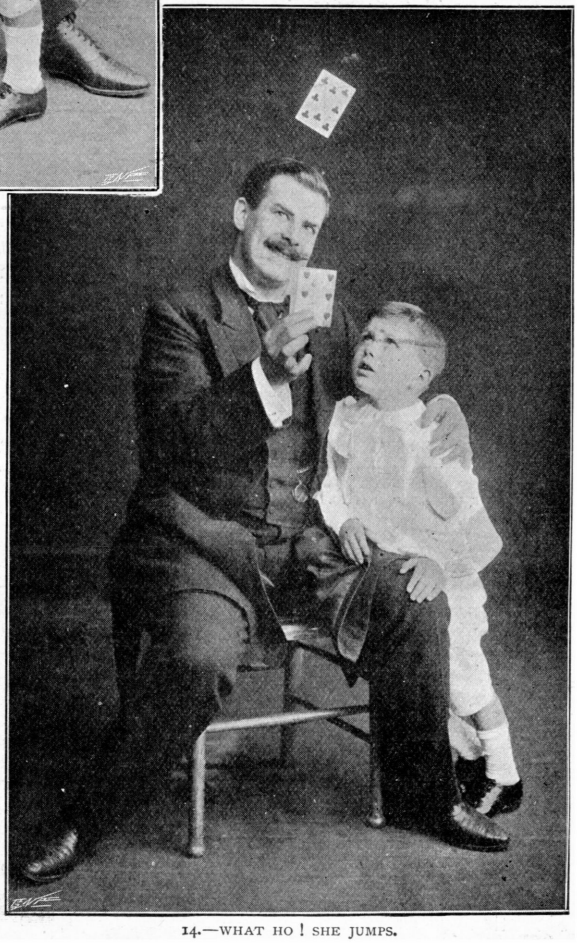
12.—THE EXPLANATION.



13.—THE JUMPING CARD—SELECTING THE CARD.

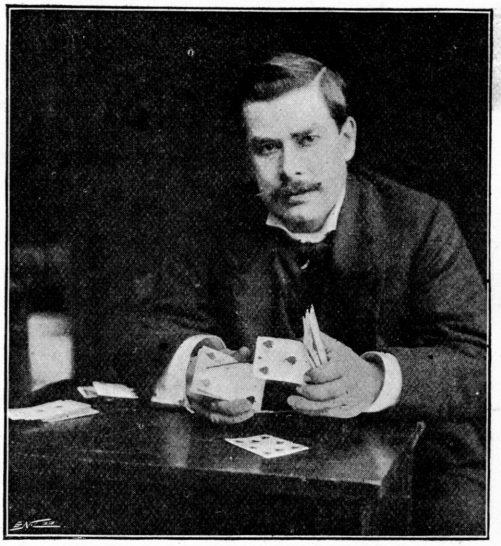
Devant has a card trick to give away, I am asked if I know his jumping card trick. I do not; and as Ernest is fortuitously discovered to have a pack of cards concealed in his blouse (not so very surprising, perhaps, in the presence of a couple of conjurers), facilities are at once afforded for showing it me. "This, you see, is an ordinary pack of cards; take one, Ernest." Ernest, with a display of caution that is no doubt begotten of some experience as an experimental chopping-block, does as required (Fig. 13), notes the denomination of the card, and sees it slowly pushed back into the centre of the pack. I am, of course, acting as referee in this affair, and my conjurer's eye notes that it is indifferent to the performer what card is chosen, nor is it necessary for him to know the name of it. For the sake of effect, however, we are asked the name of the card, which happens to be the eight of clubs. "Now," said Devant, "all I am going to do is to hold the pack in the fingers and at my word of command the eight of clubs will jump out of the pack. Eight of clubs, jump!" And sure enough it did jump, flying a good 6ft. into the air (Fig. 14). The reader need not be told that the effect is very good indeed.

The *deus ex machinâ* is a piece of elastic, or rubber band fastened between two cards, as shown in Fig. 15. In the early stages of the trick these two cards are at the bottom of the pack, and it is an easy matter to prevent the person selecting a card from trying to take either of them, in the very unlikely event of anyone wanting to do so. Whilst the selected card is being looked at the performer carelessly shuffles the pack, thus bringing the two prepared cards to the middle of it, and on the chosen card being



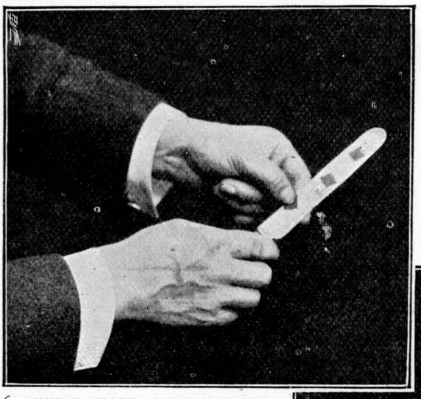
14.—WHAT HO! SHE JUMPS.

returned it is pushed down between the two cards, where it meets the elastic. This, of course, gives to the pressure; and when the card is pressed home the elastic is prevented from reacting by the grip of the hand holding the pack. When the word of command is given the pressure on the outside is relaxed, and the released elastic shoots the card into the air.



15.—DEUS EX MACHINÂ.

A more effective card trick without sleight of hand I do not know, and I say so. "Glad you like it," says Devant. "I have always found it take very well, and it is really quite easy. There are various ways of fixing the elastic between the cards, and the neatest way, I think, is to peel each card, pass the elastic through a slit in the face side, and secure it by pasting the card together again. This makes a very neat job of it, and nothing is given away if the back of either of the prepared cards is exposed. How many tricks have I given you? Five? We must have another to make up the half-dozen, and then I'll show you a little bit of my Chinese magic. Ernest, fetch a cheese-knife." Whilst the knife is being brought Devant cuts up six little squares (or diamonds—the shape is quite immaterial), and these being wetted are placed on the blade of the knife, three on either side.

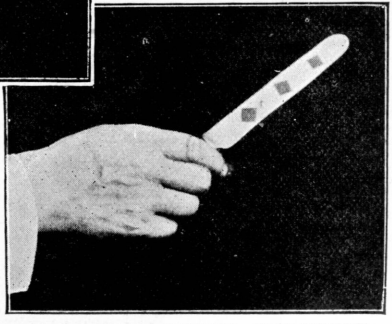


16.—KNIFE TRICK—REMOVING THE FIRST PIECES OF PAPER.

17.—THE KNIFE APPARENTLY TURNED OVER.

"Now, watch. I take away two pieces, one from either side" (suiting the action to the word—Fig. 16). "You see that the piece on the other side has been removed," saying which the knife is turned over (Fig. 17). "Now I take away two more pieces," and the finger and thumb of the left hand remove the second pair of pieces, each side of the knife being again shown, with one piece only upon it. Finally, the remaining pieces are removed and the knife-blade shown empty on either side. "To bring all six pieces back again, all I have to do is to wave the knife in the air. Here they are: three at the front and three at the back." (See Fig. 18.)

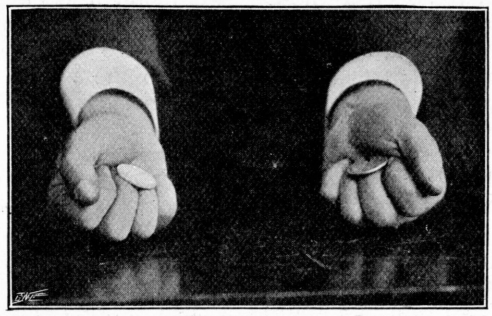
This very amusing effect is brought about by presenting to the spectator one side of the blade only. Instead of twisting the knife in the thumb and fingers so as to really expose first one side and then the other, the knife is brought round with a rapid semi-circular sweep (towards the performer), starting from the position shown at Fig. 18 and finishing in that of Fig. 17. This sweep need not be either violent or extensive—the quieter and more confined in area the better—and it will produce the effect of the knife being actually



18.—THE PAPERS RESTORED—FIRST POSITION OF KNIFE.

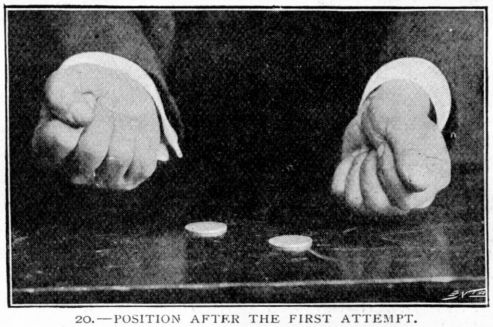
turned over. Examination of the three illustrations will show that the same side of the knife is being shown in each instance, the edge always pointing in the same direction.

When the performer professes to remove two pieces, one from each side (Fig. 16), he removes the upper one only, showing the same side of the blade (Fig. 17) to prove that he has removed both. When all six (really three) pieces have been removed the empty side of the blade is shown in the two positions, and when the knife is waved in the air it is simply turned round and the full side shown twice. The three remaining pieces are then immediately wiped off with the left hand, the trick being over.

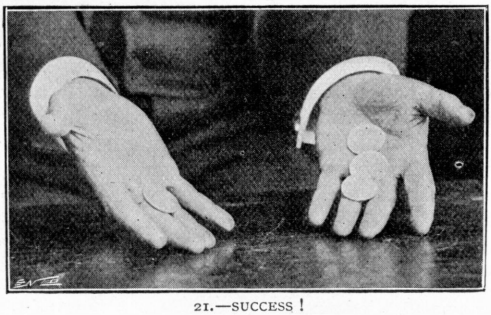


19.—INVISIBLE TRANSIT—THE FIRST POSITION.

We have now our half-dozen tricks, but I am greedy and remind Devant of the custom of giving seven for six in many trades, and he good-naturedly gives me baker's measure with another coin trick. This is one that can be performed anywhere and at any time, so long as four coins of the same denomination are obtainable. Devant gave me no clue as to what he was about to do, but took a coin in each closed hand and directed me to place the other two coins on the outside of the fingers, as in Fig. 19. Resting the knuckles on the table, he gave both hands a sudden jerk, but the two outside coins fell upon the table (Fig. 20). The effect, whatever its intention, had evidently failed, and I was asked to replace the coins again. The jerk was repeated and this time the outside coins disappeared, and on the hands being opened the right hand contained but one coin, three being in the left hand (Fig. 21).



20.—POSITION AFTER THE FIRST ATTEMPT.



21.—SUCCESS!

The first jerk is a feint intended to produce the effect of the two outside coins falling to the table. Instead, the two coins in and upon the right hand are thrown upon the table, the one on the left hand being allowed to join the other inside. Thus we get two coins in the left hand, leaving none in the right. The second attempt, of course, brings one coin into the right hand and three into the left. When the first jerk is made and the two coins fall upon the table the performer must appear slightly disconcerted, as though he had failed in whatever he was attempting, and say, "Never mind, I will try again, if you will place the coins into position once more. I never can do this trick the first time"; which will be perfectly true.

"Now," said Devant, who, I could see, was keen to turn his attention to his more important work in hand, "come this way and I'll show you some of my Chinese business."

At that moment the bell of the telephone connected with the Egyptian Hall is rung. "Halloa!" Pause. "Yes." Another pause. "The deuce; of course, I'll come at once. With you in half an hour." Then to me, "Very sorry, old chap, but I must rush off to the hall as fast as a hansom can take me. Maskelyne wants me at once." And that is why I learned nothing about Devant's new business that afternoon. But I think I may say that I came away stored with material for the amusement of many a STRAND reader and his friends on winter evenings. Indeed, I venture to propose a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Devant for his complaisant kindness.

The Wraith of Redscar.

By Bernard Hamilton.

"GHOSTS! Pooh!" said I, John Sterling, stoutly. "Pooh, sir. I believe that no man has seen a ghost. I've never seen one — and that's good enough for me."

All we men were in the billiard-room of Redscar Tower—a lofty, oak-panelled room, hung round with heraldic escutcheons and stags' antlers. It was after dinner; the ladies had gone to bed. Though most of us were comparative strangers we were all chaffing over a game of "Boer pool" — which variety of the game means that you are allowed to play any mean trick on your opponents that you can. Warm and bright it was within, but cold without—the most biting Christmas Eve I had ever known. A change of wind to the east that afternoon had suddenly frozen up everything, so the scent had failed and we had had a short hunting day. Indeed, it is rather about hunting that I would like to be talking now, for I am a plain man and do not know how to garnish tales with adjectives. So, being readier with rod and gun than pen or pencil, I trust you will excuse all shortcomings. Yet I have had many adventures in my time, and this is certainly not the least curious.

Redscar Tower, in the north, is on the edge of the moors, but it also has a stream and open grass-country on the farther side, so there are hunting, shooting, and fishing all within easy compass. This much my old friend George Lawson had seen when he bought the place a few months before we all came down. We were, in fact, his first house party—and his first Christmas party, too. Indeed, it was practically Lawson's first visit—after the cleaners had been got out of the house.

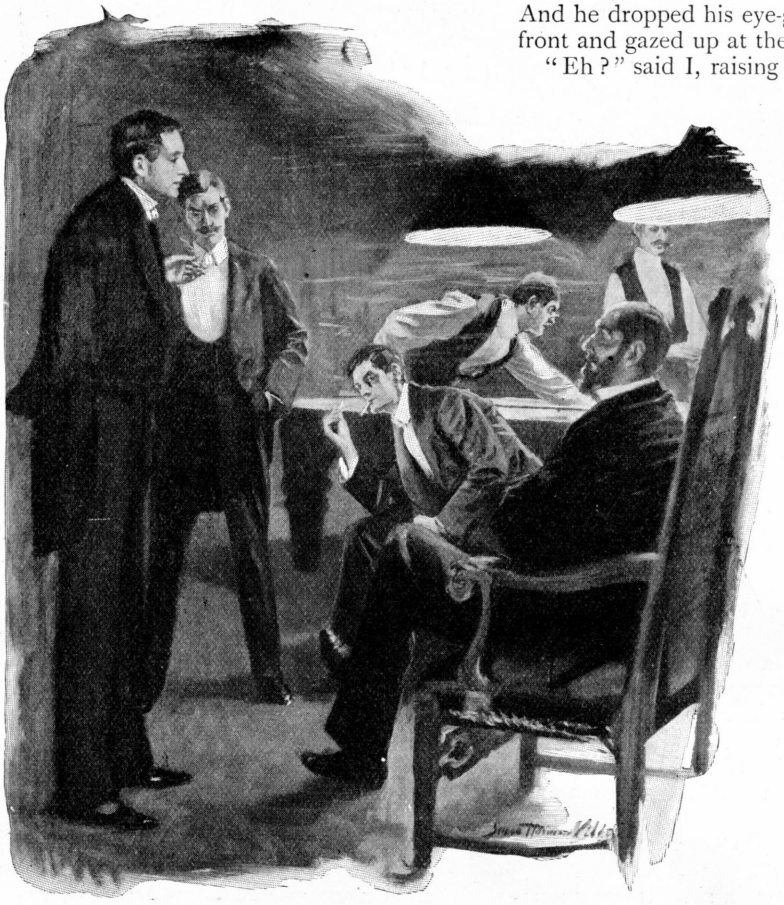
I may mention that George Lawson and I had been boys together at Rugby; in fact, he had been my fag there. Later in life, although our paths had diverged, we had met sometimes and dined together. So I knew all about his career: how he had made his fortune in the City out of South African mines, and decided to retire while he was yet young enough to enjoy life. I knew George Lawson, too, for a shrewd, practical man; not, perhaps, as downright as I am, but sound — quite sound — especially in his investments. And no better investment could he have made—from the point of view of a good sportsman — than Redscar Tower.

Certainly it was mighty hard on the young Earl of Dunslair that he had to part with such a place directly he had inherited it, and retire to the main estate of the family in Northumberland. Especially as the Tower had been the favourite shooting-box of the Dunslairs, and they had inhabited it regularly from August to February every season for years out of mind.

But do not misunderstand me. I call the Tower a shooting-box. I call it so on the same principle as London people who build palaces on the Thames or in the Surrey Hills and call them cottages. Redscar is a rambling old Elizabethan hall of the finest type. It is of stone, and ivy-mantled. Court-yards and cone-capped turrets with noisy vanes make it dismal-looking outside, but impressively mediæval. At any rate, a change to George Lawson after Throgmorton Avenue and his dull, respectable house in West Kensington.

But, inside, the Tower of Redscar is really marvellous. Oak, oak — floor, walls, and ceiling—all through the place. Oiled and beeswaxed to a nut-brown colour, it is a more wonderfully preserved wood than that in any mansion of the kind I have seen at home or abroad. The iron-work of the window-panes has each a different pattern; quaint, low-linteled doors lead out of rooms into cabinets, all with irregular recesses in unexpected places. You come suddenly on long corridors, and curtains hiding access to all sorts of little nooks you would never have dreamt of being there. This Christmas Eve was my first night in the house, and, though I am well accustomed to make my way about the world, I had not yet got the hang of it.

Well—as I was saying—we were round the billiard-table. We were chatting idly about the house. I think it was Augustus Brierly—a writer or something—who first started the idea that Redscar Tower was not really complete without a ghost. Now, I hate such nonsense, and I always make a point of putting my foot down heavily on twaddle of that kind, so, as I have said, I remarked: "Pooh!" It may have been rude, but facts are facts, and cannot be too bluntly stated.



"WE WERE CHATTING IDLY ABOUT THE HOUSE."

But I must say Brierly was quite equal to keeping his end up. He had been knocked out of the pool—I had taken two of his "lives"—and was sitting on the lounge with his long legs crossed. He ruffled his hair at what I said, fixed the monocle more firmly in his eye, and glared at me through his window-pane, as if no one had ever dared to speak to him like that before.

"Perhaps," said he, sarcastically, I suppose; "perhaps a robust person like you, Mr. Sterling, does not give credence to the investigations—scientific investigations, let me tell you—of the Society for Psychical Research?"

His general air of lean culture irritated me, I confess.

"No, sir," said I. "I do not give credence to any evidence but that of my own senses."

"Then, sir," said he, "I imagine your range of perception cannot be very extensive."

And he dropped his eye-glass on to his shirt-front and gazed up at the ceiling.

"Eh?" said I, raising my voice.

Then our good little host, George Lawson, stepped in. "Do stop that, you fellows," said he; "there's not the slightest reason to grizzle over a thing like that. As a matter of fact, my butler tells me we really have a ghost here. It haunts the tower-room at the end of the west wing."

"What's it like?" said young Wilton, a junior cavalry captain and up to any joke.

"Like!" said Lawson, "how should I know? I've only been in possession a few months. I've had enough to do looking after the workmen without taking to spirits; I'll have the butler up and ask, if you really want to know. He's been with me for years, and I know he'll speak the truth. Anyhow, we've already lost servants by it, and it worries me."

Augustus Brierly got up languidly, with his hands in his pockets; he seemed interested now.

"Send for him, by all means, my dear Lawson," he said. "I'm sure Mr. Sterling would like to hear."

"Oh, certainly, I'd like to hear," said I; "as much as that can do no harm."

So the bell was rung, and after a certain delay (due, no doubt, to disturbing the dignity of his evening leisure) in came the butler.

He was just like scores of other butlers: portly, a little flabby, and the last person in the world to allow his respectable soul to be disturbed by any imaginative dream. So much I had to admit to myself.

We all left the game and gathered round

him; I should have said there were about half-a-dozen of us—all men from town.

"Locker," said our host, "we want you to tell us all you've heard about the ghost in the tower."

"Yes, sir; certainly, sir," said the man, promptly. "There isn't much to tell; but what there is is solemn fack."

"Out with it, then," said George.

"It amounts to this, sir. We did put two maids to sleep in the tower-room, sir, while the cleaning was on. One night I was asleep when, about three o'clock in the morning, as it might be, I was awoke by a terrific screeching. Somethin' awful, sir, it was. So I hops out of the room and found the two young females in their nightdresses a-carryin' on awful and rushing about the passages. They did look like ghostesses themselves."

"Yes; but what did they see?"

"That I never by rights got to know, sir; seeing as they went off next morning, swearing they would not stop another night in Redscar. But I heard tell they said there was an awesome white figure, which stood and stooped and glowered and glared at them in bed. As high as the room he was, they said, and when they screeched the white thing disappeared through the wall, wringing his hands at them. That's all I heard, sir. Another girl has gave notice since then, and they do say, sir——"

"Yes, yes, what do they say?" asked George, quickly.

"I hardly like to tell, sir. It seems unlucky for you, sir——"

"Never mind that."

"They do say, sir, in the village, that it is the Wraith of the old Earl of Dunslair that's come to haunt the tower, sir—because it's passed out of the family which it has been in for hundreds and hundreds of years, sir. They say as how he was a terrible scandalous man in his youth, sir—terrible. And the folks say——"

"Yes, yes, what do they say?"

"They say that his ghost's come to drive you out of the place, sir. The Earl was that proud of the tower in his lifetime, and kept up such state. And he could never abide strangers."

"Is that all, Locker?" said Lawson.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, thank you, you can go; but don't talk to the other servants."

"No, sir."

As the butler went out a sudden chill fell on all of us. We put our cues on the rack as a matter of course, and gathered sympathetically round our host. A report like this is no nice thing to get about.

It was all the merest nonsense, of course.

"For God's sake, don't tell my wife," said Lawson, suddenly, and then was silent. But nobody liked to speak for quite a minute.

"It is quite true about the old Earl of Dunslair," said Lawson, at last, again breaking the silence. "He led a wild life and squandered the estate, so that when his grandson succeeded the other day he had to sell. But I heard he died a devout Catholic at last and built the Roman Catholic chapel here in Redscar village."

"But this is quite an excellent opportunity for Mr. Sterling," interposed Brierly, looking at me.

"How?" said I.

"To test your opinion, to be sure—of the evidence of your senses with regard to visions."

"It is all humbug what the maids saw," said I; "a waving curtain—or something."

"You don't seem anxious to go and see," said he.

"Really," said I, "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean that, for all you say, you don't like to go and see," said he, quietly.

"You mean that I am afraid?" said I, now almost angry.

"Oh, if you like to put it in that way," he answered.

"That's soon settled," said I. "Where is the room, George? Will you let me sleep in it to-night? It will be a new experience."

"Oh, I wouldn't bother, if I were you," said Lawson, good-naturedly; although I could see he was a good deal disturbed.

"But I must. I am a man who sticks to his guns; and Mr. Brierly thinks I am afraid. I insist on going—that is, if you have no objection, George?"

"Oh, I've no possible objection, of course; only the tower-room is right away from everyone in this great rambling place; there's the old furniture in it still—beautiful old stuff. I'll tell them to light a fire in the room, if you really want to try."

"I do," I said, emphatically.

"Then they shall take your things there. Myself, I should be glad enough if you'd lay the old Earl's spectre. I don't want any trouble about servants leaving. If that idea really gets about one never keeps any, and the notion of being a usurper is not pleasant for me in the county."

Certainly it was not a nice thing for Lawson. There was a certain awkwardness about everyone present. As it

was late the other men took their candles and began to make for bed; not, indeed, without some chaff for me. It was then I for the first time realized what I was going to do. And the idea struck me that the men might try to play a practical joke.

"Look here," I said, with my eye especially on Brierly; "look here, don't any of you try any lark; mind you, I intend, if I see that spook, to mark him." And I held up my fist.

"Well," said George, "if it's the old Earl, the more you mark him the better; he was no credit here, for all the time he held the place. Besides, I don't see why any baronial wraith should come and disturb my house when I've paid good money down on it."

"Just you wire in, Sterling," said young Wilton, as he went out and the rest followed, grinning.

But George took me by the arm after they'd all gone. He didn't laugh at all. "Jack," he said, "it's all very well to make a joke of a thing like this. Whether that room is haunted or not it is a horribly, nasty story to get about that I've ousted the old family. One did not like doing it, of course; all the same, they got a fancy price from me. But I don't like it—I don't like it—my butler is no fool. I don't like it at all, I tell you. Have a drop more whisky?"

"No, thanks," I said; "you can't really believe it, George. I'll be off now."

"Wait a minute till I give directions." He rang the bell, and Locker, the butler, appeared.

"Move Mr. Sterling's things yourself to the tower-room; light a fire, and say nothing to anyone."

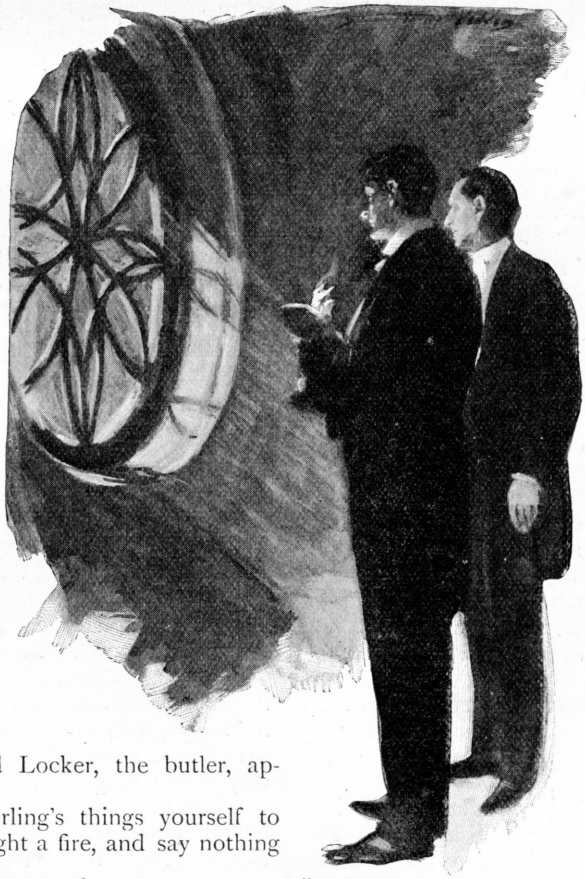
"Very good, sir."

In twenty minutes the butler returned, saying all was ready.

"Now," said George, "I'll come with you as far as the door."

So we mounted up the state staircase, our footsteps re-echoing on the oak below, above, and around us. We stood for a moment by a great rose-window, looking out on the gardens.

The moon was streaming through it on to the landing—a great full winter moon—crystal, clear. The branches of the big garden trees could be seen silvered with hoar-frost, and the whole quaint outline of the spreading outbuildings was sheeted in white—like a Christmas card. It struck bitter cold on the landing, and as Lawson led me away from contemplating that frosty landscape he told me that the one difficulty he had about the house was the warming of it. The whole place was one mass of wood, he said, and if it should once chance to catch alight nothing could save it; it would flare up like a furnace.



"THE MOON WAS STREAMING THROUGH IT ON TO THE LANDING."

"So," he added, as he opened the door of the haunted chamber, "my dear fellow, if you feel nervous, and want to keep a light going, do for goodness' sake be careful of these curtains."

He took hold of the great heavy tapestry curtains which hung round the old four-post bedstead in which I was to sleep.

"You see," he said, "they are Elizabethan. I bought everything right out, furniture and all. Beautiful, isn't it? And exactly suitable to the house."

I looked about me curiously. It

was indeed marvellous furniture, as quaint as the chamber itself. Two great carved oak presses of exquisite finish occupied each side of the room, which being a tower-room was hexagonal. Huge, great cupboards they were, quite 6ft. high. Except for these oak presses, a table, chairs, and the great bed with its hangings, the room was without any modern trumpery ornament; all was solid carving, substantial, grave, and beautiful as the courtly age to which the mediæval designer had belonged. There were no pictures, only an exquisitely carved wooden crucifix hanging on one wall.

The moon was streaming through the diamond panes of the window, which was without a blind. By this light and that of the fire in the great hearth, dimming the glimmer of the candles, one could easily picture men of the old time, with their ruffles and rapiers. A certain oppressive sense of gloom came over me as George bade me "Good-night."

It grew deeper as I turned the key in the lock of the door and heard his footsteps echoing down the long, wooden passage; I knew now that I was alone—utterly alone—at the end of the long wing.

"Suppose I had to call for help," I thought to myself, as I peeled off my coat and lit my pipe. Somehow I began to wish for a novel, just to distract my thoughts.

I rejected that notion as a sign of weakness unworthy of me, and soon tumbled into bed, first carefully putting the candle and matches ready to hand.

I could not sleep, the over-bright moonlight was a great annoyance. So I soon got out and drew the curtains as close as I could over the windows. They did not quite meet, however, and left a broad, brilliant ray of light cutting the dark like a knife. So I drew the thick tapestry curtains of the four-poster all tight round the bed.

Thus I stepped out of the moonlight into perfect darkness at last, when I finally mounted on to the big bed.

"Pooh, what nonsense it all is," I told myself, as I snuggled down into the deep warmth of the feathers. "Ghosts—pooh!"

And so, being healthily tired, I fell asleep like a log.

I awoke.

Something was in my room. I felt it—though I heard nothing. I lay still. The darkness of the curtains of the four-post bed was impenetrable. It was indeed "close-curtained night." I turned on my back to listen the more intently.

"Nonsense!" I said to myself. "There is nothing there.

"Eh, what was that? Was that a faint moan?"

I must be dreaming. I rubbed my eyes and pinched myself.

There came a long, faint-drawn moan, as of someone in pain.

"By Jove!"

Then came an awesome creak from far down the passage. That was nothing. I knew old houses made all sorts of queer noises at night. Still, I confess I was listening now with all my ears.

I was determined not to give myself away should any of the fellows be going to play some joke upon me. I would not draw a curtain of the bed for the same reason. Then It came again.

"Ooo-aaaa-aaaoooh!"

Then a horrible chuckle—beginning low at first, and going off into a sort of unearthly howl.

I thrilled. I had thought that I might possibly see something, but this grisly sound I did not expect.

Then came that dreadful moan again. There could be no mistake about it—none.

I sat up. I felt buried alive in the curtained blackness of the antique bed. The Unknown was without.

It might descend upon me at any second.

Then gibber, gibber, gibber, went a patter of low-uttered rubbish—yet so piteous, so weird—just as if a tormented soul from hell was praying to Heaven for salvation.

A chill ran down my backbone. Was this never to end? The air was close; boxed up as I was in the curtains I felt my breath come heavily. Yet, I confess it, I dared not stir to move the hangings to one side. You see, I did not know what might be on the other side.

I fancied, too, that a faint snuffy stench invaded my nostrils. Was it only the musty hangings?

Then I was startled violently by a great sound of "Boom! Boom!! Boom!!!"

It was only the clock of the house striking three. Really my nerves were more shaky than I thought.

And now I seemed to be suddenly growing very cold; a strange breath of air was filtering between the closed curtains of my bed; the hangings seemed to belly and wave horribly towards me. Where on earth could this current of air come from? Was it of earth?

My flesh fairly crept now; I felt like a child—afraid of the dark. There were so many little things—each one of itself of no particular significance, but all taken together full of something portentous of evil—unknown evil occurring in the unknown space in the bedroom outside the black hollow of the four-curtained bed. Though the rest might be imagination or it might not, yet I was sure of this creepy, cold breeze blowing in the room, and the faint moaning of one in agony of remorse. Of those two things I was quite sure; yet I could not stir. I suppose that I, John Sterling, was afraid. Afraid, yes, I was mortally afraid.

"Whish!" came suddenly an unmistakable sound—the sharpening of steel. "Whish," went the blade. "Whish!"—backward and forward.

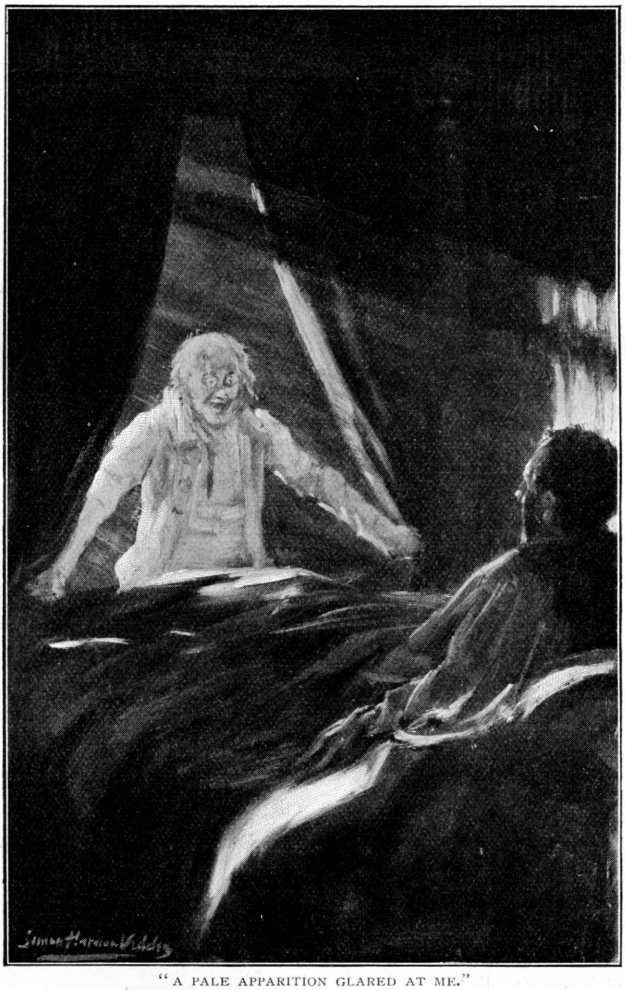
Then as suddenly as it began the swishing ceased. But what did knife-sharpening mean? Was it to be murder? Murder! This was another idea. Murder!

Still I hesitated, for I had sense enough to remember that if I moved out of that awful blackness of my curtained bed I should be dazzled for a moment by the light outside the bed and at the murderer's mercy.

Suddenly—with incredible swiftness—that very blackness was torn asunder by invisible hands.

As the curtains rushed away from each other I fell back on to my pillow, dazzled with the sudden light, and then—aghast.

At the foot of that awful bed framed between the two black wings of the curtains, with wide glistening eyeballs, strands of thin hair standing out from the head like white twisted snakes, and a toothless mouth wide open—all illumined ghastly blue in the light of the moon—a pale apparition glared at me, with such ferocity as seemed to freeze the blood.



"A PALE APPARITION GLARED AT ME."

The vision stood and stared, and then, with a swift rattle of the rings upon the curtain pole, It drew them back.

I was in a darkness of the coffin again.

Again the gibbering went on. The spirit—if spirit it was; and I was now in no mood to deny it—went yet again whispering round the room, like a lost soul in horrid torment.

Suddenly again, without the slightest warning, the curtains, this time on the left side of my bed—the dark side remote from the moonlight shining through the window—were dashed aside, and, mopping and mowing at me, that awful white Thing sidled up, horribly moving now this way and now that, as if inviting me to rise. An appearance of skinny fingers kept pawing on the bed-clothes.

I did not move, but I saw now that the Thing's clothes were of antique cut.

Then the curtains dashed together again, as suddenly as they had been drawn.

The tale of the old Earl coming back to haunt his old room and to destroy the present tenants of Redscar flashed across me. Could this be the Wraith of the wicked Lord of Dunslair? The whittling sound of a knife, the attempt to make me rise, the bitter cold, all stung me into the feeling that some life and death struggle was surely imminent. Would the apparition come again? Next time I must be ready.

I withdrew myself from my shrinking posture on the pillow and crouched low in the centre of the great black bed; for if that Thing came again I knew not from which side it would come.

So I crouched, shivering with cold, in my night-shirt, determined to make an effort if, for the third time, the vision should appear.

I had not long to wait.

"Swoop!" Back went the curtains on the third side of my bed—this time the side next the mullioned window through which the moonlight was streaming.

But there was nothing there.

I gazed, I confess, in horror at—vacancy. Then slowly, and with an unspeakable horror, lean, long talons began to scrabble at the bed-clothes; the same dread head began to rise above the level of the bed, with its horrific hair and glistening eyeballs. No body showed — only the head and horrid hands appeared, dragging at the coverlet.

Frozen with terror I could wait for no more. With frantic strength I shot my clenched fist full into the dreadful face.

My knuckles seemed to go into something pulpy soft. There came a long-drawn, whining howl. I sprang up in bed and saw a figure, crouching on all-fours, move quickly to the dark wall under the window. I seized my match-box and struck, dropping the lighted match on the bed-clothes. In that second George's warning about fire came to me. I dashed out my hand and pressed out the burning light.

As I did so I looked up and saw that white horror standing right up, grisly in the deep shadow. I struck another match and lit the candle.

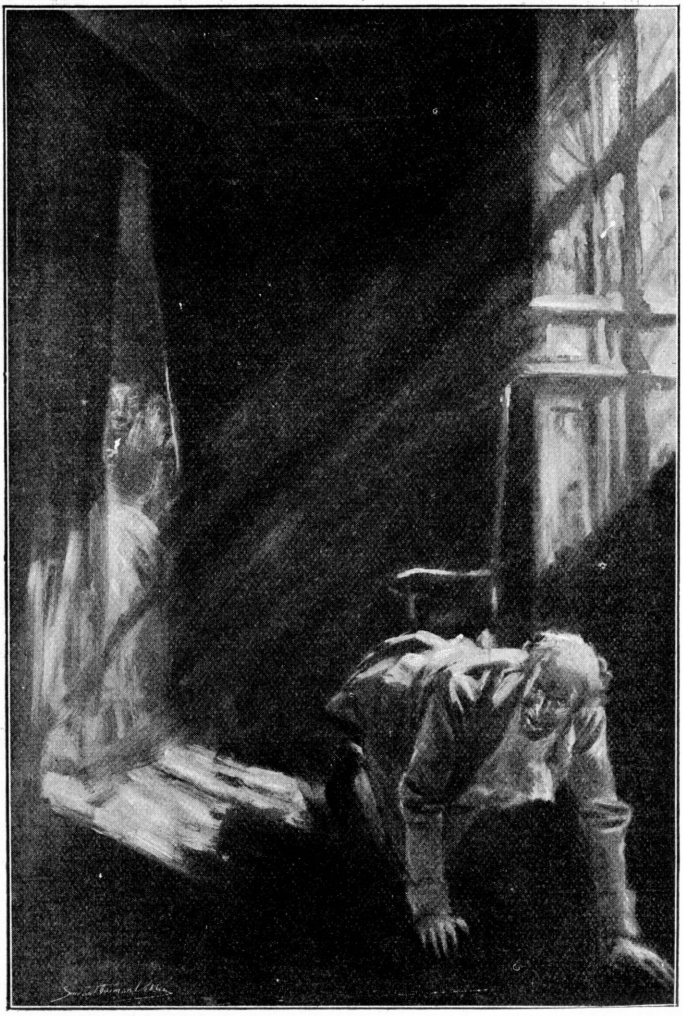
The Wraith had vanished utterly.

I leapt out of bed and dashed to the wall where I had last seen it. There was nothing there.

My fingers touched hard stone. I turned to the huge press and looked in; there was nothing there.

I prowled, liked a caged beast, about the room, searching up and down. There was nothing there.

And now, strange to say, the room seemed less cold.



"I SAW A FIGURE CROUCHING ON ALL-FOURS."

I rattled at the door—that was fast; all the windows—so were they. I went tapping round the room. There was nothing by which anyone could have entered or escaped.

Nothing.

And then a reactionary feeling of deadly nausea came upon me; worse, if anything, than what I had passed through. It must, it must in very truth, it *must* have been the spirit of that old Earl. What else could it have been? The old Earl in his spirit shape, yearning for vengeance.

For the first time in my life I saw that departed spirits must exist. That frightful apparition; the mysterious cold; the utter disappearance. How else could it be accounted for?

I crept back to bed to cogitate. As I hugged myself under the sheets I could not, try as I would, account for this under any other hypothesis than the supernatural. But I almost laughed with pure relief from the tension. Yet, if it were so, how was I to face Mr. Augustus Brierly in the morning?

I should have to confess myself wrong, in spite of my confident statement of the night before. That would be a bitter pill, but anything was better than that which I had just passed through.

Moreover, I did not see how any of the other men could possibly have hoaxed me over the matter. At any rate, I had left my mark on one of them if he had.

Then, mostly from bravado, I'm afraid, I tried to get to sleep. It was no use, of course, so I got up. For hours I paced the room back and fro, determined to be ready should the Wraith return. And this, until morning broke. Then I returned into bed to save appearances.

The butler, coming in to take my clothes to brush, drew my curtains and let in the bright light about me. Even the steam of the hot shaving-water seemed to bring me back to life again as, at last, I sat up in bed in fair daylight. The butler looked curious, but was discreetly silent—as is the manner of butlers.

Had the last night's experience been all a bad dream? No, I was sure that it had not. But at breakfast I should have to meet all the men. If I told truthfully what I had seen I was bound to be unmercifully chaffed. That would not be pleasant, nor the condescending sneer of Brierly. Yet, by Jove, it had been weird. If there ever was a ghost that was one. Should I be honest and bear the brunt, or should I deny that I had seen anything? It was a temptation for a moment, I confess; yet I have always been a downright man, and object altogether to crooked ways of dealing. Yes, I had to face it out.

I was slow in dressing, but slower still perhaps to recognise that the reason was that my hand was a bit shaky. Could it be possible that I, who was, as a rule, as steady as a rock, had had my nerves shaken so much as that? Moreover, the feeling of awe would not leave me.

When I finally got down to the breakfast-room I was greeted with curious glances, but as the ladies and servants were present no one alluded to the matter.

After breakfast most of the men managed to stroll after me into the gun-room, on one excuse or another.

"A bit white about the gills, Sterling, I think!" said young Wilton.

"Chippy—distinctly chippy!" chimed in another youngster.

"Did you sleep much last night?" asked Brierly, with unnecessary politeness.

"Never mind those fellows. Have a pick-me-up—a whisky-and-soda or a pint of champagne?" said Lawson, hospitably.

By Jove! was I as bad as that? I never thought I could have actually shown anything in my face. I strolled over to a mirror and took a steady look at myself. Yes; I was pale and baggy enough under the eyes, in all conscience.

"No, thanks, George," I said. "There's nothing much the matter."

"Well, have you seen anything?" said Brierly, after a short silence. He was evidently unable to restrain his impatience.

I gazed round the party, scrutinizing each face carefully to see if I could observe marks of the blow that I had given my nocturnal visitor. All were smart and debonair as could be; never a sign of anything. I felt nonplussed.

"We're all waiting, Jack," said Lawson, good-naturedly.

"Well," said I, deliberately, just to keep them on tip-toe. "Well, I *have!*"

Brierly's eyes positively blazed with triumph; the others laughed, tentatively.

George looked annoyed and a bit anxious, I thought.

"Won't you tell us?" he said.

I could not resist this, so I at once told them all the tale, omitting nothing.

Then Mrs. Lawson happened to call for her husband to go out; the others had to follow. I was left alone with Brierly.

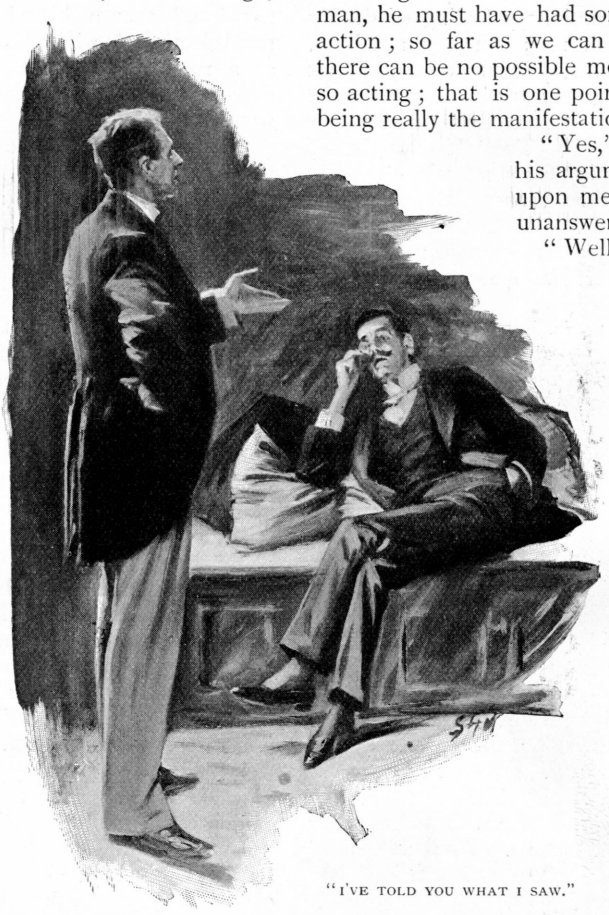
"You confess then," said he, slowly, "that you cannot account for this vision?"

"Yes," said I. "I confess that I cannot account for it."

"Won't you acknowledge that the presence was preternatural?" he went on.

"I've told you what I saw; that is enough," said I, shortly.

"You *saw*, you say? You did more than see. Look! it is hard to have a clearer case. There was no clairvoyant or medium to conjure up tricks. Observe, too, that you had never slept in the room before; that no one but ourselves, and that only at a late hour — too late to play a trick, even if it had been the intention of any of us — knew that you were going to occupy that room; and above all, that it can be the object of no living creature to visit that room in the manner you have described."



"I'VE TOLD YOU WHAT I SAW."

"That is all true," said I.

"Well; let us go on," said he. Now that he was interested in his demonstration he dropped his pedantic air; indeed, he became so natural that I really began to like him.

"So far, then," he said, "we have established that it is next door to impossible that it can be any trick; it is equally impossible that burglary can have been the object. For you found nothing disturbed."

"That is true," said I; "except that I couldn't find my razors, at first."

"I think, then, we can dismiss entirely the question of there being any rational object in any man so disturbing you," he said.

"Yes," I answered. "No man in his senses could have done just what that—that appearance—did."

"Well, it is not likely that any man out of his senses could have done it," said he, smiling.

"No, certainly not," I answered.

"There," said he, "that is what I will call our 'negative' case. If what you saw was a man, he must have had some reason for his action; so far as we can either of us see, there can be no possible motive for any *man* so acting; that is one point in favour of its being really the manifestation of a *spirit*."

"Yes," I answered, for his argument was growing upon me. Indeed, it was unanswerable.

"Well," he went on, "let us now look upon it from the point of view of the evidence of your senses. And," he added, "you said you would believe in ghosts if you had the evidence of your senses?"

"Ah," said I, "if you can convince me there, I am quite your convert."

"Well, now, let us consider all your senses in turn; not one, mark you, which is generally considered sufficient evidence by most people. Many people who see something filmy-white floating in the dark at a *séance* are convinced mostly by their own imagination. But let us take all your senses—one by one—and see how they re-act the one upon the other. First, the most obvious sense—the sense of sight. You saw the creature—let me see—three times distinctly—with an interval of intense horror between each vision?"

"Distinctly, utterly distinctly, I saw it," I answered. "I could swear to each time as a separate fact, although I don't mind saying I am a bit nervous of ridicule."

"Don't, I beg, fear that I shall laugh at you over this matter. Far from it. Every case has to be taken on its own merits. If I have hitherto appeared perhaps a little rude,

you must forgive me. There are cases which have come under my experience which are quite inexplicable—and this one seems at present likely to rank with them. Some things yield to investigation; some do not. My province is only to examine and to classify. I confess this affair interests me extremely. For I have no doubt of your good faith."

"I should hope not," I said.

"You must pardon me again. I was only speaking as a scientific observer, whose entire aim is accuracy. I meant by saying that I did not doubt your good faith that a big, six-foot, healthy man like you is not one who is subject to hallucinations or nervous fits—that, in fact, you are totally prejudiced against anything in the way of psychical phenomena."

"No one more so," I answered, mollified.

"Well, to return to your sense of sight: you have never had any hallucinations of any kind in your life?"

"None whatever."

"Yet you saw the apparition three distinct times, with distinct intervals, in which you could think dispassionately between each vision?"

"Yes."

"So much then for the evidence of your sense of sight—enough alone to convince nine people out of ten. Now for your sense of hearing. You heard gibberings and piteous moans?"

"Distinctly."

"You heard the sharpening of steel—you are sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

"Did you hear nothing more?"

"Only the rattle of the curtain-rings when the curtains were drawn asunder, and a sort of indistinct shuffling and rustle."

"Ha! that is a curious point. But did you hear nothing when the apparition disappeared?"

"Nothing."

"Quite sure?"

"Nothing at all."

"So now," he said, "see what we have got so far. A nearly absolutely negative case, and your sense of hearing confirming your sense of sight. Now, of your sense of smell! Did you smell anything?"

"Yes, a faint odour—musty and sickly—not unpleasant. I think, but I am not sure, that it might have been the smell of the bedroom."

"That is all?"

"That is all."

"Of tasting, of course, you had no opportunity. Now, lastly, of your sense of feeling?"

"Oh, feeling!" said I; "the wraith felt me more than I felt him. I'll wager that."

"Very possibly—but what exactly did you feel?"

"When I hit I felt a yielding, pulpy, soft thing—that might have been an ordinary face, and might not; it had no resistance in it worth mentioning. But I was not at close quarters, and so I could not feel the full force of my own blow."

"Possibly it was a fully materialized psychic body. But what do you think of it all yourself?"

"I confess, now, that—that I must be convinced it was really a spirit."

"I wonder if we could examine the room," said he.

"I did examine it," I said.

"This morning?"

"No, not this morning."

"Well, let us go and examine it now."

"I think," I said, "we'd better, perhaps, wait for Lawson's permission. I know he is very upset about the whole thing, and it would be as well not to cause any commotion among the servants, unless he knows."

"You are right, no doubt; we'll wait till lunch, and ask him then. Meanwhile, let's go and look at the outside of the tower to see if there is any way of getting in. There may be some footmarks."

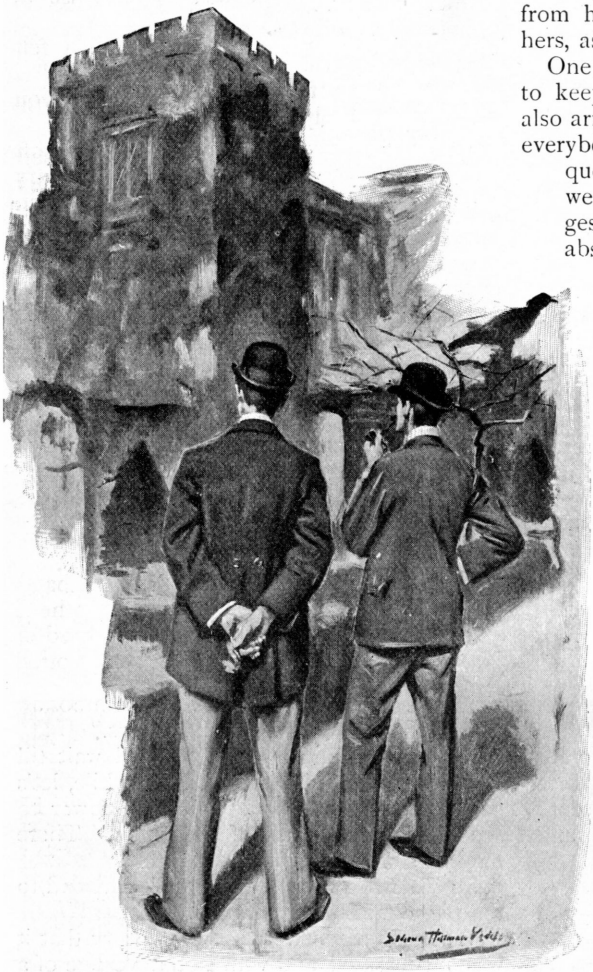
So we lit our pipes and strolled round to the big, old-fashioned garden.

When we reached the tower we saw that it was ivy-mantled and with not a vestige of a door in it. We looked around the base of the tower in every direction, to see if there were traces of anything in the way of footmarks. The ground was still quite hard from the frost. But the sun having been up some time the white hoar had thawed off from the grass; there was no trace of any footmark to be seen.

Gradually the whole significance of the thing was eating itself into me. There was nothing, simply nothing, to show that what I had seen was not supernatural. Indeed, everything seemed to point to the fact that I had at last to acknowledge that I had seen—a Ghost!

At last I had no doubt. Worse; I was fairly feverish over it.

Then Brierly, quite rationally, began to relate to me several of the instances of similar things which had come under his observation—things which would bear no explanation.



"WE LOOKED AROUND THE BASE OF THE TOWER IN EVERY DIRECTION."

We passed the morning so talking; I felt too upset to do anything else. For I had little confidence in Brierly finding out anything from the room. Notwithstanding my agitation on the previous night, I felt that I had made a very sufficient search.

At last the lunch-bell rang, and we went in to the social meal; all us men with a secret between us, which made us bad companions for the ladies, I fear.

After lunch Lawson, Brierly, and I adjourned again to the billiard-room for a consultation. George, figuratively speaking, took the chair.

"Look here," he said, "we must go slow and lay this ghost, if it can be laid."

Then we fell into a longish talk. At last it was arranged that Lawson and I should occupy the haunted room jointly on that night. He was quite sure he could get away from his room without disturbing his wife in hers, as the dressing-room was between.

One of us was to be in bed and the other to keep watch, concealed somewhere. We also arranged that we would not go up until everybody was in bed. Then came the question as to what further precautions we should take. George Lawson suggested revolvers, but that I said was absurd; heavy sticks were quite sufficient for all our purpose.

That evening it seemed a long dinner enough, and the game at pool afterwards dragged terribly, although we let the other men into the secret. When the ladies retired Lawson began to make scouting excursions towards the servants' quarters, to see if they showed any signs of retiring. Of course they seemed to stay up longer than usual. Then all the other guests went off to bed, while George and I engaged each other at pyramids.

At last the butler came in to know if anything further was wanted, and was told to go to bed.

After a decent interval, having made quite sure that everyone was in their rooms, I walked off with my candle to my haunted chamber, with Lawson following silently behind in his stockinged feet.

We entered the room. Again the moonlight was streaming through the window. We had already determined to allow it to do so, so as to have as much light as possible on the situation. We had also arranged that I, being the bigger man, should be held in reserve and in hiding, while George Lawson was this time to be the victim in the bed.

So, having carefully rattled at the windows to see that they were secure and so on, we finally ensconced ourselves—George in the bed with the curtains drawn, and I in the huge oak cupboard, but with the door slightly ajar. I sat on a stool inside with my eye fixed upon the room so that I could see nearly all that might pass, without myself being observed.

For the first hour the waiting was simply deathly dull. Lawson soon began to snore in good earnest; I envied him in bed while I sat, getting colder and colder, as the fire died down in the hearth. I leaned back in the cupboard and tried to make myself as comfortable as I could in my cramped position.

I had been sitting so for nearly two hours, listening to the contented breathing of the somnolent George, when, half-asleep as I was, I suddenly felt a cold breath of air stir on my cheek. And in the same instant came a crash and I tumbled back headlong—into a black abyss!

Candidly, I felt for a moment as if I was killed.

I was in absolute blackness, on my back, head down, and where I had no idea.

But I had fallen "soft." And suddenly as I lay—with my head much lower than my feet—I felt something move under me.

Thank God, it was flesh and blood—a real man.

Instantly all my senses returned. I knew then that I was in some kind of well-like passage, communicating with the room, or a flight of stairs coming up into it.

Something groaned a little and moved under me. I found I was not really hurt, except for a slight contusion. So I turned at once and gripped the man lying inert under me.

Then, as I had him in my grasp, I saw George standing in the aperture above showing a light; he was asking if I was hurt.

I answered, "Not a bit," and, gripping our visitor, lifted him a little—he was passive as a child. Then I took him up bodily and stumbled up the stair again to the chamber. It was my ghostly old man, sure enough — a phantom of flesh in a white serving-man's livery, and more frightened than hurt.

"Cheer up, George," I said. "There is your family spectre." And plumped my burden into a chair.

There sat the Wraith, with both arms hanging straight down, for all the world like an automaton which had run down. He sat there, staring at us both, with eyes wide open and jaw dropped on his neck. His tangled white hair and lean face looked in the moonlight sufficiently ghastly for any spirit.

But the old fellow uttered no word—only moved his head from side to side, in a silly way, craning his skinny neck, first at one of us then at the other.

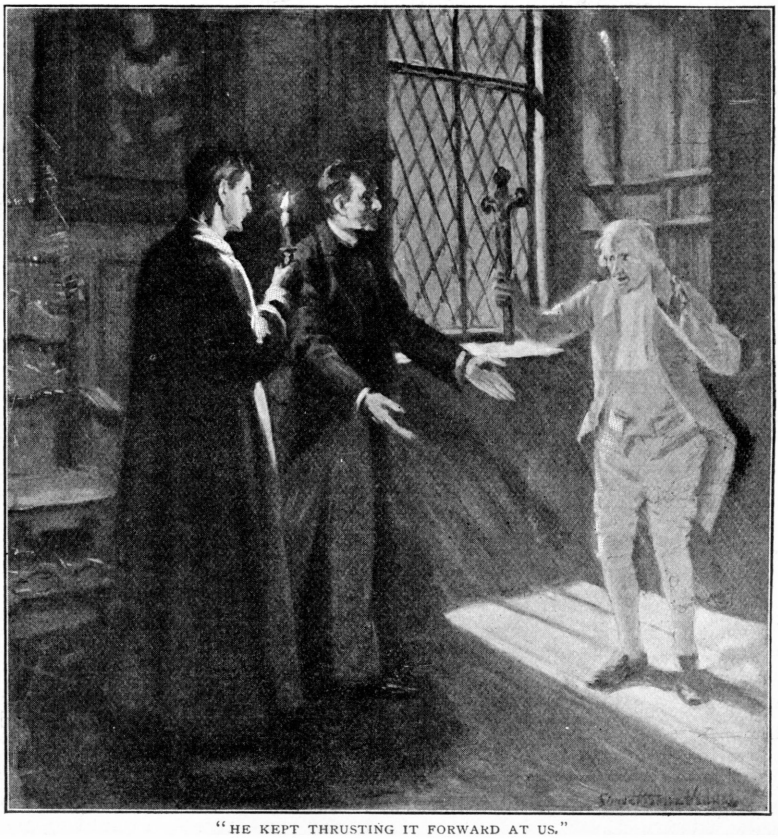
At last I clapped him on the shoulder. He jumped all over.

Then with a shriek he leapt like a goat from the chair and dashed at the wall. He snatched down the wooden crucifix from it and held it before him, standing erect. Then he kept thrusting it forward at us, as if we were evil things to be banned.

This seemed to me to be a bit reversing the proper order of affairs, so I asked him who he was.

A gasp was all the answer.

"We won't hurt you," Lawson said; "we are as good Christians as yourself. You can put the crucifix down; you see it has no terrors for us."



"HE KEPT THRUSTING IT FORWARD AT US."

This seemed to pacify him. He replaced the cross with the most scrupulous reverence on the wall; then bent his knee before it and crossed himself.

"You are a good Catholic, evidently," said I. "Now tell me what you are doing here."

By now Lawson had brought his candle close to the old face.

"By Jove! it's ——" he said, when the old fellow suddenly broke into a low whine.

"Where is my lord? This is my lord's room," he said. "His lordship cannot see ye now, sorrs."

"No, no," said Lawson, motioning me to keep silence; "you are Larry Maguire. This is my house now. Lord Dunslair is dead; you know that. I am Mr. Lawson. I have bought Redscar."

In an instant the old fellow's face seemed to change; he passed his hand across his forehead.

"Whisht!" he said, "'tis true it is, then? Me lord's with the saints, sure he is. Yes, yes, I know now, I know. Yes, but who are ye?" he asked, humbly.

"I? I tell you I am Mr. Lawson. I am master here now. What are you doing in my house, Larry?"

"You are master—master here now?"

"But who are you?" I asked, impatiently.

"Is it me? Everyone knows me. I am old Larry Maguire that does no harm." Then the old fellow began to whimper.

"But what are you doing here at this time of night, Larry?" said George.

"Whisht, sorr, I cannot come in the day at all—by reason of the new people. Bridget stays me coming in the day. Sure, I come just when I can slip out. To wake my lord and dress him entirely, and just to say a prayer by the Holy Cross here—the wood of the True Cross it is, that they brought here years gone by." And the old man turned again to the crucifix and crossed himself devoutly.

"But why don't you come by the proper door?" said Lawson.

"Eh? Ye would be clever, now," he responded, with a shaking finger and every symptom of senile cunning. "Sure, Bridget will not let me come by the door; so I come by the way no one but me and the master knew. Arrah, and now there be bad spirits of evil here—bad spirits." And he put his hand up, feelingly, to his face, where I had hit him the previous night.

"Where do you live?" said I, my curiosity again getting the better of me.

"Whisht! Where do I live? 'Tis at Redscar I live entirely."

Then the old fellow began to blether to himself—we knew all we wanted from him now.

"Come," said George, taking up the candle. "We'll just explore this passage of yours, Larry."

And so, leaving our old Wraith to croon and maunder to himself, we stepped down the stair.

As I passed out of the room I saw that the back of the big cupboard in which I had been hidden concealed the door of the secret passage and opened into it. Certainly it had sounded hollow when I had tapped it before, but evidently not of the hollowness of the vacancy behind it—rather with the echo made within the massive cupboard itself. Doubtless, also, it was this door which when opened had made me feel a cold breeze.

The passage led right through the solid thickness of the wall for quite a long distance.

At first, by a flight of steps we descended to the level of the ground-floor. Then the passage twisted at a right angle, and at last we came to a door quite a long way from the tower chamber; this was on the latch. Lawson was first; as he walked through his candle-flame blew out, so I could see nothing, but I heard strong language from George.

"Confound the place!" he said. "I've walked straight into a bramble bush."

We lit the light again and beheld the growth of tens of years about the door—a little, insignificant door—which, in the huge block of buildings of which the rambling house consisted, might—and did—easily escape the notice of anyone.

"Well," said George Lawson, when we'd run the last of the passage into the open, "it seems we've been 'had,' after all. Poor old Larry; the old Earl's Irish valet he was, a daft old chap who wears the old livery on occasions of ceremony as his right. It was he who wanted to wake you and sharpened your razors. To think we were scared by old Larry. He sometimes has bad demented fits, but his daughter keeps a good hand upon him. He does the verger work at the Catholic chapel all right; so no one has the heart to shut him up—a harmless lunatic, my dear Sterling—a harmless lunatic, like some others, I think."

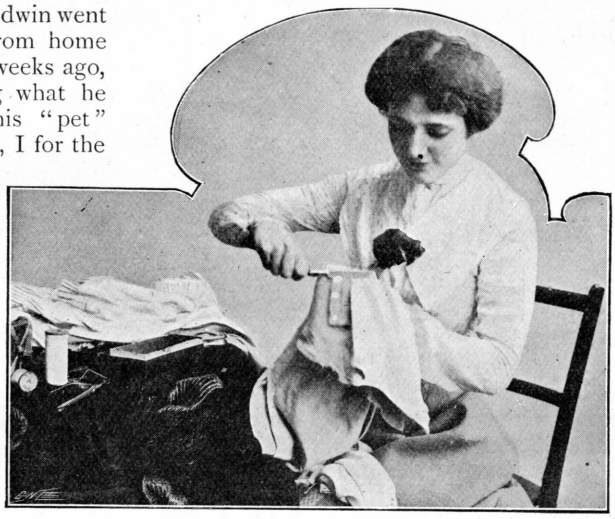
"Yes," said I, grinning; "but it's bad for Brierly. I score after all."

Edwin's Razor.

By Angelina Brown.

WHEN Edwin went away from home a few weeks ago, leaving what he calls his "pet" razor behind him, I for the first time grasped the beneficent wisdom of Nature in growing whiskers on men's faces.

For me, a young wife, that razor smoothed the way out of many difficulties, and helped me to realize that the family cutlery-case is stale, flat, and unprofitable when certain little household duties requiring a really sharp instrument are to be successfully carried out.



"THE BUTTONS SEEMED TO FALL OFF AS IF BY MAGIC."

It was by the merest accident that I discovered the virtues of a razor. I wanted to cut some buttons off one of baby's garments. The razor was lying upon the dressing-table, and there was nothing else handy, so I used it for the purpose named, and with such success that I determined in future to use it whenever I could in preference to a pair of scissors or an ordinary penknife. I was simply charmed with it. The buttons seemed to fall off as if by magic when I put the least pressure on the razor.

Next day I was busy preparing to make some marmalade, when the thought struck me: "Why not use Eddie's razor to slice the fruit?" I can never feel thankful enough for the inspiration. The time saved in the slicing of the oranges and lemons was wonderful. Hours at least! I strongly advise every wife who would make satisfactory marmalade, with the fruit in nice, thin shavings, to use her husband's razor for the purpose. The marmalade is always ever so much nicer than when an ordinary table-knife is used.

"THE TIME SAVED IN SLICING THE ORANGES AND LEMONS WAS WONDERFUL."

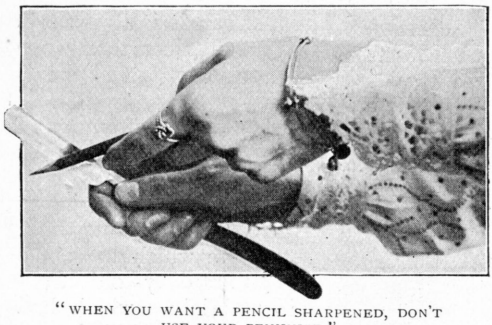
The same afternoon I happened to be in the box-room. For a long time I had been hoping to spare the necessary hour or two in which to scrape off the dirty old Continental labels which had remained on Eddie's and my own boxes since our happy, happy honeymoon. You know how these nasty labels disfigure nice and otherwise unsoiled travelling chests and portmanteaus? Which was the best way of removing them? Like a message from Heaven came the idea to my brain: "Eddie's razor!"

Soon the paper shavings were flying in all directions

about the room. It was so nice and pleasant just to place the sharp edge of the razor beneath the side of each label, and then with a brisk whisk to, as it were, shave the label from the box. Some of those labels, I confess, were so tightly fixed to the canvas and leather that I had in a few cases to use a good deal of force in cutting them away, but Eddie's razor robbed the job of half its tiresomeness, and presently our beautiful boxes and portmanteaus were quite free from the ugly, dirty bits of coloured paper, which were always an eyesore to me when I entered our little box-room.

"SOON THE PAPER SHAVINGS WERE FLYING IN ALL DIRECTIONS."

Another thing which I should advise young and old wives to do. When you want a pencil sharpened, don't use your penknife



"WHEN YOU WANT A PENCIL SHARPENED, DON'T USE YOUR PENKNIFE."

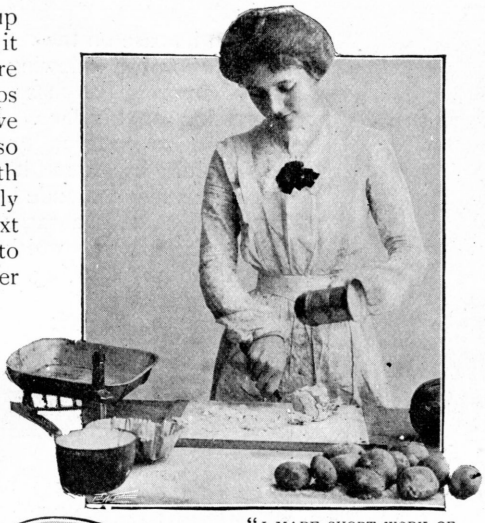
—that is nearly always blunt, and one can't sharpen a pencil properly with a blunt knife. During Eddie's absence from home I never used anything else but his razor when I wanted a pencil very sharp and smoothly pointed. It was quite a pleasure to use that pencil, I assure you. Mrs. Williams, my neighbour, was so charmed with my pencil on an occasion which arose when we were enjoying afternoon tea in my drawing-room, that I insisted on sharpening her own pencil with Eddie's razor, and she was ever so grateful.

As for cutting geranium-slips! You might search the wide world over and you could not possibly have a better thing for cutting geranium-slips than your husband's razor! It was quite a pleasure, I assure you, to get hold of a big geranium in my left hand, and with Eddie's "pet" razor in my right hand lop off cutting after cutting. Not the slightest exertion seemed necessary, the blade of the razor went through the stalks just as though they were warm butter. And in the same way I found the razor a most admirable

"I FOUND THE RAZOR A MOST ADMIRABLE THING FOR CHOPPING UP THE MOULD."

thing for chopping up the mould to make it nice and fine before transplanting the slips into it. I feel positive that, owing to being so cleanly slipped and with the mould so beautifully fine, our geraniums next year will be bound to surpass anything ever seen before in this neighbourhood.

How I got hold of the excellent idea of chopping up the mould with Eddie's pet razor was this: A few days previously I was rather hurried in preparing the pudding for dinner. I always make the sweets myself, as servants are not always to be trusted at such work; and I found the knife I was using in cutting up the suet, etc., rather blunt. Of course, I thought of Eddie's razor immediately, and, getting hold of that, I made short work of the suet. I was most careful, when it had done what I required of it, to wipe the grease from it and give it a rub on the knife-board.



"I MADE SHORT WORK OF THE SUET."

For cutting up old clothes, or re-making a skirt, I find nothing can beat Eddie's razor. You simply take the skirt in one hand, with the seams running in a line from between the finger and thumb. Take the razor and place its edge on the seam to be divided. The cloth will almost seem to separate of its own accord, and you will be saved an immense amount of time and trouble.

One day I was out shopping and, the rain coming on unexpectedly, my patent leather shoes became caked with mud. Could I trust such a delicate operation as the removal of caked mud from my beautiful patent leather shoes to Mary Anne? Certainly not! Eddie's razor acted superbly in saving my shoes from disaster, and I was enabled, through its aid, to preserve the polish intact. I am persuaded that nothing can beat a razor as a remover of mud from boots. Its sharpness, no matter how caked the mud may be, enables one to shave the stuff cleanly away, especially from the soles and heels.

"I WAS MOST CAREFUL TO GIVE IT A RUB ON THE KNIFE-BOARD."

"FOR CUTTING UP OLD CLOTHES I FIND NOTHING CAN BEAT EDDIE'S RAZOR."

"NOTHING CAN BEAT A RAZOR AS A REMOVER OF MUD FROM BOOTS."

On the evening preceding the day on which my dearest Edwin returned home we had tinned peaches and, amongst other things, sardines, for supper. What do you think happened? Mary Anne, the stupid girl, had mislaid the can-opener; nor could it be found, although a thorough search was instituted immediately; it looked as if our supper would have to be postponed indefinitely when—I thought of Eddie's razor!

It saved the situation! Running upstairs, I carried it, the most useful of all household chattels, back to the dining-room in triumph, and found not the slightest difficulty in opening both the peach-can and the sardine-tin. I assure you, I enjoyed my supper all the more in consequence of my success. As for Mary Anne, the poor, stupid creature seemed positively delighted, and did not cease to grin during the remainder of the evening. The lower classes have really very little resource when they find themselves in a sudden or unexpected difficulty.

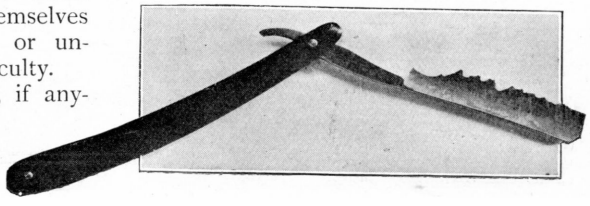
Being tidy, if anything, I always took pains to replace dear Edwin's razor in its case on the dressing-table.

The morning following his return I noticed him examining the razor, with a rather strange expression on his face. I was so glad, for it gave me an opportunity of explaining to him how useful I had found it whilst he was away.

He seemed astounded. I suppose the silly boy thought that a razor was only fit for one thing—shaving his whiskers, and was so surprised at my proving the opposite that he could find no words to express his thoughts.

"I FOUND NOT THE SLIGHTEST DIFFICULTY IN OPENING BOTH THE PEACH-CAN AND THE SARDINE-TIN."

But afterwards, when I had left the room, I thought I heard him utter quite a torrent of words. Since he returned I have not been able to continue the use of the razor. I rather fancy he locks his dressing-case every morning now.



The Guiding Hand.

By Owen Oliver.

THE fog that lay in Gloom Valley dwindled to a mist as we rose up the hill; but the mist was thick enough to hide the lights of Braemar till they flung open the hall doors. The blaze of the logs made a feeble inroad upon the night, and showed a spectral driver beside a shadowy, panting horse. Old McAlister stepped backward as I came out from the darkness as though I, too, were a ghost.

"Mr. Arnold!" he exclaimed.

"I must see Mr. Robert or Miss Flora," I said.

The old man looked at me anxiously.

"There's nothing wrong with Mr. Hector, I hope, sir?"

I took off my mackintosh without answering him.

"It's nothing that I can tell you, McAlister. Will you let them know that I am here?"

He nodded toward the foot of the stairs, and Flora Bain came forward. She had not altered in the year that had passed—a long, long year.

"This is — unexpected," she said. I bowed. It was, of all things, unlikely that I should come there.

"I came to see Bob." She flushed. "I mean—I have business with him." She turned a trifle pale.

"Hector!" she cried. "Tell me."

"Not here. Take my arm. You are faint." She put her arm in mine and leaned upon it. It was painfully pleasant to feel the touch of her fingers.

"He is not dead?" she asked, as we moved slowly down the passage.

"He is not dead." I almost wished that he were.

Robert Bain was dozing, with his head on his hand and an open book upon his knees. One ankle was bandaged. He had damaged it badly, while deer-stalking, I knew. In his sleep he was smiling a pleasant smile.

"Tell me," she entreated, with a thrill in her voice. "I shall break it to him best." I shook my head.

"Bob," I called. "Bob!"

He opened his eyes and looked up at us.

"What!" he cried, with his ready laugh. "Flora! Frank!"

She shrank from me suddenly. We had been lovers once and were lovers no more.

"No," I said, with a choke in my voice. "It is not that. It is — be brave, dear old Bob." I struggled with the words that would not come and sat down on a chair. His face went slowly white.

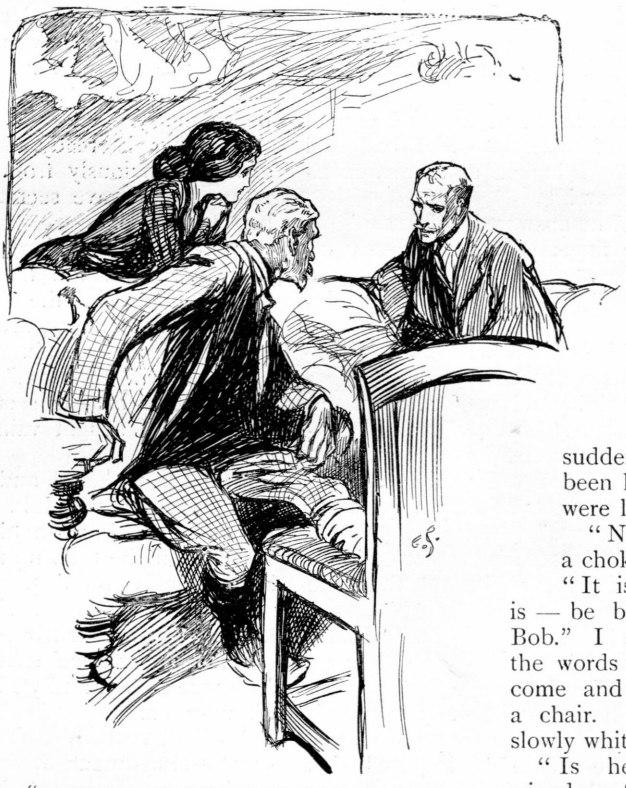
"Is he dead?" I wiped my forehead.

"Worse!" He grasped the arms of his chair and Flora leaned forward.

"I will not believe it," she said, passionately. Her brother held up his hand.

"Tell us, Frank." I cleared my throat desperately.

"It was just after daylight; about a quarter to seven this morning. I was shaving.



"HE GRASPED THE ARMS OF HIS CHAIR AND FLORA LEANED FORWARD."

The landlady knocked to say that someone wanted to see me. He would not give his name, and he looked as if he had been out all night, she reported. I told her to send him away; but she came back to say that he would not go. So I saw him. It was Hector." I paused.

"Yes?"

"He—I wish I could say something to soften it—he had fallen into difficulties over racing and speculation."

"Oh!" cried Flora, scornfully; "if *that* is all!" She stopped suddenly, seeing my face.

"He took £10,000 of his employers' money." I turned my face away not to see theirs. "Of course, he did not mean to keep it."

"Ten thousand pounds!" said Robert Bain, in a hard whisper. Things had gone hardly with them of late, and the estate was heavily mortgaged. He could not raise a quarter of the sum.

"It would be found out unless he could pay by to-morrow morning. If I had had the money——" I looked at them appealingly. "You know?"

"Yes, Frank," he answered, "I know."

Flora's white fingers played restlessly on the little table beside her.

"And I know," she confessed, almost inaudibly.

"Clarkson and Read are hard men——"

"Hard men," she echoed.

"There was nothing to hope for from them. He had been to your Uncle Donald, knowing of no one else who could find the money. Your uncle refused and ordered him out of the house. He came to ask my help to get away from the country."

"The coward!" hissed his brother. Flora's eyes blazed at him for an instant, then she turned to me.

"Our Hector! You helped him? Frank—you helped him?"

"I helped him."

"I need not have asked," she murmured, half to herself. "You were always kind."

"Where is he going?" inquired his brother, in a dull, level voice.

"To Australia. There is a small cargo vessel, the *Anne Jane*, sailing from Liverpool before daylight to-morrow. He is going in her. I have given him what money I could lay my hands on. The other is all gone." Robert groaned. "He asked me to come and break it to you." I laughed, hollowly. "I have done it badly, but——"

"May God bless you!" said Flora. Her brother said nothing, but held out his hand.

"I was to beg of you to forgive him."

"Never!" he cried. Flora buried her face in the sofa pillow.

"I think you would pity him if you had seen him." Robert Bain shook his head, sternly.

"Bob!" cried Flora. "Bob, dear! He was our mother's son—her baby. She—Bob!" She put her hand on his knee.

"He is only a boy," I pleaded.

"Only a boy," echoed Flora.

Her brother said nothing; but he nodded slowly as he turned away to the fire.

We avoided one another's eyes for a long time. In the silence the quaint high clock on the mantelshelf ticked obtrusively. I remembered Hector's mother holding him up to touch the mailed supporters. He was a baby then and I was a child. He was barely twenty now. . . . . He looked so haggard and ill. . . . . He always used to be so merry.

"Dinner is ready, sir," said McAlister, glancing anxiously from one to the other. It must be a grave secret, he knew, that was kept from him.

"Presently." Robert waved his hand.

"Mr. Arnold will have come all the way from London, sir," the old man protested.

"I am not hungry, McAlister, thank you.' He retired, with a sigh.

"They will all know," Flora sobbed, tearlessly. Her brother seemed to shrink in his chair, and I sought vainly for any word of comfort.

The fire flickered and went low, but no one moved to mend it. The old collie on the rug looked up in his master's face and whined, but he took no notice. Hector was always fond of the dog.

"Dinner is ready, sir," said McAlister again. His master frowned impatiently.

"For appearance' sake," whispered Flora. Bob rose slowly, and we helped him into the dining-room.

We had scarcely commenced when there came a loud knock at the hall-door. It was a telegram. Robert Bain glanced at it and leaned forward, excitedly.

"Has the man a horse?"

"No, sir. He came on foot from Long Hill." It is a village five miles away.

"Give him something to eat and drink," he said, mechanically, "and let him go."

The telegram shook in his hand. I took the flimsy paper from him and read it aloud:—

"For sake of family will do what is necessary. Send Hector to me at once.—DONALD BAIN."

"We must telegraph to Hector to-night," cried Flora, excitedly. "It will be too late in the morning." Her brother took out his watch.

"It is now five minutes past eight. The telegraph office at Ben Vallon closes at nine. It is eleven miles away." I stood up.

"Let me have old Bess."

"No, no!" cried Flora. "You do not know the road." It was a dangerous one. "*I* will go."

"Bess could not do it," said her brother. "She is a cripple, like me."

He looked at his bandaged leg and groaned. Flora laid her arms on the table and put her head down on them.

"I learnt to cycle at the end of the summer," I told them. "I am only a beginner, but if I knew the road——"

Flora sprang up with her eyes ablaze.

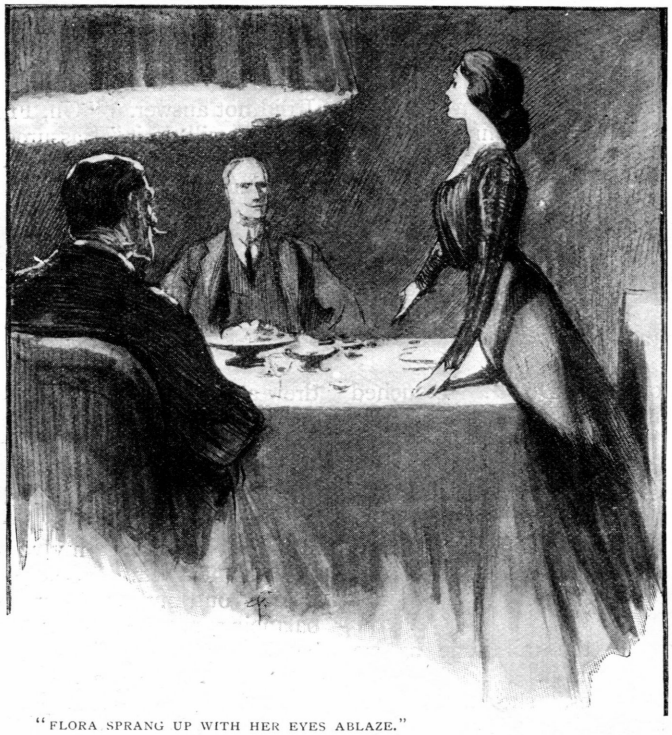
"Will you ride with me?"

"Yes," I answered, promptly. I would have ridden with her to the end of the world—and beyond!

"It is to death," said her brother, hoarsely. Flora laughed her soft, deep laugh.

"In good company!" She smiled at me and held out her hand. I pressed it firmly.

"To live in or die in!" I vowed.



"FLORA SPRANG UP WITH HER EYES ABLAZE."

"I will go on my bicycle," said Flora.

"It would be murder!" I cried. "The road is barely rideable even in daylight."

"It would be murder not to go," she answered, determinedly.

"I sent your machine to be cleaned this afternoon," said Bob.

She brushed her hair impatiently from her forehead.

"I *must* go. I can ride the tandem."

"My poor girl, you could not drive it alone. If I were able——"

She ran away for her hat. I got the machine ready and waited outside in the mist. Robert Bain came to the door, leaning on McAlister's arm. In a few moments she tripped down the stairs, a slim, graceful figure, in a slight jacket and fur cap.

"Good-bye, Bob, dear," she cried. "Don't worry. *You* taught me to ride." Then she was beside me.

"If we come back, Flora," I whispered, as I held the machine for her, "I have something to explain."

"Nothing, Frank," she said, emphatically.

Then I leapt up, and we dashed into the darkness.

The tandem was a front-steerer and, luckily, her seat was in front. She was an expert rider and knew every inch of the rough road. I was a novice at cycling and, indeed, had never been on a tandem before; but I had a good balance and plenty of nerve, and all my life had been trained to athletic exercise. So I gripped the handles firmly and pedalled hard, watching the slim figure in front of me, and swaying as she swayed. The cycle dipped into hollows, rose upon mounds, and leapt over stones. Once a broken branch lying on the road nearly threw us off. Twice I lost the pedals and tore the skin off my ankles in regaining them, but still we kept on.

"To the left," she cried. We whirled round the corner at the cross-roads. "Back pedal!" The machine became almost unmanageable down a steep decline. "Hold tight, I am going through the gap." The hedge brushed my arm as we dropped a foot into the narrow lane. We toiled through deep mud and over newly-laid flints. I could scarcely keep my feet for the jolting. There was a sudden whirr, and she gasped.

"It is only an owl." I laughed an unsteady laugh.

"Don't," she cried. "Don't!" I touched her shoulder gently with my hand. "You are so good."

"You are so brave," I told her.

"Only because you—*to the right!*" We wheeled into the main road again and toiled up the steep hill. The machine rattled and strained with our exertions.

"Slower," she commanded. "I am not sure—*the left!*"

My pedal grazed the milestone as we turned sharply away from it.

"Another eight miles," she said. I set my teeth and struggled on. The unaccustomed exertion was telling on me. "Faster, can you?"

"I'll do my best." I was beginning to fear that my best was not good enough.

"I never doubted it." She smiled back at me over her shoulder for a second. I knew that she smiled, though I could not see in the dark. "Seven miles."

"Are we near the top of the hill?" My breath was coming quickly and my legs were growing stiff. It was terrible riding for a raw hand.

"I—I think so."

A couple of dim lights struggled through the fog.

"This must be the village."

"Yes. No! The left!" I felt the hot breath of a horse.

We grazed along the wall as we passed a dog-cart. "Are you hurt?" she asked, breathlessly.

"No," I told her. My left elbow had been struck, but the numbness would soon pass, I hoped.

"Long Hill!"

A number of little lights streaked into the mist. There was a faint red glimmer at the doctor's door. A noisy chorus of invisible singers announced the village inn. The kirk at the roadside towered dimly over us. The clock struck the half-hour as we passed.

"Six miles to go," I said. "I am afraid——"

"We must do it," she cried; "we must." I did not answer. "Oh, Frank!"

"We will do it," I assured her; but I did not think so.

When we had passed the village we ran down hill for nearly three miles. The slope varied in all degrees from gentle to steep, and all the way we went as fast as we could go. She leaned over the handle-bar, straining her eyes to see the hedge on either side. I bent steadily to my work, with my eyes fixed on her. At the foot of the hill she drew a long breath.

"We may do it now," she said, but she was breathing hard and I was nearly spent. We were too tired to pedal evenly, and the machine was swaying a good deal.

"We will do it," I said. She detected the lack of confidence in my voice and sighed.

"The next lamp. Can you see the time?" I drew out my watch at the risk of overbalancing, not being used to relying upon one hand.

"A quarter to nine." She gave a despairing cry.

"There are over three miles to go. It is no use."

"We can try." I struggled fiercely with the resisting pedals. "Isn't there a short cut?"

"Yes," she hesitated. "There *is*; but—he is not *your* brother."

"He is yours."

She shook her head quickly.

"Your life——"

"Is yours," I told her. She did not speak for a full minute. Then she put one hand behind her and I touched it with my lips.

"Hold firmly when I tell you," she

warned me. "We are near . . . Another moment . . . Now!"

We bounded down a bank and up a bank. A couple of tall trees seemed to leap at us from the dark, but we whirled past them. Then we seemed to rise into the air; sank into a soft heap, tottered, almost stopped, went on again. . . .

"I have lost the track! Frank! Dear Frank!"

I let go the handles and put my arms round her. We seemed to fly into space. Something black and vague rose in front of us. I thought it was a wall, and put out my arm to fend her. Then my head struck against something. I lost everything for a moment. When I found myself I was sitting up, groping wildly for her.

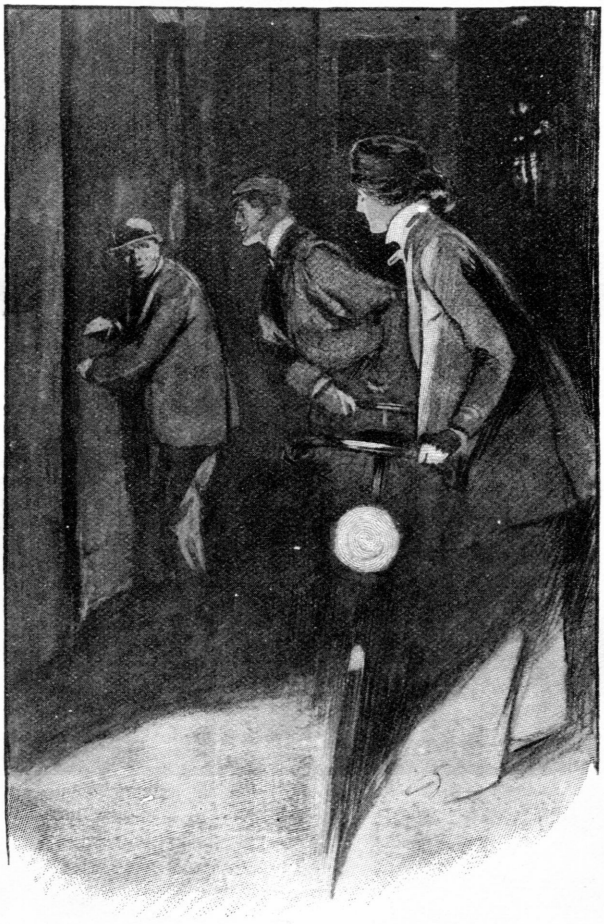
"Flora!" I cried. "Flora!" Suddenly I felt her arms round my neck and her lips close to mine.

"I thought you were dead," she sobbed. "And I wanted to tell you—you know!"

"Dear love," I cried. "I know."

We said nothing more for a few moments. Then I suddenly remembered.

"The cycle," I cried. "Perhaps there is time."



"'ARE YOU THE TELEGRAPH CLERK?' I ASKED."

We felt in the dark till we found it. We had fallen on soft earth and it was undamaged. After a short search we recovered the track and went on again, over heaps of stones and across broken ground, skimming bushes, and just missing the dikes. When we came out into the road again the fog was clearing off and we could see almost from lamp to lamp. Shortly we came to the little group of cottages called "Mile Town," and the clock struck nine.

Soon after we heard the distant, indescribable murmur of the town, and the lights began to peep out one by one. A goods train was shunting in the station. We could hear the rattle of the trucks and a porter shouting to the guard.

"The station," I said.

"There is no light in the office." Her voice broke. "We are too late."

We dashed into the unlighted station yard. A short, stout man was locking the door behind him.

"Are you the telegraph clerk?" I asked. He turned the key slowly and put it in his pocket.

"I *was*," he answered, gruffly, "five minutes ago."

"If you were still," I said, quickly, "you would be richer by a sovereign."

He took the key out of his pocket, unlocked the door, and went in. Then he lit a candle-end deliberately and held out a telegraph form. . . .

When the telegram was dispatched we went to the village inn. They laid a frugal meal for us. We sat down to it with our chairs touching and pretended to eat. We did not say much. Though we were lovers

again there was a constraint between us. We had not been skilful enough in the past to reconcile two strong wills; and we knew that we had to face the old problem again.

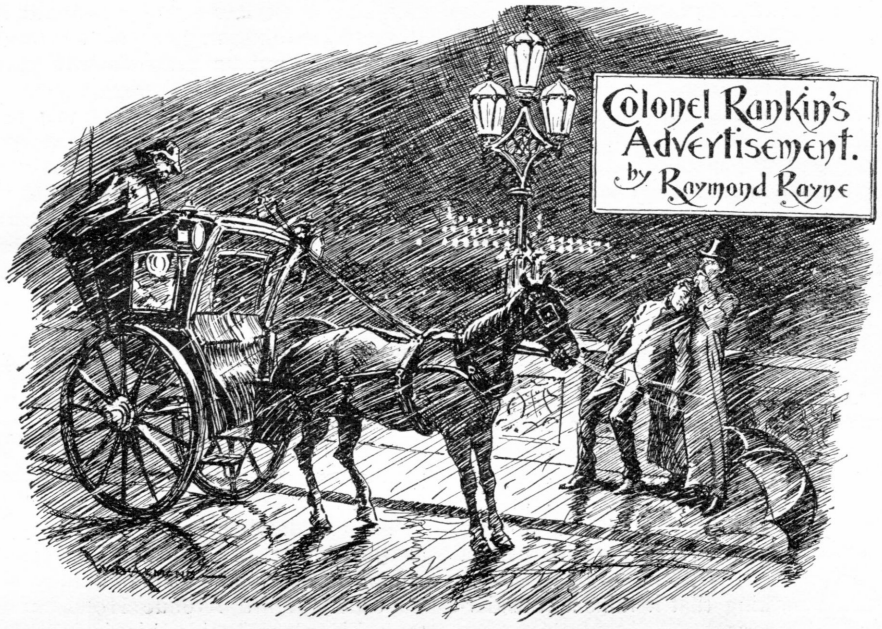
After dinner they harnessed a shaggy little pony in an ancient vehicle, and I helped her into it. In default of a rug I borrowed a blanket to put round her. She insisted on sharing it with me when I got up by her side. The pony went off at a jog-trot as I sat down; but neither of us touched the reins. The fog had cleared off and the stars were shining. They made little sparklets in her eyes as she turned to me.

"It is the start of a long journey, Frank," she said. "Your hand must guide." Her lips trembled a little, and I looked for a moment at the brave, tender face and realized how much it cost her to say the words. Then I picked up the reins and gave them to her.

"To-night," I said, "my life has been safe in your guiding hands." She leaned gently against me.

"Dear love," she whispered, "guide mine!"

And so, with my hand over hers, we started our journey!



THE rain was coming down with a steady persistence that brought joy to the heart of the London cabman, but scarcely to any other class in the big Metropolis. The wet streets reflected like so many rivers the lights from the shop-windows and from the high lamps standing sentinel along the footways. Hansoms splashed and rattled homeward from the theatres and music-halls, while belated omnibuses plodded doggedly along their accustomed routes. The few foot-passengers whom necessity compelled to face the pitiless downpour hurried on their way seeking what shelter the eaves of houses and shop-fronts might afford. Even the stolid policemen in their shining black capes watched for the coming of the sergeant beneath the cover of some friendly doorway.

Near the middle of Westminster Bridge a man was leaning on the low parapet and gazing down fixedly at the dark river as it ebbed out Citywards. The rain had long since soaked through his threadbare clothing and wetted him to the skin. An occasional passer-by, hurrying across the shelterless bridge, would cast a glance at this solitary loiterer who seemed so indifferent to the inclemency of the weather, and then vanish quickly into the murky night.

The hands of Big Ben's clock were creeping together on the stroke of midnight when a hansom, driven at hardly more than walking pace, passed over from the Surrey side. The occupant, a tall man of unmistakably American appearance, peered through the side-windows of the cab with an amount of interest which seemed little warranted by the outlook. The figure of the lonely watcher seemed to arrest his attention, for he pushed up the little trap-door communicating with the driver and ejaculated the trans-Atlantic monosyllable :—

"Say!"

The cabman drew his reins to one side and applied his face to the loop-hole with an inquiring "Yes, sir?"

"I guess you can put me down at the Senate House," said the American.

"Where did you say, sir?"

"I calculate I'll get down right here."

The cab drew up sharply near the clock-tower and the passenger alighted. He paid the cabman. That worthy looked at the money in a manner expressive of mild and, on the whole, pitying surprise; he appeared about to say something, but a glance at his "fare" decided him to refrain, and contenting himself with a slight upward jerk of the chin, he drove off.

The American listened to the clatter of the departing vehicle as he opened a large

and heavy umbrella. When the sounds had died away he crossed the road and walked back towards the middle of the bridge. The solitary watcher was still there, motionless as a statue. The new-comer touched him on the shoulder and addressed him in the matter-of-fact drawl under which the typical American, the modern stoic, conceals his emotions and his interests.

"Stranger, I suspicion you are on the look-out for employment," he observed; "the market seems a trifle dull at the moment."

The stranger turned slowly from his contemplation of the river and became aware of the other's presence.

"I beg your pardon," he replied; "but I fear I have not the pleasure of knowing you."

The words were spoken in the unmistakable accents of education and refinement. They contrasted strikingly with the worn and tattered clothing, soaked and soddened by the rain, which clung to the limbs of the speaker. The American exhibited no surprise, but struck out a new line with perfect composure.

"I was remarking that it rains a considerable few," he observed.

"The weather is decidedly unfavourable," assented the other, with polite indifference.

"That is so," said the American. He paused for a moment, and then continued with a certain change of manner: "Hear me, sir! My name is Cornelius P. Rankin, and when I talk, I talk business. I am prospecting for a man to do some work for me, which is just a shade off the track. I took you on sight for a man with some spare time on your hands. If we can make a deal the dollars will be paid. If I'm weeping over the wrong grave say the word and I vamose —no offence on either side."

A very faint smile passed over the features of the unknown.

"Your method of opening negotiations is perhaps rather irregular," he said, "but the prevailing economic conditions incline me to overlook the informality. At the present time I happen to be disengaged. The question of remunerative employment is one which I am prepared to discuss."

"Now you talk," responded Cornelius P. Rankin; "but I reckon this is not the place to discuss anything. I am located at the Third Avenue Hotel. Let us get up there out of this almighty deluge; a cocktail will run down pretty smooth just now."

His companion made no reply, but reeled back against the parapet and would have fallen to the pavement had not the American seized him under the arm and supported him. He had fainted.

"This is a queer start," Cornelius Rankin muttered to himself; "he's not drunk, and he looks as if it was ten years since he had eaten anything. I don't feel mighty sure he's my man either. Well, I'll see him through, anyway."

In pursuance of this benevolent determination he placed his open umbrella on the ground and with the hand thus freed drew from his pocket a cab-whistle and blew sharply through it. The summons had to be repeated several times before a hansom drove up from the stand on the Middlesex shore. The tall American lifted his helpless companion in as easily as if he had been an infant. He returned for the large umbrella, which he carefully folded up.

"My friend is a bit overcome," he explained to the driver; "take us to the nearest bar."

The cab drew up before a refulgent saloon at the corner of Parliament Street. The American obtained a glass of brandy, shouted the order "Third Avenue Hotel," and again took his place beside his insensible companion. Under the influence of the neat spirit the latter had returned to a dazed kind of consciousness by the time the hotel was reached. Here the American was received with the deference due to a resident in the house. Under the style of "the Colonel" he was known to the servants as a customer whose tips were worth the earning. In response to his orders supper was quickly laid out in his sitting-room, and the two strangely assorted companions were left alone in front of a cheerful fire.

"Well, how do you sagaciate by this time?" inquired the host; "I opined you had gone out altogether before I got the liquor into you."

His guest replied in a weak voice, but with the same quiet incisiveness which had marked his conversation on the bridge:—

"I confess to feeling some uncertainty which side of the Styx I inhabit."

The Colonel was slightly puzzled.

"We are on the Middlesex side," he answered, at a venture; "this is the Third Avenue Hotel. Try one of these cutlets and some more of the fluid; you'll feel better afterwards."

Thus urged, the stranger commenced to eat. At first he evinced more distaste than appetite; soon his exhaustion gave way under the influence of the food, and he

began to do justice to the good victuals with a voracity that spoke of long deprivation. His host watched him with quiet satisfaction, only breaking the silence to urge him to further efforts or to recommend some dish which he had overlooked. At length appetite had to succumb to repletion. The wayfarer sank back into his chair with a long-drawn sigh of satisfaction.

"A feast worthy of Lucullus," he said, courteously; "allow me, sir, to express my deep sense of your hospitality."

"It is not hospitality, it's business," objected Colonel Rankin; "we have only just begun. You have got to come in here and take off those wet clothes; they are beginning to steam, and that spells rheumatics. I can fix you up with some pyjamas and a dressing-gown."

Turning a deaf ear to all protestations, the Colonel half-pushed and half-persuaded his charge into his bedroom, where he speedily provided him with the garments he had named. Returning to the outer room he pressed a button and the waiter entered.

"You can clear away, Parsons, and set out the whisky and cigars. My friend will very likely sleep on the couch. This is a late job for you, and we'll call it overtime." He took a half-crown from his pocket and gave it to Parsons.

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir," said the assiduous Parsons.

The Colonel lighted a cigar and smoked thoughtfully while his instructions were being carried out. As the waiter was finally leaving the room he took the cigar from his mouth and called him back.

"Oh, by the way, Parsons, I don't want my friend to leave the hotel without my knowing of it—you take me?"

"Yes, sir," replied Parsons, with a look of intelligence. "Good-night, sir."

"Good-night."

When the Colonel's guest emerged from the inner room his appearance was much changed for the better. The dressing-gown was too long for him, and he had turned up the cuffs to free his hands. But the general look of destitution and of being "down on his luck" had departed from him. As he sank into an arm-chair opposite to his entertainer his bearing was that of a man not unused to the luxuries and comforts which belong to easy circumstances. He accepted, with an air of habitude, the cigar and the whisky-and-soda tendered by his host.

"I find myself in much better quarters to-night that I had anticipated," he remarked, as he lighted the cigar. He puffed out the smoke with an air of satisfaction. "This is a Cabana, if I do not mistake, and a very good one."

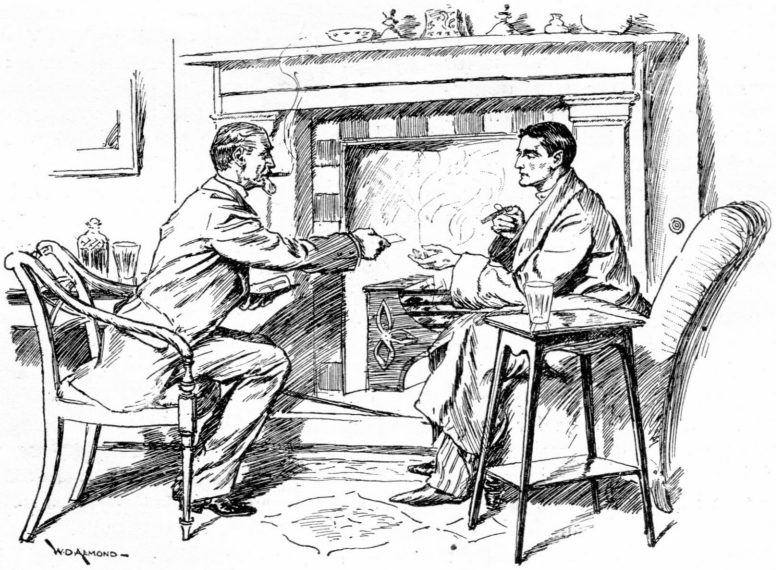
"You are right all the time," said the Colonel, "and I like a man who knows his leaf. I guess we shall just suit. Let me give you my card for a start."

The guest took the card and read:—

COLONEL CORNELIUS P. RANKIN.

THE GREAT AMERICAN KINETOGRAPH.

"You have seen the Kinetograph at the Empress Theatre of Varieties, of course?"



"LET ME GIVE YOU MY CARD FOR A START."

There was ill-concealed pride in the Colonel's tone.

"I cannot say I have seen it, but I have heard of it."

"Heard of it," echoed the Colonel, with some irritation. "I swan you *have* heard of it. I have planted Kinetographs over the surface of the habitable globe. Hear me? I do not permit the orb of day to set on the great American Kinetograph. But this one at the Empress is a peach, a daisy. It will show you, sir, the events of to-day or any other day precisely as in real life. I will say better than real life, for you can sit quiet on your chair and enjoy them without worry. Where else can you see in one evening the Battle of Colenso; the Chutes at Earl's Court; the Siege of Pekin; the Finish of the Derby; Sir Alfred Milner paring his finger-nails; and a hundred other historical and interesting events?"

"I really do not know," answered the stranger, quietly.

The Colonel became calm.

"This brings me to business," he said; "you know who I am, but on the other hand——"

"On the other hand you do not know who I am," interposed the stranger, with complete self-possession; "you will excuse me, I hope, for not giving you my card. That is due either to the remissness of my engraver or to my having failed to give him the order. My name you may take to be Walter Heslop. I will not pretend that it is the name given to me by my sponsors in baptism. I have exercised the privilege of an adult and chosen it for myself, therefore any obligations undertaken in that name will be fulfilled by me."

"Well, that's the longest piece you've said, Mr. Heslop," replied the Colonel, "and it sounds straight. What might be your line now?"

"I presume you refer to my occupation. Until quite recently I was engaged in altering the position of wool at the London Docks. To be frank with you, I should prefer something more remunerative even if it should involve increased responsibility."

The Colonel smoked for some time in silence. At length he appeared to have made up his mind. He rose and stood with his back to the fire and his hands behind him.

"I like your style, Mr. Heslop," he said, "and I guess I can fit you out. But first I want your word that whether you accept my offer or not you will keep it to yourself."

"I agree to that," replied Heslop, without hesitating.

"Very well. The King goes in procession to open Parliament on Wednesday next at three o'clock. The German Emperor will be in the procession. I want you to stand at a window in Parliament Street, which I will provide, and fire at him with a six-shooter."

This unexpected proposition startled the listener well-nigh out of his self-possession. He recovered it by an effort.

"At what amount do you fix the remuneration?" he inquired.

"The figure I have in my mind is two hundred and fifty pounds."

"So far as I am concerned you may just as well make it two hundred and fifty millions," said Heslop.

"You refuse, then?"

"I not only refuse," replied Heslop, speaking slowly and distinctly, "but I intend to give you into custody as soon as a constable can be fetched."

He moved towards the electric button. The Colonel's hand instinctively sought his hip-pocket. The action was only the outcome of an old habit, for he carried no

"HE MOVED TOWARDS THE ELECTRIC BUTTON."

weapon, and he suddenly burst into a loud laugh.

"Your promise," he said; "you have soon forgotten it."

The other paused—he felt that there was something in the situation he did not understand.

"Let me explain things to you, Mr. Heslop," the Colonel went on. "I don't want that shooter to have any bullets in it; advertisement is what I am after, not murder. You see, my Kinetograph will be buzzing right opposite you, and I shall get the champion record of the wide, wide world. Think of it, sir! 'Attempted Assassination of the Kaiser: the Scene Reproduced Nightly by the Great American Kinetograph.' We shall get it on that very same night; the entire island will rush to see it; it will draw like the North Pole—it will run all over the world like horseshoes. What do you think of it? Isn't it beautiful?"

The Colonel's zeal did not arouse any corresponding enthusiasm in his auditor.

"You appear to overlook the fact that I should be torn to pieces in the meantime," he remarked.

"Not at all," said the Colonel, eagerly, "though really it would be almost worth it. However, you will run hardly any risk. The windows and rooms will be hired out separately for the show. I have hired a whole room for you without appearing in the business myself. Everybody will be on the stare. When you have fired you can slip out the back way and mix with the crowd. Not a soul will be any the wiser or any the worse. The people in your house won't even see it. The people in the street will see it and make a deuce of a row; and the Kinetograph will see it, you bet, and take it all down in black and white." The Colonel said these last words with indescribable unction.

"It looks more feasible than I should have considered possible," said Heslop, thoughtfully, "and after all it is a sporting venture."

"That's just it, my dear sir," assented the Colonel, enthusiastically. "It's a sporting venture with all the odds on our side."

"And the remuneration—the two hundred and fifty pounds — when will that become payable?"

"Look at me, Mr. Heslop," the Colonel said; "when I meet a white man I know him. Pass me your word to see this thing through, and you shall have the dollars before you leave this hotel, and I'll tell you what—I'll make it three hundred."

Walter Heslop considered for several moments before he spoke.

"I will undertake it, Colonel Rankin," he said, at length. "I do not conceal from you that shooting at Emperors, even with blank cartridge, is not the occupation I should have chosen, but some men have foolishness thrust upon them. I accept your terms—there is my hand on it."

He held out his hand. The Colonel shook it warmly.

"I am delighted to have met you, Mr. Heslop," he ejaculated; "and now I reckon some sleep won't do you any serious harm. I have only one bed here, but you will find that sofa a good substitute and there are plenty of rugs."

"I have slept well on worse beds," said Heslop. They exchanged "good-nights" and the Colonel retired towards his room. He stopped with his hand on the door-knob and turned round.

"I hope you will not be offended, Mr. Heslop," he said, with some hesitancy; "but we Americans are an inquisitive people. Would you mind telling me what you were doing to-night on that bridge?"

Heslop, sitting on the sofa, looked quietly towards him.

"Certainly not," he answered. "I was considering Bergk's interpolation in the Fayum fragment of Sappho. Does it seem to you that his reference to Chrysippus gives sufficient authority for the reading?"

"I pass," said the Colonel.

The day appointed for the opening of Parliament by the Sovereign in person came in with a promise of "King's weather," in spite of the early season of the year. As the morning mists rolled away it became evident that only blue sky and the sunlight lay behind them. By ten o'clock streams of sightseers from every suburb had begun to flow towards Westminster. Already policemen mounted and on foot were in possession. The broad space fronting the entrance to the Houses of Parliament was kept clear by a compact line of troopers, who barred the way to all but officials and the privileged holders of passes. When Big Ben struck out the hour of noon the roadways were cleared along the whole of the route which the procession was to take. The pavements became so crowded as to be almost impassable, so that the possessors of seats in the windows of the houses made their way with difficulty to these dearly-bought positions.

At the Westminster end of Parliament Street, and on the side farthest from the river, stands a large open space inclosed by a builder's hoarding. The houses which formerly stood on this vacant land have been removed to allow an extension of the Government buildings. Behind the hoarding, and on a level with the heads of the spectators in the street, a long platform had been erected for the accommodation of some hundreds of sightseers. Here, in a space roped off to avoid the too-curious, Colonel Cornelius P. Rankin stood by his beloved Kinetograph. Under his direction the operator carefully dusted the lenses, wound up the clockwork, and tested every action of the delicate mechanism. A close observer might have noted signs of nervousness which disturbed the worthy Colonel's accustomed serenity. He referred to his watch at frequent intervals and each time compared its record with that of the large clock of the Houses of Parliament. He lighted numerous cigars and threw them away after drawing two or three whiffs of smoke through them. From time to time he glanced anxiously at a first-floor window in the house which faced him on the opposite side of the street. The window was open, but no one appeared at it. As the hour of three drew near the façade of house-fronts became a wall of faces. At each window appeared rows of heads piled one above the other. The more adventurous found a foothold on abutments, on roofs, and even on the chimney-stacks. Still the window to which the Colonel's gaze was directed remained vacant.

"HE REFERRED TO HIS WATCH AT FREQUENT INTERVALS."

The long vista of Parliament Street looked like a river between the two rows of soldiers standing smartly to attention who guarded it on either side. Behind these uniformed lines surged the crowd, motley and good-tempered, as only a London crowd knows how to be. From time to time personages of greater or less importance, in detached units or in small groups, would appear riding along the vacant roadway to take up their positions for the reception of the King's procession. As each new-comer was recognised by the crowd he received a welcome varying in character and noisiness according to the nature of his office or his personal popularity.

In the rearmost row of the crowd occupying the footway beneath the Kinetograph was a man who seemed more interested in the sightseers than in the spectacle they had come to see. His dress and appearance presented nothing to distinguish him from the hundreds of nondescript individuals of the middle class who pass everywhere unnoticed. His gaze, however, had a peculiarly concentrated and penetrating quality. He contrived to move among the masses of people with a smoothness and celerity that suggested long practice. Without attracting notice to himself his eyes searched the crowd as if he wished to identify every unit which composed it. The police, who were shepherding the surging masses with much impartiality, made an exception of this man. They affected not to see him. He was very well known to them, nevertheless, as Inspector Sangster, of the Criminal Investigation Department. In his close survey of his surroundings the detective had not failed to notice the vacant window, which seemed to oppose a kind of indifference to the general

interest and excitement. As he worked his way gradually towards the Westminster end of the street he passed a thick-set man of foreign appearance, who made a slight sign of recognition. He motioned to this man to follow him and preceded him round the corner towards Storey's Gate, where the crowd became gradually thinner and, finally, ceased altogether.

"Well, Klein," he said, as the other came up to him, "are we going to have any fun, or have you got all your foreign demons shadowed?"

The other detective answered in very good English, but with a strong German accent.

"Yes, Mr. Sangster, I have got one man to watch each of them except one, and that is the worst one of all."

"Who is he?"

"It is Brescia, the Italian. He is the most dangerous Anarchist in Europe. We were warned that he came to London soon after the Kaiser, and he has been watched. But since three days he has disappeared, vanished. I do not like it."

"I don't think there is anything in it," said Sangster; "we never have Anarchist outrages in England. The villains come here to live, you know, and they do not spoil their nest. Besides," he added, with a grim smile, "the English crowd likes its Anarchist in small pieces."

"You do not know this Brescia," returned the German; "he would risk anything."

"'YOU DO NOT KNOW THIS BRESCIA,' RETURNED THE GERMAN."

The English detective became more serious.

"Well, he would have no chance in the street," he said, thoughtfully; "but it has occurred to me that if a man had a house or even a room to himself he might throw a bomb or get in a shot and even escape afterwards."

"Donnerwetter! that is so," ejaculated Klein.

"It was an empty window in Parliament Street that put it into my head," continued Sangster, "and if I had got your job on my hands I would just send a man round to the house to make sure."

"I thank you, my friend," replied the German, eagerly. "I shall do so immediately. Which is the house?"

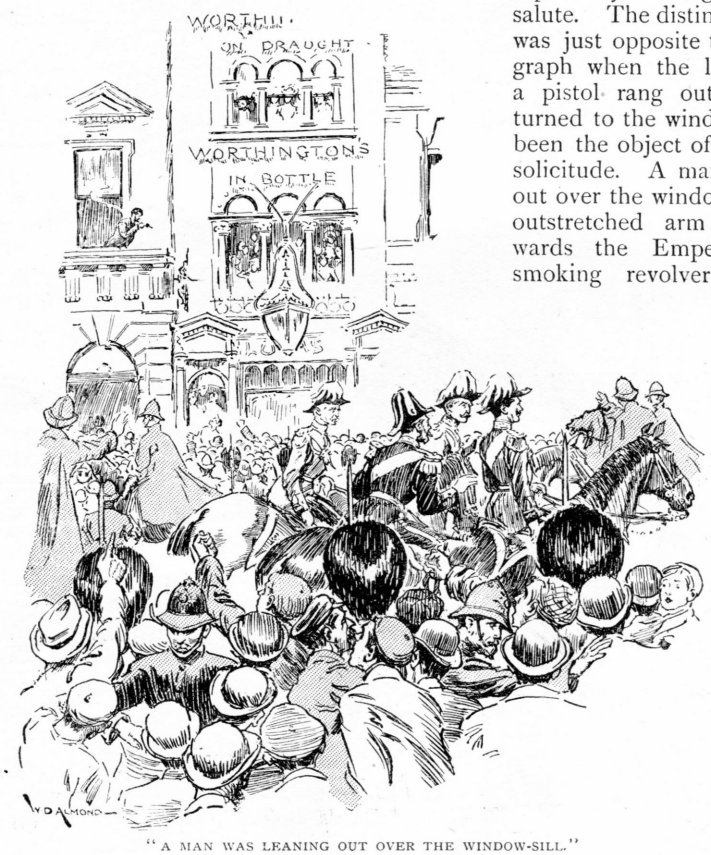
"Come back with me and I will show you. We have very little time — the procession will be here in less than five minutes. You would hardly get across the road now without me. However, I can manage it for you."

The two detectives quickly retraced their steps and disappeared in the crowd.

Colonel Rankin waxed more and more nervous, and even doubtful, as the hour of three approached. Another man would have counted the risks entailed by his scheme, and wished himself well out of it. Not so the Colonel. His one anxiety was lest anything should prevent him from bearing off the precious record. His operators were already wait-

ing to develop the film and make the myriad of little photographs which would reproduce the scene to admiring audiences. Punctually at three o'clock a burst of cheering announced that the Cuirassiers who headed the King's procession were in sight. At the same moment the Colonel, looking anxiously towards the window, was able to discern that it was no longer unoccupied. From within the room a man was looking down into the street, but so far withdrawn from the light that his features were not recognisable. The Colonel gave a sigh of relief.

"He is a white man, after all," he murmured to himself; "I thought I could not have gone wrong on that. What an almighty



"A MAN WAS LEANING OUT OVER THE WINDOW-SILL."

ruction we are going to have here inside three minutes!"

By this time the mounted men were within twenty yards of the Kinetograph. The operator started the clockwork, which began to buzz and click industriously. A short interval elapsed after the passage of the advance-guard, and then a universal shout and raising of hats proclaimed the approach of the King and Queen. Preceded by a shining array of guards, they moved slowly by in their gilded State-coach, acknowledging with repeated bows the loyal salutes which greeted them. The coach passed on, followed by another detachment of guards. Even the stolid pulse of Colonel Rankin beat faster as the next group approached. The noble and kingly form of the Kaiser attracted every eye as he sat erect on his magnificent charger. With him were several members of the Royal House. The reception given to the nation's guest was scarcely less hearty than that which had greeted the Sovereign. The Emperor responded by repeatedly making the military salute. The distinguished group was just opposite to the Kinetograph when the loud report of a pistol rang out. Every eye turned to the window which had been the object of the Colonel's solicitude. A man was leaning out over the window-sill with his outstretched arm pointing towards the Emperor and the smoking revolver still in his hand. He appeared to be in the act of firing a second shot when he was seen to look sharply over his shoulder, and then suddenly withdraw into the room. Immediately another report was heard, and smoke began to issue from the window.

A scene of indescribable confusion fol-

lowed. The Kaiser had not even turned his head when the report was heard. To the anxious inquiries of those who crowded round him he replied: "It is nothing. Let us go on, or His Majesty will be made to wait."

But the mob did not take the outrage with the same calmness. The efforts of the military and the police were powerless to check them. The house from which the pistol had been fired was besieged by an ever-increasing multitude roaring for vengeance. Shouts of "Down with the assassin," "Throw him out to us," "Lynch him," were heard from every quarter. Sticks and stones were showered against the windows. The front doors had been closed and locked from within, and they withstood stoutly the kicks and blows of their unarmed assailants. Several of the more athletic endeavoured to climb up to the open window, but the projections from the house-front did not offer sufficient foothold, and they fell back baffled among the crowd.

The most astonished and the most enraged person present was Colonel Cornelius P. Rankin. He had anticipated the report of the pistol and the uproar which had followed. But he had not counted on the unexpected which always happens. The cause of the worthy Colonel's astonishment and rage was this—*the pistol had contained a bullet, and that bullet had struck the lens of the Kinetograph, smashing it into a thousand fragments!* The erring lead had completed its work of destruction by lodging itself in a very flattened condition among the wheels and springs which furnished the interior economy of that masterpiece of science. The effect was disastrous. With a noise like a clock of which the escapement is suddenly removed the mechanism shot forth into the sunlight a long, narrow strip of yellowish film.

The operator gave vent to a cry of professional horror. The precious "record" was ruined. Every photographer knows the black smudge which takes the place of the clear image when a mere ray of light has shone on the sensitive surface. Exposure to the broad daylight means a black patch instead of a picture.

When the Colonel realized fully that his cherished scheme had absolutely and completely failed his rage took full possession of him. With a bound he leaped down over the hoarding into the street. Elbowing his way through the crowd with remorseless and irresistible violence, he made for the road which leads into Cannon Row. He thus gained the back of the house which the mob in front were vainly trying to enter. The door was unsecured. He dashed up the stairs and reached the landing at the same moment as the occupants of the upper rooms, who had tardily become aware that they were in the house from which the shot had been fired. The foremost of them stood doubtfully opposite the door of the first-floor room, while those above on the stairs and out of immediate danger shouted courageous and bloodthirsty instructions.

"Where is the tarnation skunk? Let me only get my hands on him," shouted the Colonel, as without a moment's hesitation he flung open the door. The others poured in after him.

There were three men in the room. On the floor one lay motionless. In the middle of his forehead was a circular patch, blackened and scorched, from the centre of which welled a dark-red stream. A revolver had fallen from the grasp of his outstretched hand and lay beside it. Bending over him with one knee on the carpet was the German detective, Klein. The other man was Inspector Sangster, of the Criminal Investigation Department. He restrained the new-comers with uplifted hands.

"Order! in the King's name," he cried, in an authoritative voice; "we are police officers, and this man is in our custody."

Klein looked up.

"He has escaped by a way of his own," he said; "he is dead." The Colonel was dumb with amazement. The features of the dead man were unknown to him.

"Who is he? Ten thousand mosquitoes! Who is he?" he asked.

Inspector Sangster recognised the Colonel at once.

"It is an Italian Anarchist named Brescia," he answered; "we were just too late to take him alive, but after all he has saved us a great deal of trouble. And now, Colonel," he continued, "will you be so good as to send some of our men up here? Lock the door there and let no one else enter."

He spoke like a man accustomed to obedience, and the crowd accordingly obeyed.

The Colonel, having fulfilled his mission, made his way back to his hotel in a state of complete bewilderment. Arrived there the waiter handed him a letter which proved the key to the mystery.

"Brought by hand about an hour ago, Colonel," said the man.

The envelope contained a small packet of

"HE RESTRAINED THE NEW-COMERS WITH UPLIFTED HANDS."

bank-notes, some postal-orders, and the letter. It ran as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—Since our last interview an unexpected, and I am glad to say beneficent, change has taken place in my external circumstances. I think you will understand me when I say that I have been enabled to return to that social stratum from which I was temporarily exiled at the time of our meeting. I mention this only in order to account for an enforced change in my attitude towards the affair which you were so good as to intrust to me. Unwilling, on the other hand, to fail in my obligation to you, I have delegated the execution of your project to a man who appears to be reliable, although I should state that my acquaintance with him began and ended at a hot-potato stall. At all events he is cheap. His fee will be £100. My out-of-pocket expenses have amounted to £1 15s. 6d., leaving a balance in your favour of £198 4s. 6d. This sum I beg to inclose. I have avoided making any use of your name in the matter; my own, I may mention, has ceased to be

WALTER HESLOP.

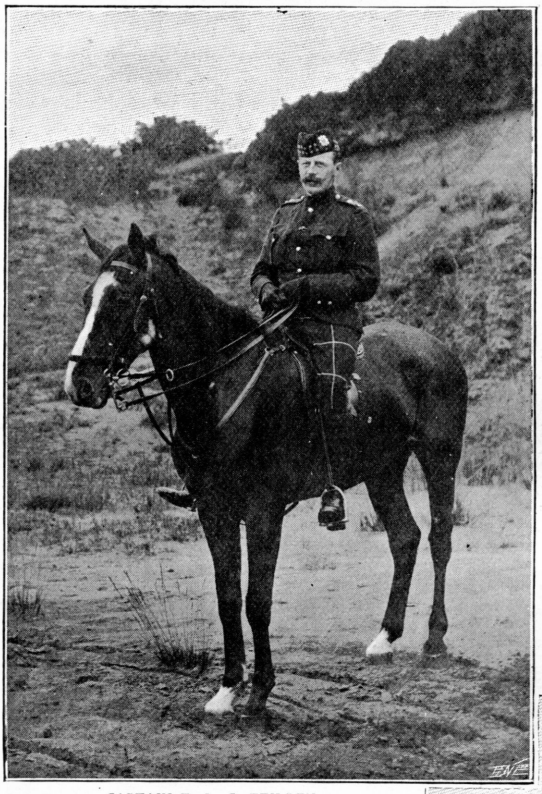
"I said he was a white man," soliloquized the Colonel, ruefully; "but I reckon he's a bit of a piebald."

The newspapers the next day and for many days after contained very full accounts of the attempted assassination. They varied somewhat in detail, but all agreed in reporting that Colonel Cornelius P. Rankin, the well-known inventor of the great American Kinetograph, took a prominent part in the arrest of the criminal.

The New Musketry Practice at Aldershot.

By Albert H. Broadwell.

[*The Photographs by A. J. Johnson which illustrate this article have been submitted to several officers at head-quarters, who were good enough to express their entire satisfaction with them.*]



CAPTAIN E. L. C. FEILDEN.

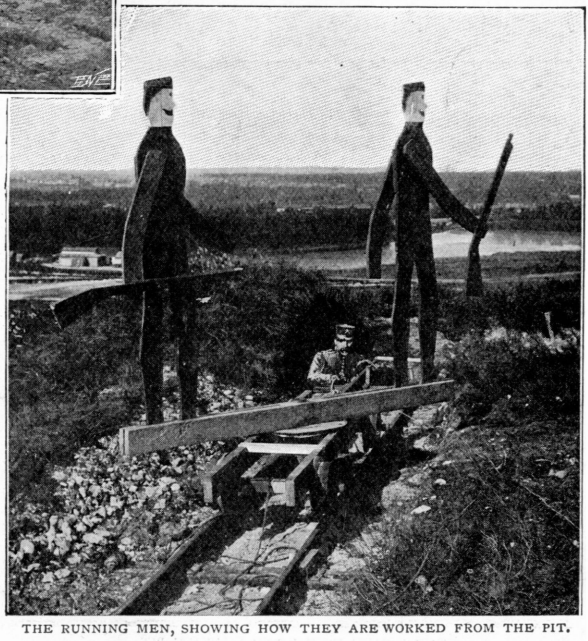
THE greatest lesson in warfare taught to any nation during the last thirty years has been learnt by Great Britain in South Africa; it has been a thorough lesson in shooting, and it is important to note, therefore, that the authorities at Aldershot have not been slow in taking advantage of the experience of the past two years in teaching our soldiers how to shoot straight.

The Strand Magazine for June, 1901, contained an article entitled "A British Commando," describing Dr. Conan Doyle's civilians' rifle club at Undershaw. Dr. Doyle may well be called the pioneer of civilian rifle clubs, for, ever since Lord Salisbury in his famous speech advised Englishmen to learn how to shoot, Dr. Doyle has given much of his spare time to the organization of a shooting club where bulls'-eyes rank before banking accounts.

The war in South Africa has demonstrated the fact that pretty sword exercises and cavalry charges *en masse* are things of the past so far as success in modern warfare is concerned, and *how to shoot* has become the great problem of the day.

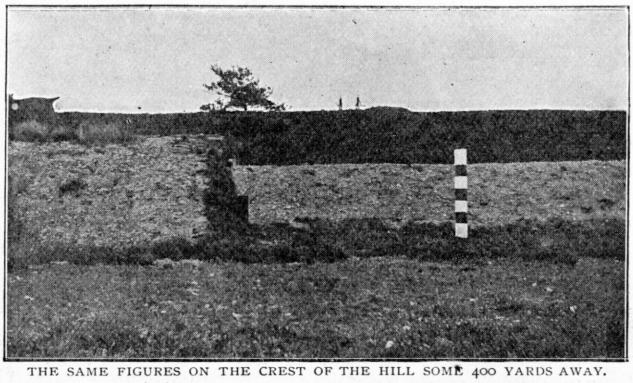
What Dr. Doyle is doing for citizen rifle-shooting Aldershot is now doing for the Regulars on a more elaborate plan on the Ash Ranges at North Camp.

The Ash Ranges, under the supervision of Captain E. L. C. Feilden, to whom we are indebted for the arrangements which have made this article possible, have altered their appearance



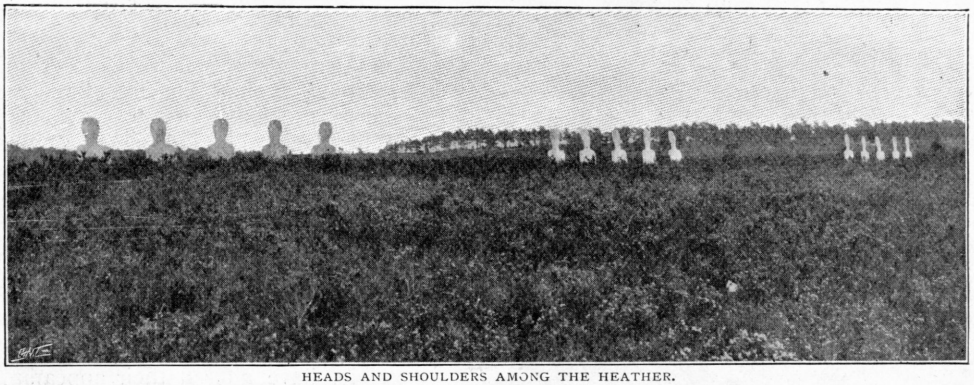
THE RUNNING MEN, SHOWING HOW THEY ARE WORKED FROM THE PIT.

in a startling and eminently practical manner.



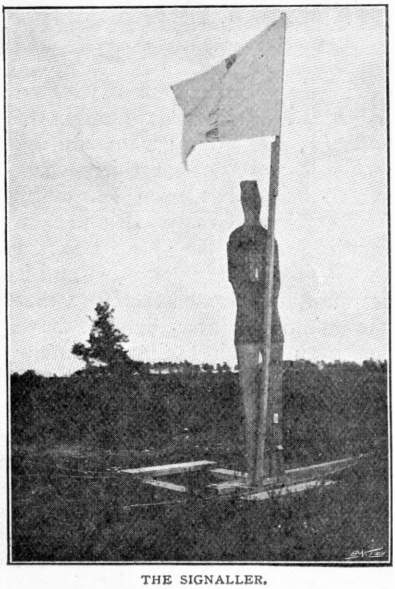
THE SAME FIGURES ON THE CREST OF THE HILL SOME 400 YARDS AWAY.

The British soldier has shot at regulation targets too long, and he is tired of the monotony of it. See him on the Ash Ranges to-day and you will find him full of fun, of enthusiasm. Why? Because he sees a head in the heather and a moving enemy on the crest of the hill. Up they pop, down they go, in a twinkling; the sport is to get a shot home before they are gone. That is what Tommy never had before; it rouses his latent energies and awakens that spirit of sport which is ever ready to show itself when opportunity offers. No better ground could possibly be found for the purpose, for the Ash Ranges comprise a series of kopjes and valleys which lend themselves admirably to the



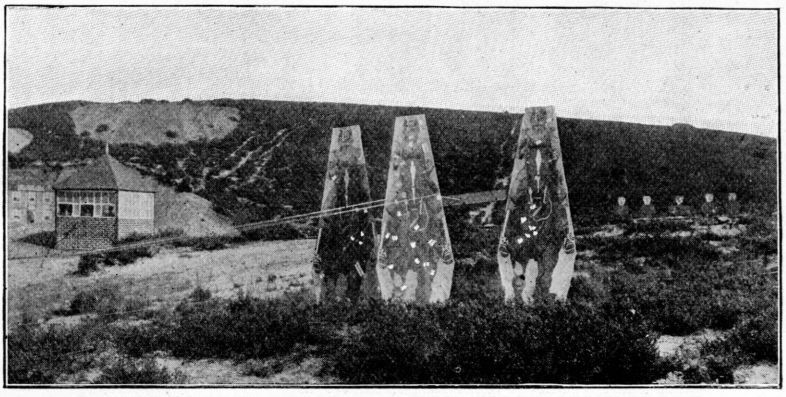
HEADS AND SHOULDERS AMONG THE HEATHER.

THE DUMMY MAXIM AND WORKING PIT.

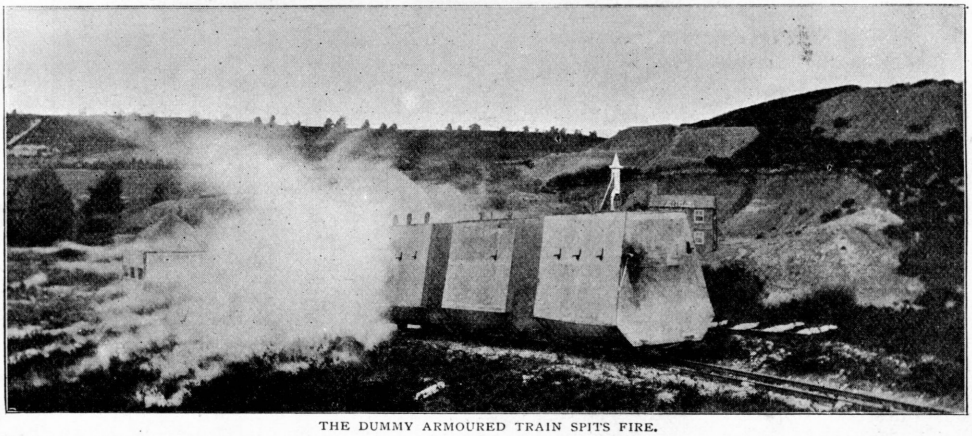


THE SIGNALLER.

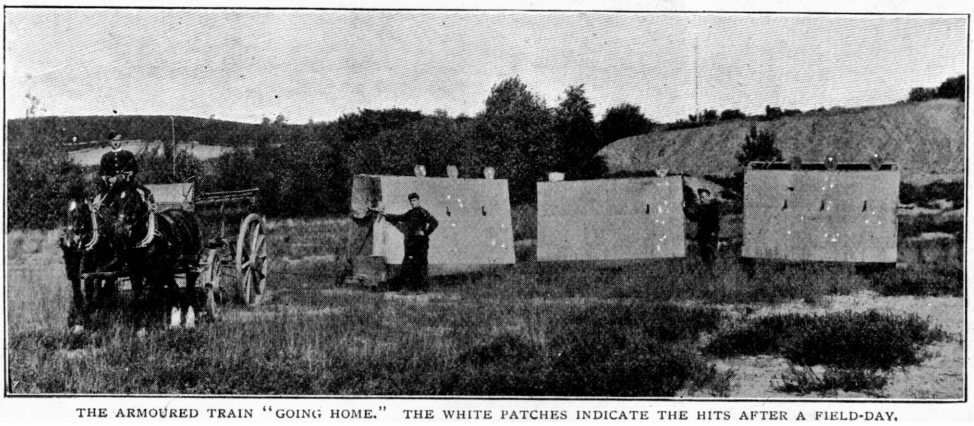
object in view. The various moving targets which are scattered over the field of operations are designed to represent the dispositions of a defending force prepared to meet an enemy invading the ranges from the south. In order to give our readers an idea of a field-day on the ranges we will imagine, for the time being, that we are part and parcel of the attacking force. Forward! march! We scatter and become units; that is to say, units of a long, straggling line of creeping, ever-advancing foes! We



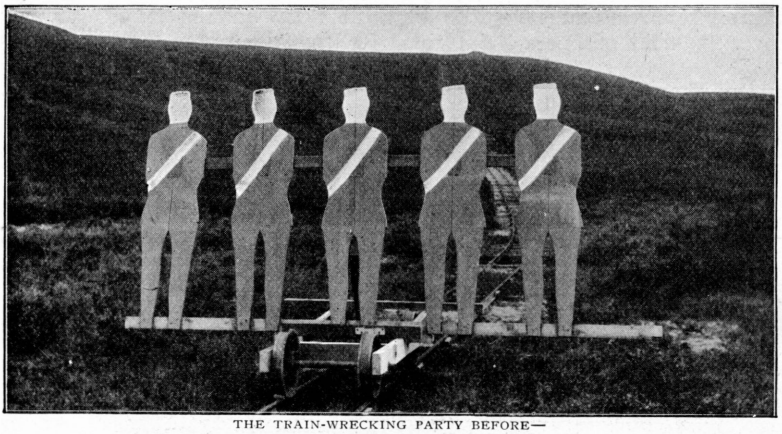
THE DUMMY CAVALRY—NOTE THE ROPES WHICH KEEP THE FIGURES STRAIGHT.



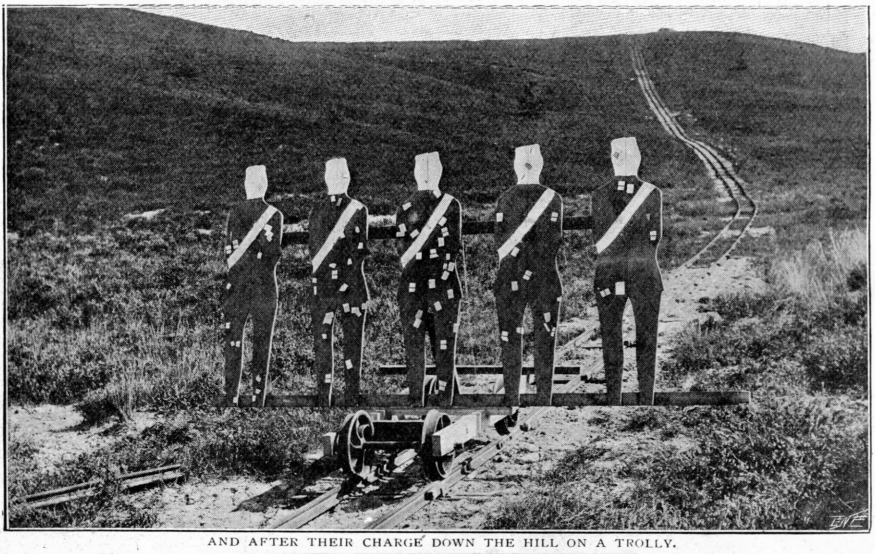
THE DUMMY ARMOURED TRAIN SPITS FIRE.



THE ARMOURED TRAIN "GOING HOME." THE WHITE PATCHES INDICATE THE HITS AFTER A FIELD-DAY.



THE TRAIN-WRECKING PARTY BEFORE—



AND AFTER THEIR CHARGE DOWN THE HILL ON A TROLLY.

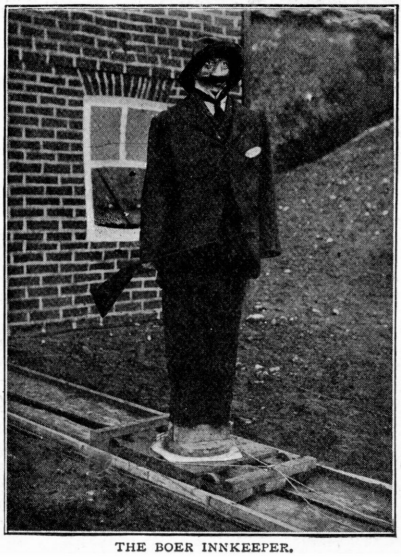
us are the dummy figures of the enemy. On our right we detect a Maxim ready to fire. The gunner pops up and down behind the breech. "Shoot him if you can, boys!"—and the peppering begins.

Then, without a moment's notice, heads and shoulders appear in the heather, and before we can take aim they are gone again! The magazines are brought into use and we pepper away for our lives. The heads appear again and are lost to view a moment after.

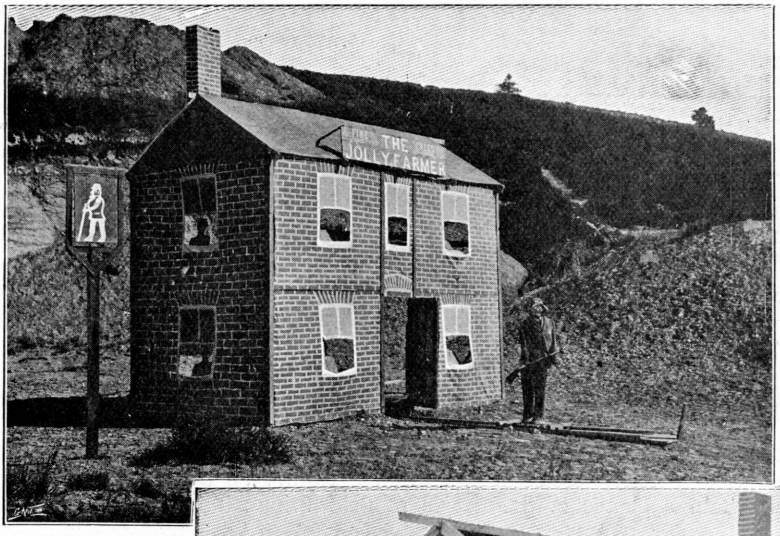
We reach the hill. Behold a signaller! He waves his flag, evidently sending a message to his commander in rear, reporting our advance. He's gone — our excitement grows to a tremendous pitch. There he is again! Ping, ping, ping —he's down! But, alas, it is not the rifle that

avail ourselves of every particle of cover. What is that on the crest of the hill? The enemy? Who said the enemy? Why, yes, surely, there they are again. Watch those two men running along the crest of the hill — but before the words are out they are gone again!

Someone on our left has taken a pot-shot at them. A hit! — no, it isn't. They are there once more. Let us get nearer. On we creep; we reach the coveted hill; we make a dash for the top, and lo! before



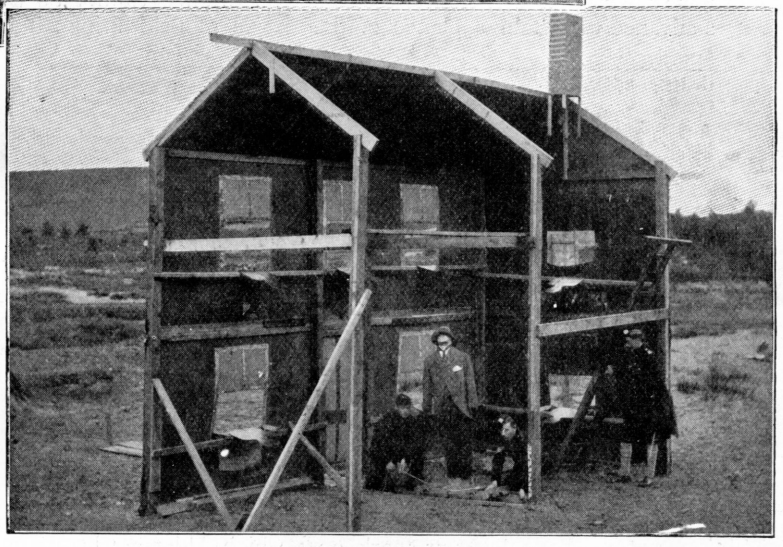
THE BOER INNKEEPER.



THE BOER INN.

bodies. But, see, they are up again for a few seconds near the signal-box. What is that loud explosion? Halloa! They have succeeded; yes, the line is blown up. They were gallant fellows, but they did not know the value of taking cover.

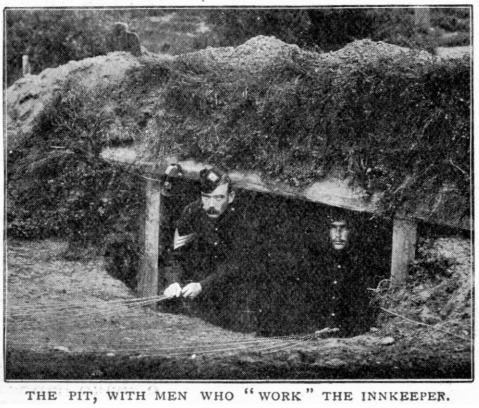
We do, and on we creep. There's a man has done it, but the man in a protecting-pit behind, who has worked the life-like dummy. We advance cautiously. Five hundred yards ahead there is a house — a Boer inn. We intend to capture it, but we are not there yet. We have first to face a cavalry charge. The intrepid horsemen are dummies too, but none the less are swift of motion. Note the ropes which give them life. We give the mounted men a lesson. Look at the white patches, each of which denotes a bullet mark, and you will say that we have made good practice to-day.



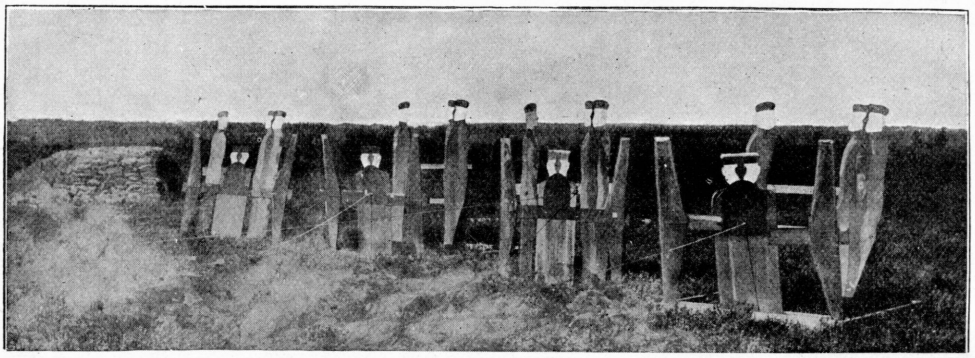
THE BOER INN—BEHIND THE SCENES.

We must get to the inn at any price; it must be stormed. We crawl again, down hill, behind hillocks, across ditches and ravines. But what is this? Take cover. A roar and a rumble—it is the armoured train! With a shriek it dashes across the valley and spits fire at us as it goes.

A party of the enemy has been sent to wreck the line as soon as the train has passed. They tear down the hill in front of us and disappear from view. They have had a bad time. Look at their poor dummy coming out of the inn with a gun—probably the landlord. Steady, boys! Bang! bang!!



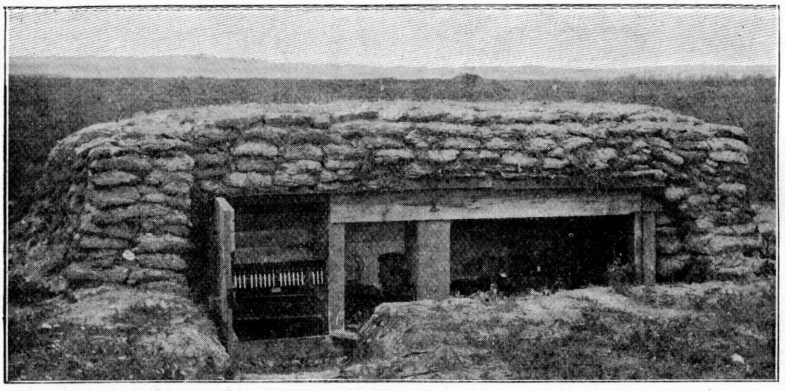
THE PIT, WITH MEN WHO "WORK" THE INNKEEPER.



THE DUMMY BATTERY.

We've got him! No, he turns tail and enters the house again. We do our best, however, and give him a parting shot in the back just as he gains shelter.

As we advance we obtain a glance of the



THE ELECTRIC SWITCHES, BY MEANS OF WHICH THE GROUND MINES ARE FIRED TO REPRESENT SHOTS FROM THE BATTERY.

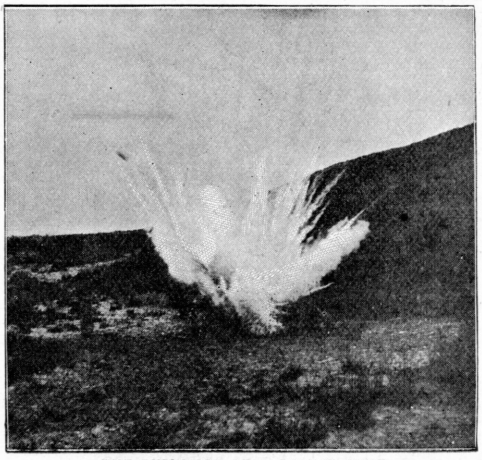
back of this structure, and we note with satisfaction that we have left our mark on the walls—canvas walls—and on the dummy figures that appeared at short intervals at the windows. We climb another kopje and come under the fire of a battery, just visible in the far distance, craftily concealed under the shadow of a wood. We hear an explosion; it is the 15-pounders opening fire.

Halloa! One of its deadly messages drops and explodes less than twenty yards in front of us. Shrapnel covers our advance, but undaunted we move ahead, unswerving, towards the coveted goal.

We find out afterwards that the battery fire was not so deadly as might have been anticipated by anyone who did not know that the bursting shells were nothing more than ground mines fired, as we advanced, by electricity from the switch shown on this page.

So our illusion is over. We shake hands, for we have done uncommonly well, but we want to come again.

Taking the matter seriously, too much importance cannot be attached to this new style of field firing; it is what our soldiers require—unknown ranges, hidden targets, appearing and disappearing in unexpected places, representing an enemy, in place of the old-fashioned large black and white targets. It also gives an interest which was formerly lacking. Let us hope that some similar kind of range will be constructed in every district in the country, and follow the lead which Aldershot has given us.



THE EXPLOSION OF A GROUND MINE.

A Fairy Story for Children.

By R. E. Vernède.

CAROLLA drew her ragged cloak about her and slipped out of the palace down the long avenue pink with almond-blossoms. No one in the Court cared where she went, for they were all busy preparing for the arrival of a new King, who was reported to be on his way to woo Princess Gorgianna, the Caliph's daughter. He would make the hundred and fiftieth King that had come for that purpose, and the heads of the rest were drying in the sun on the spikes of the palace gates. For Gorgianna was cruel as she was beautiful. She did not wish to marry, only to get the bag of diamonds which each wooer was bound to bring her as a gift before setting out on two adventures dictated by the Caliph, to be successfully accomplished before he could hope to win the hand of Gorgianna. These adventures were so dangerous that no one yet had succeeded in them, and the penalty of failure was to lose one's head.

"Oh, dear," sighed Carolla, as she ran into the forest, "I wish that Gorgianna were less beautiful or that Kings were not so foolish."

"Why do you say that?"

Carolla looked up, to find that she had almost run into a man mounted on a great white horse. He was young and very handsome, and his armour was made of gold. In his right hand he carried a small sack, and he seemed to have been riding at full speed, for his horse was flecked with foam. He pulled the beast up almost on its haunches, and repeated, rather angrily: "Why do you say that?"

"Because so many have lost their lives for her," said Carolla.

"Pooh!" said the young man. "What does that matter? For one so beautiful as Gorgianna, Kings should gladly die."

"Most Kings do die," said Carolla, but he went on, without paying any attention.

"I have ridden all the way from Landamor, through many countries of giants and magicians, because I heard that she was so beautiful."

"You are the King they expect, then?" asked Carolla.

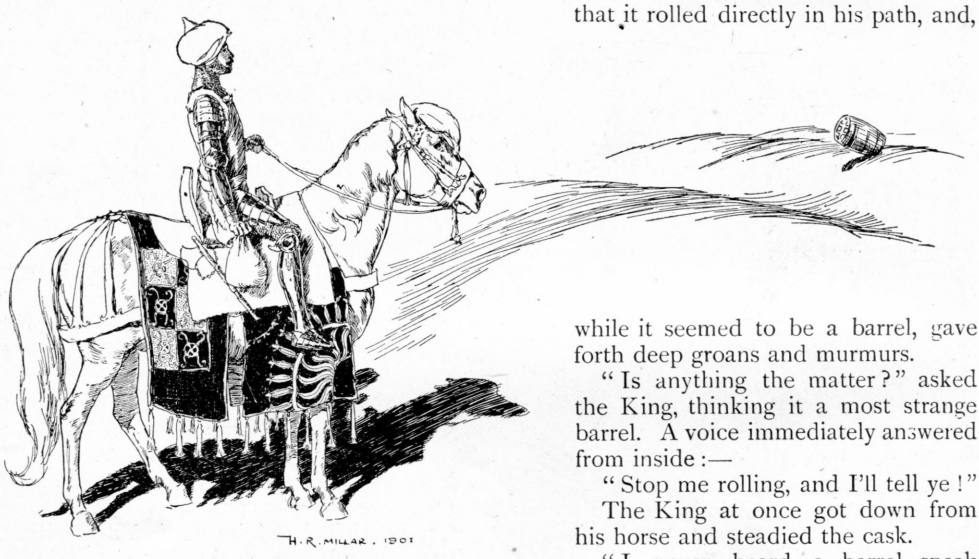
"Does Gorgianna expect me?" he inquired, eagerly.

"She expects more diamonds," said Carolla.

"Child," said the King, impatiently, "you must be envious. What do poor maids know about Princesses?"

Carolla blushed to be called a child and to be thought envious. But she did not tell the King that she was Gorgianna's sister, neglected and put in the background because of Gorgianna's pride and fascinations, for she thought that would give him further reason for thinking her jealous, which she was not. But because this King was so young and gallant, though not indeed very polite to her, she warned him earnestly of what would surely happen.

"There is nothing I wish more than that the Princess should be married," she said, "and to show it I will gladly help you, if I can, on your adventures."



"HE SUDDENLY CAUGHT SIGHT OF SOMETHING OVAL-SHAPED THAT CAME BOUNDING TOWARDS HIM."

"You!" he said, staring; "how could you help me?"

"I know the forests," she said, "and some of the fairies that live there are my friends. Nothing can be done without fairies."

He laughed good-naturedly, as at a child, and shook his reins.

"Maybe," he cried, "but I help myself. Now I must be off to see this beautiful Princess."

"You will not go back?"

"Never," he said, and he put his horse to the gallop.

Carolla watched him sadly until he was out of sight, and then went and ran with the deer among the glades and sang to the birds. The forests always showed her something new, some wonderful little brook that gurgled its dreams among the stones, or some slim green tree full of spring thoughts. All the creatures that dwelt there loved Carolla, and the flowers gave out a sweeter scent when she walked near.

Meanwhile the young King rode on, thinking only of the beautiful Princess he was so soon to see. As he came to a place of little downs that lay not far from the palace he suddenly caught sight of something oval-shaped that came bounding towards him, rolling up one hillock and down another. He would not have stopped to see what it was had it not been that it rolled directly in his path, and, while it seemed to be a barrel, gave forth deep groans and murmurs.

"Is anything the matter?" asked the King, thinking it a most strange barrel. A voice immediately answered from inside:—

"Stop me rolling, and I'll tell ye!"

The King at once got down from his horse and steadied the cask.

"I never heard a barrel speak before," he said.

"Maybe not," said the voice. "The fact is, I'm the Vizier, and the Caliph had me placed inside this barrel and sent me rolling off in order that I might not warn the King that is coming to-day that he will only perish if he persists in wooing the Princess Gorgianna."

"Indeed," said the King. "Why is that?"

"Because she only loves diamonds," said the Vizier, "and every new suitor that comes brings her more."

"I don't believe it," said the King, angrily. "She is so beautiful that everyone tries to disparage her."

He was in such a fury that he let the barrel roll on down the hillock into the forest, though the Vizier groaned pitifully and asked to be let out. For all his kind heart the King could not believe but that anyone who spoke against Princess Gorgianna deserved whatever punishment he got. And again he rode on and came to the palace, and having handed over his bag of diamonds was introduced to the presence of the Princess.

Now it was Gorgianna's custom to receive her wooers very graciously at first, for she loved admiration, and knew that the more they admired her the readier they would be to go out on the adventures in which none of them had ever yet succeeded, so that she could be quit of them when she pleased. When the young King arrived, therefore, she was sitting among her maidens in her rose-bower, robed in a dress that was made altogether of diamonds, at the sight of which the King, because he was a little dazzled, thought her more beautiful even than he had heard. Her eyes were blue and wide, her lips pouted, and her hair was a shimmer of gold.

She gave the King a seat beside her and let him babble compliments, to which she only smiled sweetly, while she thought out a new corset that might be strung from the diamonds he had brought. She knew that the Caliph, who had been in a bad temper for some time, was devising some most impossible adventure for this new wooer of hers to embark on. Presently the Caliph came in; a fierce, small man, with the bushiest of eyebrows.

"Who is this?" he asked, abruptly.

"I am the King of Landamor," said the young man, "and I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter."

"Do you agree to my conditions?" asked the Caliph, grimly.

"To any conditions," said the King.

"Sign, then," said the Caliph, and the King, not being in a very thoughtful frame of mind, which was what the Caliph always counted on, signed the document that was handed to him. He read nothing in fact except the words "on condition that" and "I give you the hand of my daughter."

"Now you must go on your adventures," said the Caliph. "By to-morrow morning you must bring me as a token something New Done under the sun."

The King realized at once the nature of his folly, and began, in despair:—

"But——"

"There are no buts about it," said the Caliph, frowning, so that for all his small size he looked like a thundercloud.

"I only wanted to say——" went on the poor King.

"Surely you will do this little thing for me?" said the crafty Gorgianna, interrupting. She looked so dazzling that the King forgot that he had meant to say it was impossible, and could only stammer:—

"Of course."

"Thank you so much," said Gorgianna, smiling to herself.

"Not at all," said the King.

"By to-morrow morning, mind," repeated the Caliph.

"Certainly."

"Or else you lose your head."

The King bowed himself out of the rose-bower and into the park, where he found his white horse waiting for him. When he had mounted, and the cool wind fanned his heated brow, he remembered again what lay before him, and cried out, as he rode:—

"But it is impossible!"

"What is impossible?"

This time it was the King who nearly rode into Carolla; but he was now so desperate that he was less polite than before.

"You are always in the way, it seems," he muttered.

"The road is clear enough," she said, smiling. "It is your fault if we have met again, for I saw you a mile away, and you have been riding up and down and round and round till you came right into me."

"I beg your pardon," said the King, being too proud quite to admit his error. "I'm afraid it was my fault or, rather, my horse's. He is a little dazed."

"I see," said Carolla, doubtfully. "You aren't, are you?"

"I—dazed?" exclaimed the King. "Why should you suppose so?"

Carolla hesitated.

"You have been to see Gorgianna," she said, at last. "And you have met the Caliph, and I heard you say something was impossible."

"So it is," said the King.

"What is?"

"To bring something done new under the sun to the Caliph by to-morrow morning."

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Carolla. "That does sound very difficult. You must go into the forests at once."

"What for?"

"To fetch it."

"But there is nothing done new," objected the King. "It's impossible."

"Not if you go to the forests," she said, eagerly. "At every turn there are strange things that the fairies have made, only they are hard to find. I do not know if you understand the way to search for them."

"I don't," said the King. "Do you?"

"Sometimes."

"Then you must come and show me," he cried, and before she knew he had stooped and lifted her up on the saddle before him.

"HE LIFTED HER UP ON THE SADDLE BEFORE HIM."

The white horse galloped like the wind under his double burden. The truth is that the green grasses grew springy for his hoofs, knowing well that it was Carolla whom they were speeding on. The King grew cheerful again, he knew not why, and began to talk of Gorgianna and her beauty as if no troubles or adventures were ahead. And Carolla, leaning against his right arm, listened and said nothing. So they advanced till they were among the great black trees, and a mist began to rise out of the ground. Quite suddenly the white horse neighed and stood still.

"I think we are in one of the Magic Glades," said Carolla. "Hark!"

Out of the mist there came a little piping voice, that sang thus:—

> There once was a Dun-coloured Gnu
> Which laughed at the popular view
> That under the sun
> There was nothing new done—
> For it said—"I am always——"

"Dun gnu!" cried the King, "of course."

He spurred the white horse into the mist, but the mist only closed about them and they could discover nothing.

"Where are you?" shouted the King.

There was no answer at first, and then Carolla tried.

"Please come out!" she said.

"Oh, very well," said the squeaky voice, and the mist seemed to fall away. The King and Carolla saw that they were in one of the forest-glades, in which a small house stood, and in front of it—on a stool—busily polishing a kind of harness, sat a very diminutive man, the owner of the squeaky voice. He looked up now and then from his polishing, but said nothing.

"Who are you?" asked the King.

The little man rubbed his hands together, put down the harness, pulled some spectacles out of his pocket, and adjusted them on his nose. Then:—

"Podgkin," he said.

"Then, Mr. Podgkin——" began the King.

"Plain Podgkin," said the little man, snappily.

"Dear Podgkin," exclaimed Carolla, knowing that most probably he was a magician, who, like other people, are very particular in many ways, but usually to be won over by friendliness. "Dear Podgkin, will you please tell me about the Dun Gnu?"

"Certainly," said the little man, chuckling at her address. "He's got a hump unlike other gnus, and he lives on the Spiky Star." He looked from one to the other and added:—

"Is that all you wanted to know?"

"Not all," said the King, disconsolately. "I wanted to capture it."

"And you will help us, won't you?" said Carolla, persuasively.

The small magician looked at her and was melted.

"Then you'll have to go to the Spiky Star," he said. "How will you get there, you ask? Rocs, my dear sir, rocs!"

"Rocs?" echoed the King.

"Hav'n't you heard of 'em?" asked the magician. "Big birds that can pick up an elephant and carry him off to a valley of rubies. Well, I don't wonder. They've nearly died out; but I found a trace—an egg!"

"A roc's egg?"

"Yes," said the magician. "Now, you'd have blown that egg or poached it. I didn't. I put it in an oven. What's the consequence, eh?"

"It got cooked," the King suggested.

"No, sir," said the magician, his little eyes flashing. "The shell splintered, out popped —what do you think?"

"A roc?"

"Two rocs, my dear sir, two rocs—twins —Gobble and Wobble. Come with me. I'll show 'em to you."

He sprang off his stool and danced his way excitedly into a back-yard, completely wired round and roofed, so as to form a huge kind of hen-run. Up and down this two immense birds, as big as mammoths and of a skewbald colour, were stalking. As they heard Podgkin approach they ran to the side of the wire and put their beaks through and flapped their wings, manifesting every sign of delight.

"There, sir!" said the magician, proudly.

"A splendid pair of fowls!" exclaimed the King.

"Dears!" said Carolla.

"Aren't they?" said the magician, delighted. "They're in fine feather, hey? They're little beauties — they're ducks."

"But can they fetch the Dun Gnu?" asked the King, anxiously.

"No," said Podgkin. "But they can carry us to the Spiky Star, if need be, and there you can catch the Dun Gnu by putting pepper on his hump."

The King felt much relieved.

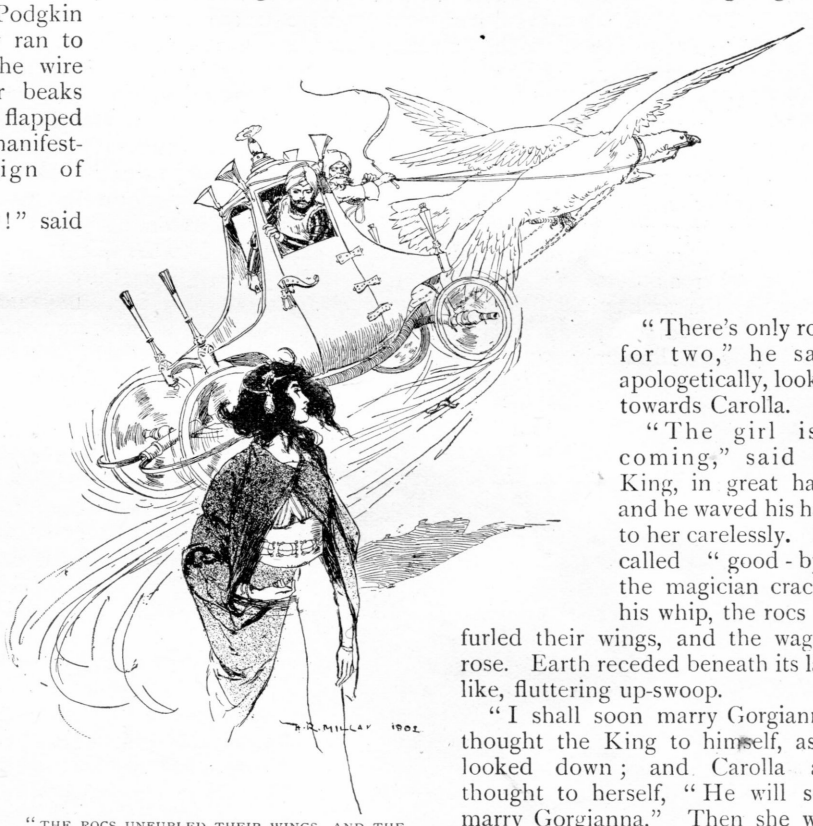
"Let us start at once," he said. "I must be back with the Dun Gnu before to-morrow morning, or I shall lose the loveliest Princess in the world and my head."

"She is pretty," said the magician. "But I don't know——"

"Oh, do take the King!" said Carolla.

The fact was that the magician supposed the King to be in love with Carolla, whom he also loved as a daughter. So that, although the King had really forgotten all about Carolla, and was already feasting his mind with thoughts of his success and the smiles and thanks he would win from Gorgianna, Podgkin agreed to take him.

It was already nearly dusk and time to start. The magician, with the King's assistance, got out a light waggon from his stables, a whip, and a tin of pepper, harnessed Gobble and Wobble, and invited the King to get in.



"THE ROCS UNFURLED THEIR WINGS, AND THE WAGGON ROSE."

"There's only room for two," he said, apologetically, looking towards Carolla.

"The girl isn't coming," said the King, in great haste, and he waved his hand to her carelessly. She called "good-bye," the magician cracked his whip, the rocs unfurled their wings, and the waggon rose. Earth receded beneath its lark-like, fluttering up-swoop.

"I shall soon marry Gorgianna," thought the King to himself, as he looked down; and Carolla also thought to herself, "He will soon marry Gorgianna." Then she went back to the palace, feeling a little sad, and crept up to her attic noiselessly and slept until the morning.

Quite early the Caliph was up and about. He had sent for his headsman and bidden him sharpen an axe, and he had personally inspected, before breakfast, the gate upon which he intended to spike the head of his latest victim.

Gorgianna, too, had risen and sat lazily on her throne, looking at herself in a mirror which one of the handmaidens held before her. She wore the corset which she

had had made out of the King's diamonds, and felt more resplendent than ever, and the more anxious for a new suitor to make her such another splendid gift. Her annoyance, therefore, and the Caliph's may easily be imagined when through the windows they saw riding up the almond avenue on his white horse the King, and led by a rope—contrary to all expectation—the dun gnu.

The King was well pleased with himself and naturally astonished to see the sour looks of the company when he rode up. The Caliph, indeed, could not conceal his displeasure, and though Gorgianna smiled hypocritically anyone who knew her would have noted the way she drew in her underlip and pressed her teeth against it.

The King bowed in front of them.

"I count myself happy," he said, "to have succeeded in this adventure, and to be able to place at your feet the Dun Gnu."

"Oh," said the Caliph, "indeed!"

"It's an ugly creature," said Gorgianna.

"Everything cannot be so beautiful," said the King to her, a little disappointed at the same time.

Gorgianna feigned a smile, but the Caliph only frowned. "You seem to have succeeded in your first attempt," he said, grudgingly, "but a second awaits you before you can claim my daughter's hand."

"Is it true?" said the King, aghast.

"You would not expect to win me too easily," said Gorgianna, aloud, as the Caliph came across to her and began whispering. The truth is, he had been so taken by surprise that he had not schemed any second adventure that would insure the King's unsuccess.

"We must make certain this time," he hissed in his daughter's ear. "I long for his head."

"I also am tired of him," she said.

"Think of something then."

So, while the King waited in impatience, this wicked pair put their heads together to bring about his downfall. The Caliph would not hear of any of the ordinary impossibilities, such as making him drain a pond with a sieve, or construct ropes out of sand, or walk up a pole of ice.

"It must be harder than that," he vowed.

"What should you say to making him find for us some Wood that Sings?" asked Gorgianna, at length.

"Does wood sing?" said the Caliph.

"No."

"Then that will do."

He turned to the King.

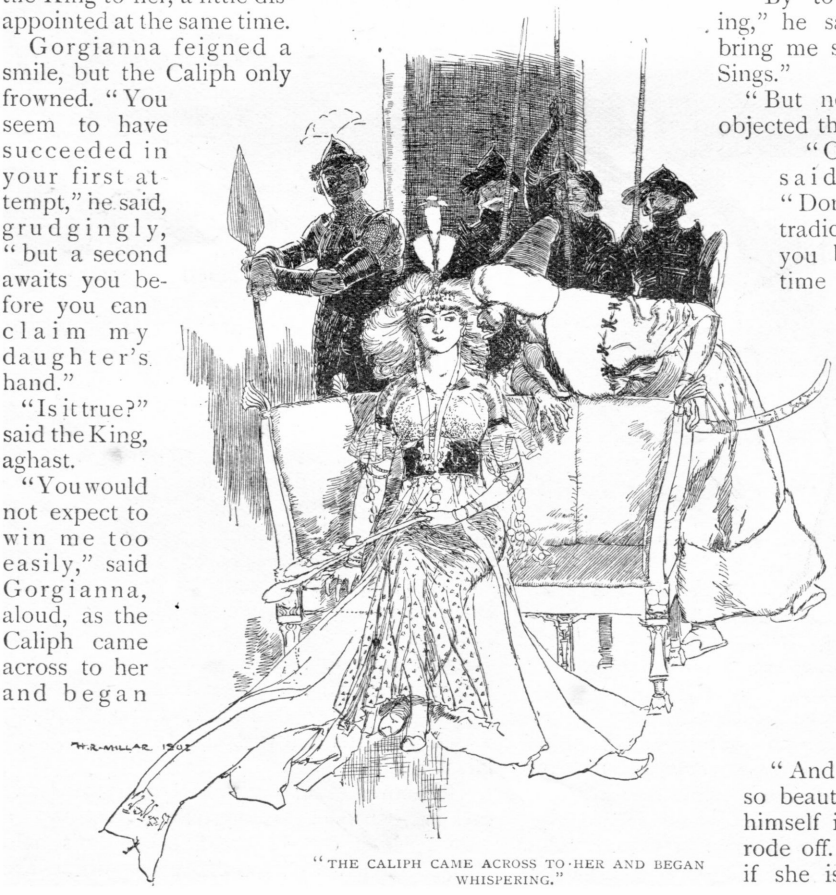
"By to-morrow morning," he said, "you must bring me some Wood that Sings."

"But no wood sings," objected the King.

"Oh, yes, it does," said the Caliph. "Don't dare to contradict me. Unless you bring it by the time I have named you will lose your head. You are dismissed."

With a wave of his hand he beckoned to the King to be gone, and as the young man obeyed he heard behind him the mocking laughter of the Princess Gorgianna.

"And I thought her so beautiful," he said to himself in a rage, as he rode off. "But I doubt if she is as fair or half



"THE CALIPH CAME ACROSS TO HER AND BEGAN WHISPERING."

so kind as the ragged girl that helped me yesterday."

Being struck by the contrast between the Princess and one whom he took for a beggar-girl he began to call her name: "Carolla."

But no one came.

"She has forgotten me," thought the King, bitterly, but he did not remember that he had forgotten her until this moment. He had come in the course of his riding to the little place of downs outside the forests where he had met the rolling barrel on the first day. The track it had left in the grass reminded him of the Vizier's saying, and it struck him with remorse how that in that hour of what he believed to be his own approaching happiness he had left the poor man to roll on for ever, just because he had told the truth about the Caliph and Gorgianna. At least he could remedy this unkindness, even if he could not find the Wood that Sings or save his own head. As he came to this conclusion, and spurred his white horse on, it seemed to him that all the trees about him became musical with birds, and the words they sang were "Carolla, Carolla, Carolla." But he could not very well take the forest to the Caliph, so that he banished all thought of himself and his danger from his mind, and followed the traces of the barrel. They led him farther and farther into the forest. Rabbits came out and peeped at him, unscared, and squirrels dropped nuts into his lap from their store-rooms in the trees. Even a hind, most timid of creatures, ran beside him for some way and made soft eyes at him.

The King wondered how it was they knew that he was not come a-hunting that day.

Presently he had quite a retinue of followers in his train: skylarks and doves, hares and foxes, stags, two honey-bears, a lynx, and, toiling in the rear, perseveringly, a tortoise. It was a little ridiculous, perhaps, and the King was not quite pleased to hear a sudden ring of silvery laughter as he galloped through a glade. But when he saw who laughed he could not be angry.

"Carolla!" he cried, looking at her, eagerly. Before, he had scarcely noticed her; but now, though she was still dressed raggedly, he saw her great beauty. Brown cheeks, and small brown hands, and a maze of brown hair, lips more cherry-red than Gorgianna's—he thought—and great grey eyes, like clear deep pools seen through a fringe of dark lashes—that was Carolla. And with the sun shining upon her, and the trill of her laughter still in the air, he quite forgot Gorgianna. So changeable is a King.

"What a train!" she laughed. "But I am glad the creatures like you."

"Then, I am glad," the King agreed.

"But why do you ride this way?" she asked.

"To find the Vizier."

The King confessed his heartlessness of the previous day, and Carolla rebuked him.

"I too am looking for him," she said. "It was only this morning that I heard of his mishap. It seems that he insulted the Caliph in trying to protect you."

"It's all my fault," said the King, regretfully.

"But I think," went on Carolla, "that we shall find him soon. I only stopped because I fancied that I heard him singing."

"Singing?"

"Hark!"

She held up her hand and, listening hard, they caught the following words:——

Hoots! monie a wearie hour's to seek
Since wi' Kirsteen I walkit:
A red, red rose was on her cheek
An' saxpence in ma pocket.

"That's the Vizier," said Carolla, nodding. "Come."

The King and she advanced, and saw—not far off—the barrel, which had stuck in a bush. Again the song rose:—

I've trampit over Arctic snows
Where walruses bereft me:
But, losh, I've no forgot the rose,
The saxpence hasna left me.

"Why," said the King, "that is the Wood that Sings!"

He explained to Carolla what sort of second adventure the Caliph had set him, and she listened gravely.

"You must roll the barrel back," she said, "to the palace."

"But I don't want to marry the Princess," said the King, obstinately.

"Then you'll lose your head," answered Carolla.

"It's not worth much," said the King, gloomily, but she would not listen to him, and went over to the barrel to comfort the Vizier.

"Eh, is it you, Princess?" he cried.

"Yes," she said; "and I've brought the King with me to take you back to the palace in safety, unless you would rather get out here."

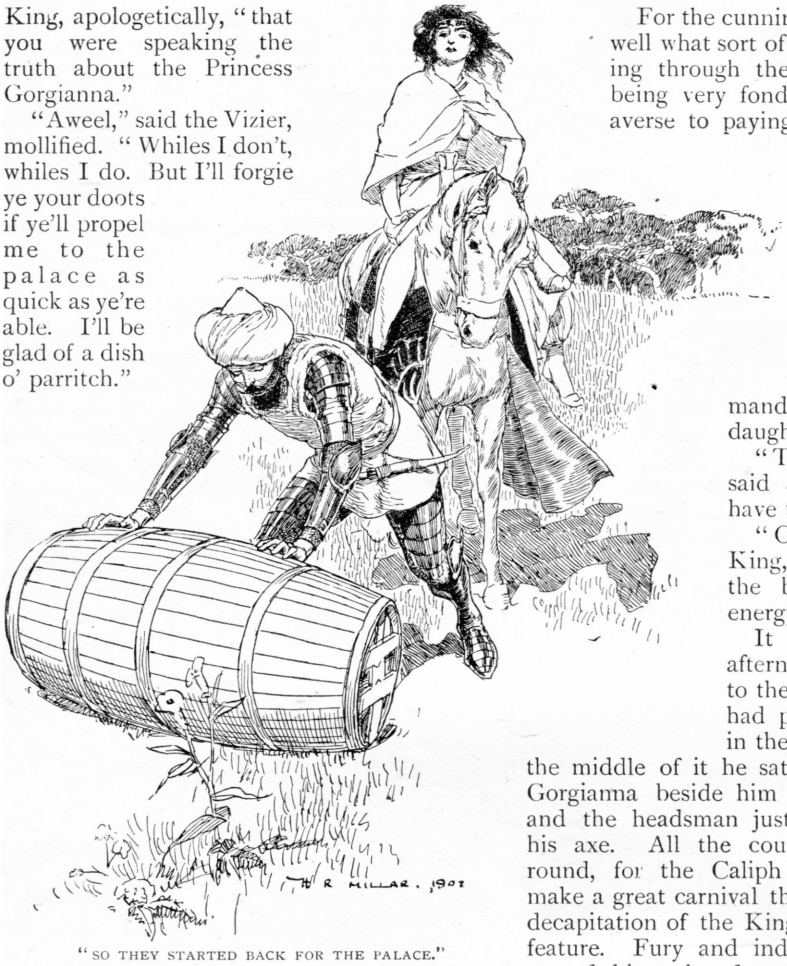
"Is yon the King that I happened on yesterday?" asked the Vizier, indignantly.

"Yes," said Carolla.

"But I had no idea then," added the

King, apologetically, "that you were speaking the truth about the Princess Gorgianna."

"Aweel," said the Vizier, mollified. "Whiles I don't, whiles I do. But I'll forgie ye your doots if ye'll propel me to the palace as quick as ye're able. I'll be glad of a dish o' parritch."



"SO THEY STARTED BACK FOR THE PALACE."

So they started back for the palace, the Vizier humming to himself contentedly, the King pushing him. Carolla rode the King's white horse. She kept behind a little, thinking to herself that now the King would get his desire and marry the Princess Gorgianna, which thought made her somehow a little melancholy. The King, too, was not feeling in the best of spirits.

"Why was it," he said, tapping on the barrel to attract the Vizier's attention—"why was it that you called Carolla 'Princess' when she is no more than a beggar-girl?"

"A beggar-girl!" said the Vizier. "She's the Caliph's dochter! 'Tis only her sister's jealousy that keeps Carolla in an attic."

"The Caliph's daughter!" repeated the King, amazed.

"Dinna stop pushing, young man," said the Vizier, "or I'll stop singing, and ye'll get nothing of what ye want."

For the cunning old man knew very well what sort of reflections were passing through the King's mind, and, being very fond of Carolla and not averse to paying out the Caliph for having put him in the barrel, meant to bring off a plan that he had in his head.

"If I take to the Caliph's palace the Wood that Sings," said the King, "I can demand to marry the Caliph's daughter."

"There'll be two maids," said the Vizier. "Ye'll have to choose."

"Of course," said the King, and he began to roll the barrel with renewed energy.

It was not until the afternoon that they came to the palace. The Caliph had put up a great stand in the park outside, and in the middle of it he sat on his throne, with Gorgianna beside him in all her diamonds and the headsman just behind leaning on his axe. All the courtiers were crowded round, for the Caliph had determined to make a great carnival that day, at which the decapitation of the King would be a leading feature. Fury and indignation nearly consumed him, therefore, when he suddenly became aware of the strange procession of the Vizier in the barrel, singing loudly, the King pushing with all his might, and Carolla riding behind on the white horse.

"What is this?" he demanded, fiercely.

"This is the Wood that Sings," said the King, and at that the Vizier strained his lungs in a roundelay that made the barrel resound like an organ. The Caliph exchanged glances of disgust with Gorgianna.

"I suppose I shall have to marry him now," she whispered.

"I demand your daughter's hand in marriage," continued the King.

"Very well," said the Caliph, sulkily.

The King turned to where Carolla sat on the white horse and lifted her down.

"She is the loveliest Princess in the world," he said.

"Corolla!" hissed Gorgianna.

"Her!" said the Caliph, ungrammatically.

"That's the wrong Princess. She's hardly one at all."

"I can't agree with you," said the King. "She seems to me the right Princess, and very shortly she will be my Queen."

"Never," yelled the Caliph, "never," and Gorgianna, crimson with envy and shame at being passed over for her younger sister, leaned over and whispered something in his ear. The Caliph nodded, and called to his headsman.

"Go and cut off all their heads!" he said, fiercely.

Carolla clung to the King, the King drew his sword and prepared to resist all the Caliph's army, if need be, and the Vizier ended his song in a quavering note. It seemed not unlikely that in another moment they would cease to live, when suddenly there was a great whir of wings in the air overhead, and all present saw Podgkin arrive in his car, drawn by the great rocs, Gobble and Wobble. They swooped down and perched beside the King.

"Get in!" said Podgkin. "It'll be a tight fit, but I can take you all for once in a way."

The King lifted Carolla into the car and the white horse stepped in after her, arching his mane. Podgkin himself rolled the Vizier still in the barrel in after them.

Before the Caliph could understand what was happening they were all in the car. Gobble and Wobble rose slowly and hovered in mid-air just over the Caliph's head. Podgkin put his arm out of the window and began to drop a curious white powder on to the heads of all below.

"Stop!" shrieked the Caliph. "Restore me my prisoners."

The magician went on strewing his powder. Carolla and the King were so much taken up with each other that they did not see what was happening.

"Stop!" shrilled Gorgianna.

Then Podgkin spoke in a stern voice.

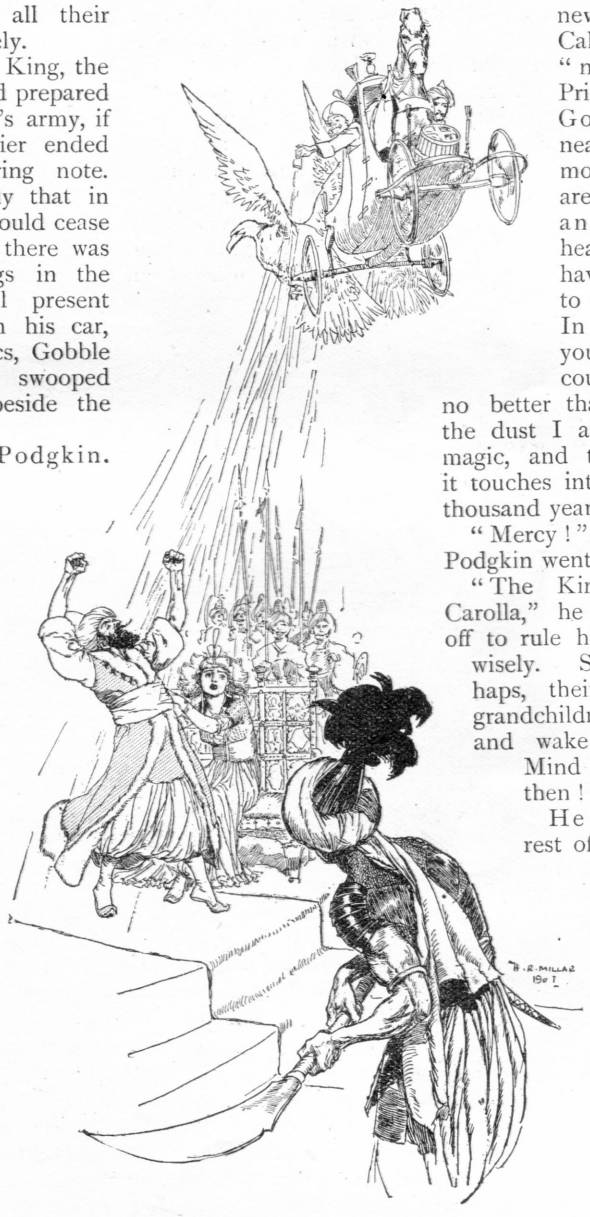
"There probably never was a worse Caliph," he said, "nor an uglier Princess than you, Gorgianna, beneath your diamonds, for you are both greedy and cruel and heartless. So I have determined to punish you. In a little while you and all your courtiers will be no better than plaster, for the dust I am throwing is magic, and turns everyone it touches into statues for a thousand years."

"Mercy!" they cried, but Podgkin went on strewing.

"The King will marry Carolla," he said, "and go off to rule his own country wisely. Some day, perhaps, their great-great-grandchildren will come and wake you to life. Mind you are better then!"

He emptied the rest of his powder on them.

Then very slowly the rocs rose into the air and flew to Landamor.



"'MERCY!' THEY CRIED."

The Most Sensational Motor Ride.

KILPATRICK'S RUSH DOWN A CHUTE.

By Winston Spencer.

AMERICA is the land of sensationalism. The man, or for that matter the woman either, in work or amusement who can create a sensation is idolized by the crowd. Especially is this the case with regard to recreation. The more daring, risky, and novel the achievement, the more enthusiastic plaudits does it receive from the general public. This spirit of daredevilry is responsible for the widespread popularity of Mr. Charles Kilpatrick, famous for his remarkable and intrepid accomplishments upon the bicycle.

Kilpatrick's feats are rendered all the more striking from the fact that he has only one leg. Several years ago he had the misfortune to have his right leg so badly crushed under a railway train that it had to be amputated near the thigh. Yet apparently he does not miss the member to any great extent, since he is as agile on his solitary leg as the majority of those who still retain their two limbs.

MR. CHARLES KILPATRICK ON HIS MOTOR-CAR.
From a Photo.

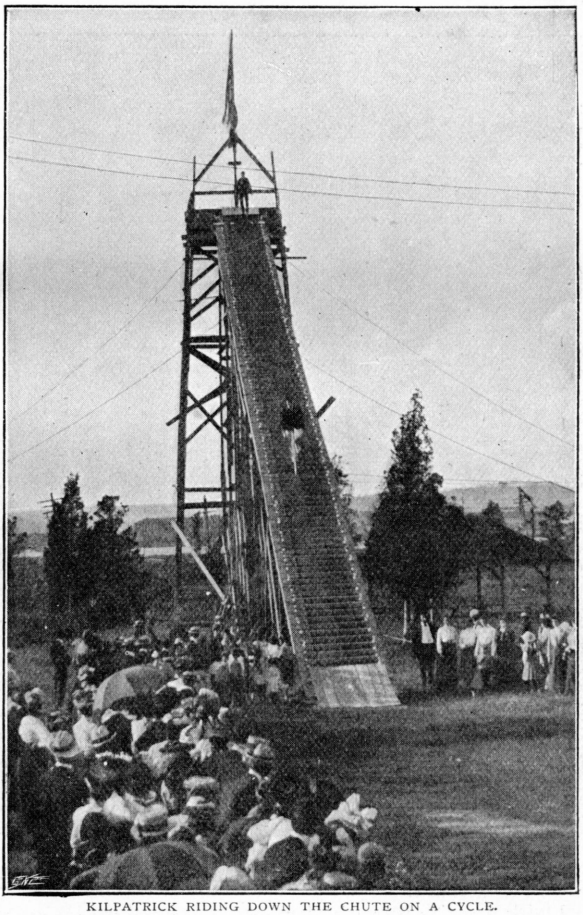
He first leaped into notoriety ten years ago by riding down the steps of the west side of the Capitol at Washington upon a safety bicycle, as the result of a wager. Other intrepid cyclists had previously ridden down the steps upon the east front, but even the most daring of these aspirants to fame declined to repeat the achievement upon the west front, owing to the exceptional steepness of the steps. Still this fact had no terrors for Kilpatrick, and he descended them mounted upon an ordinary safety bicycle without incurring any mishap. This feat had never been accomplished before and has never been emulated since.

The success of this attempt prompted Kilpatrick to repeat the performance for the edification of the general public. The ride down the Capitol steps had been achieved by clandestine means, since, had the authorities gleaned any information of the fact, they would have promptly prevented Kilpatrick from rushing to what was apparently certain destruction. Consequently only the parties to the wager were privileged to witness the event. Kilpatrick returned to New York, constructed a long flight of steps similar to those at Washington, and rode down them twice a day before large audiences at the Madison Square Gardens.

The event was a tremendous success, and Kilpatrick became known as the most daring cyclist in the world. He toured all through the States, and subsequently visited South Africa, where his performance created

as great a *furore* as it had in his own country.

When he returned home Messrs. Forepaugh and Sells, the well-known circus proprietors, desired a striking sensational act with which to open this year's season in New York, and they inquired whether Kilpatrick could supply them with such a turn. At first the cyclist was at a loss to devise some novelty, since he did not wish to repeat his cycling performance. He wanted to give his fellow-citizens something novel, startling, and up-to-date. Suddenly he thought of the automobile, and decided to utilize this latest means of locomotion for creating a sensation. He went to the circus managers and laid before them his scheme. It was this. He would erect a long chute placed at a sharp angle stretching from the ground just wide enough to admit the automobile, would race up this, turn his machine round at the top, and then rush down again at full speed. The idea was warmly welcomed by the managers, and Kilpatrick immediately set to work to have the chute constructed.



KILPATRICK RIDING DOWN THE CHUTE ON A CYCLE.
From a Photo.

This structure was extremely massive and heavy in character. It was about 140ft. in length by 5ft. in width. The chute was constructed in three sections to facilitate transport and to enable the structure to be accommodated upon the railroad-cars, since the projector contemplates repeating the performance in other cities.

The flooring of the incline consisted of boards laid transversely upon heavy beams, securely braced and bolted together to obviate any possibility of the erection collapsing and dashing the intrepid rider to the ground. The chute was only 6in. in excess of the width of the car, leaving a space of 3in. upon either side to allow for steering-way. It will thus be recognised that the steering lever required a steady, iron hand to hold it, since even a little deviation from the straight course would have thrown the vehicle off the track, to which no protecting rails were placed at the sides. The track was not prepared in any way to retard the pace of the automobile in its descent, but a little powdered resin was distributed upon the boards to prevent the wheels from slipping as much as possible.

The automobile employed by Kilpatrick was of the conventional type made by the Mobile Company of America. It was not built specially for the undertaking, but supplied direct from the stock-room. The vehicle is of the steam type, with gasoline as fuel. The machine weighs 750lb. The nominal steam pressure is 160lb. to the square inch, but for this particular purpose owing to the stiff gradient to be climbed the steam pressure was increased a little.

Kilpatrick purchased two machines, one being kept in reserve in case of a breakdown to the other. This particular type of machine

is easy and convenient to control, since a reversing lever fitted to the side serves to set the vehicle either for forward or backward motion, while a similar small lever placed upon the same side controls the power. The steering is actuated by a lever placed in front of the driver and the powerful brake is applied by the foot.

While the construction of the chute was in progress Kilpatrick was rehearsing for his act upon the steep hills in the suburbs of Tarrytown and Sing Sing. Notwithstanding the steepness of the hills in this district, none approached the angle of the chute. Still, this practising served to enable him to become acquainted with the vehicle, and to maintain a firm hold of the steering lever so that the car travelled in a straight course down the plane. He also, as shown in the illustration, rode down the chute on his bicycle.

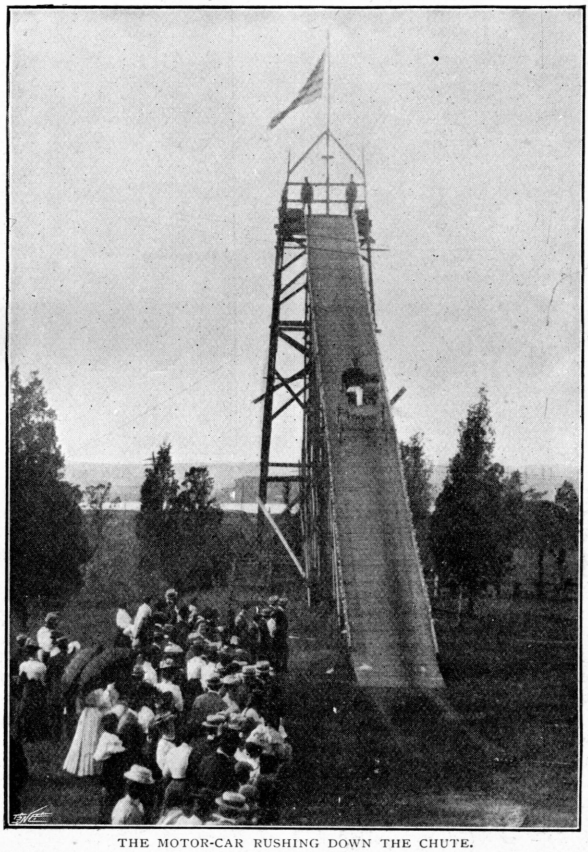
THE MOTOR-CAR ASCENDING THE CHUTE.
From a Photo.

Kilpatrick entered the ring seated in his car and slowly rode round to the foot of the chute. Then, setting the course of his machine, he backed a few feet in order to obtain the necessary start. The power lever was thrown over, and with a whizz he rushed up the inclined plane at full speed, the escaping steam, under the high pressure that was being exerted in order to propel the car, hissing like an ascending rocket. In a few seconds he had gained the platform at the summit of the chute, and nimbly sprang out of the vehicle and turned it round preparatory to the descent. The ascent had been impressive, but the downward run was far more so. With one hand firmly grasping the steering gear, the other hand placed on the power lever, his foot near the brake, in case some unforeseen accident should occur and render it necessary to bring the car to a standstill, and with his eye fixed upon the bottom of the plane, the daring rider slowly started. Once the whole body of the car had passed over the crown of the incline it rapidly gained momentum, and plunged downwards with terrific velocity. When a few feet distant from the bottom the momentum was so great that the machine on one or two occasions swerved slightly and skidded sideways. Only a narrow three inches on either side of the car preserved it from destruction. Had the rider lost his presence of mind, or slightly moved the steering handle, the motor-car would have left the track and precipitated its daring rider to instant death. It speaks volumes for Kilpatrick's presence of mind, nerve, and judgment to say that the vehicle, both in its upward and downward journeys, scarcely deflected from the straight line.

Kilpatrick has earned a reputation for intrepidity, but he assured me that riding down this narrow plane in this car was a far greater tax upon his nerves than riding down the steps upon his safety bicycle. In the latter case the only danger to be feared was the collapse of the cycle underneath him, but since it was strongly and rigidly built he entertained no apprehensions on this score. With the automobile circumstances were widely different; the mechanism of a vehicle of this description is composed of so

many intricate parts, the failure of any one of which might prove disastrous. Then again there was the weight of the car to take into consideration. This alone was sufficient to hurl it down the incline at a terrific pace.

Kilpatrick had never ridden up this plane previous to the first performance. On this occasion a catastrophe was narrowly averted. He travelled up the incline, and the moment the front wheels had reached the platform at the top he shut off steam. The result was that the heaviest portion of the machine, including himself, still remained upon the incline, and immediately it began to run backwards. The situation was grasped by his brother and two other assistants who were waiting at the top, and they rushed forward and just managed to haul the machine to safety in the nick of time. A second later it would have rushed backwards down the chute, and no application of the brake could have stopped it, so that it would have been dashed to pieces at the bottom or else fallen over the side.



THE MOTOR-CAR RUSHING DOWN THE CHUTE.
From a Photo.

From an evanescent point of view it does not appear to be a great feat to travel up the plane, but it must be remembered that the exceptional steepness of the gradient was a severe strain upon the driving capacity of the engine. The nearest escape Kilpatrick experienced was on the occasion upon which he was riding up the incline, when, about half-way up, the lever failed and the car rushed violently down backwards. Kilpatrick was nonplussed for the moment, but he instantly regained his presence of mind and firmly held the steering lever. The car had attained such velocity that the brake at first failed to act, and it was only brought to a standstill two or three inches away from the wall of the arena.

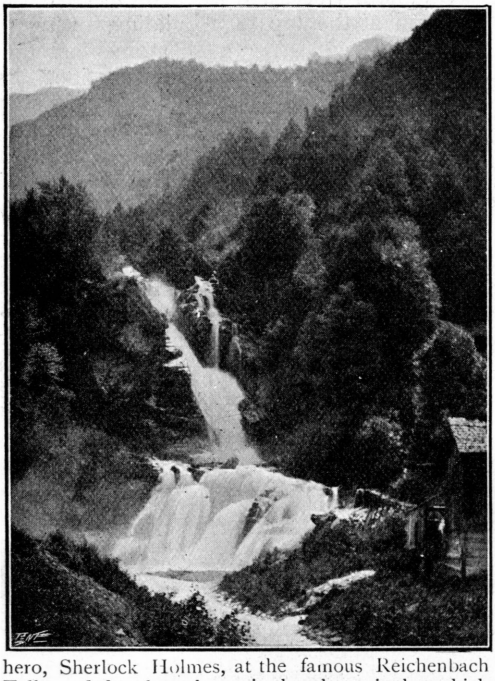
On another occasion when he reached the platform at the top of a building, owing to momentary preoccupation, he omitted to shut off the steam, with the result that he crashed into the masonry wall of the building. But these have been the only misadventures that he has suffered, though he informed me that he would sooner ride down the steps at the Capitol a dozen times to every single descent he made in his automobile down this sharp chute. One night a young lady, ambitious to experience the sensation of whizzing down the track at lightning speed, accompanied Kilpatrick on his trip, but the excursion was sufficiently exhilarating to deter her from repeating the ride. The fact that only three inches on either side of the car protected her from eternity was too much for her. Probably the majority of spectators would pronounce the performance as a foolhardy feat. Such may be the case, but as an exemplification of iron nerves, cool judgment, and level-headedness the achievement would be difficult to excel.

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

WHERE SHERLOCK HOLMES DIED.

"I am sending you herewith a photo. of the Lower Reichenbach Falls, Switzerland, which I took about three years ago. It was taken not long after the time when Dr. Conan Doyle, in the series of detective tales which appeared in THE STRAND, ended the life of his



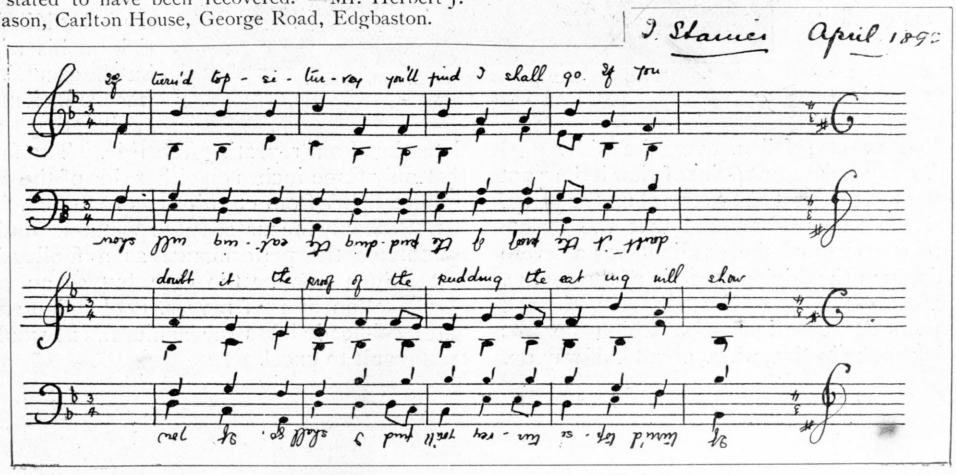
hero, Sherlock Holmes, at the famous Reichenbach Falls, and the place shown in the photo. is that which many of the guides at Meiringen were then pointing out to visitors as 'the identical spot where the body of your great English detective, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, was found.' Sherlock Holmes, having once more come to life, I thought your readers might be interested in seeing a photo. of the place where his body is stated to have been recovered."—Mr. Herbert J. Mason, Carlton House, George Road, Edgbaston.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SHADOW.

"The photo. of an extraordinary shadow, which I send you, was taken in Kingsham Garden, Chichester. It has curiously enough taken the distinct form of a horse's head with the reins most distinctly shown."—Master R. Habin, Chichester.

A MUSICAL JOKE.

"I send you one of Sir John Stainer's musical jokes, two hymns in one—in B flat or G major, according to the manner in which it is read, upside up or upside down. It was written as an autograph for a friend of his son's."—Miss Warmington, 146, Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, S.E.



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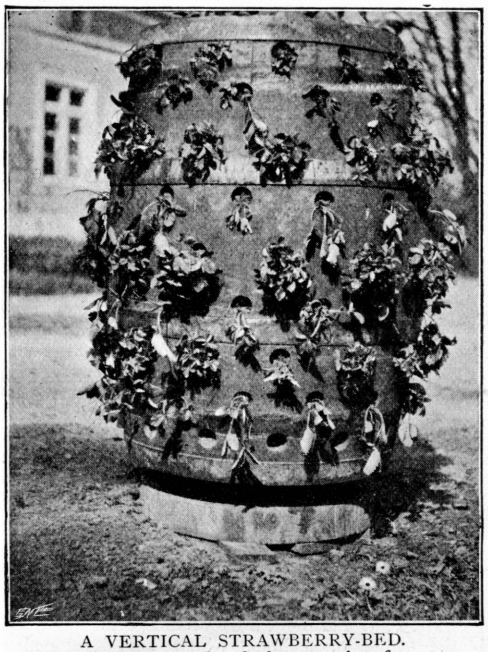
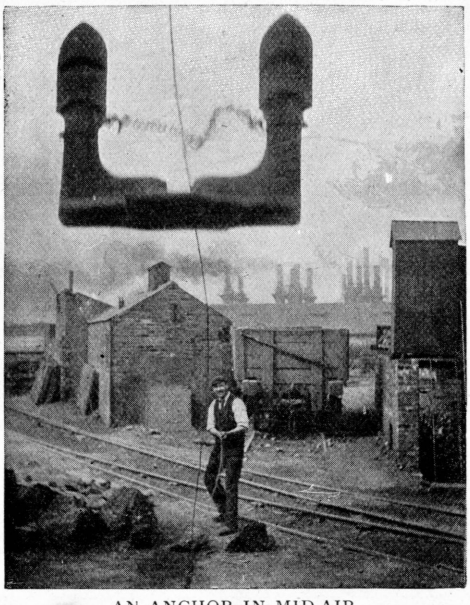


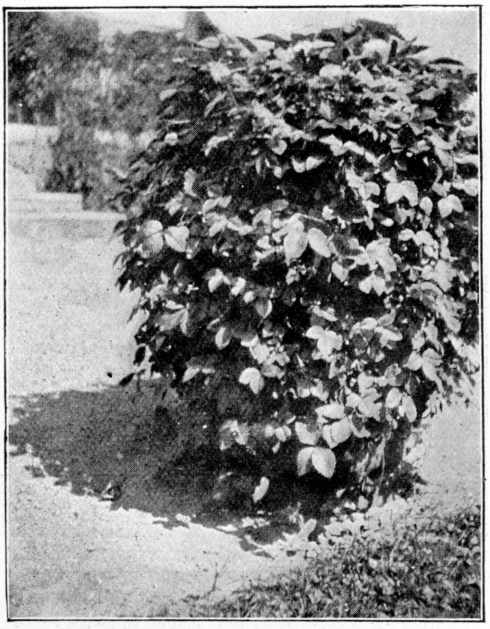
A VERTICAL STRAWBERRY-BED.

"I send you a couple of photographs of my somewhat novel strawberry-bed. I took an old barrel and made a number of holes into it, as seen in the first photograph. I then filled the barrel with suitable ground and planted the young strawberry plants through the holes. The first photograph shows the first stage of the strawberry-bed soon after planting. The second photo. was taken later. The barrel is covered with foliage, flower and fruit being found among the leaves in great profusion."—Frau Behrend, Arnau, East Prussia.



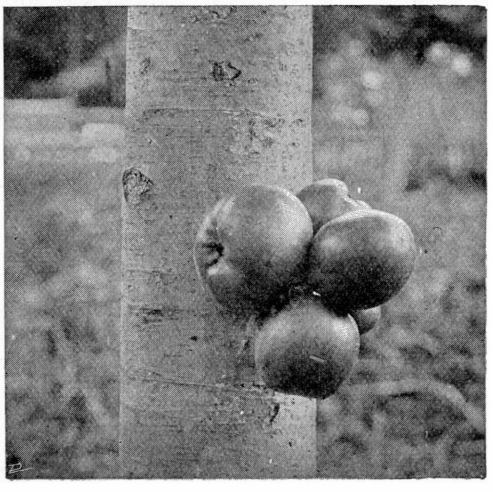
AN ANCHOR IN MID-AIR.

"The photo. represents an anchor dropping from a height of 12ft. on to a 2in. iron slab placed on a bed of concrete, 6ft. thick, so as to fulfil the drop test to meet the requirements of Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping before being accepted as fit for use on board of merchant ships. The anchor is made of cast steel, weighing over 1¼ tons, and was manufactured by Messrs. W. Shaw and Co., Wellington Foundry, Middlesbrough, and is one of Messrs. Tyzack and Co.'s Patent Bulldog Stockless Anchors."—An anonymous contributor.



AN APPLE TREE WORTH HAVING.

"Inclosed is a photo. which may prove of interest to your readers. It is of a bunch of five fine apples growing on the stock of a tree about 2ft. from the ground and 5ft. or 6ft. from the branches. According to gardeners in the neighbourhood this is quite unique. The genuineness of the fact can be vouched for (if necessary) by the gentleman in whose garden the incident occurred and by his gardener."—Mr. P. R. Palmer, Hartley Whitney, Winchfield.



A CAMERA THAT "TELLS STORIES."

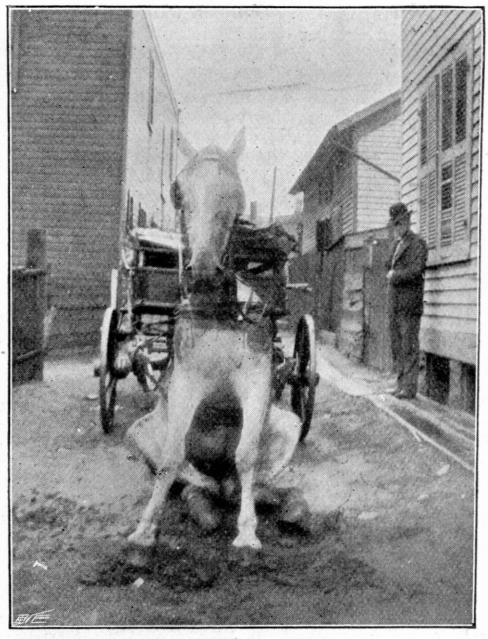
"Perhaps you might find space under the head of 'Curiosities' in your Magazine for the inclosed photograph. You will see that a man appears to be rowing a boat up a mountain side. It was taken by me in North Wales at Lal-y-llyn Lake, and, of course, what appears to be a mountain is in reality the lake; the result, I suppose, of two exposures by mistake on one film, or it may have been reflection."—Lieut.-Colonel M. O. Stanley, 63, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

A WIDE-AWAKE BANK MANAGER.

"'Westerners,' as residents of the State of Nebraska are known along the Atlantic Coast, although Nebraska is almost the geographical centre of the United States, are reputed to be 'hustlers,' and the accompanying photograph bears testimony to that reputation. It shows 'The Bank of Callaway' the day after a fire had destroyed all of the bank building but the vault. With characteristic enterprise Mr. H. H. Andrews, the cashier of the bank, placed a chair and a table in the vault, opened the door, and, by painting the title of the bank on the exterior of the vault, announced that he was ready for business. This photograph he sent to a friend, who is vice-president of one of the largest banks in Boston, and on the back of it he wrote: 'Still in the ring, though decidedly disfigured.'"—Mr. Thomas J. Feeney, *Boston Herald*, Boston, Mass.

THIS MARE SITS DOWN WHEN TIRED.

"Mr. P. J. Turnbull, a Cleveland (Ohio) plumber, is the owner of a horse which has developed a peculiarity unusual to the equine race. The animal, a young grey mare, when broken to harness displayed a balky spirit, and when overtaken by a fit of sulks immediately sits upon her haunches like a dog. Neither persuasion nor punishment has the slightest effect until the fit passes. The accompanying photograph was secured while the mare was taking a half-hour's rest on one of the West Side streets. The animal always attracts curious crowds when taking her peculiar rests."—Mr. Clifford Quigley, 413, American Trust Building, Cleveland, O.



WHAT EVER IS THIS?

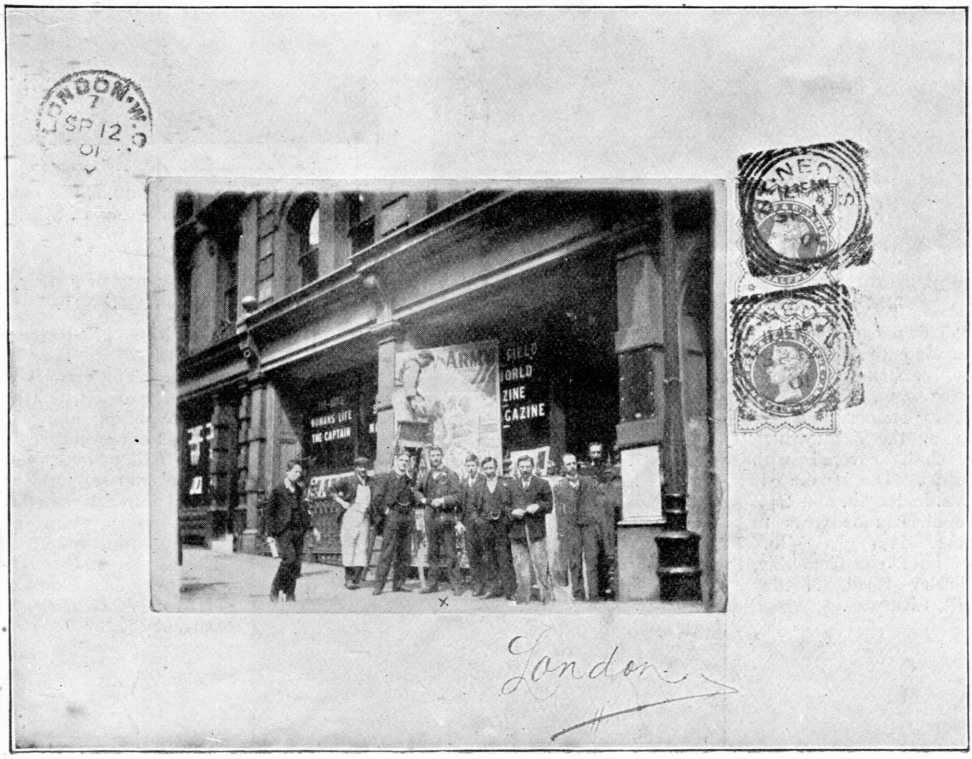
"I send a photo., which I hope you will insert in THE STRAND. It was taken at the seaside during the holidays, and just as the snap-shot was taken the dog got behind the baby. When the photo. was developed it took some time to make out what the awful creature sitting beside the baby was. The dog's head is near the ground, and its tail forms the monster's head, but we cannot account at all for the face. The dog's ear makes the animal's tail."—Mr. T. S. Dixon, 12, Brambledown, Crouch Hill, N.

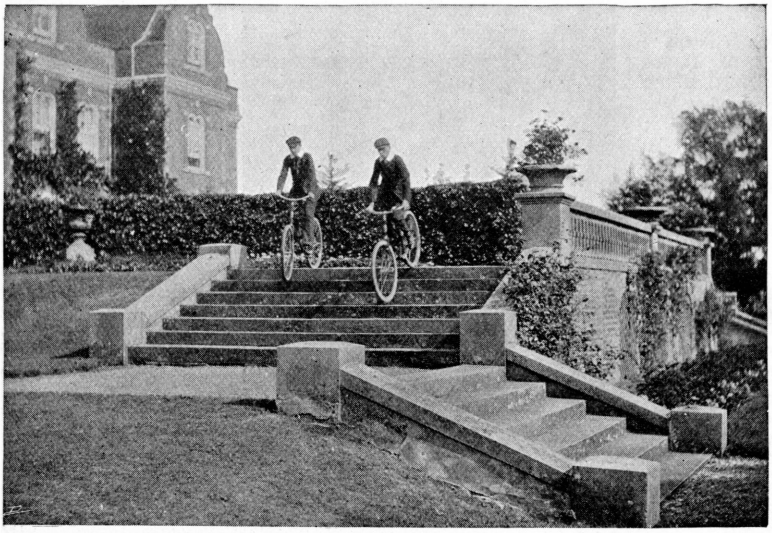
A WHITE SPARROW.

"I am sending you a photo. of a white sparrow, which my father caught in the garden last July. He kept it in a cage for about a month, and then it died, so he had it stuffed. The taxidermist said he had never seen one before, and I have never heard of one before. I wonder if any of your readers have ever heard of a white sparrow. I hope you will think it worthy of your 'Curiosity' page."—Mr. W. R. Gaskell, "Roseleigh," Woolton.

THE POST-OFFICE AND OURSELVES.

As our readers will readily assume, Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd., are on remarkably good terms with the postal authorities. It is no small compliment to the perspicacity of that hard-worked and much-abused body that the envelope, of which the direction is formed by a photograph of part of our offices, was delivered within a few hours of posting at St. Neots, Hunts. We sincerely hope, by the way, that the publication of this photograph will not throw too great a strain upon the experts who deal with this phase of the country's correspondence by inducing those of our subscribers who are photographically inclined to go and do likewise.



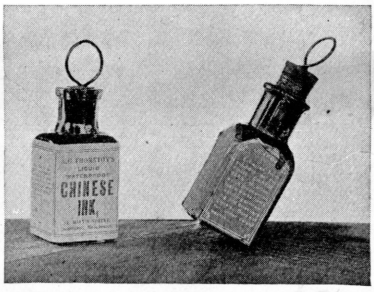


WORTHY SONS OF A SPORTSMAN.

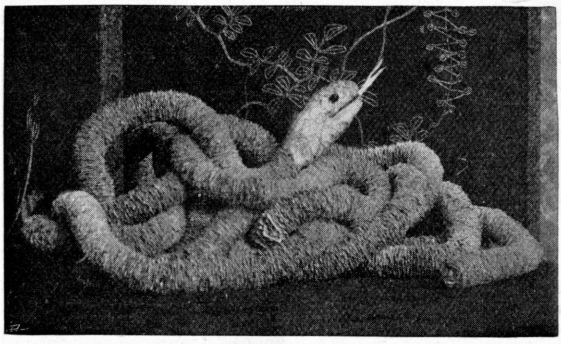
"The clever feat illustrated by the accompanying photograph is one performed by the plucky sons of Mr. Winans, the celebrated revolver-shot. The boys ride down the steps on their bicycles at the rate of ten miles an hour, turning the corners without any trouble!"—Mr. Hugh Penfold, 100, High Street, Ashford.

"ONLY HALF AN ACCIDENT."

"Here is a rather peculiar photograph. While bending over a drawing on which I was engaged I chanced to move my arm, and feeling my elbow coming in contact with something I looked round, expecting to find that a bottle of Chinese ink had been overturned. I was surprised, however, to see it standing in the position shown, exactly balanced on its edge, in which position it remained long enough for me to get a snapshot of it, a camera fortunately being ready to hand. After replacing it in its correct position it was only with the greatest difficulty that it was again restored to the critical position on its edge, so it was a



most curious occurrence that it should have been accidentally knocked into it, the bottle being half full at the time."—Mr. C. Stirling, 26, Palace Street, S.W.



A JUBILEE STAMP-SNAKE.

"This remarkable snake is made entirely of penny English stamps, no half-penny ones. There are 32,500 stamps, not including the head, which is cloth covered with stamps. The snake is 9yds. in length, and took me about nine years to make. It weighs 5¾lb."—Miss Bleare Cranesbie, Elmsley Road, Mossley Hill, Liverpool.

THE RESULT OF A LANDSLIP.

"This photograph was taken in the Hebrides. The view is the face of a cliff which had a wire railing along the edge to prevent cattle from falling over. One of the iron supports was leaded into a large stone. A landslip occurred, leaving the stone suspended in mid-air."—Mr. A. N. Dowding, H.M.S. *Britannia*, Dartmouth.

INDEX

PAGE.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN A TWELVE-FOOT BOAT. By FREDERICK A. TALBOT ... 216
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Facsimiles.)

ALDERSHOT, THE NEW MUSKETRY PRACTICE AT. By ALBERT H. BROADWELL ... 777
(*Illustrations* from Photographs by A. J. JOHNSON.)

ANDERSEN, THE SCRAP-BOOK OF HANS CHRISTIAN 159
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles and a Photograph.)

ANIMAL PAINTING, A SCHOOL FOR. By LEONORE VAN DER VEER 133
(*Illustrations* from Pictures, Sketches, and Photographs.)

ANIMALS, A CEMETERY FOR. By EDOUARD CHARLES 714
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

ARTISTS, FRENCH HUMOROUS. By MARIE A. BELLOC 676
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles.)

AT SUNWICH PORT. By W. W. JACOBS 57, 183, 264, 424, 583, 641
(*Illustrations* by WILL OWEN.)

BABY-GIRL. By WINIFRED GRAHAM 670
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

BATS, SOME FAMOUS. By HAROLD MACFARLANE 342
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BATTERY FIFTEEN. A STORY OF GIBRALTAR. By FRANK SAVILE 538
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

BEAUTIFUL MAMMA. By WINIFRED GRAHAM 312
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

BICYCLE SENSATION, THE JONES-HILLIARD. By TERTIUS CARR 433
(*Illustrations* from Photographs by A. J. JOHNSON.)

BIRD-DOCTOR, AN HOUR WITH A. By FRANK HOLMFIELD 457
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BRITISH ASSOCIATION, THE HISTORY OF THE. By JOHN MILLS 255
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BRITISH MUSEUM, THINGS OF MOST PRICE IN THE. By RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA ... 530
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BULLS AND BEARS ON SKOR VHEAN. By JOHN OXENHAM 323
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)

CARICATURIST, CONFESSIONS OF A. By HARRY FURNISS 544
(*Illustrations* from Sketches by the Author and a Photograph.)

CEMETERY FOR ANIMALS, A. By EDOUARD CHARLES 714
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

CHAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCE, A. By MRS. EGERTON EASTWICK... 387
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

COAST, HANDS ROUND THE. By ALFRED T. STORY 273
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

COLONEL RANKIN'S ADVERTISEMENT. By RAYMOND RAYNE 767
(*Illustrations* by W. D. ALMOND, R.I.)

CURIOSITIES 116, 236, 356, 476, 596, 796
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

DECAPODS, THE LAST STAND OF THE. By FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.... 631
(*Illustrations* by A. TWIDLE.)

DEVANT, A PARLOUR SÉANCE WITH DAVID. By E. T. SACHS 735
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

DORIS. By WINIFRED GRAHAM 438
(*Illustrations* by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, R.I.)

ECCENTRICITY OF FLEETWOOD, THE. By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON 39
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

ENCHANTED FEATHERS, THE. AN ORIENTAL FAIRY TALE. FROM THE FRENCH... ... 109
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

PAGE.
ENGLAND, THE LOST LAND OF 398
(*Illustrations* from Photographs, Facsimiles, and Old Prints.)
EVOLUTION OF A NEW WORLD, THE. By BECKLES WILLSON 318
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles.)

FAMOUS BATS, SOME. By HAROLD MACFARLANE 342
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
FIRST MEN IN THE MOON, THE. By H. G. WELLS 16, 141
(*Illustrations* by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, R.I.)
FLOW OF ROCKS, THE. By FREDERICK T. C. LANGDON 81
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
FOR LUCK! By LEWIS PERRY 696
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
FRENCH HUMOROUS ARTISTS. By MARIE A. BELLOC 676
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles.)
FRIENDS' TRYSTING-PLACE, THE. By G. H. PAGE 511
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

GIANT'S HAND, THE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. From the French of M. DE LA BARRE ... 591
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)
GILLETTE AS SHERLOCK HOLMES, MR. WILLIAM. By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE ... 613
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
GUIDE-BOOK, A QUEER. By LEONARD LARKIN 597
(*Illustrations* from Japanese Prints.)
GUIDING HAND, THE. By OWEN OLIVER 761
(*Illustrations* by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, R.I.)

HANDS ROUND THE COAST. By ALFRED T. STORY 273
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, THE. By JOHN MILLS 255
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE. ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.
By A. CONAN DOYLE 123, 243, 363, 495, 603
(*Illustrations* by SIDNEY PAGET.)
HOUSE UNDER THE SEA, THE. By MAX PEMBERTON 700
(*Illustrations* by A. FORESTIER.)
HOW CAB, 'BUS, AND TRAM-CAR DRIVERS ARE TESTED IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA 374
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
HOW TURLUPIN WON THE PRINCESS. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. From the French of JÉROME DOUCET 469
(*Illustrations* by GEORGES CONRAD.)
HUNDRED YEARS AGO—1801, A. By ALFRED WHITMAN 649
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints.)

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS.
LXXVI.—MR. STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A. By FREDERICK DOLMAN 483
(*Illustrations* from Pictures and Photographs.)
IN HONOUR BOUND. By MRS. NEWMAN 72
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)
ISLAND MAN-TRAP, THE. By ROBERT BARR 289
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)
IS THE LAW TOO DEAR? By FREDERICK DOLMAN 381
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

JAPANESE JACK THE GIANT KILLER, THE. By LEONARD LARKIN 150
(*Illustrations* from an Ancient Japanese Illuminated Roll.)
JONES-HILLIARD BICYCLE SENSATION, THE. By TERTIUS CARR 433
(*Illustrations* from Photographs by A. J. JOHNSON.)

LABOUR OF LOVE, A. By WINIFRED GRAHAM 524
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)
LAND OF ENGLAND, THE LOST 398
(*Illustrations* from Photographs, Facsimiles, and Old Prints.)
LAW TOO DEAR, IS THE? By FREDERICK DOLMAN 381
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PAGE.

LIGHTNING MODELLER, A. By FRANK HOLMFIELD 179
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

LORD BEDEN'S MOTOR. By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND 656
(*Illustrations* by C. J. Staniland, R.I.)

LORD ROSEBERY'S TURF SUCCESSES. By ARTHUR F. MEYRICK 49
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

MAGIC FLUTE, THE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. By AMY F. CACKETT 347
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

MAKING OF A SPEECH, THE. By FREDERICK DOLMAN 282
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

MAN WHO DISAPPEARED, THE. By L. T. MEADE AND ROBERT EUSTACE 721
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

MIDNIGHT AND THE MAN. By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON 164
(*Illustrations* by W. D. ALMOND, R.I.)

MILITARY NOVELTIES 519
(*Written* and *Illustrated* by JAMES SCOTT.)

MISS DONNE'S GREAT GAMBLE. By RICHARD MARSH 558
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

MODELLER, A LIGHTNING. By FRANK HOLMFIELD 179
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

MOTOR RIDE, THE MOST SENSATIONAL. By WINSTON SPENCER 792
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

MUSKETRY PRACTICE AT ALDERSHOT, THE NEW. By ALBERT H. BROADWELL ... 777
(*Illustrations* from Photographs by A. J. JOHNSON.)

NATURAL OPTICAL ILLUSIONS 94
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

NEW ACCELERATOR, THE. By H. G. WELLS 622
(*Illustrations* by ALFRED PEARSE.)

NEW WORLD, THE EVOLUTION OF A. By BECKLES WILLSON 318
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles.)

OLD RIDDLE-BOOKS, SOME 65
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints.)

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS, NATURAL 94
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PAINTING, A SCHOOL FOR ANIMAL. By LEONORE VAN DER VEER 133
(*Illustrations* from Pictures, Sketches, and Photographs.)

PATENT OFFICE, HIS MAJESTY'S. By JOHN MILLS 30
(*Illustrations* from Photographs, Sketches, and Caricatures.)

PICTURES PREFERRED BY THEIR PAINTERS. By FREDERICK DOLMAN 3
(*Illustrations* from Pictures by Eminent Artists.)

PLANTERS AND THE RATS, THE. By PHIL ROBINSON 664
(*Illustrations* by J. A. SHEPHERD.)

POLARISCOPE, WONDERS OF THE. By FRED W. SAXBY 570
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PORTRAITURE, THE ROMANCE OF 337
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints.)

POSTAGE-STAMP PICTURES. 352
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PROMOTION OF THE ADMIRAL, THE. By MORLEY ROBERTS 444
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

PULPIT DEVICES. By E. LESLIE GILLÉAINS 303
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

QUEER GUIDE-BOOK, A. By LEONARD LARKIN 507
(*Illustrations* from Japanese Prints.)

RATS, THE PLANTERS AND THE. By PHIL ROBINSON 664
(*Illustrations* by J. A. SHEPHERD.)

RAZOR, EDWIN'S. By ANGELINA BROWN 757
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

REPENTED. By MRS. NEWMAN 683
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

RIDDLE BOOKS, SOME OLD 65
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints.)

PAGE.
ROCKS, THE FLOW OF. By F. T. C. LANGDON 81
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
ROMANCE OF PORTRAITURE, THE 337
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints.)

SANDOW IN PLASTER OF PARIS 461
(*Illustrations* from Photographs by A. WESTON.)
SCHOOL FOR ANIMAL PAINTING, A. By LEONORE VAN DER VEER 133
(*Illustrations* from Pictures, Sketches, and Photographs.)
SCRAP-BOOK OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, THE 159
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles and a Photograph.)
SÉANCE WITH DAVID DEVANT, A PARLOUR. By E. T. SACHS 735
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
SHERLOCK HOLMES, MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE AS. By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE ... 613
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
SPANGLE-WINGED. By L. T. MEADE and CLIFFORD HALIFAX 201
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)
SPEAKER'S CHAIR, FROM BEHIND THE. By HENRY W. LUCY... ... ... 104, 173
(*Illustrations* by F. C. GOULD.)
SPEECH, THE MAKING OF A. By FREDERICK DOLMAN 282
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
SWEET THING IN TRUSTS, A. By ROBERT BARR 409
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)

THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS. By WINIFRED GRAHAM 86
(*Illustrations* by J. FINNEMORE, R.I.)
THINGS OF MOST PRICE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. By RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA ... 530
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
THREE GIFTS, THE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. FROM THE FRENCH 223
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)
TURF SUCCESSES, LORD ROSEBERY'S. By ARTHUR F. MEYRICK 49
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
TWELVE-FOOT BOAT, ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN A. By FREDK. A. TALBOT 216
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Facsimiles)

UNCLE JAMES AND AUNT EVE. By MRS. FRED MATURIN 97
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

"VANITY FAIR," A GLANCE AT. By J. HOLT SCHOOLING... 193
(*Illustrations* from Cartoons.)

WONDERS FROM THE WEST, SOME.
XXV.—A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE 228
XXVI.—A WHITTLER OF GENIUS. By C. B. SMITH 230
XXVII.—THE SKIPPING CHAMPION OF THE WORLD. By FRED. A. TALBOT 231
XXVIII.—A WONDERFUL CLOCK 234
XXIX.—BEATING TIME BY SEARCH-LIGHT 235
XXX.—THE BURGESS TWINS 416
XXXI.—THE MAKING OF PICTURES IN WOOD. By FREDERICK T. C. LANGDON... 418
XXXII.—"COASTING." By JOHN L. VON BLON 422
XXXIII.—"CARTOWN." By LESLIE E. GILLIAMS 574
XXXIV.—A RATTLESNAKE BANQUET 577
XXXV.—A CEMETERY FOR HORSES. By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE 580
XXXVI.—A WHISTLE BLOWN BY MOTHER EARTH 582
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
WONDERS OF THE POLARISCOPE. By FRED W. SAXBY 570
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
WRAITH OF REDSCAR, THE. By BERNARD HAMILTON 744
(*Illustrations* by S. H. VEDDER.)
WRONG PRINCESS, THE. A FAIRY STORY FOR CHILDREN. By R. E. VERNÈDE 783
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

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